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New Movie

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JANUARY 1935

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A TOWER MAGAZINE



CAROLE LOMBARD

NOV 27 1934

MRS. WILLIAM FOX AND $780,000,000
–By EDWIN C. HILL

THE MOST EXCITING STREET ON EARTH
–By GEORGE WORTS

SINCLAIR LEWIS PICKS KATHARINE HEPBURN

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. . . . enjoy a fresh stick of **DOUBLE MINT GUM.** It immediately brings new life into tired eyes and starts up the circulation in your face. Good circulation is the very basis upon which real beauty is built. Buy a package of **DOUBLE MINT.** You'll like it.

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"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups . . . dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of that dental warning "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our modern habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

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Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back healthy firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

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Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 1 • • • JANUARY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor : Bert Adler, Eastern Editor : Mary Marshall, Director of Home Service; John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Hugh Ryan, Art Director : Verne Noll, Associate Art Director.

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

NEW MOVIE greets you today in its new dress.

As in the past, NEW MOVIE is today, the outstanding publication in the movie field. All the glamour, honest reporting of the Hollywood scene, human interest stories of the stars and the various departments, that have made this your favorite magazine, are in this new size, made even more interesting and readable.

You will read your favorite authors—Elsie Janis, whose interviews with the stars sparkle with all the wit and good humor that have made her an international figure; Herb Howe, our gallant Boulevardier, who skips lightly from Hollywood to New York, to Paris and London, reporting his findings all along the way; Edwin C. Hill, noted commentator on the air and in the newsreels of your own theaters; the mysterious Nemo, who conducts our Hollywood gossip pages, and whose identity even the stars he writes about are unable to discover; Barbara Barry, whose vivid comments on the new films in the making, give you inside information about the studio lives of the stars that no other publication offers.

These, and many others greet you each month from these pages.

We are continually striving to give you the finest pictures of the stars that our Hollywood scouts can obtain; the best stories of the stars and what they do, written by the best authors obtainable. What we have done in the past, we are going to do even better in the future.

NEXT month, for instance, you will read the exciting story about Ginger Rogers, as only Elsie Janis can tell it. When the editors of this magazine asked Elsie to write about the vivacious red-headed star, she wired back "But I can't see her—she's too busy and I never can catch up with her." To make a long story short, Ginger slipped off to New York for a five-day vacation between pictures, and Elsie, too, decided to return here for a brief visit. And you know what happened—Elsie caught up with Ginger—Ginger spoke freely—and NEW MOVIE has another sparkling and informative story about one of the screen's most interesting and most rapidly ascending stars.

Everybody came to New York this month—including our Boulevardier, Herb Howe, who suddenly decided that he needed a breath of the Metropolis at this time. Then he steps off to view the boulevards of London, Paris and Rome. So Herb will write his inimitable feature for the February issue from the sidewalks of New York.

Douglas Gilbert, who is becoming well known to our vast array of readers in this, his third article, for NEW MOVIE, will entertain with another of his delightfully analytical studies. This month, Mr. Gilbert asked Sinclair Lewis which of the Hollywood stars was his favorite. His choice was Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Gilbert's analysis of this selection will be found on page 28.

For the February issue, Mr. Gilbert asked the same question of George Jean Nathan, one of the country's most noted dramatic critics. Mr. Nathan's answer will surprise you.

IN February, too, you will find NEW MOVIE'S own unique feature, the forecast for the coming year. In this, Ramon Romero, who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's finest writing personages, explains the various changes that have taken place in the ratings of the stars during the year and predicts what will happen to them in future months.

Ralph Bellamy, famous in his own right as an actor, turns writer for the time and tells us about his pal Fredric March. And there is a great story by Charles Darnton, revealing a little known side of Ann Harding. Jack Jamison, who wrote the sparkling "Pretty Men, What Now?" several months ago, returns with another top-notch yarn, "Why I Should Hate to Be a Movie Star."

Then too, you will see glamorous portaits of the movie folk, specially posed for NEW MOVIE audiences, fashion hints from the stars, music reviews, beauty suggestions from Claire Trevor, pictures, gossip by the mysterious Nemo, reviews of the new films, and a poem by Berton Braley.

We are sure you will be pleased.

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DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

That Mad SHEARER!



That's what Norma — who saves her dignity for the screen — is to her friends

By
MAUDE LATHEM



Hurrell

Norma's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" established an all-time record at the Capitol Theater in New York. Much of her success is due to the guiding genius of her husband, Irving Thalberg.

IF Norma only knew it, she could have her present servants for half she is paying them, for nothing ever would entice them to leave her. The excitement of facing each day, never knowing what will happen, keeps them in a state of delighted animation.

When Norma is going out in the evening, she may tell her maid she will wear her yellow taffeta gown, to have it pressed and all accessories ready. While Norma slips on the yellow dress, the maid is already on her way to the closet for the white satin. Before Norma gets into the white satin, which she surely will, the maid is racking her mind to think just what shoes Norma will wear with the blue chiffon as that will likely be tried on, too, before the final decision is made.

At the time the Thalbergs decided to build their present, beautiful home at the beach, both Norma and Mr. Thalberg were very busy—she right in the midst of a picture, and he burdened with many productions. As a result, they thought least of all about the house. The architect was told the general plan, how many bedrooms, baths and closets, with a few other details, but many items were omitted. So, when Norma first entered the house, she discovered she had a beautiful bedroom . . . but all doors and no windows. At least it looked so to her, as the French windows extended all the way to the floor and seemed just like doors. So she set about tearing the windows out and placing doors where there were windows and vice versa. "I felt just like a goldfish in a glass bowl," she said.

But what she did in the house is nothing to what she does in the yard. A flower garden at the beach is a problem at any time, but Norma must have her flowers. The yard is not large, but always beautiful . . . a lovely well-kept lawn, surrounded on all sides by bright flowers. Occasionally Mr. Thalberg stumbles over something at night when he comes across the lawn. He picks himself up with a smile, for well he knows that Norma has changed the flower beds again. Just as soon as the sun or ocean winds blight the flowers, the gardener removes the entire bed and immediately transplants full-grown blooming plants of another kind.

"Those flowers are almost as necessary to me as food," she says. "As a matter of fact, I never think of food and sometimes go an entire day without realizing that I have missed a meal until I get a weak feeling in the pit of my stomach. On the other hand, every time they bring me food on the set, I eat it. I don't seem able to resist the dainty little sandwiches."

Speaking of food reminds me of a party that Norma recently gave for Helen Hayes. As you perhaps know, Helen is one of Norma's very dearest friends. So when Helen came to the Coast, after such a successful engagement on Broadway, Norma wanted to entertain for her. First she planned to have a small dinner party—perhaps twelve. Then they could eat in the dining-room. After thinking more about it, she decided it was too bad to cheat Helen's many other friends out of seeing her, so Norma decided to have a large party.

This meant having the dinner on the big porch. It is all enclosed with beautiful, heavy awnings so you would hardly be aware that you were not indoors except for the colorful porch furniture. But Norma thought it might begin to get cold later in the evening, so she said "I will have to build a fireplace on the porch today." And a fireplace she had! The architect was called out and, *inside of twenty-four hours,* a huge fireplace was built, right on the porch, at the back of the chimney already in her living-room. And it was painted white so that the brick matched in with the balance of the chimney and guests had to look twice to discover what it was that made the place look so different from (*Please turn to page* 52)



Hurrell

GENE RAYMOND

Some people wonder why Gene Raymond is so often cast as a wealthy young son of a socialite family. One reason is that that's just what he is. His real name is Raymond Guion. His next picture will be "Behold My Wife," in which he will co-star with the charming Sylvia Sidney.

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

IMAGINE coming down to our daily toil with shirt sleeves rolled up, no tie, and one busted gallus, only to find the NEMO Nook all dressed up in futuristic furbelows and chromium plate.

Eventually, we got our breath and settled down to tell you all about it, but that dangling suspender made us class conscious. For two hours we struggled with the old inferiority complex until at last, bruised and bleeding, we galloped home on our one-lunged motorcycle, washed our neck, captured our other cuff link from under the bureau, donned a three-year-old "Prince of Wales" model and returned to the fold, determined to conduct ourselves in a manner to which we've got to become accustomed!



But no foolin' . . . isn't this something? If we can just learn to handle a fork without scratching ourself to death, it'll be some fun!

• •

Paul Ames invited half a dozen pals out to his house for a spaghetti feed, the other day.

It was a colossal meal and, as we were all too overstuffed and it was a bit coolish to do anything about the bathing situation, we lolled around the living-room, coaxing the lovely June Knight to sing for us.

Poor June, who hadn't been long out of the hospital, rested on a chaise longue with an electric pad on her tummy and Casanova NEMO sitting as close as he dared, on account of Paul being pretty husky and that "certain look" in his eye, and all.

Finally, in spite of not feeling well, June tossed the pad aside and obligingly rose to the occasion.

Right in the middle of a beautiful song, NEMO began to feel uncomfortably warm, and not *around the collar! As the song continued, it began to get downright embarrassing, but, always the gentleman, we struggled to maintain a respectful attitude while the temperature mounted higher . . . and higher!*

Finishing the song on a perfect high C, June returned to the chaise longue, looked around perplexedly for a moment and then . . . pulled the electric pad from under our coat tails! And were we *embarrassed?*



• •

It doesn't seem possible, but Paul Lukas admits that, every so often, when the yen sneaks up on him, he climbs in his plane and flies up to San Francisco for a nice, steaming-hot bowl of his favorite soup!



We hope Edward Everett Horton won't take it personally if we call this a freak picture. On the "Bachelor Girl" set, he is reflected in Ann Harding's door-mirror.



The publicity boys would have us believe eight tons of books were read at M-G-M to make sure of the costumes and customs in "David Copperfield." Elizabeth Allan is holding them down. And at the right: Hugh Herbert has been swordfishing.



Bette Davis rests between scenes of "Bordertown," the new Paul Muni picture in which Paul plays the part of a social climber and Bette plays opposite him.

reported by NEMO

• •

While in London last year, Joan Bennett purchased a finely pedigreed Pekingese, but couldn't bring it along home with her because the snooty young canine was too young to leave its momma.



Some time ago, Joan received word that her animated purchase was en route to Hollywood. Imagine her surprise when, upon opening the crate, she discovered that the Peke had Doubled and Redoubled on the way over . . . and now, she has the original package and two baby Pekes who are also too young to leave their mother!

• •

With the advent of her grandson's new baby girl, May Robson received laurels for being the only great-grandmother in pictures.

The child was christened May Robson Gore, in honor of her illustrious ancestress, and, while May intends to be broad-minded about it, still it won't make her a bit mad if the child grows up with a yen for the stage.

• •

The Hollywood Bowl has been dragging out a lot of "born-to-the-purple" celebrities these days.

Even Garbo, who just doesn't go any *place, donned a black wig and eased herself into one of the more secluded boxes to view a Shakespeare presentation the other night!*

'Long about half past, one of the eagle-eyed photographers blinked, pinched himself, and . . . the rush was on!

Climbing over the box railing, Garbo dived into the crowd, losing breath, aplomb, and her lady companion in the grand dash for freedom.

In the excitement, she ran the wrong way and, by the time her chauffeur caught up with her, the gal was galumphing down the pike, headed for Tia Juana!



• •

The dogs are certainly having their day around here! Ken Maynard's plug-ugly bull pup sits patiently by while his master makes up for work. When Ken has finished, the dog con-



Give Hollywood one baby star and it makes ten. Baby Mary Jane is in "Imitation of Life" and "I've Been Around," with Chester Morris.



Helen Hayes visits Myrna Loy, William Powell and Director William K. Howard, who are busily at work on the "Evelyn Prentice" set.



Mr. Gary Evan Crosby, fifteen months, announces that his father, known to others as "Bing," is singing in "Here Is My Heart."

Pictures in the Making—Gossip—Doings of the Stars—News From All the Sets

tinues to sit before the mirror, absolutely refusing to budge an inch until its own nose has been powdered . . . and well *powdered!*

• •

They were shooting a mystery scene at RKO. Thunder crashed. Lightning flashed. A black cat slunk across the set, pausing to yowl eerily.

And, on the sidelines, completely surrounded by all manner of spookiness, John Davidson calmly smokes his pipe and reads . . . of all things! . . . Shakespeare!

The wind machine is turned on, rain hammers futilely against the windows, it would seem that the very heavens had broken loose. . . .



But John reads on . . . and on. At peace with the world and Shakespeare!

• •

Over at RKO, Mary Carlisle was working like mad to get a baby blanket finished in time for the Frank Albertsons' new addition to the family.

Overhearing an interested observer that she had "dropped a stitch," young Spanky MacFarland got down on all fours and thoroughly scoured every inch of the stage around Mary's chair, coming up half an hour later to report that she musta dropped it in her lap, 'cause *he* couldn't find it!

When Barnum & Bailey's circus came to town, all Hollywood turned out to pretend they were kids again.

Ivan Lebedeff hung his cane on his arm and munched peanuts, doing pretty well by himself until the show started and five or six acts got under way, all at once. Then it got too much for him, and, stowing his monocle, the sartorially perfect gent reached in a pocket and donned a pair of regulation "cheaters," so's not to miss anything!

• •

Mae Wests may come and go, but Mary Brian has a spot in old NEMO'S heart forever!

Mary has one room in her home that is dedicated exclusively to old romance. In this room, Mary keeps cherished mementoes of past "dates" . . . empty candy boxes, stacked to the ceiling in one corner; old dance programs, hung along the wall; long-



(*Please turn to page* 64)



Paramount eagerly awaits your reaction to Joe Penner in "College Rhythm." With him here is the amusing, golden-haired Lyda Roberti.





Above, left: Tex Madsen, the world's tallest man, is the famed Cardiff Giant in Wally Beery's "The Mighty Barnum." Above, right: Anna May Wong is back to the American screen in "Limehouse Nights."



Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson nicknamed their seventeen-months-old son "Manny." His real name, of course, is Edward G., Junior.

The GIBSON FAMILY



Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion *is* rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.



SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that smooth "Ivory-baby" look. You too, can win that baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with

IVORY SOAP • • • 99 44/100 % PURE



"AH SAYS TO MAHSELF," says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful'," grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one cake of that Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES



"C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON, help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOLENS"

Clarence Sinclair Bull



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY

OF STARS

•

News you have been waiting for! Rumors that Garbo is returning to Sweden are untrue. With the release of "Painted Veil," our lady of glamour is signing a new, long-term contract and starting another picture.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

ANN HARDING

Always lovely, always serene, Ann Harding brings the peculiarly feminine charm that is her own to "Biography of a Bachelor Girl." With her are Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton, whose presence spells sheer fun.



GARY COOPER

The lives of a Bengal Lancer, Gary Cooper makes us believe in the picture by that name, are given to romance and adventure under sultry skies. Insert: A glimpse of the company working on location.

William Walling Jr.



Tunbridge, London



LESLIE HOWARD

At the risk of scaring you out of a year's growth, we print this because it is one of the most striking examples of modern make-up technique. Disguised as an old hag, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Mr. Howard bears but little resemblance to the debonair young diplomat of "British Agent," right.





MARGARET SULLAVAN

A character pose that is considerably less of a shock to the nerves than that on the facing page. Margaret Sullavan takes the lead in the screen version of Ferenc Molnar's stage play, "The Good Fairy."

Roy D. MacLean



Alan Mowbray



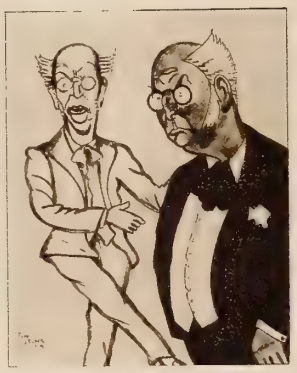
Florine McKinney

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

Amusing, whimsical and utterly different is this mad film about statues that come to life with perfectly ridiculous consequences. Here you see the players as themselves, and their marble doubles. The caricatures are by John Decker



Phillips Smalley



Richard Carle



Lowell Sherman (Director)



Maida Deering



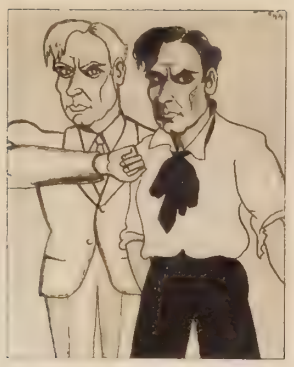
Wesley Barry



Henry Armetta



The picture in the making. Florine McKinney, her stone drapery turned into a too-scanty skirt, wins the approving glance of Director Lowell Sherman, seated. The smiles of Alan Mowbray and Peggy Shannon, supporting players, are proof of the fun everybody had making this.



Alan Mowbray



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WALLACE BEERY

No matter how many laurels they wind around Wally's manly brow, they still can't give him all the praise he deserves. When better pictures are made he'll make them. Hot on the heels of the smash, "Viva Villa", he is giving us "The Mighty Barnum," a pictorial history of the famous showman.



Kenneth Alexander

Elmer Fryer



DOLORES DEL RIO

Dolores Del Rio steps from "Madame Du Barry"—there's a scene from it over at the left—into another tempo entirely. "In Caliente," laid in the famous gambling casino across the Mexican border from California, is especially designed to grant opportunities for her personality, a mixture of fire and ice.

THE MOST EXCITING STREET ON EARTH

Any street where human hearts are kicked around like footballs is bound to be wicked—but the glitter and dazzle of Hollywood Boulevard make us forget that, says GEORGE F. WORTS, author of novels and many scenarios



WHEN I first saw Hollywood Boulevard, it was a leisurely, beautiful street, lined with pepper trees and graced by ranches. Twenty years ago it wasn't the backyard of hell and heaven. It was neither clamorous nor glamorous, though it wasn't—it never was—a hick town street.

But whatever it was has been forgotten, wiped from the memory, steam-rollered by the glitter and dazzle, the clack and clatter of what it has become.

It still starts in a weary meadow, but it now ends in a tangle of hopeless hills and canyons.

It must be fully six miles long, but most of it is stupid city street, or risky mountain road, or avenue of smugly respectable homes. Less than a dozen blocks of Hollywood Boulevard comprise the Hollywood Boulevard that has taken its place among the exciting thoroughfares of the world—Broadway, Piccadilly Circus, the Champs Elysees. Or name your own.

The Hollywood Boulevard of celebrity—those less-than-a-dozen short blocks—is a sprightly metropolitan avenue on which satyrs prowl and strolling nymphs cause automobile drivers to ensnarl bumpers and sideswipe fenders.

The satyrs wear—at the moment—sophisticated and calculating airs, sweaters, fancy scarfs about their collarless throats, no hats, and knife-edged trousers of pleasing hues, in the Clark Gable, or perhaps it is the Gary Cooper mode. These are Hollywood's boulevardiers. And the nymphs, mostly blondes, wear anything at all from bright and scanty shorts and brassieres to full battle regalia.

No glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard would be complete without a consideration of that amazing hybrid, the Hollywood blonde, who imitates so loyally the blond star of the moment.

In my brief sojourn, I have seen the Hollywood Boulevard blonde run the gamut from Greta Garbo to Jean Harlow to Mae West, always with a sprinkling of Connie Bennetts and Ann Hardings.

Generally she has approximately a million dollars' worth of what the birds and the bee-zes sing about.

The Hollywood blonde is really an amazing and singular young person. The fact is, she actually exists. There is, in Hollywood, a blonde that you see nowhere else. She has become as famous as her city. God knows what she is or what she does. She is an extra girl—perhaps. But Hollywood Boulevard, from early morning until late at night, is thronged with her. Only once in a while do I see a redhead. She went out with Clara Bow. But as long as there are Greta Garbos, Jean Harlows and Mae Wests, the Hollywood blonde will remain a blonde—and Hollywood.

In a ten-minute walk, I will see one Mae West blonde per block—the large black hat, the high voluptuous bosom.

But Hollywood Boulevard is not to be dismissed with a sneer, a jeer, or a leer.

There are more sides to Hollywood Boulevard than there are facets on the Kohinoor. By day, the Boulevard is a hustling, bustling, crowding, clanking, honking boulevard of shoppers, strollers, flower-peddlers, ladies on the make, newsboys, ice wagons, fifteen-thousand-dollar limousines, street cars, movie cowboys, real cowboys and ranchers, bums, moochers, movie magnates, movie stars, young folks looking for adventure, old folks looking for the fountain of youth, Iowans looking for other Iowans, beauty parlor blondes, more blondes, roadsters and touring cars bristling with tennis-rackets or golf sticks, actors out of work, directors out of work, writers looking for atmosphere or inspiration or a free meal or a drink, and girls with stories in their faces. There are so many of these girls, and you wonder about the stories!

I have been in this enchanted market-place only a few months on this visit—just long enough to gather a few lasting impressions which are neither scallions to my soul nor orchids in my garden of memory.

I find it easy to give Hollywood Boulevard a California superlative—it is the most exciting street on earth!

Someone once called it Wicked Boulevard. The name hasn't stuck, but it fits. It is wicked. Any street down which human hearts are kicked like footballs is bound to be wicked. Any street which inspires false hopes, any street which sees the corruption of ideals, any street on which the suicide of tonight goes strolling today is wicked.

I am not moralizing. I am merely digging around in my mind for the facts about Hollywood Boulevard.

We go to a mountain high above the Boule-



Shoppers, strollers, flower-peddlers, newsboys, ice-wagons, limousines, street cars, movie cowboys, real cowboys, moochers, magnates, movie stars, bums, lowans looking for other lowans, beauty parlor blondes, more blondes, roadsters, touring cars—Hollywood Boulevard on parade!

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

vard on a clear night. We gaze down to where we know the Boulevard should be—and what we see is fabulous: a rope of sparkling diamonds, of glowing rubies and flashing emeralds and sapphires, though the predominant gems are the ruby and the diamond. At dawn, from this same exalted eminence, we look again—and see a sewer-like glimpse of rolling smudge!

That's Hollywood Boulevard. That's what, in Hollywood, they call *the* Boulevard. There are many boulevards in Hollywood, but when people say *the* Boulevard, they mean only that one.

You have, of course, heard Ravel's "La Valse." I am sure Ravel never saw Hollywood. But he has, in "La Valse," caught the spirit of the city, of the Boulevard—its slow, almost furtive awakening, the gradual increase of activities, of intensity—the raucous, splendid, jarring dissonances. And that's Hollywood Boulevard—*the* Boulevard set to waltz time.

It is night. Grauman's Chinese Theatre is putting on a World Premiere. The big shots will all be there. In fact, they're beginning to arrive. Searchlights on humming power-trucks sweep the skies and make you think of air raids. The sidewalks are packed with fans who have been waiting there since noon to gape at the celebs.

A regiment of cops is on hand to hold the mob back and let the luminaries through. Perhaps Wallace Beery is at the mike, introducing the big shots to the worshipful mob. Cheers go up as favorites arrive. In all your life you never saw such beautiful women, such beautifully-gowned women, or such handsome men.

Sex appeal on parade!

Here comes a handsome, dashing fellow in silk topper and long tails. The charming creature with him is his wife. He is a well-known actor—a free-lance who is paid $1,000 a week when he works. But he is improvident. He gambles. Out of work for a week, he is dead broke. Tonight sees him a month away from his last pay check. The gas company has turned off the gas in his house. The electric company has turned off the electricity. The water company, true to its word, will turn off the water tomorrow. Neither he nor his wife has eaten since yesterday morning. But here they come, suave and resplendent. Being so well known, he has passes to the opening. He pauses to sign a few signatures for the autograph hounds. He looks pale and interesting. How pale and interesting he looks!

Here comes a beautiful girl. Who is she? She is not quite known—not yet. She steps from a limousine. A handsome unknown escorts her. Who is she? Nobody knows or really cares.

But she cares! As the important arrivals go up the red carpet runner, the announcer calls them to the mike to say hello to the crowd. Will she be asked? Poised, utterly lovely—will she be asked? Will the announcer recognize her? It is a terrific moment for that ambitious young lady.

She starts up the red runner toward the theater entrance. She appears elaborately unconcerned. Her little heart is trip hammering. Cupped in her palm is the card containing the little speech she will give—if only the announcer will recognize her!

His alert eyes glance at her, glance away. She is almost at the entrance when he shouts, "Ah, there, Miss So-and-So! Won't you say hello to the crowd?"

Miss So-and-So falters. It equals any acting she does before the camera. She hesitates and charmingly accedes to his request. She goes to the mike, stands prettily in the glaring floodlight and secretly reads the pretty little speech from the palm of her hand.

"I really hadn't expected to say anything. All I will say is—hello, hello everybody!"

Prettily done. Applause. Who is she, anyway? Her name is murmured. She has neatly acquired a thousand dollars' worth of free publicity.

But perhaps that isn't very exciting. Very well. Here's some excitement—and a note of mystery. Broad daylight again. High noon on Wicked Boulevard. A sixteen-cylinder Cadillac comes rioting down the middle of the street. It is preceded by an escort of six motorcycle policemen. In the back seat, grinning, is James Cagney, the lad who treats 'em rough and makes 'em like it, who pushes the halves of grapefruit and cantaloupe into their faces—and makes 'em sputter for more!

A lovely lady sits on either side of Mr. Cagney. The sirens shriek. The cavalcade passes. I see no camera truck. I am curious.

My companion explains. "Oh, they always give Cagney that motorcycle escort. It's to keep him out of trouble. He's such a hell-raiser."

I doubted it. I still doubt it. A director to whom I mentioned the incident snorted. "Applesauce! No star, good or troublesome, rates such an escort."

"What's the answer?"

"Hidden cameras!"

You can't be here any length of time without forming an opinion. People ask for your opinion. They demand your opinion. What do you think about Hollywood? Few people really have opinions about anything. They are too prejudiced. Some people come to Hollywood thinking it is the most glorious place in the world. If they get the breaks, they keep on thinking so. Most of the people—the professional people—who leave Hollywood have another opinion, or they wouldn't be leaving. Hell hath no fury like the professional scorned.

I can speak with authority of the writing gentlemen who are lured out here by short but fat contracts. One, who is typical, wrote a good book, a somewhat highbrow novel. Up to that time, he never made more than $3,000 a year in his life. His novel wasn't a best seller, but it caused talk, and it probably earned him $2,000 in royalties. He came to Hollywood, riding high, on a three-months' contract at $1,000 a week. Add it up on your fingers (*Please turn to page* 60)





Eugene Robert Richee

Winters in Paris and Summers on the Riviera were old stories to Kitty Carlisle.

Virginia Peine was married to a millionaire department-store owner.

Connie Bennett crashed the gates with a cool million in her own name.

Do the rich society girls who come to Hollywood have a better chance than other girls?

By DELL HOGARTH



Can You Buy STARDOM?



As Mrs. Stephen Ames, Adrienne Ames was independently rich.

Eugene Robert Richee



Robert W. Coburn

Hazel Forbes was bequeathed half a dozen factories, which she runs.

DOES money make any difference? Do the heiresses who come to Hollywood in search of a film career have a better chance than the thousands of unknown girls who have nothing but determination, talent and beauty? Of course money makes a difference. So does notoriety. So does social position. It usually wins the first big battle of moviedom. It makes producers know they are alive. It sets them apart from the crowd. It gains for them an audience. It secures a screen test. And then? Well, consider the experiences of six well known heiresses who have recently embarked on a movie career.

But before we turn the spotlight on their respective careers, let's consider the importance of their first victory. It's tremendous. So many girls flock to Hollywood year after year that the place is overrun with pulchritude and talent. They might as well have remained at home. The studios simply don't know they exist. Central Casting, at which all extra people must register, is so filled up, no more registrations are accepted. It is virtually impossible to secure interviews with casting directors. Other executives ditto. Against this wall of indifference, most of the young hopefuls beat their little fists until they are bloody. Then they return home; sadder, wiser.

The more enterprising spirits, however, face the problem squarely. How to set themselves apart from the crowd? How to make producers realize that here is a definite personality who ought to be given a chance? The things they do to attract notice defy enumeration. Nothing is overlooked. One girl joined a nudist colony. Another, who had worn out her heart as well as her shoe leather in a futile endeavor to gain an opportunity, finally attempted suicide. Her picture came out in the papers. The reason for her desperation was plainly and simply told. When she recovered she was given a small part in a picture. This, then, is the first obstacle which heiresses overcome with comparative ease.

Several have climbed to fame on a ladder of gold. Constance Bennett had a cool million in her own name when she came to Hollywood. Although she was the daughter of a former matinee idol, the aura of social position clung about her lovely blond head. As the wife of Phil Plant, heir to tin plate millions, she basked in the distinctive society of our illustrious first families. So when they were divorced, and her husband settled this fortune upon her, she came to Hollywood as an heiress for whom money had no appeal. But she wanted to follow in her father's profession. Make good on her own. Win fame.

Adrienne Ames also descended upon the film capitol with nothing to be gained in a monetary way. When she married Stephen Ames, the New York broker, he settled upon her a sum which made her financially independent as his wife. Her film career was an accident. Tiring of the endless round of teas, bridge parties, she went to Honolulu for a vacation. Returning to California, she decided to stop just for a few days to see how pictures were made. She remained for weeks. Wishing to be photographed by one of the cameramen who created art studies of stars, she had a series of portraits made. So well did she appear as a photographic subject that friends (*Please turn to page* 61)

THE MAN OF 84 FACES

YOU say you don't remember what he looks like. Why, it's easy enough to describe him! He's an impressive, commanding giant of a man —6 feet 2, 197 pounds stripped, square of face, curly dark hair, ingenuous eyes, and a resonant bass voice.

But still you don't remember him? Ah, now we come to the reason! The reason is the simple one that he has, to date, 84 faces!

Surely you've seen him around Hollywood, or on the Metro lot, or at least in pictures. He towers above everyone. Yes, that's the fellow over there —without a hat, his smiling face held high, brown coat opening to reveal a white knit polo shirt, cut low across the broad, hairy chest. He's the chap Metro picked to take the place of Clark Gable, graduated to stardom now, as a dynamic leading man for their collection of lovely feminine stars.

But you don't remember him . . . Well, even his best friends go to movies and don't know he's in them, until they see his name on the title cards! That's what having 84 faces does for you.

During his theatrical career Preston Foster has been in twenty pictures, a dozen grand operas and a score of plays, has done every kind of role from a hard-boiled mugg to a high-minded Utopian, yet never looked the same on screen or still pictures. Uncanny, isn't it? He isn't a Lon Chaney. He's just a regular American youth—hearty, open and frank, who freely admits, "I'd rather be considered a good actor than anything I can think of."









Perhaps that's why he won't feel terribly awed when he strides on the stage to act with the fascinating feminine stars. Well, perhaps he'll be a little awed, but not so much by them, because like lots of Americans he isn't terribly awed by reputations, dignity, wealth or even queens of the movies, but awed more by the fact that he's undertaking the biggest assignment of his career.

A man of multiple personality, Preston Foster was registering elation when I encountered him on the Metro lot. He was happy, and readily admitted his happiness, at being chosen for this grand opportunity out of the many who were tested for it. He couldn't very well deny it because that warm smile, the triumphant twist of his head, and his erect carriage were those of a man who's just done something well.

As we strode along to a quiet corner of the M-G-M lot, I couldn't help feeling



All the pictures on this page are of the same man, Preston Foster. Look at them—then read the story

By

THORNTON SARGENT

a bit insignificant beside his imposing stature and evident brawn. He towers above any average sized man. And as for women —he's an evident protector type with arms that could easily crush the fragile Garbo between them.

Yes, Preston Foster's quite an individual, one who would stand out anywhere, but no sooner were we seated than he amazed me by saying, "I don't want to be Preston Foster on the screen."

I couldn't even express my astonishment—at such a man wishing to submerge his distinctive personality.

"You don't believe me," he laughed. "You're not the only one who hasn't till I explained why. It does seem funny. But, you see, being Preston Foster on the screen means a personality type. Of course, it pays better. It frequently means stardom. But that kind of career doesn't last as long. You bloom overnight and fade quickly. And I want to be in the movies a long, long time.

"As a matter of fact," Preston hurriedly explained. "I don't even know that I could be a personality type, or myself, if I desired. There's something almost weird about my work on the screen. I've never looked the same in any two pictures. I've even looked different in the same picture. What it is, or why it is that I have seemed so absolutely different, I can hardly explain myself."

Before my doubts could be registered in words, Preston Foster had pulled a picture from an envelope, asking, "Do you remember the first picture you saw me in?"

I shook my head negatively.

"I was this tough mugg in 'Follow the Leader'," he said, illustrating with the still picture.

I looked at the picture—then at Foster. Well, perhaps, there was a slight resemblance.

"Who's this?" he asked about a cocky individual posed with Edward G. Robinson in "Two Seconds."

Under such circumstances, anyone would guess Foster, but not because the man in the picture looked like the chap leaning over the table.

"And this?" he exultantly asked.

"Don't tell me you were that guy in 'Dr. X'," I gasped, as I looked at a frowsy-haired eccentric.

"Not only weird Dr. Wells—but the monster as well," he insisted.

He thumbed through others—an interne's gown and a thin mustache concealing his identity in "Life Begins," touseled hair and snarling lips revealing a still different Preston Foster as Killer Mears in "The Last Mile," and a stern expression and football helmet bringing him forth as a different personality as Steve in "All-American."

"And here's a funny one," he continued, "when I was the swimming champ in 'You Said a Mouthful.' Yet, here's a still from the same production in which the camera brings out a likeness to Max Baer."

So it went as I perused the photographic record of his work—the evangelist in "Ladies They Talk About," the grumbling manager in "Elmer, the Great," and the suave politician and mayor in "City Hall"—always a twist of the lips, a light in the eyes, or a hairdress that revealed a different Preston Foster.









Then came "The Man Who Dared"—and a veritable chameleon as Foster interpreted the various phases of Mayor Cermak's life from the enthusiastic boy to the seasoned, worldly wise mayor.

From Cermak he passed to the battered middle-aged barker of "Hoopla," the ingenuous, open-hearted small-town business man of "Sleepers East," the surly, sneering rat of "Heat Lightning," and finally to the opposite extreme in characterization when he portrayed the moody, idealistic Como of "Wharf Angel."

"How do you do it?" I

(*Please turn to page* 59)

MRS. FOX and $780,000,000

By a tremendous whirl of the wheel of fate, William Fox, once head of a mighty film company, now returns to the industry in greater power than ever before. How the faith and bravery of Mrs. Eve Fox, his wife, helped him to assume this position is one of the most fascinating stories in all movie history

By EDWIN C. HILL

Famous News Commentator of the Air and Metrotone Globe-Trotter





International

Above, at the top of the page, is Mrs. William Fox. Due to her, the man who was once a poor immigrant boy is now practically the dictator of the motion picture industry. Directly above, William Fox as he looks today, perceptibly aged by his long battle in the courts.



Hal Phyfe

Edwin C. Hill, the author

WILLIAM FOX believes, and quite sincerely, I think, that he stands pretty well with God. Saved from absolute ruin on more than one occasion by the miraculous appearance of vast sums of cash out of nowhere, he has arrived at the conclusion that the Lord is with him when he is right—which, in most cases, he holds himself to be. His conviction that he enjoys at least a defensive alliance with the Almighty must have been strengthened by the recent decision of the highest court in the land in refusing to review the dictum of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals which confirmed him in the exclusive ownership and control of the vital patents covering the photo-electric process of recording sound on film.

That decision by the Supreme Court of the United States would seem to elevate the pioneer motion picture producer of New York and Hollywood to domination of the whole motion picture world. By a tremendous whirl of the wheel of fate, the man who was forced out of the control of his own company, Fox Film Corporation, early in 1930, is lifted up out of the obscurity to which he had been condemned to the very heart and center of motion picture production. If competent judges are correct he stands on top of the mountain. He is the Boss. All of them must go to him, Fox, if they continue to make pictures with sound recorded on film. This is so because the supreme arbiter of law and the facts in these more or less United States confirm him in the absolute ownership of what are known as the Tri-Ergon patents, German processes for photographing sound on motion picture film by the photo-electric method, a process essential to the making of sound pictures and without which, indeed, they could not be made.

That is the grip William Fox would seem to have on the industry, a grip apparently unassailable and unbreakable now that the Supreme Court has washed its hands of the whole bitter, involved dispute between Fox and his ancient enemies. And the tale of how he acquired those vital key patents, of how he almost let them slide out of his hands and was saved only by the furious interposition of Mrs. Fox, of how through all the buffets and vicissitudes of fortune, when driven to desperation and near-panic by disastrous turns in his affairs, he clung to them, is one of the most fascinating tales in motion picture history. For $60,000, a bagatelle, a handful of loose change to this man who dealt in millions and tens of millions, he acquired the monopoly, the absolute ownership of the indispensable



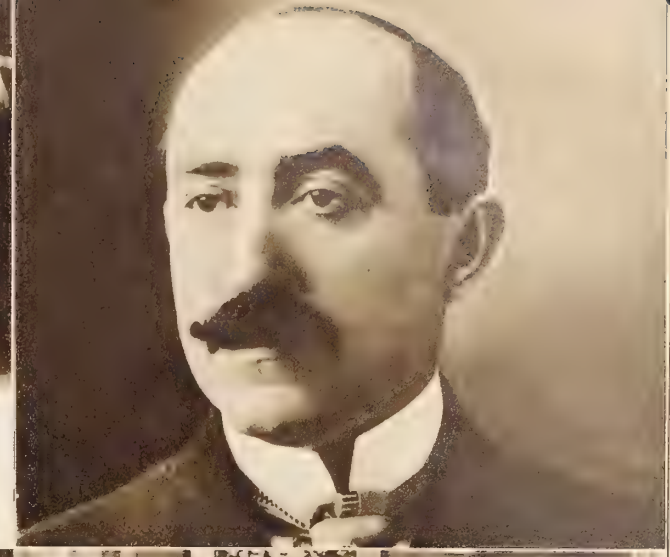
gadgets of picture-making which, if he lives long enough, may make him the richest man in the world, richer than the Maharajah of Hyderabad, richer than Henry Ford, richer than the Rockefellers. Well may he muse with Moliére over "the beautiful eyes of my cashbox."

But, before I tell that story, a word about Fox himself. I have known him for a good many years, ever since my cub reporter days on the New York *Sun*. And then the time came when I went to work for him, getting out a newsreel, scenario editor in Hollywood, assisting in production, beauty hunting in Europe, creating the reference library of the Hollywood studio that once was his, so I think I know the man fairly well. His intense dynamic energy is the most arresting thing about him—the ability to labor savagely and drive or inspire others to almost equal effort. And the second quality of the man is his fanatical devotion to a cause he thinks is just, the same burning fanaticism that clawed him through his long fight with the bankers and nearly cost him his life. And the third quality, as I see it, is real vision—the vision that enabled him to see a marvelous future in pictures at a time when not one business man in ten thousand could view them as anything but evanescent toys, the vision that inspired him to leap into sound and grab the patents I have been speaking of.

Nowadays, Fox is a man of medium build, moderately fleshed between the days when he was the czar of his own company and hefted the scales at around a hundred and eighty-five and the days when they were stripping him, as Joseph was stripped, "of his coat of many colors," and he was worn down to a pale, haunted, phantom of a man, scaling under a hundred and fifty. His most familiar photograph of the old days showed him with a dome thinly plastered with black hair, a close-trimmed black mustache, quick, keen, inscrutable black eyes, which could twinkle with fun or glare with rage, and a perfectly sure and confident air. The thin strands of hair are gone now and so is the black mustache. The face is thinner, as well as the body. But the eyes, though disillusioned and perhaps a trifle sad, are scarcely less keen and expressive, and the air no less assured and confident. Such is William Fox at the age of fifty-four or thereabouts, launched once more on a career of which the climax is scarcely predictable.

He was born in Hungary, in the village of Tulchva, was brought to this country at the age of nine, had some schooling until he was eleven and then, as a mere kid, went into business as a sort of jack of all trades. He sold stove blacking in the tenement houses of New York's East Side. He peddled candy in New York's Central Park. He worked for a clothing firm before he was knee high to a duck. He went into business for himself, the cloth-examining and shrinking business, and always he saved, saved, saved. Ruthless, relentless thrift—ruthless and relentless to himself—gained him the capital, $50,000, with which he plunged headlong into the amazing, glamorous industry which Thomas A. Edison had started with his kinetoscope, back in 1894. Started with a funny little motion picture hall in Brooklyn,





Above: The street-urchins of New York's East Side were enthusiastic patrons of Fox's early "nickelodeons," which offered them blood-curdling thrillers. Right: A photograph of Mr. Fox in the old days.

a "shooting gallery," as they called it, expanded the original into a chain, made money hand over fist and then formed his own production and distributing company, The Box Office Attractions Film Rental Company, years later metamorphosed into Fox Film Corporation.

There is no space here to go into the tale of his swift rise as a producer and marketer of motion pictures in the old silent days; of his famous victory over the "film trust"; of a hundred other episodes of a career which reads like exciting fiction. He was a human snowball of prosperity, rolling along, gaining in bulk with every revolution, until the day came when his company flag flew in every country of the world, when he was one of the four or five dominant personalities of the industry, apparently impregnable, even unassailable. Nor is there time or need to enter here into the story of the adversity which fell upon him, his bitter fight with the bankers, the automobile accident which laid him low in a terrific financial crisis, and of his final retreat from the battlefield with $15,000,000 in hard cash, the promise of $3,000,000 more and the promise also of a $500,000 a year salary for five years. That is water long over the mill, and the only point that need be emphasized is that Bill Fox was the luckiest man in the world when he was shoved out of his own company with an enormous amount of cash and no bag to hold.

This story is about those patents, those German, tri-Ergon patents on the photo-electric eye which transforms sound into light and light into sound, those patents which may make Fox a billionaire in very truth if the light holds out to burn. It was in 1925 that he became intensely interested in sound pictures and convinced himself that the silent pictures were dead on their feet. Promptly he acquired the Case patents and went to work on the new idea. Then he heard of the German invention, the patents which turned out to be the biggest plum which ever fell into his lap. Nobody realized their value in those days, eight or nine years ago. They were a gamble out-and-out, but Fox has always been a gambler, a terrific plunger under a hunch. And it was a terrific hunch that came to him now. The first sound pictures were made with the silenium cell and were a flop. Along came three Germans named Engl, Vogt and Massole. In 1919 they took (*Please turn to page* 50)



Directly above and below are two scenes from Mr. Fox's greatest silent film. "Over the Hill" broke hearts and box-office records.



An early movie theater—one of the kind that gave the immigrant boy his start. One sign reads, "Only Novelties Shown Here."



Wide World Photos

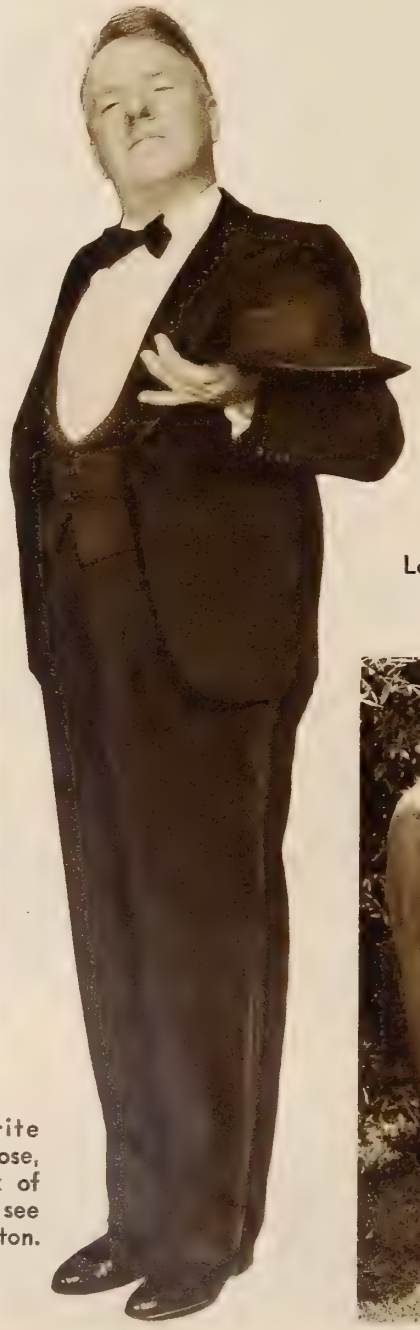
Below: The vertical lines at the film's edge constitute the sound track, worth $780,000,000.



I was that Way about W. C. Fields

Romance blossoms where we least expect it. New Movie's own ELSIE JANIS reveals here for the first time what has been in her heart since the tender age of five

I'M not going to say how long ago it was, on Bill's account. For myself I don't mind. I'm so used to dallying in Memory Lane, embarrassing folks by remembering things that happened thirty years ago! Decades drip from my pen carelessly; but Bill may be trying to kid some beautiful blond baby that life began when he looked into her eyes, so I'll just tell about what an attractive lad he was in those dear dateless days. "W. C. Fields" then as now on the programs. If he had not done such a great act, one could not be disinterested in any young man who starts a career with no front name and flaunting the somewhat intimate initials "W. C."



Bill never knew of my passion for him. He thought I stood in the wings every performance just because he did the best juggling act ever seen. He didn't realize that my childish heart was leaping about among the billiard balls which he had so completely under control.

Little Elsie was, if I'm not mistaken, billed above W. C. Fields the first time we played on the same Variety program. Being a sort of freak child wonder she became a headliner practically at birth. Great artists stood back kindly in favor of the infant prodigy. Bill (he was Mr. Fields to Little Elsie) was already a great comic, but when he washed up for whatever home-work he was doing at the time he was a very handsome young man. Tall, blonde and slim. The same twinkling blue eyes which today view his tremendous screen success with quiet humor. He still has most of the blond hair. We won't go into that slim business. Very few retain a slimness after years of sitting on top of the world. The only form of exercise the top of the world sitters are sure to get is bending to take bows. Admitted that the waistline hinge is no more. Comedy and pounds usually collaborate.

Certainly Bill doesn't have to worry about his figure, in fact at time of going to press he doesn't have to worry about anything. If you have seen him in a film where he plays billiards you have glimpsed what was in those days the foundation of his specialty, but you may not have seen him hold an audience for twenty minutes in one long laugh without speaking a word, as he used to do. As a pantomimist he had no equal and with perhaps the exception of Charles Chaplin I think he still can claim that distinction if he will. He won't, however, because Bill is as modest a "big shot" as ever wore a Maxim silencer.

I believe my mother must have shared my youthful yen for "W. C. Fields. International Favorite." I remember distinctly that he had difficulty in getting off or on the stage without stepping past her and over Little Elsie. I also remember that when our vaudeville routes separated and I was in tears, Mother encouraged me by saying that we would surely play with Mr. Fields again some time.

We never did, for as my billing grew so did Bill's and this happened before the days of all-star casts. A headliner was a headliner. Vaudevillians would share most anything with one another except "the billing." We watched our friend Bill as he soared to greater heights. Not until yesterday when I went out to see him on the shore of the small but celebrity-bordered Lake Toluca did I know with what great interest he has followed my career. He had been abroad and played all over Europe before I ever saw anything larger than a lake steamer. My London and Paris debuts were important events to him. He had known the thrill that goes with the conquest of foreign countries. To hear Bill tell of the difficulty he had in getting England to put his important and original initials on a conservative London billboard is a treat. They used to bill him C. W. and pretend it was the printer's mistake.

I had seen Bill several times out here in the last few years but with the well-worn Hollywood slogan, "We must get together some time," we had parted as old friends do in this land of manana and movies. When I called him on the phone and told him I wanted to write a yarn about him, he stunned me with the information that he reads my NEW MOVIE articles every month. "So you're that guy, are you?" I said, and made a date.

Toluca Lake looks better than it sounds. It has become very lime-lighted lately, between Bing Crosby's twins, George Brent's new monoplane which hovers over it and



One of Mr. Field's favorite sports is hunting. In this pose, especially taken, at the risk of the photographer's life, we see him hunting a collar button.

Left: What the well-dressed man will wear. pet swans occupies



Below: Cutting endless tons of grass to feed his most of his waking hours.



A favorite pose. Sparkling with energy, on his toes to please, the perfect host, here is how his friends find Mr. Fields when they come to call.

Bill's motor "trailer" which sits in his front yard shouting "Welcome!" Toluca hasn't been out of the local papers for months. It boasts of a lovely golf course on one side and a lot of bad golf players on the other. Bing does not live right on the lake, so that makes him an exception, if the fact that he refused to have his appendix out because he was "breaking under eighty" has not already done so.

Toluca is very small, very silvered, bewillowed and looks like most any neck of the woods but California. Bill rushed me through the house and out on to the front lawn where a giant oak spreads over the flagged patio with a sort of "Bring on your skinny palm trees" expression in its deep green leaves. He rushed me so directly and swiftly that I sort of suspect the blond baby I spoke of earlier might have been lurking in the background, if baby blondes ever do retreat to backgrounds. Such being the case she had a good long lurk. Bill and I retrospected for two solid hours.

Accustomed as he is to success, Bill still can't believe that he is really living the dream that was always his. To have his own home in California! His dream has come true with de luxe knobs on it. Bill has traveled constantly since he started in summer park vaudeville at five dollars a week. From there around the world twice, juggling his way through all countries. It was due to this "Be a juggler and see the world" complex that he became a silent comedian. In his early days he talked whenever anyone would permit him to do so and often when they would not. With a taste of world-wide success he returned to America, smacking his lips in the anticipation of more travels. He was so afraid that the visiting foreign agents wouldn't book him if he talked that he played dumb for years. (*Please turn to page* 58)





Above: The perfect host says good-bye to a neighbor who has just said something nasty about that borrowed lawn-mower. Left: While here—all kidding aside—is Elsie's secret passion as he really is, in the charming living-room of his Hollywood home.

The Sweetest Love Story

By
WHITNEY
WILLIAMS

—you have ever read, is this one of little Jean Parker and the boy she loves



Jean Parker's rise to screen fame has been truly meteoric—the fastest Hollywood has known. And for very good reasons, too!



THE friendship of Jean Parker and Pancho Lucus has been touched up briefly, but never before has the full force of their love been told. Indeed, it remained an unknown quantity until Jean let slip the news and revealed what undoubtedly is the sweetest love story in Hollywood.

Their romance started when both were freshmen in the John Muir High School of Pasadena. Long before they spoke their first words, however, Jean had fallen in love with this Pancho from afar. Pancho, even as a first-year student, ranked high in athletics and all campus activities . . . he also had an eagle eye, and he singled Jean out from the crowd, although she didn't know this until later.

Now, Jean, you must know, is the very soul of romance. She is the old-fashioned girl who dreams of story-book heroes and whose thoughts are tender and sweet. Imagination rules her world.

"I have found my knight in shining armor," she told me, simply, naïvely, when I questioned her about her romance, "my Armand, of whom my teacher used to tell me and whom I would see in fancy." She referred to the story of "Armand and Antoinette." "I found him among those boys and girls I went to school with every day, and he lived up to every qualification my knight in fiction possessed."

Her knight was Pancho, and ere long they met at parties, class meetings, on the campus. Drawn together by some subtle, mysterious force, more than two years elapsed before they finally looked into each other's eyes and confessed their love.

No ordinary boy-and-girl affair of the heart, was this love of Jean's and Pancho's. Far from being flippant, momentary, it grew . . . grew, until today it is deeper, more rapturous than ever, absorbing them completely. A glowing light shines in Jean's eyes as she dwells on the subject.

"We're not even engaged," she says, "but there's plenty of time for that. Each of us thinks we're much too young and inexperienced now ever to consider such an important step . . . but we've told each other of our devotion and hopes for the future. For the time being, we're content to go on as we are.

"We shall not marry until we can really devote ourselves to living our own lives. We're both young—only eighteen—and there's so much each of us has to do. Pancho has his own career to think of . . . he's just starting, you know . . . and I have my own work. You can't successfully combine being a wife and actress at the same time. So we are waiting until some time later when each of us is more firmly established.

"I wonder sometimes how Hollywood takes our romance. I wonder if people really understand just how deeply we feel. We love each other so devotedly, our relationship is so sweet and there is only brightness and light for the future that it may be somewhat difficult to comprehend. Neither of us, though, has set any definite date for an understanding, for a certain course of action . . . we are living the present with a very full sense of anticipation that is completely satisfying now.

"Pancho and I first avowed our feelings toward each other a year ago last March, at a class dance. We slipped away into the garden to be alone, and there, in the moonlight—it was a very beautiful night, I remember, warm and balmy, and Spring filled the air—we changed from two gay children to a deadly serious boy and girl. We admitted what each of us had known for nearly two years, yet had never spoken . . . we were in love.

"Up until that moment, we had smiled at each other, waved across the campus, Pancho always had managed to dance at least one dance with me at every party we attended . . . but we had never permitted ourselves a confession. Why, we had never even had a date. Of course, that evening in March, both our lives changed."

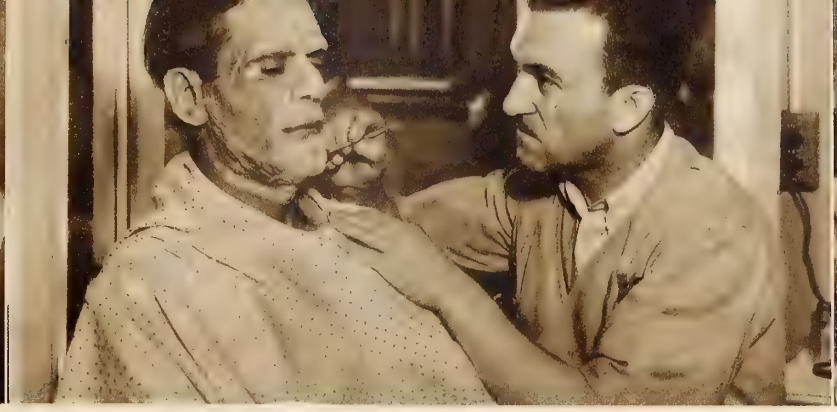
There is something so genuinely sincere, so trusting, so fine and sweet in this love of Jean's that it is expressive of her entire nature. Hers has not been the happy existence that most (*Please turn to page* 56)

You do not have to be told what picture the scene below is from — "Little Women," with Jean as *Beth*.

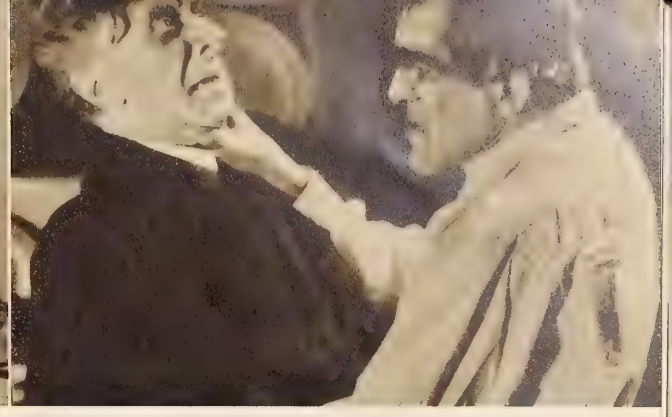




In the ghostly "Old Dark House."



His pain-seamed face lent itself to "The Mummy's" make-up.



In England they called him "The Ghoul."

KARLOFF
THE UNCANNY

Fame came to Boris Karloff —but his path was weird, cruel, a torment to his soul

By JACK JAMISON



THE thing that reached out and got hold of all of us, the first time we ever saw Boris Karloff in a picture, was what we saw in his face. It isn't enough to call it personality, or even a personality. If ever a face showed a man's history, his whole experience, everything that he has gone through, that face is Boris'!

Pass over the fact that he is a fine actor. Everybody knows that what counts on the screen isn't acting so much as what we see, with our inner vision, in the actor as a person. And people go out of the theater, after they have seen Karloff, saying, with a little shudder: "That man must have gone through hell!"

He has.

The producers know it—or, if they don't know it, they feel it; they see in his face just what we do. That is why they give him the roles they do, from the hideous creature he played in "The Mummy" or his role in "The Lost Patrol," where, a British cavalryman gone insane on religion, he walked out over the desert dunes clothed in rags, carrying a flimsy cross made of saplings, to convert the Arabs who promptly sent him crumpling into the sand with their rifle bullets.



Many years, it has taken this man to find happiness. But at last he finds it, in his home and his wife, with whom he is pictured here at the left.

Those deep-cut lines of bitterness in Boris' face are there with good reason. Boris knows all there is to know of bitterness. Such bitterness that he can say. "In a few years I will be fifty years old. I have been what the world calls a success for only these last five or six years. I dwell on these six years, and on the years still left for me, however few they may be, and try to forget the lean, empty years. I work in my garden, I swim in my pool—and I look at tomorrow." It is a tired man who says that; a man tired by a long, a life-long and wearisome journey through tragic circumstance.

Fifty years, to know happiness!

Boris was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London, in 1887, the youngest (*Please turn to page* 50)

SINCLAIR

Douglas Gilbert, a personal friend of the famous novelist who won the Nobel Prize in Literature, compares him with the star of his choice in this keenly analytical article. Does Sinclair Lewis choose Katharine Hepburn as the finest star because she is his spiritual twin?

Wide World



Sinclair Lewis

By DOUGLAS GILBERT



In Sir James Barrie's whimsical "Little Minister," Katharine reaches new heights.



. . . Again, in "The Little Minister."

THE great American three-ringed circus has been the interest of Sinclair Lewis. He has paid little attention, beyond endorsing its checks, to Hollywood's show or its artists. Now it can be printed that Mr. Lewis chooses as the finest artist of the American screen—Katharine Hepburn. This is more than news—it is a piece for the NEW New Movie.

Here is his reason for selecting Miss Hepburn: "She has rhythm, she moves, there is a mobility about her that is as constant as the flow of a river. She has poise that is arresting. She is never, as so many of the screen stars are, static."

Frankly, I was astonished at his choice. The lean and leggy Kate never meant any more to me than a forehead (like a proscenium), a mouth and a pair of stilts. But she is Mr. Lewis' screen girl and that's something. Let's see if we can find what that something is.

Now Mr. Lewis is America's best known, if you will not admit (as I do), greatest author, and a pageant of women have crossed his pages leaping out at you, say, with all the vitality of Ann Vickers. Maybe this is the tie-up, the reason for his choice, for Miss Hepburn has vitality, albeit of the shot-in-the-arm kind.

I will not admit, however, that it is the real reason; to determine that you have to consider factors in the characteristics of both. Let's run the pair of them down and see how closely Tomboy Katie, of Hartford, compares with the gangling, explosive "Red" of Sauk Center.

Consider Kate's career. Does she really mean, actually deserve, the box-office plaudits she has won? Does she merit the distinction Mr. Lewis has laid on her towseled head? Only a few years ago she was the leading door-bell ringer of Broadway, a pest to the casting agents and a nuisance to producers. She was trying to get a job—a stage-struck gal from Connecticut.

Finally she landed as an understudy to Hope Williams—as sure an instance of casting to type as the Broadway lads have ever exhibited. But Katharine's Hope never materialized. Miss Williams never got sick. And Miss Hepburn languished in the wings shifting her shoulder straps in uneasy futility.

I think Broadway, and of course when I say Broadway I mean the legitimate stage, was always a little frightened of her. There is a neurotic stimulation about her that is incoherently violent. She is a network of haywires, livid as a flickering Neon light that has something wrong with its gadgets.

But she can take it. That's what the gals like about her, and the men too, and Mr. Lewis. Although I am no stickler for her art I salute her for her courage. The weary round of steps she trekked to land a part have been as torturing as the beatings she has taken from the critics. They called her "immature" and "over-emphatic."

This has been her cross. She's carried it like a man. Last season she opened in an

LEWIS PICKS HEPBURN

English play called "The Lake," a social whoop-te-doo that was very, very British and that was right up the alley of the Bryn Mawr Katharine. It was a mess and it flopped. And to the credit of Katharine, who got no rave notices for her acting, it can be said she was a good deal better than her role.

From another standpoint "The Lake" is frightfully important, for it justifies the red badge of courage I have pinned to her boyish form.

This, in the event that you don't know, is the background of that production in so far as it affects Miss Hepburn. She was then, in Hollywood, gliding to Garbo heights as a box-office pay-off, an achievement won for her work in "Morning Glory" which made her an academician; I mean she won the 1932 award for the best performance.

What a curious position! Virtually a ham on Broadway, a recognized star on the screen. I needn't remind you of the acclaim that is hers in pictures. And nobody had to remind the Broadway producers that here was a set-up to make a lot of dough. It was good show-business (and it still was justified even if "The Lake" did fold), to bring back the gal who had flopped on Broadway (1), to give her the chance to justify legitimately her, if you will forgive me, reel life; (2) divert the stream of pence she was funnelling into picture palaces into the box-office of the more intimate theater.

She had, I repeat, to justify herself. There is a yarn told about her; that in her stateroom on the train, en route to Washington where "The Lake" was to open, she was so nervous she could scarcely speak above a whisper. The Broadway opening that followed must have been agony to her. Any "first night" in New York is no set-up, as every actor, however iced his arteries, will tell you. Many of them take a double Scotch and soda before their entrance. Incidentally, this practice used always to make the late David Belasco furious. He told me once that "only the hams need it." And he used to tell his company, too, often shaming them into denying themselves this artificial fortification.

Well, here was Katharine Hepburn, back on Broadway carrying the amazing burden of having to make good after all she had been to the picture public. And she took it in her stride. Even with hers, she couldn't leap the footlights. But, if she faltered, no arm had to catch her. Such fortitude does not appeal to Mr. Lewis alone.

"Hollywood," she once said, "hasn't done a thing for me. Nor do I wish it to. Whatever comes to me I want to come through my own efforts. That attitude may seem ungrateful. But I don't mean it that way.

"Just because my first appearance in 'A Bill of Divorcement' happened to be successful is no reason why I should kneel in thanksgiving to Hollywood." You see? Head high, chin up, not out.

And then she spoiled it all. "The picture had John Barrymore in it. That's why it was successful. I just tagged along." These are gracious remarks. But nobody can convince me that they were uttered from the Hepburn heart.

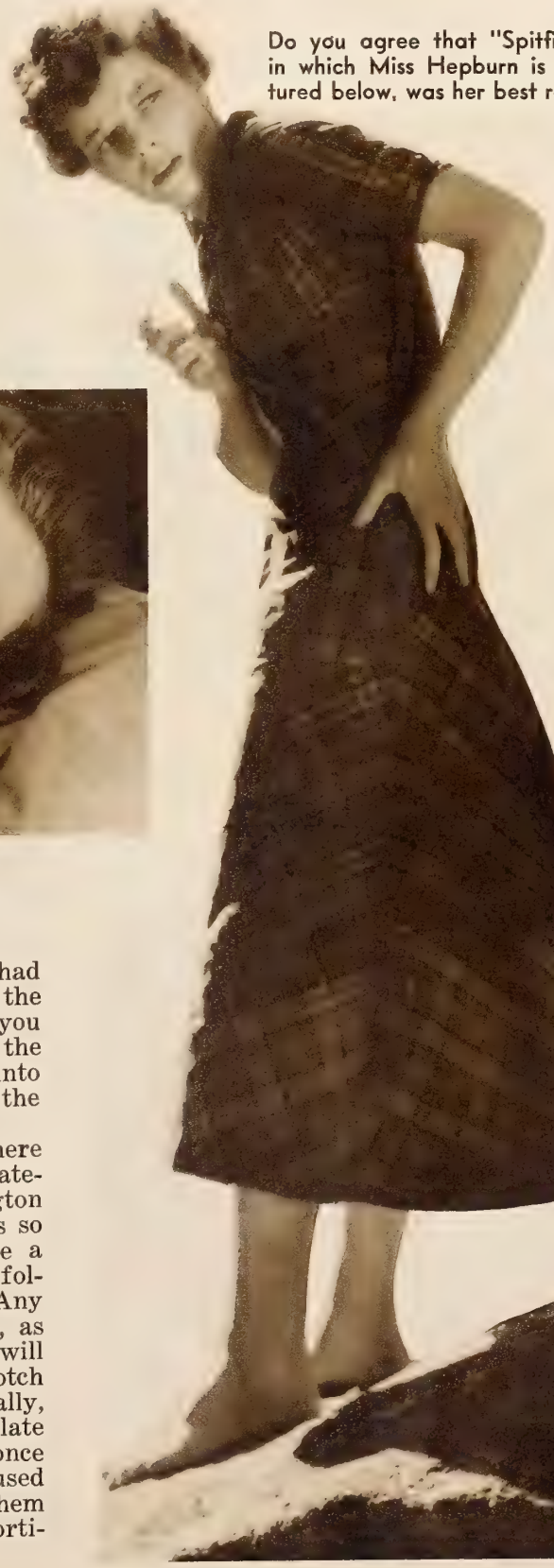
She redeemed this in her concluding remarks which are Hepburn again and not hooey. "To me Hollywood is just another place of pavements, shops and people rushing like mad. I've done things for myself all my life. I've fought for what I wanted—and gotten most of the things. And I intend to continue doing that. I don't want Hollywood's help."

This alone would justify Mr. Lewis' acclaim.

I wonder if Miss Hepburn can offer him a wreath. She ought to. For I can think of no two celebrities whose characteristics merge with such delightful humanness. For despite Miss Hepburn's phony femininity in her films, she is all girl—and all youth. I don't see her as the blase type of the overwrought neurotic in "A Bill of Divorcement." There is too much of the wood-sprite in Hepburn who, I like to fancy, and I fancy Mr. Lewis does also, is waiting, just back of the barn, for a romp through the fields. That's why her best role is "Spitfire." And why her "Little Minister" provokes such a storm of controversy. I admire her studio for thus casting her. It was as brave as she is. It was difficult to imagine her in so soft a thing as the subtlety of Barrie. And how sincerely she demonstrates that she is flesh as well as bone! Almost, Mr. Lewis has picked her for me as well as himself.

I can well fancy her as a character in one of the Lewis novels. For her roots, as his, are deep in the soil. Always she sways like a stalk of corn in a wind-swept field. She is that strong, that fruitful. She belies, if you will analyze her, the perfumed pet with lips smeared like a red wound. Look at her, as I like to believe Mr. Lewis does, in the sun.

This is the light of Mr. Lewis's vision. Show me a page of his books that are livid with the synthetic (*Please turn to page* 56)



Do you agree that "Spitfire," in which Miss Hepburn is pictured below, was her best role?



. . . In a scene from "Christopher Strong."



. . . Or was it as *Jo* in "Little Women"?

Which Type Are You?

Measure your own charm and beauty with the yard stick used by famous directors and producers in Hollywood

SOMEWHERE in Hollywood you have a double. If she doesn't resemble you closely enough to be taken for a twin sister, you and she at least have enough facial features, gestures or tricks of expression in common to make your friends think of you when they see her picture cast on the screen. The chances are that this Hollywood double of yours not only resembles you in appearance but that she and you are something alike in your tastes and disposition, since superficial appearance is usually a reflection of innate characteristics.

Practically every type of girl, European or American, is represented among the stars and featured players in Hollywood. In fact, producers and casting directors are inclined to select talent on the basis of type as much as through the consideration of sheer beauty and loveliness. Hence the clever actress, with her eye on Hollywood stardom, strives to accentuate and define—through dress, cosmetics, make-up and manners—the characteristics of the type to which she belongs. If she is one of the smart sophisticated type, she does not make the mistake of doing her hair like a hoyden. If she is the American athletic girl, she avoids wearing clothes designed for a Spanish or French siren.

All this has given American girls and women a new measuring stick for feminine charm and appeal. It has widened our vision and made beauty a much more interesting thing to talk about than when it was measured by a single standard.

In the time and place where the tall blonde was the ideal of beauty, the petite brunette didn't have a chance. At the time when only frail, languorous girls were considered charming, the athletic fresh-air girl had nothing to brag about but good health and a pleasant smile. Now every type of girl has a chance. The important thing to do is to learn your type and make the most of it, by means of dress, make-up and manner. Being truer to your type you will be truer to yourself, and will thus gain greater self-confidence and more definite charm.

Stars and featured players in Hollywood can help you in this quest better than any other women in the world. Close study of your Hollywood type in motion pictures will be of great help in this task of self-expression, and there is also much to be gained from a knowledge of how this type sister of yours chooses to play the role of a woman of type similar to her own and yours. But even so, the time, setting and situations of the picture may call for make-up, manners and costumes that would be out of place at home, or in the usual social surroundings.

Colbert, you'll agree, is a very charming representative of the siren, but she is by no means the only example for the siren type of girl. There is Dolores Del Rio for a thoroughly Latin type of siren and Lupe Velez, as well as the alluring Marlene Dietrich, with Carole Lombard as a tall blond representative of the type, and Merle Oberon if you want a thoroughly English version, and the newcomer, Ketti Gallian, shows how provocative a French blonde can be.

We all know well-dressed young women who in one way or another suggest Kay Francis, but there are dozens of other Hollywood stars from whom the sophisticated well-dressed woman can choose her Hollywood type. Norma Shearer, for instance, or Gloria Swanson, or Peggy Fears or Jane Wyatt who is defined in Hollywood as a perfect metropolitan type.

For the charming girl who inclines a little to the serious side, there is Helen Hayes, Barbara Stanwyck, Helen Twelvetrees and Rosemary Ames. For the athletic or out-of-door girls, we have stars as widely varied as Maureen O'Sullivan, Gloria Stuart, and Nancy Carroll as a perfect representative of the vivacious Irish type.

Janet Gaynor heads the list for the sweet girlish type. Joan Crawford is the perfect dancing lady, Ruby Keeler is the American dream girl type, Alice Faye is the torch singer type, platinum blonde and dynamic. Mona Barrie is defined as the typical English aristocrat, while Myrna Loy is one of the outstanding examples of the real American girl. Constance Bennett is the languorous blonde.

And so it goes in Hollywood where every star stands out as a vivid example of a definite type of lovely woman.

A NEW SERVICE FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR READERS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

And now to help you, and other readers of New Movie Magazine, we have arranged to provide something entirely new in the way of personal service. Write to the Hollywood Type Editor, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving a brief description of yourself—your height, weight, hair and eye coloring—and the name of the star or featured player whom you think you most resemble. If you have an inexpensive photograph or snapshot of yourself enclose it in your letter. In reply, our Hollywood beauty and fashion editors will give you advice and suggestions regarding make-up, dress, coiffure, etc., most appropriate to the type to which you belong.



Nancy Carroll — *Columbia*

Vivacious



Kay Francis — *Warner*

Sophisticated Type



Joan Crawford — *M-G-M*

Dancing Lady Type



Alice Faye — *Fox*

Dynamic Blonde



Gloria Stuart — *Universal*

Athletic Type



Claudette Colbert — *Paramount*

Siren Type



Anna Sten — *United Artists*

Glamorous Russian



Irene Dunne — *RKO*

Society Type



Constance Bennett — *20th Century*

Languorous Blonde



Mary Pickford — *United Artists*

Ever Youthful

Eugene Robert Richee

LOVE IN THREE MOODS









Otto Dyar

THREE PAIRS OF PLAYERS who bring us love in three moods. At the top of the page, Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle typify light, frothy gaiety. You'll see them as a princess and a waiter in "Here Is My Heart." In the center are John Boles and Gloria Swanson of "Music in the Air"—singing stars too, but accentuating a mood of more serious romance. And last but not least, William Powell and Myrna Loy, who, by public demand, recapture the mood of "The Thin Man" in "Evelyn Prentice."

Russell Ball

New Movie proudly heralds an event in screen history

GRAND OPERA

With all the glorious voices of the stage and all the glamour of youthful picture players





Two dramatic scenes from the experimental reel, with Henry Hull as the clown.



Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. DeMille, with their daughter Lynn, photographed at a recent premiere.

It is yours. It is on its way to you. This story of how it comes to you is written by the man who has made it possible

By WILLIAM DeMILLE

CLARA and I were at the opera.

Clara, be it known, is not only my wife, "Miss Beranger," but my most trusted scenario writer.

"Pagliacci" was drawing to its dramatic end and we were thrilling to its powerful closing measures when we had the misfortune to open our eyes.

The illusion vanished.

The stage was peopled with aged folk of waistlines not only generous but positively philanthropic, accompanied by a few of their grandchildren. In the center lay the recumbent body of the slain Nedda, suggesting not so much the mountains of Nevada as those of Colorado.

"Too bad," said Clara.

"What is?"

"That everything which goes into the ear is so lovely, while everything which goes into the eye is so—"

"You promised to give up that word," I interrupted.

"There are occasions, my dear," she rejoined sweetly, "when no other word seems to satisfy the soul."

"It may be," I suggested, "that we who are used to the pictorial beauty of the screen, the intimacy of its emotion, the realism of its detail, find it hard to get dramatic value from the crude, exaggerated method of operatic acting."

"Wouldn't it be great, though," she said, "if we could combine what grand opera has to give the ear with what the screen gives the eye?"

"You mean put grand opera on the screen?"

"Absolutely."

"It has been tried, my poor child," I said, "and has demonstrated that what is merely a misfortune in the opera-house becomes a catastrophe in a close-up."

We were walking home by now.

"But why hasn't anyone found a way to do it?" she inquired. (*Please turn to page* 68)

HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

—Maintaining the vogue for open air rancho parties, while the rest of us freeze

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Wide World

Phil Regan, former New York policeman; now crooning in Warner Pictures, Dixie Lee—(Mrs. Bing Crosby)—James Cagney, and Frances Shortell gathered at the Lloyd Bacon party.



Wide World

Marian Marsh and Joey Ray, master of ceremonies at the Ebell Club frolic. A new romance?





Wide World

Left: Joe E. Brown was much in evidence at the Lloyd Bacon party and entertained with some of the stunts from his newest picture. Above: Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Louise Fazenda, guests at the same charming affair, spent the evening picking figs!

FILM folk are all going rancher! And giving parties at their haciendas.

Louise Fazenda says she is pumpkin conscious even now. She and her husband, Hal Wallis, the producer, have bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley, and are building themselves a Mexican farmhouse. Polly Moran is buying a ranch out there. Louise says she and Hal are going to raise white mice on their ranch (but she grinned when she said it), and Polly says she is going to raise razzberries.

"And who's going to raise Cain?" inquired Bing Crosby.

"Oh, we're going to keep that element out," retorted Louise.

Anyway, you would surely have thought you were back in those romantic old Spanish days of California if you had been at the party which Director Lloyd Bacon gave for his wife on her birthday, at their San Fernando Valley ranch.

I suppose there weren't any swimming pools or badminton courts in those days, such as the Bacons have. But you could gather fruit from the trees in the orchard, and dance in the big grape arbors, and eat Spanish food in the evening before a huge fire, just as we did.

Louise Fazenda, Dixie Lee Crosby and Mrs. Pat O'Brien climbed a big old fig tree and ate figs as they sat on the limbs, though there were plenty of figs on a big plate in the patio.

One of these gadget bracelets, on which you hang jewel-studded bangles on each succeeding birthday or Christmas—or any other holiday—was Mr. Bacon's birthday present to his wife. She says she isn't going to let even St. Patrick's day go by without a present! Anyway, wouldn't a diamond studded shamrock be just too cute?

* * *

If you think Bing Crosby sings lullabys to those twins, you are mistaken. But he said he had to leave the party early to get any sleep.

"I had thought it would be a swell idea," Bing explained, "to build the nursery right next to our bedroom. But who could anticipate twins! And they yell in relays!"

WHEN Louise Fazenda gives a birthday party for seventeen people she doesn't confine herself to one little stingy cake. She gives each guest a cake.

That's what she did the night she entertained all the people who had had birthdays during the month. And each cake had its full quota of candles, too. Among those whose natal days occurred during said month, and who helped celebrate, were Hal Wallis, the producer, Louise's husband; Mrs. Lloyd Bacon, Claudette Colbert, Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Kane, Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Harry Joe Brown, Margaret Lindsay and Jean Hersholt.

MR. AND MRS HARRY LACHMAN have a warm spot in their hearts for young romance.

They proved it by giving a party in honor of Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie, and Elizabeth Allan and her husband, Bill O'Brien, who was leaving at once for London after a visit to his wife.

The Lachmans had known Frank and Evelyn in London, (*Please turn to page* 67)

STRAIGHT FROM RKO'S CASTING DIRECTOR COMES THIS NEWS OF

What WON'T Get You into the Movies

KATHRYN WHITE, ace writer, dares to smash the bunk about "studio requirements." The truth will startle you

IF Janet Gaynor were an "unknown," she couldn't walk into a single casting office in Hollywood today, and get a job!—not even a day's work as an extra. . . .!

If George Raft were next in line, behind Janet, the casting director'd *laugh* at *him*.

"You haven't got a chance of getting into pictures," the director'd tell him. "You're too much of a runt. Grow half a foot and maybe you could get by as an extra."

Gary Cooper'd show up, and the casting director'd wave him wearily away. "Too tall an' too skinny, an' besides, y'look like a hick-town drugstore cowboy. We want sophistication."

Jean Harlow'd appear, and the casting director'd look with interest at her physical qualifications. Then she'd say something and the casting director would sigh and say: "Nope. Not with THAT voice!"

Mae West would undulate up to him next, and the casting director wouldn't give her a second look. "Baby," he'd inform her, "you've got about twenty pounds too much beef! Move on!"

And if Katharine Hepburn should burst in on him, he'd scream, "Take her away! Take her away! She hasn't got a single thing it takes!"

AND all of that (those samples are only a few of the possible scores) goes to show what?—well, principally, two points:

First—Success for any unknown trying to crash pictures today is as remote as the poles.

Second—Because of the cast-iron casting system which is rigidly in force in Hollywood today, there are unquestionably many Mae Wests, many would-be Hepburns, many possible box-office successes like Gaynor, many potentially great screen stars actually trying to get a chance in movies—and yet you'll never see them on the screen, because they can't get by the casting office MUSTS and MUSTNTS. . . .!

Of those MUSTS and MUSTN'TS, here are the details. And, if you've ever had any dream of trying to get into pictures—if you've thrilled at being told you're a "second Gaynor" or (*Please turn to page* 57)

IF YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THESE



Jimmy Cagney



Ann Dvorak



John Boles



Mae West



Gary Cooper

STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD!



Janet Gaynor



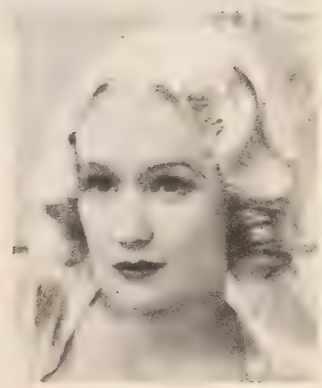
George Raft



Jean Harlow

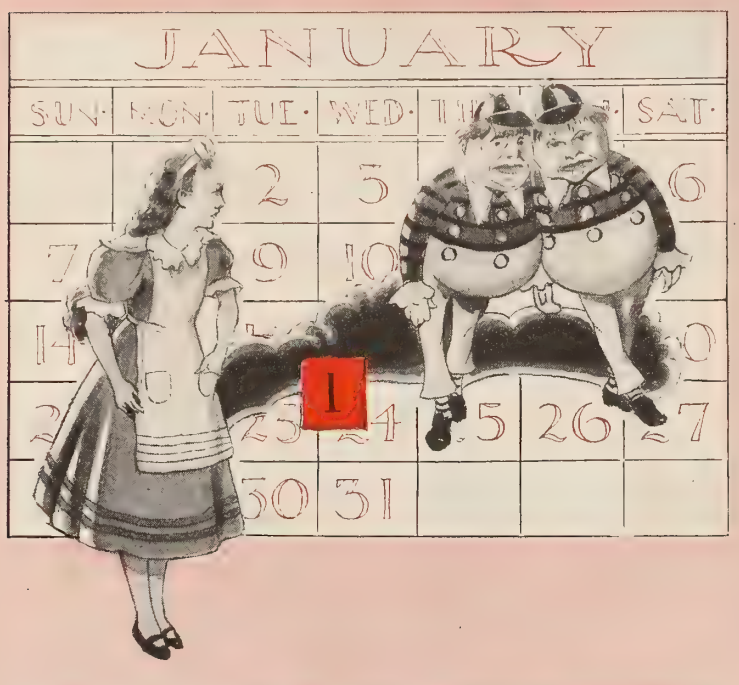


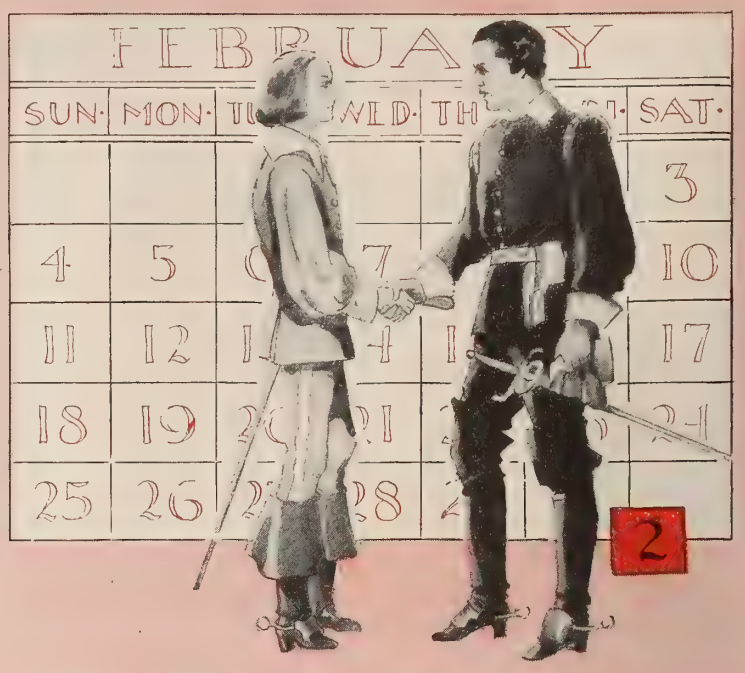
Fredric March

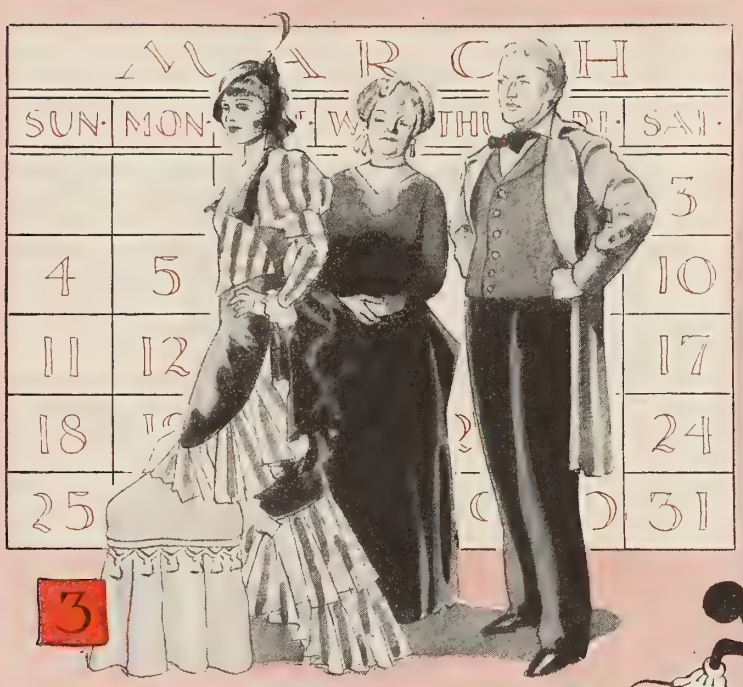


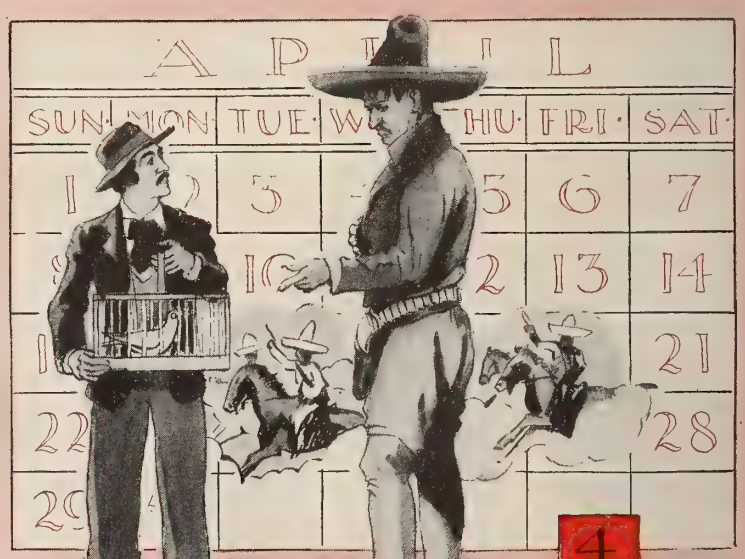
Miriam Hopkins

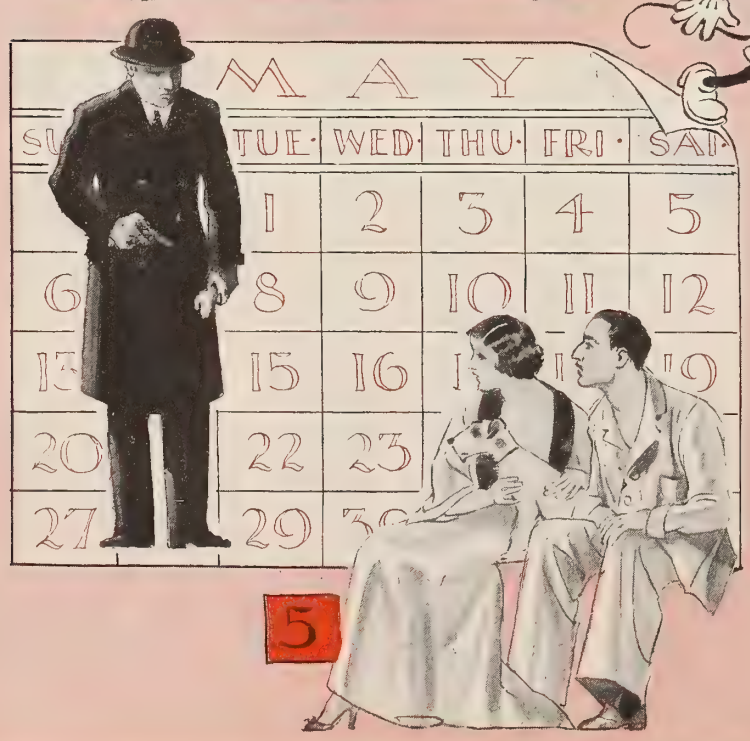
Movie Highlights of the Year

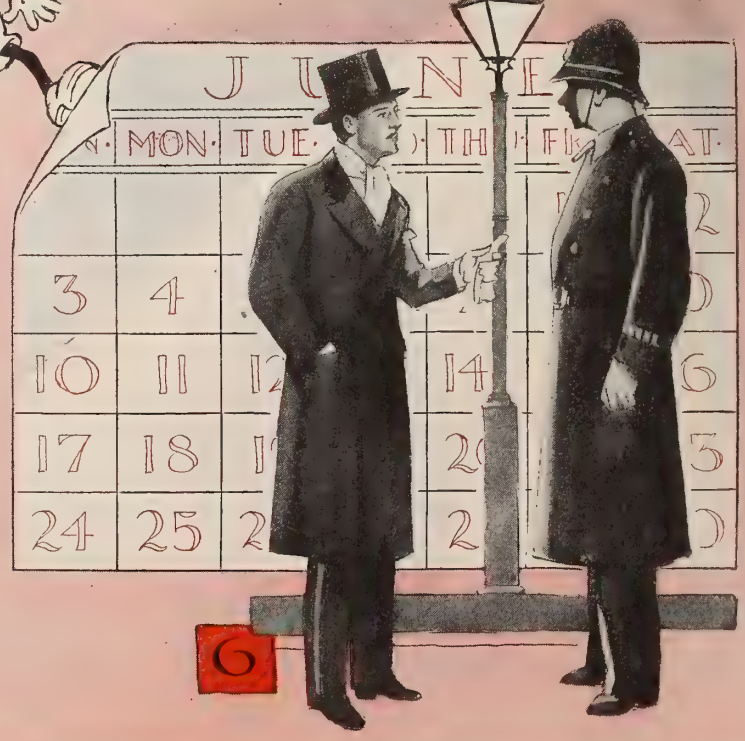


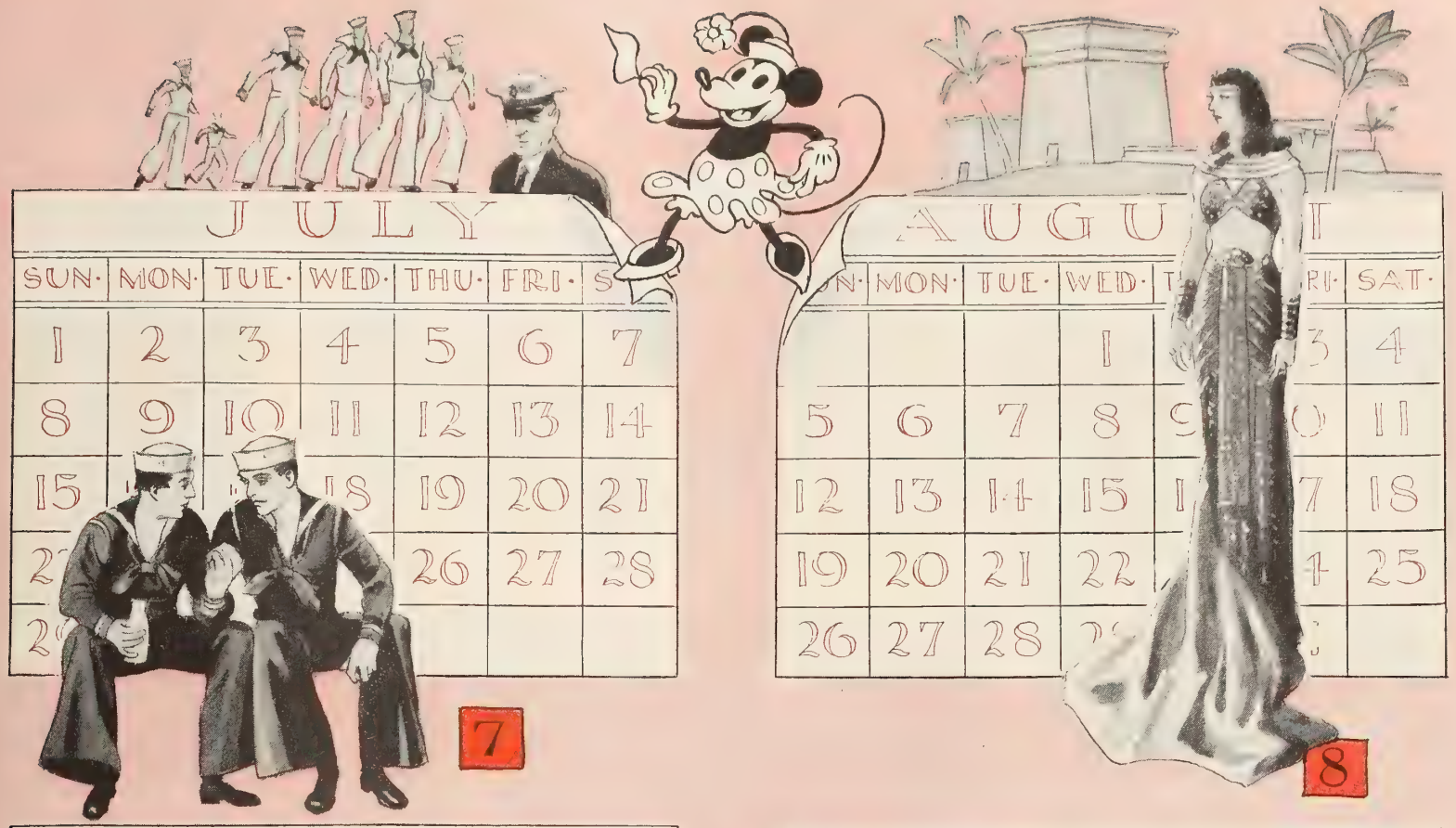












Every month of the past year had its big success. How many of these can you remember? Try, then turn to page 59

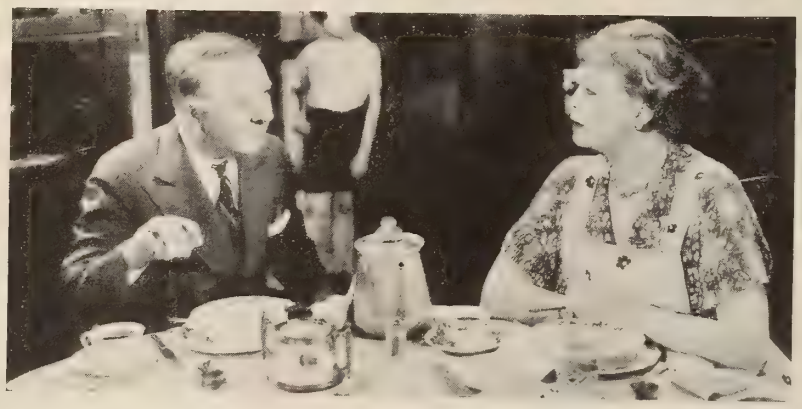
WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE NEW FILMS

Comedies, tragedies, mysteries, romance,— how to pick the show you want to see is always a problem. A glance at New Movie's list will solve it for you

By BARBARA BARRY



"The Little Minister" was well-known to your father and mother, with its tale of a girl and a young parson in old Scotland.



"It's a Gift" offers W. C. Fields with old tricks and new, really funny dialogue, and a story about a Hoboken family making a cross-continental tour in an automobile.



Nancy Carroll, a prizefighter, a rival, and a crime that might be committed but isn't, make up the tricky "Jealousy."

PLENTY doing around the studio lots this month. Ye olde reportere is on the verge of writer's cramp and athlete's foot from trekking hither and yon, making jittery jots on the latest studio activities. Not good, but still . . . St. Vitus dance and two broken legs would be worse.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM
•
UNITED ARTISTS

On the "Mighty Barnum" set, we snuck up on a tete-a-tete between Wallace Beery, who plays *Barnum*, and Joe Schenck, financial backer of the enterprise. Expecting to hear a hefty dissertation on over-head, schedule, and stuff, we put on our long, gray beard, cocked our good ear to starboard, and . . . what did we hear? Nothing any more scandalous than the relative merits of "Rainbow" and "Endeavor"; and the swell time Joe had at the real Barnum & Bailey circus, feeding peanuts to the elephants!

While waiting for Director Walter Lang to call for "Action!", we wandered across the stage to a set that represented a nineteenth century "general store," with the old pickle barrels, cracker boxes, and all the things so dear to the hearts of anybody's grandpas. It was a grubby looking place, but the property man assured us that the research work on that particular set had been something to fret about, as every prune and pickle must be true to the period.

Rochelle Hudson, Barnum's ward, wandered about the set in long braids and magenta dimity, while Janet Beecher, Barnum's long-suffering wife, stepped out of smart drawing-room roles, long enough to be severe, though still charming, in corkscrew curls and print gingham.

They were shooting the scene where Janet discovers that her no-good husband has taken the $250.00 she gave him for a ticket back home and (*Please turn to page* 71)







"Concealment," with Barbara Stanwyck and Warren William, is a tangle of politics and mystery, while (above, right) Steffi Duna and Regis Toomey offer "Girl of the Islands."

Above: Edward Ellis, Paul Kelly and Edward Arnold in "The President Vanishes."

Below: Claude Rains and Lionel Atwill in a scene from "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."





Above: Paul Muni, in "Bordertown," is a Mexican trying to change his nationality.



Francis Lederer is an immigrant, Ginger Rogers is a chorus-girl with a newsboy brother. "Romance in Manhattan" is tearful.



The picture George M. Cohan made in Hollywood was a failure, but it wasn't his fault.



Cohan does a little bit of clowning between takes on "Gambling," for Dorothy Burgess, Director Rowland V. Lee, and the vivacious Wynne Gibson.



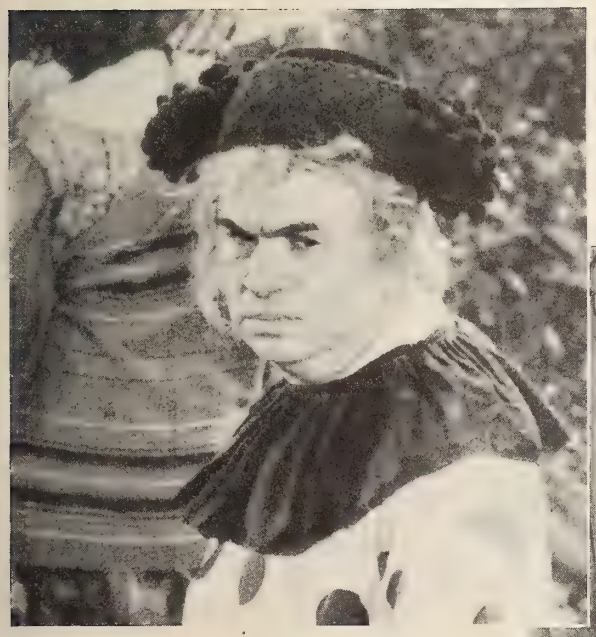
Left: Dorothy Burgess steps into a close-up with Broadway's own "song-and-dance man," who has been called the theater's most gifted jack-of-all-trades.



Dancer, playwright, actor, song-writer, millionaire, Cohan is not too proud to lend a helping hand with a curling-iron.

WILL THE STARS COME TO NEW YORK?

The studios hinted they'd leave California if Upton Sinclair was elected governor. Would it be so awful? Take a look at these stills of pictures now shooting at the studios in the East



Talent of all kinds is plentiful in the East. One player in "Once in a Blue Moon" is the rotund Nikita Balieff, of the famous Russian Ballet.

●

Right: Jimmy Savo, whom the picture stars, also failed in Hollywood, though his fame in vaudeville is international. With him here is Whitney Bourne who co-stars in this production.



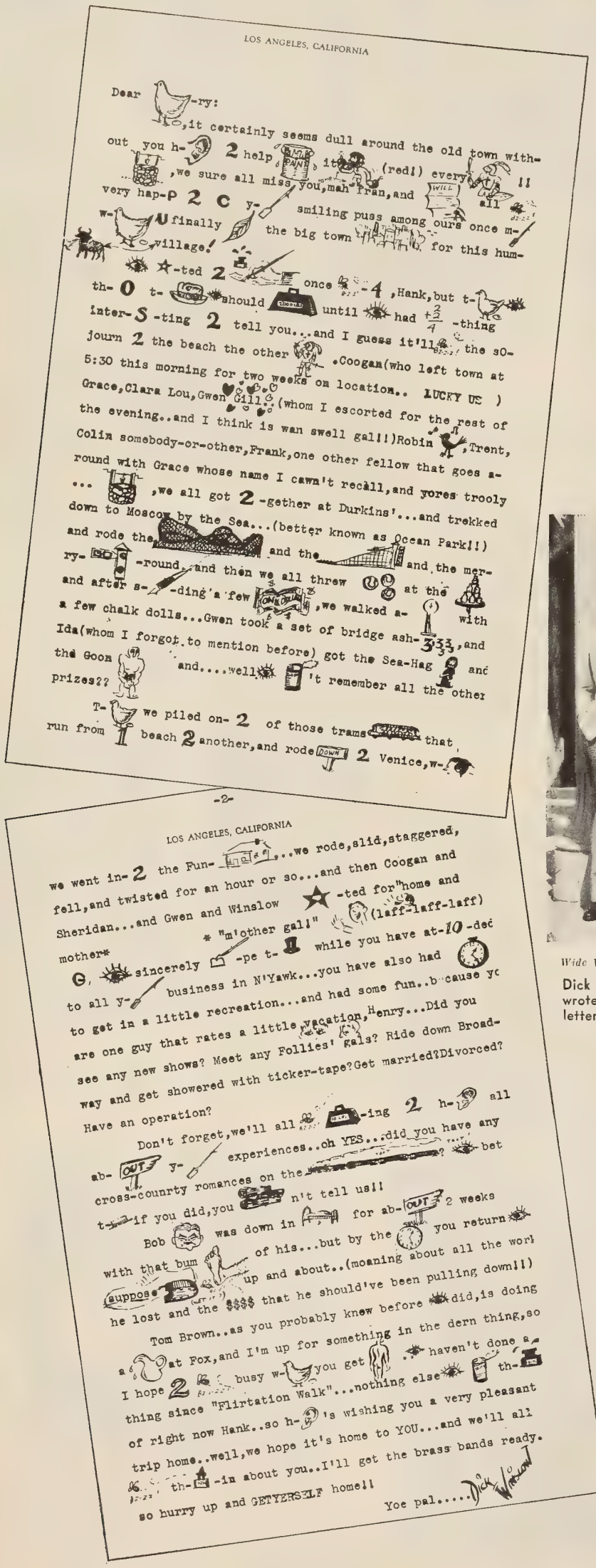


The East goes in for realism. Needing gypsies for extras, the studio hired real ones.



Lovely Edwina Armstrong's is a name you've never heard, yet she may steal the picture and stardom.

News of the Younger Hollywood Set



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear -ry:

,it certainly seems dull around the old town with-
out you h- 2 help, it (red!) every
,we sure all miss you,mah fran,and all !!
very hap- 2 c y- smiling puss among ours once m-
w- finally the big town for this hum-
village!
-ted 2 once -4 ,Hank,but t-
th- 0 t- should until had -thing
inter- -ting 2 tell you...and I guess it'll the sO-
journ 2 the beach the other .Coogan(who left town at
5:30 this morning for two weeks on location.. LUCKY US)
Grace,Clara Lou,Gwen Gill (whom I escorted for the rest of
the evening..and I think is wan swell gal!!)Robin ,Trent,
Colin somebody-or-other,Frank,one other fellow that goes a-
round with Grace whose name I cawn't recàll,and yores trooly
... ,we all got 2 -gether at Durkins'...and trekked
down to Mosco by the Sea...(better known as Ocean Park!!)
and rode the and the and the mer-
ry- -round, and then we all threw at the with
and after s- -ding a few ,we walked a-
a few chalk dolls...Gwen took a set of bridge ash- ,and
Ida(whom I forgot to mention before) got the Sea-Hag and
the Goon and....well 't remember all the other
prizes??
T- we piled on- 2 of those trams that
run from beach 2 another,and rode 2 Venice,w-

-2-

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

we went in- 2 the Fun- ...we rode,slid,staggered,
fell,and twisted for an hour or so...and then Coogan and
Sheridan...and Gwen and Winslow -ted for"home and
mother* * "m'other gal!" (laff-laff-laff)
G, sincerely -pe t- while you have at-10 -dec
to all y- business in N'Yawk...you have also had
to get in a little recreation...and had some fun..b cause yc
are one guy that rates a little vacation,Henry...Did you
see any new shows? Meet any Follies' gals? Ride down Broad-
way and get showered with ticker-tape?Get married?Divorced?
Have an operation?
Don't forget,we'll all -ing 2 h- all
ab- y- experiences..oh YES...did you have any
cross-counrty romances on the ? bet
t- if you did,you n't tell us!!
Bob was down in for ab- 2 weeks
with that bum of his...but by the you return
suppos up and about..(moaning about all the work
he lost and the $$$$ that he should've been pulling down!!)
Tom Brown..as you probably knew before did,is doing
a at Fox,and I'm up for something in the dern thing,so
I hope 2 busy w- you get haven't done a
thing since "Flirtation Walk"...nothing else th-
of right now Hank..so h- 's wishing you a very pleasant
trip home..well,we hope it's home to YOU...and we'll all
th- -in about you..I'll get the brass bands ready.
so hurry up and GETYERSELF home!!
Yoe pal.....

We keep our promises. The junior stars themselves have written this for you. The letter below is easy enough—but can you read the "rebus" at the left?

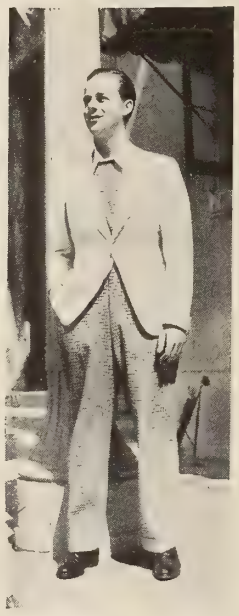
HENRY WILLSON, our regular correspondent, decided to take a trip to New York. So, in his absence, his friends Dick Winslow and Ben Alexander have turned out this column for you. Dick you have seen in "Flirtation Walk" and "There's Always Tomorrow," and Ben—grown up now—is the famous child actor of silent film days.

The young fellows and girls referred to by their first names in the letter at the left are all junior Hollywood stars—Jackie Coogan, Grace Durkin, Clara Lou Sheridan, Gwendolyn Gilly, Robbin Ainsley, Trent Durkin, Frank Losee, Ida Lupino, Bob Hoover, and Tom Brown.

And here is Ben's letter:

Dear Henry:—

Family tradition has it that I have been known to write but one letter in my lifetime. With one possible exception (one day circumstances forced me to forge my father's name to a badly scribbled note explaining my absence from school) I should say the claim is quite true. And, were it not that events here in Hollywood demand your attention, I should not think of spoiling so enviable a record. However, understanding your craving for news, I have let down and will endeavor to satisfy your thirst with forty or sixty pages of "Who's doing what and where in Hollywood."



Wide World

Dick Winslow, who wrote the puzzling letter at the left.

Pal, this sudden urge of yours to train-hop to the bright-lights and ticket-scalpers has caused you to miss out on a lot of swell parties: Here's one that was a nifty. You remember Bob Hoover? Oh, of course you do, you know, "Scion of prominent Beverly Hills Family Grabbed for Flickers." Well, Bob had been planning this giddy whirl for some time, everything was set, all the gang invited, and everyone had set that night aside to give it the works, swim, eat, dance, eat again, etc. Now get this: The day before the big party, Hoover was coming back from Catalina in their boat and when he got to the landing forgot how to stop the thing. Instead of waiting for it to run out of gas or something, guess what he did (this'll kill you Graham) he sticks his foot in the fly-wheel. After they had run the engine backwards for about ten minutes they finally get his leg out and rushed it (Bob too) to the hospital. The next day, Bob lying in bed with his leg suspended from the ceiling, tried to phone the gang and call the party off, but no soap. We're not going to let a little thing like a crushed leg interfere with our party. We all hollered like blazes and he had the party. I won't dwell long on the party. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, pinch-hitting for Bob as hosts, were delightful in their roles and completely baffled me with their ability to be everywhere at once. I have a list here of those present and will pick out a few names at random so you can see just what you missed. Sue Carol heads the stack followed by Jackie Wells—Helen Mack—Anita Louise and Tommy—Jack Coogan—Toby Wing (yes, that's still going)—Eric Linden—George Woolcott—Howard Wilson and Hen—Hey what's this, it says you were there and were the guest of honor too—"Honoring Mr. Henry Willson, Mr. Willson is leaving for New York tomorrow." Well, I can't help it. If Gwynne Pickford hadn't been there I might have seen you but as it was I didn't see any one. Fo-give-me.

Arlene Judge—just say that name over to yourself a couple of times and see if it doesn't do something to you. It does me, makes me think of Coney Island—airplane time-tables—dough in my pocket—Harpo Marx as president—fun in a mad house—lion hunting with tennis racquets. There is something about Judge Jr., that I can never express, she looks always as if she were about to jump through a base drum, or skate through a church, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some day she suddenly vanished into thin air. But enough of this, I'm sure you've gathered by now that I think she is tops. We collided on the street the other day and she announced she was about to go to school. After the obvious "Well, its about time" from me she explained that as a matter of fact she and Anita Louise, Tom Brown and Frank Albertson were all going to school together, that it was Fox's idea and they were calling the result "Bachelor of Arts." For your information, Willson, it is John Erskine's latest book, and if that unholy-four will stay in one place long enough to be photographed it should be a pip.

Drove sixty miles the other day to watch the Paramount company shooting "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." On arriving, found the entire company pitching pennies while the corps of second assistants scoured the hills looking for Gary Cooper and Dick Cromwell. Cooper had just gotten a new high-powered rifle with telescopic sights.

Now a few notes copied off my cuff—Polly Ann Young and Bill Bakewell still holding hands—The very newest heat wave is Judith Allen and Don Cook—Ginger and Lew have given up ping-pong for bowling—Please send us all a lot of postcards with a X marking your room then come on home—On second thought, just send the cards.

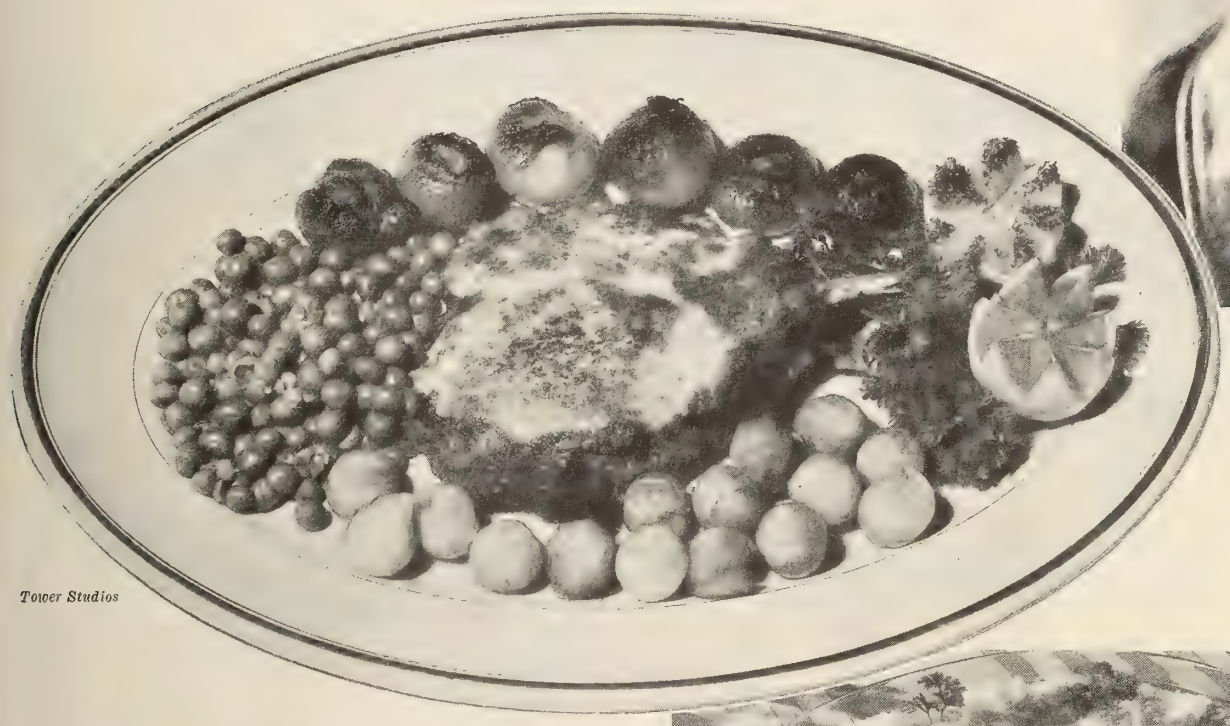
Regards,

BEN ALEXANDER.

THREE SQUARE MEALS

FOR PHILLIPS HOLMES

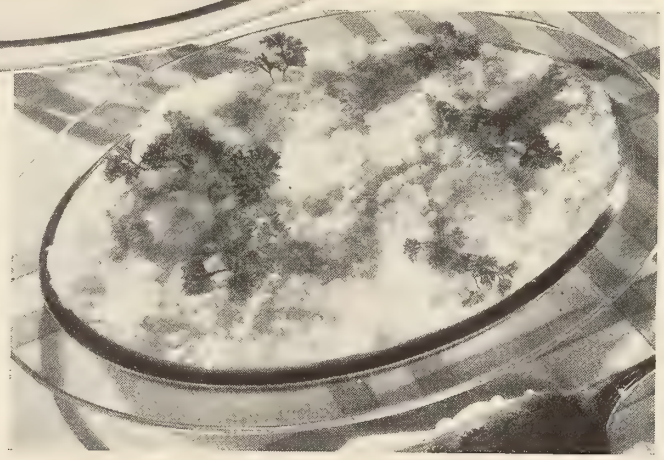




Tower Studios

(Above) Phillips Holmes, whose latest picture is Universal's "Million - Dollar Ransom." (Left center) Veal Parmigiano, a famous Italian dish that Mr. Holmes orders for luncheon or dinner. (Left below) Rice and poached eggs with grated cheese is another favorite dish of this popular young man.

Fourteen hours of hard work a day in Hollywood call for carefully considered, well-balanced meals



Breakfast at Home (8:30)
Orange juice, grapefruit or stewed prunes; Cereal with cream, or bacon and eggs, or liver; Coffee and toast.

Luncheon at the Studio (12 to 12:30)
Tomato juice cocktail; Substantial meat or egg dish, such as Veal Parmigiano, stew, hash goulash or rice with poached eggs; Salad; Coffee or tea.

Dinner at Home (Any time from 6 to 9)
Soup; Lamb chops, steak, potatoes, peas or other vegetables; Salad; Custard, jelly, rice pudding or other simple dessert; Demi-tasse.

Late supper (At the studio in case of late work)
Substantial sandwiches — preferably ham and eggs—with coffee for all concerned—players and crew.

That, briefly, is what Phillips Holmes, whose latest picture is Universal's "Million Dollar Ransom," indicated as a typical daily diet when working on a picture in Hollywood.

"You food writers have said a lot about Hollywood reducing diets," said Mr. Holmes. "You'd give a fairer picture of Hollywood if you said something about the more substantial diet that an actor has to have if he wants to keep up his strength during the strenuous business of making a picture. Actually I have to eat as much as I possibly can in order to keep from losing weight, and to counteract the exhausting effects of long hours of hard physical work and nervous pressure.

"Let's say we have twenty-eight days at a stretch on a single picture. That means sometimes working seventeen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, with an average of fourteen hours every day. It means getting up in time for breakfast at half-past eight, and the only late hours we can keep are the nights we work on the set. Just try going through that on a light diet, and see how you would feel."

Luncheon, as Mr. Holmes explained, is a more or less regular meal, at the studio, but cooks in Hollywood have to be adaptable and dinners are chosen accordingly. The cook can't plan a menu with elaborate dishes that must be served at a precise time. She must have either things that can be prepared and served any time, or things like steaks and chops that need very short preparation.

"Home dinners are of course the best," according to Mr. Holmes, "at least when you are working. If you are able to get off for dinner, you don't stop to take all of your make-up off, and you may be too darn tired to take it off even when you get home, until after you have had some good food to restore your strength. There you are with your three square meals. That's all except for the sandwiches and coffee served on the set when you work nights."

"What about afternoon tea?" ventured the food reporter.

That reminded Mr. Holmes that when Lowell Sherman was working on "Night Life of the Gods," he used to serve tea at four every afternoon, and when Anna Sten was making "Nana" she served tea on the set every afternoon, with just one thimbleful of rum in each cup. And that, in Mr. Holmes' private opinion, is quite the most effective picker-upper in the world for a tired actor.

Try tea a la Sten some time—and if you would like to try two of Mr. Holmes' favorite luncheon dishes—Veal Parmigiano and rice with poached eggs and cheese—send a stamped, self addressed envelope to the food editor, care NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YOU TELL US

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

A Keen-Eyed Fan Laurels to recent British-made films. Productions like "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," "Catherine the Great," "The Constant Nymph," "The Lost Patrol," and "The Good Companions" will find a responsive audience in this country.

Why not recognize the increasing prestige of English-made pictures and print the most interesting high-lights on Britain's movie waterfront? After all, the important thing is good pictures, and not whether they are made in Hollywood or England. But let's have the movie scoops on this side of the Atlantic too.—*Vivianne Paley, 112 Monroe Street, New York, N. Y.*

Congratulations for having noticed it, Vivianne. For the first time, the British films are really clicking. Watch our columns and you'll see that we're reporting on them.

Painted Veil I am anxiously awaiting the new Garbo movie, "Painted Veil," for many reasons.

I have read Maugham's story and studied its movie possibilities, but try as I may, I cannot visualize Garbo as Kitty. It is a great pity that whoever was responsible was permitted the folly of selecting Garbo in this role. How very easily this can ruin a star's career and popularity, a fan's illusions, and a good story! I would have liked such a role to be given Norma Shearer; she alone would give it "just that touch."—*Mrs. Betty Nemecek, 3512 E. 106th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.*

What do you think now that you've seen the picture, Betty?

Shearer's Rebirth After seeing "Riptide" I was thoroughly disgusted with Norma Shearer's acting. I vowed then and there I'd never go to any more of her pictures. All the credit for acting in the picture went to Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery.

Now I have witnessed "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and to me, at least, Norma Shearer has been "reborn," so to speak. She lives like a lady and suffers like one. Perhaps that was what won me. However, she seemed born for such a role and was simply beautiful in (*Please turn to page* 62)



"Una Merkel has only to step out on the screen and audiences everywhere start to chuckle."





"Hats off to Tullio Carminati for his splendid portrayal." And "Laurels to you, Grace Moore. You have proved conclusively that a successful picture doesn't have to depend on sex appeal."

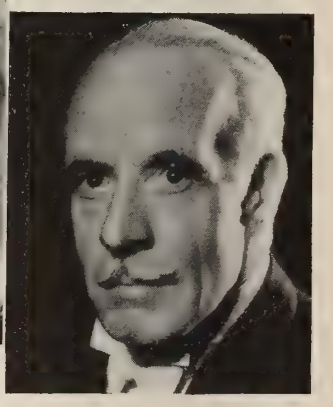


"The thoroughly personable James Dunn" gets praise for "Have a Heart."



Stu Erwin's honest, grinning face cannot be seen too often on the screen, many of our readers agree. He is always entertaining.





"Patsy Kelly! There's a girl I hope we will be seeing more of." And Lewis Stone—"Whether his part is small or indifferent, there he is, always making it count for something."

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count in the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

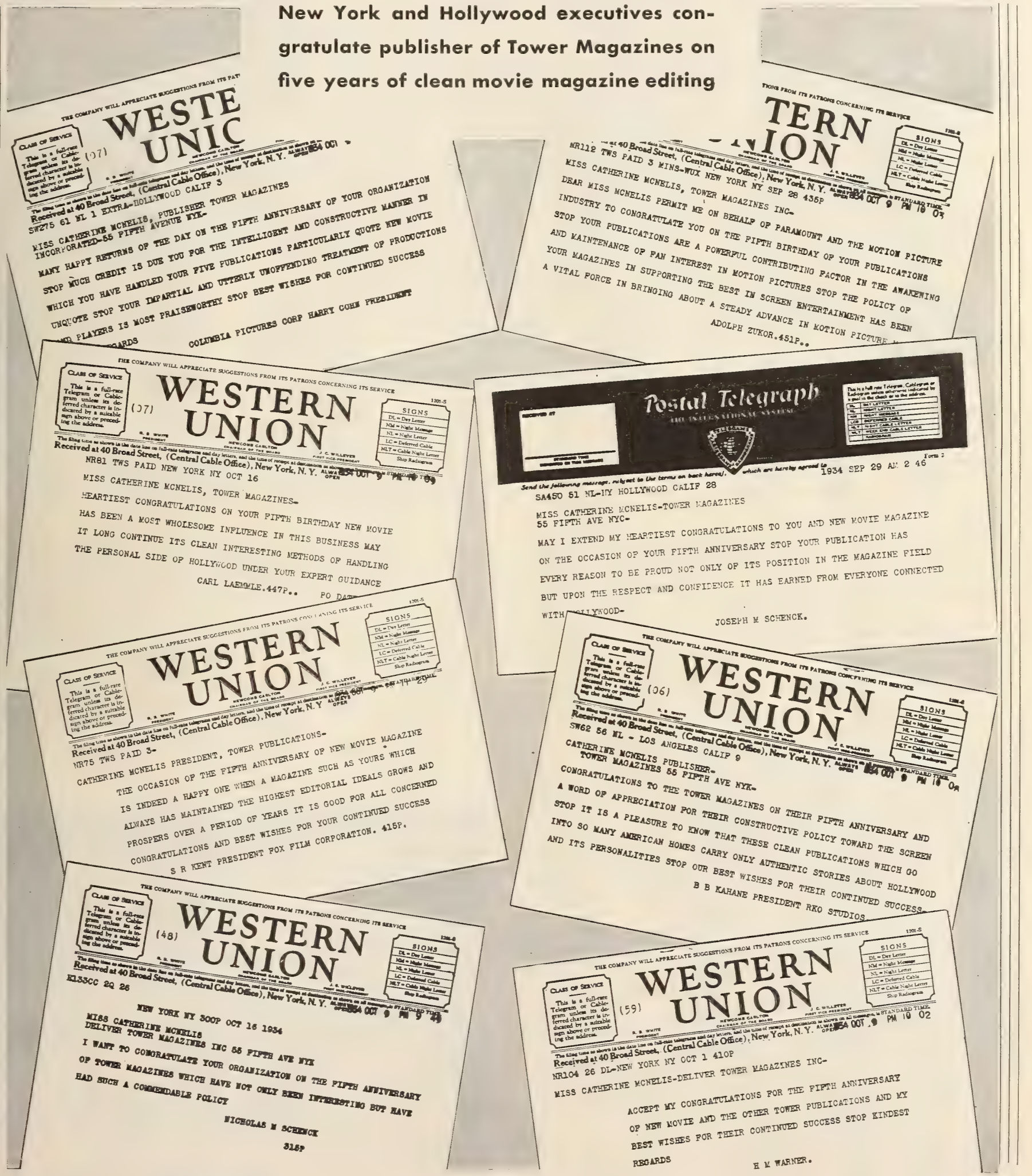
When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your votes very carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name .....

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• MOVIE HEADS HAIL TOWER •

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WESTERN UNION

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IT LONG CONTINUE ITS CLEAN INTERESTING METHODS OF HANDLING
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CARL LAEMMLE.447P..

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55 FIFTH AVE NYC-
MAY I EXTEND MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY STOP YOUR PUBLICATION HAS
EVERY REASON TO BE PROUD NOT ONLY OF ITS POSITION IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD
BUT UPON THE RESPECT AND CONFIDENCE IT HAS EARNED FROM EVERYONE CONNECTED
WITH HOLLYWOOD-
JOSEPH M SCHENCK.

WESTERN UNION

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

NR75 TWS PAID 3-
CATHERINE MCNELIS PRESIDENT, TOWER PUBLICATIONS-
THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OP NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
IS INDEED A HAPPY ONE WHEN A MAGAZINE SUCH AS YOURS WHICH
ALWAYS HAS MAINTAINED THE HIGHEST EDITORIAL IDEALS GROWS AND
PROSPERS OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS IT IS GOOD FOR ALL CONCERNED
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS
S R KENT PRESIDENT FOX FILM CORPORATION. 415P.

WESTERN UNION

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

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CATHERINE MCNELIS PUBLISHER-
TOWER MAGAZINES 55 FIFTH AVE NYK-
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE TOWER MAGAZINES ON THEIR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AND
A WORD OF APPRECIATION FOR THEIR CONSTRUCTIVE POLICY TOWARD THE SCREEN
STOP IT IS A PLEASURE TO KNOW THAT THESE CLEAN PUBLICATIONS WHICH GO
INTO SO MANY AMERICAN HOMES CARRY ONLY AUTHENTIC STORIES ABOUT HOLLYWOOD
AND ITS PERSONALITIES STOP OUR BEST WISHES FOR THEIR CONTINUED SUCCESS
B B KAHANE PRESIDENT RKO STUDIOS

WESTERN UNION

Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N.Y.

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NEW YORK NY 300P OCT 16 1934
MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS
DELIVER TOWER MAGAZINES INC 55 FIFTH AVE NYK
I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOUR ORGANIZATION ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF TOWER MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE NOT ONLY BEEN INTERESTING BUT HAVE
HAD SUCH A COMMENDABLE POLICY
NICHOLAS M SCHENCK
318P

WESTERN UNION

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MISS CATHERINE MCNELIS-DELIVER TOWER MAGAZINES INC-
ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF NEW MOVIE AND THE OTHER TOWER PUBLICATIONS AND MY
BEST WISHES FOR THEIR CONTINUED SUCCESS STOP KINDEST
REGARDS
H M WARNER.

Tower Magazines' perfect record of wholesome and entertaining stories about the movie stars and studios elicits hearty endorsement by the heads of the industry as these wires (taken from a hundred congratulatory ones) clearly show. Tower's Fifth Anniversary was also marked by a luncheon tendered Publisher Catherine McNelis by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, at which "New Movie" policies were praised by Eddie Cantor, Elsie Janis, Ernst Lubitsch, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Ginger Rogers, Claire Trevor, Louis Nizer, and W. R. Ferguson, President of the "Ampas."

HOLLYWOOD, PAST and FUTURE

Swami Howe tells the fortunes of the stars!

By HERB HOWE



Swami Howe, in his best turban, stares into the future with Turpin eyes.

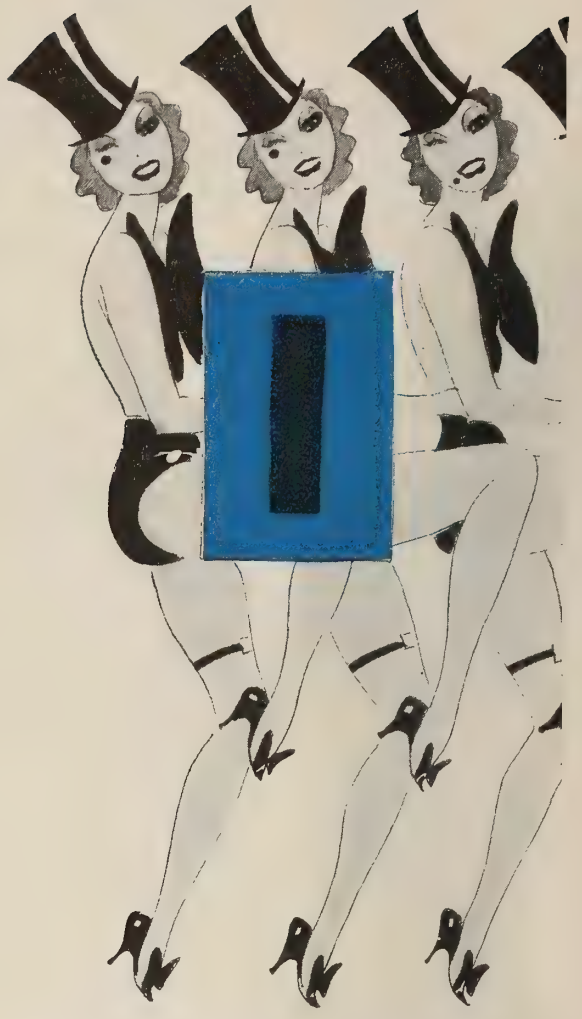
HERB RATES THEM—13 BEST

ACTORS:	ACTRESSES:	GOING UP! Names in 1935
W. C. Fields	Helen Hayes	Grace Moore
Paul Muni	Mae West	Fred Astaire
Jean Hersholt	Marjorie Rambeau	Otto Kruger
Charles Laughton	May Robson	Francis Lederer
Walter Connolly	Diana Wynyard	Joan Bennett
Otto Kruger	Greta Garbo	Joe Morrison
James Cagney	Katharine Hepburn	Ketti Gallian
Warner Oland	Alison Skipworth	Virginia Bruce
Jack Oakie	Beryl Mercer	Jean Muir
Leslie Howard	Jean Harlow	Ginger Rogers
Lewis Stone	Elizabeth Bergner	Robert Donat
Charles Ruggles	Ann Harding	And Lucienne Boyer if she can be had.
*	Claudette Colbert	

**Space being held for "World's Greatest Actor," temporarily in dog house for going softie in "Viva Villa."*

BEST CAST PERFORMANCE: Players in "One More River": Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Colin Clive, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Jane Wyatt, Henry Stephenson, C. Aubrey Smith, Lionel Atwill, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Denny, Kathleen Howard, Gilbert Emery, E. E. Clive, Robert Greig, Gunnis Davis, Temple Piggott.

ACE DIRECTORS: Frank Capra, George Cukor, Richard Boleslavski, Ernst Lubitsch, Rene Clair, Alexander Korda, Mervyn LeRoy, James Whale, E. H. Griffith, Sergei Eisenstein.



Drawings by D. B. Holcomb

YOU can't tell fortunes in Hollywood unless you're a preacher. City Fathers passed an ordinance banishing seers, clairvoyants, palmists, witches and pedlers of goofer dust. The only prophet permitted is the weather man who will go on chirping "fair and balmy" or be deported as a Red.

Hollywood is naturally voodoo, with Lady Luck the patron deity. Eventually everyone throbs to the drums of black magic. This is hardly appropriate to a city whose full name is Our Lady the Queen of the Angels.

The civic padres explained in a cautious amendment the law does not pertain to religious leaders. I was not aware parsons made prophecies apart from the generally accepted one that Hollywood is going to hell. Any man in a pulpit can tell us where we're going but if we attempt to tell him we will go straight to the hoosegow and that's no prophecy, it's law.

As a result of the prophecy prohibition, we have bootleggers of futures. And a great increase in religious leaders. An advertisement reads: "Rev. Flora Francis, D.D. (formerly Mme. Francis) Spiritual Advice daily. Business and Personal."

Here is another: "Swami Howe (formerly the Boulevardier) Spiritual Dope on Stars, pasts and futures. Get a load."

WHILE changing from cutaway to robes, I will bore you with an account of my visit to the Padre of the Sierras. In Santa Barbara this Summer I encountered a Wampas Baby star of the year 1920 or thereabouts who sort of peterpanned. She charted her career by stars, numbers, tea grounds, daisy petals and hairs yanked from her husband's head, now bald, and landed on the rocks where she remains as forlorn as a lighthouse. Yet she's still very voodoo. She beguiled me to the Soothsayer—I mean the *Padre*—of the Sierras. He was too too marvelous, she said. At first sight of her he had declared her an actress. I agreed this was too marvelous as no one else ever had guessed it. As I entered the sanctuary the *Padre* shot a finger at me: "You are going to head a big corporation."

Well, God help the poor stockholders, was my own personal reaction.



Right: Herb thinks 1934 will long be remembered as the Year of the Great Plague of Infant Prodigies.



Looking ahead into 1935, Herb sees the future as a jumble of Folies Bergere and Gold Digger Girls with Shakespeare Dante and Dickens. Maybe he's just speaking as one Old Master to another—or do you think it's a nightmare?

"As a boy you were ambitious to be a banker," he said.

"A bandit," I corrected.

"You have one fault—gambling."

"I've played roulette."

"Ah!" he said.

"Ah!" I ah'd, "but that was because I was misled into the Monte Carlo casino by Ramon Novarro, the saint . . ."

"You are an actor!" he boomed triumphantly.

"Sir, there's a limit even to what a *Padre* may . . . ."

"Well, I want to tell you your greatest triumphs are yet to come. Now for your love life," he glanced coyly at the Wampas Baby with the hairless husband. "Be firm with her. She's a child in many ways. She has tantrums. When she gets rambunctious —know what I mean?—paddle her. Spank her. And now do you mind telling me your name?"

"James Cagney," I said.

The point is, if there is a point, that by the time I finish prophesying you, too, may feel you're Cagney. But remember, you can't sock a Swami.

Nineteen-thirty-four will go down in Hollywood history as the year of the Great Purge. Stories are as sweet as new-mown hay. Studios ring with the laughter of infant prodigies, jungle cries of beasties and screams of supervisors. Leo the Lion has been made to purr and part his hair, an example to Boy Scouts. Wampas Babies wear purity seals where they were tanned before. Norma Shearer has been saved and never again will get into a "Riptide." Jean Harlow flaps about bewilderedly wondering how she can change her type. Would her following follow her in black wig and corsets? Mae West's vehicles will bear purity plates fore and marriage licenses aft. George Raft has had an ear done over, changing his entire personality, he feels. Wally Beery, the man who bellowed like a bull, got so kittenish in "Viva Villa" old friends fear he'll be snatched by the angels as a pet for Little Eva up yonder. Lupe has been wrapped in asbestos and packed off to Europe in exchange for Shakespeare, Dickens and Dante who are to have benefit of Hollywood supervision at last.

Thus the Old Year totters out with a kick in the pants. And the New Year whoopsadaisies on with a battalion of child wonders ranging in age from two to thirteen. (Fourteen seems to be the dangerous age—fourteen and over.)

Peering into the Past—

"The House of Rothschild" collected the most green at the box office in 1934.

Mae West was the champ lettuce picker.

Clark Gable led the strong-arm squad which isn't nearly as strong as the weaker sex when it comes to gold digging.

Grace Moore and Shirley Temple were the year's discoveries.

Frank Capra is champeen director with "It Happened One Night."

Columbia Pictures took the doughnuts with "It Happened One Night," "Twentieth Century," "One Night of Love."

The most popular stars according to poll of exhibitors by the Hollywood Reporter:

Mae West, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullavan.

Clark Gable, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, Bing Crosby, (*Please turn to page* 54)



Clark Gable is just an old ice man having a tong war with the housewives of America.



By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MUSIC in the MOVIES

All you want to know about those grand tunes in this month's pictures



The charming view of a barber-shop duet above gives you an idea of how Hugh Herbert and Donald Woods perform in "Sweet Adeline." At the left are Douglass Montgomery and June Lang, the young lovers of "Music in the Air."

LOVERS of music in the movies will find much to delight them in several of the new pictures.

In Bing Crosby's latest Paramount production "Here Is My Heart," released this month, you will hear three songs. They are "June in January," "With Every Breath I Take," and "Love is Just Around the Corner." These tunes were fashioned especially for Bing by Leo Robin and Ralph Grainger, who gave us "Love in Bloom." Incidentally, "Love in Bloom" won for these two hit writers the prize awarded by The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, for the year's best song. Recordings of two of these songs are reviewed by this department.

United Artists also retains its stellar position in the musical picture field with Eddie Cantor's starring vehicle "Kid Millions." Eddie himself sings, among others, "Okay, Toots" and "When My Ship Comes In." And by way of something different revives "Mandy" one of his old Ziegfeld Follies favorites. The vocal charms of Ethel Merman and Ann Sothern further enhance this production.

To launch Joe Penner on his first starring picture, "College Rhythm," Paramount selected the famous song-writing team of Gordon and Revel to write the musical score. These boys who were responsible for the sensational "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" have provided a number of excellent songs, outstanding of which are the title number, "College Rhythm," and "Stay As Sweet As You Are."

IN this month's selection of records for review, you will note that the numbers, for the most part, are fox trots of the sweet melodic type, in the same vein as the "Love Thy Neighbor" variety. However, one selection in waltz time makes a bid for favor.

And now let us look at the records.

The outstanding record of the month is, in our opinion, Richard Himber's recording of "June in January" from Bing's picture, "Here Is My Heart." This number is given first place because of the sheer beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, Joey Nash's splendid vocal, and Richard Himber's excellent interpretation. The number, a sweet melodic type, is ideally suited to the suave Himber style. A unique harp introduction launches his aggregation into one of the outstanding arrangements of the month. Four fiddles lend distinctive charm throughout, and Joey Nash in the vocal does a grand job with an interesting lyric.

The reverse side carries "With Every Breath I Take" from the same production. This one is also of the melodic type but with a more pronounced rhythm, and Himber and his *tunitions* make the most of it. Again Joey Nash does the vocal with fine tonal shading and expression. (Victor)

HITS OF THE MONTH

Best Number

"JUNE IN JANUARY," played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Outstanding

"OKAY TOOTS!", played by the Dorsey Bros. orchestra. (Decca)

"COLLEGE RHYTHM," played by Jolly Coburn and his Society Orchestra. (Victor)

"HAPPINESS AHEAD," played by Ted Lewis and his band. (Decca)

"FLIRTATION WALK," played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

OKAY TOOTS! (from the United Artists picture "Kid Millions" starring Eddie Cantor) is played by the Dorsey Brothers orchestra. Obviously designed for the familiar Cantor style, this one is light and rollicking. The Dorseys make it doubly interesting with a haunting three-trombone interlude and a sizzling bit of clarinet interpolation by Jimmy Dorsey. The band trio puts over the vocal in captivating style. If you like jazz in the modernistic manner you'll go for this.

"An Earful of Music," on the opposite side, is more than an earful the way the Dorsey brothers do it, and it's *very* danceable. Brilliant brass work predominates and Kay Webber's swell vocal is also an earful. (Decca)

"COLLEGE RHYTHM" (from the Paramount picture of the same name starring Joe Penner) is played by Jolly Coburn and his society orchestra.

It remained for Gordon and Revel, Hollywood's most versatile tunesmiths, to create something new in campus rhythm. This is it. "College Rhythm" is a clever conglomeration of the fox-trot and rhumba, with even a touch of the negro spiritual. Jolly Coburn and his society orchestra gets everything out of it and that's plenty. A stirring vocal ensemble is its outstanding feature.

In marked contrast, the other side offers "Stay As Sweet As You Are," a really beautiful tune with a fine lyric. A perfectly blended saxophone section furnishes a charming bit of smooth and subdued harmonies. Roy Strom sings the vocal chorus pleasingly. (Victor)

"HAPPINESS AHEAD," from Warner Bros. picture of the same name starring Dick Powell, is played by Ted Lewis and his band.

Maestros come and maestros go but the "high-hatted tragedian of jazz" seems to go on forever. If you're a Ted Lewis fan you'll love this. Ted's inimitable clarinet playing is a standout.

On the reverse of this platter Ted does nobly by "Pop! Goes Your Heart" from the same picture. Although Lewis still retains the style of delivery that made him famous, his band is geared to the modern mood. (Decca)

THE film "The Gay Divorcée" is chock-full of tunes, and the best one in my estimation is Cole Porter's "Night and Day." This is carried over from the original stage play, and played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. Unless I am very much mistaken this identical record was turned out by Duchin last year, but neither the tune nor the record has lost anything in that space of time and they are both just as good as ever.

"Speak to Me of Love" is on the other side. It is served up in the distinctive style of Eddie Duchin. Lew Sherwood does the vocal work. (Brunswick)

"LA CUCARACHA," from the film "Viva Villa and the color short, "La Cucaracha," is played in true Latin manner by the Mexican Bluebird Orchestra. Everyone is familiar with this tune by this time, as it seemed to take the country by storm, just as the Peanut Vendor did a few years ago.

"Pajarillo Barranqueno" is the mouthful on the other side. Also played by the Mexican Bluebird Orchestra and on the same order as the one on the preceding side. (Bluebird)

BING CROSBY gives us an enjoyable few minutes with his singing of "I'm Hummin', I'm Singin', I'm Whistlin'" from the picture "She Loves Me Not." I know that everyone who saw the picture will want this record for Bing is just as good on the wax as he is on the screen. Irving Aaronson's orchestra furnishes the instrumental background.

"Give Me a Heart to Sing to" is on the other side. It's sung also by Bing Crosby with Irving Aaronson's orchestra, furnishing the background. (Brunswick)

"IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS" (from the Reliance picture, "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round,") is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra.

Dick Himber returns this time with a fine recording of what may be one of the season's biggest song hits. As in his recording reviewed above, brilliant brass and string ensembles are featured. Joey Nash again does the vocal. The reverse side offers the popular "Stars Fell on Alabama." A subtone clarinet offers a striking contrast playing the melody against a background furnished by the entire ensemble. Vocal chorus by Joey Nash. (Victor).

Your House *and* Your Health



"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

How you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.



INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights—particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Portrait of a WORKING GIRL

And that's just what this is, a pen-portrait of hard-working Madge Evans, by her friend

MARTHA FORD



ONCE upon a time, a little girl sat on a cake of soap and gazed reflectively out at an adult world from the advertising pages of every magazine in the country. She was a *very* little girl, but she had her feet planted firmly on the road to an enviable success as a child actress. Madge Evans became famous. She reigned supreme for a good few years. And then, when the awkward age arrived, with its agony of suddenly sprouting arms and legs, Madge disappeared for a while. When she thought the period of transition safely over, a fully grown but slightly callow maiden made a brief appearance in "Classmates." Pinned-up hair and prematurely lengthened skirts hadn't wrought the hoped-for miracle . . . She had grown up, but her acting ability seemed to have died with her childhood. With the courage of a little warrior, she set to work on herself. She concentrated all her efforts toward rebuilding herself along smoother and surer lines . . . rubbing down rough edges, lowering and softening her youthfully strident voice. She wanted to amount to a great deal again . . . to outstrip any success she'd had before; and she came through with colors flying.

During the years between then and now, she lived as all aspiring young artists live—on often scanty food, miles of discouraging trudging, infrequent work, beautiful visions of future greatness and many, many promises. We compared notes the other day—I was an aspiring young artist myself, but I fell by the wayside—and our experiences tally almost perfectly. Madge, with her eyes a little sorry for the girls we both had been, began the train of reminiscence:

"Remember how elegant soup used to taste at the Automat? And they gave you crackers, too. And didn't you feel a sort of—well, a sort of *glamour* about everything you did? Even to sitting hours in a manager's office, just to get 'no' for an answer! Remember the smells and noises and *feelings* of a New York Summer—when you know all you can possibly get is a stock job or a summer tryout, but you keep hoping? Remember the bus rides up Riverside Drive on Sunday—and how you'd hunt to find the one that took you farthest for your dime? Remember how you scrimped and saved to buy a ticket for a Theatre Guild play? Remember the unholy thrill of rehearsals even if you only played a maid? And did you ever go"—on and on, with giggles and sighs and an occasional nostalgia gripping at our throats.

Madge hates to see the old order change, in spite of being a full-fledged progressive. She hugs the glamour of yesterday to her heart with true appreciation of other times and other artists. She loves the old gods of the theater—as she loves the smell of grease-paint and the tingling challenge of a first night curtain. It hurts her to see an actress, still beautiful and as artistically sure as ever, go down in defeat before someone younger and more blatantly popular. She has learned much by her ability to listen beautifully, particularly to those members of her own profession who have won their spurs in a hard field.



The author of this story, snapped with Madge while Madge was working on her recent "Death on the Diamond."

Madge has a chin. And behind that chin is a supply of determination that could move mountains if mountains needed moving. She can work like a dock-walloper, day and night if necessary. And she can take disappointments with true philosophy. She knows exactly where she's going and approximately how long it's going to take her to get there. She realizes that, not being a genius, her talent must be fortified by unflagging concentration.

She inspires an almost fanatical devotion in the hearts of everyone with whom she works, from grips to stars. And devotion from a grip is devotion indeed. They bow to no studio dictatorship, these fearless and high-handed souls. But she likes them, they know she likes them, and to a man, they would do murder for her. When she doesn't like, she doesn't like, with a vehemence that leaves you gasping. She can lose her temper with all the dash and fury of a summer storm and it's as quickly over. For days afterward, she's apologizing abjectly for the dark clouds her storm has left behind, and does her darndest to smile them away.

She has a somewhat fantastic sense of humor. When she's being particularly dignified and well-behaved, you know that she's shaking herself to pieces inside over her own very private little jokes. There's an imp in Madge's eye that won't be downed. He always manages to appear at the wrong moment, to upset any illusion of good behavior.

The effectiveness of Madge's work lies in its absolute sincerity. She has an almost inspired sense of timing and coordination—an unerring rightness of attack. Her performances are a blend of talent, insight, understanding and good hard work. She couldn't shirk if she wanted to. Once to my knowledge and doubtless a hundred and one times of which I know nothing, she spent from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty at night, making hair and make-up tests. Finally, with apologies for being a "big sissy," she admitted she'd have to rest a moment, because she'd been up since six-thirty that morning and had worked straight through, without stopping to take time off even for lunch.

Madge is impulsively generous, in spite of being a wise and thrifty little business woman. She knows the value of her money, where, when and how to spend it. But a tug at her heart-strings is almost inevitably a tug at her purse-strings—and she gives as freely of herself. I doubt whether anyone who asked for an hour—or two—or three, of her time, wouldn't be told at once, to "come over—do!" Blessed with an extraordinary sense of loyalty—a complete freedom from bridge-table gossip, and a deeply ingrained feeling for fair play, she's the adored leading-lady of this divorce-ridden business. The wives and sweethearts of male Hollywood are at peace when Madge works with their men. While almost every man she meets is a potential swain, Madge feels no urge to poach on any other woman's private property. She plays the game and there is never any doubt about her following all the rules.

In the field of competitive sports, Madge cuts a "mighty fine figger." She rides, swims, plays tennis and golf with inspiring dash and fervor. But she's a darn good lounger, too, when she feels an attack of the "sits" coming on—and sleep is her dear delight. She's a voracious reader, with an insatiable curiosity about people and places and things, but she might enjoy the telephone book if nothing more stimulating happened to be at hand at some particular moment.

She has definite and progressive ideas about life and living, but she never bores you with them—she prefers to do her practising without any preaching. She's an intense modern, but her modernity does not extend to the parts she yearns to play. She has a heavy leaning toward the colorful and romantic, and once played opposite the fiery John of the Brothers Barrymore—at the tender age of thirteen, mind you—in a special performance of "Peter Ibbetson." That must have been a sight to see . . . "her so young and him so haughty."

She's pre-view mad—she'll drive miles to see an unnamed picture. But she'd rather stand in line to buy her ticket than know beforehand what the picture is going to be. She loves the unexpected. "I guess I must have a grab-bag mind," says Madge rather ruefully. "I'm always hoping I'll stick in my thumb and pull out a plum—and once in a while, you know, I actually do."

THE day we had this picture taken, (ed. note, the one shown at the left) Madge was playing a game of watchful waiting on the "Death on the Diamond" set. She has the patience of a baker's dozen of Griseldas, that girl. She sat, practically motionless, for more than an hour, without a flicker of annoyance. She says she can't read or sew or write letters or enjoy any of the usual time-killing devices when she knows she may be called into a scene any moment. "My mind's single-track as well as grab-bag," she sighed, "I've got to concentrate on one thing at a time. But we can talk—come on, let's talk!" And we talked again for a time—of clothes a little and people a lot. Of time and tide and the affairs of man. Of pictures and personalities and the freakish circumstances of popularity. Madge is no idle chatterer. Her conversation has point and verve and a goodly dash of humor. But you can enjoy, with her, those restful silences on which true friendship is based. She is able, with a smile, to make you feel soothed and at peace with the world—or to stimulate your imagination to amusing heights of fancy. Her tastes are universal; her interests are varied and her gifts for companionship are unlimited. I love knowing her.

"They still have the Skin of their teens"

Dermatologist's Report

"Freshness and tone of much younger skin.

Mrs. Henry D. Phelps has an exceptionally clear skin—fine—smooth—free from lines," reported the dermatologist of the skin of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, granddaughter of the late W. K. Vanderbilt. "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away lines and discolorations. No other cream can equal it," she says.

"No blemish of any kind,"

said the dermatologist of the skin of Katrina McCormick. "It has unusual delicacy of texture." Speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, Miss McCormick said, "This cream keeps my skin clear, fine-pored and ready for powder."



Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps



Katrina McCormick

Your Skin *can be* *10 years younger than your Age*

COMPARE YOUR SKIN with that of other women your age. With the skin of women you know to be older—or younger—than you are.

Then you will discover for yourself—in actual life—this important scientific fact: *Skin age need not be governed by years.*

Dermatologists say that your skin must be elastic—must have an active circulation. Your glands must supply it with invigorating oils. Then, no matter what your age may be, your skin will look young.

But even as early as the 20's your skin begins to age—unless you give it the extra help it needs.

One Cream alone keeps Age away

You don't need expensive creams and lotions. There is one single cream that answers all the vital needs of your skin. A cream that beautiful women, in every country, depend on daily—Pond's Cold Cream.

In this one cream are rich, specially processed oils that seem to wipe away age signs. Stubborn skin faults—blemishes—aging lines—drooping contours—all are helped by this wonder-working cream. It brings to your skin that glorious bloom of youth itself.

The lovely porcelain complexions of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps—of Katrina McCormick—whose portraits are above—are proof of the excellence and effectiveness of this world-famous cream. Use Pond's Cold Cream as they do.

Every night let its luxurious, whipped-cream texture melt into the pores—dissolve dust, make-up, grime. Then, wipe it off. Pat in a second application—let it linger a few moments. Know the full, rich benefits its youth-bringing oils can give.

When you arise in the morning, again treat your skin to this fragrant cream. Then make-up will cling smooth, fresh, vivid throughout the day.

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Mrs. Fox's $780,000,000

(*Continued from page* 23)

out their patents in Germany for the photo-electric cell process of recording sound on film. Then they brought their patents to the United States and Fox welcomed them with open arms and a check for $60,000 for the North American rights. Thereupon he established the American Tri-Ergon Company, with himself owning ninety per cent of the stock. He also brought himself years of litigation—with the United States Patent Office and with individuals representing great corporations and business interests determined to obtain the Tri-Ergon rights.

THEN came his financial reverses, due in part to the tremendous ambition of the man to dominate the motion picture world, and due in even larger part to the general financial panic and the depression which followed. There were times, many times, when he was so hard-pressed for cash to stave off bankruptcy that he was forced to hypothecate about everything he owned, including much of his personal fortune. And the time came when in exhaustion of body and soul he sold his voting stock control of his companies. But the Tri-Ergon patents? Never! Some inner voice counselled him to hold on and hold on, come hell or high water. And a very important outer voice, that of Mrs. Eve Fox, his wife, spoke with even more emphatic tone. This lady, who had been, as one might say, his right-hand man in his whole struggle to the top from East Side days, who had worked with him long nights in the making of early pictures, who had been, indeed, his chief aide and lieutenant in a thousand battles, looked forward to the day when the Tri-Ergon patents would be the great instrument for her husband and herself to revolutionize the world of education and culture as well as the world of entertainment. Little by little the interests which came to be associated with Fox raised their bids for the patents until, in 1929 an offer of $25,000,000 was made and refused. But the most dramatic story in all these offers concerns the proposal made to Fox in 1930, at the time he was about to sell out and quit the game.

A GOOD friend of his came to him with an urgent appeal to him to sell the patents to the interests he had been fighting. The friend took the attitude that the patents were valueless and that Fox might as well throw them into the pot with the rest of the properties he was selling. Weary of the struggle, perhaps, doubtful himself, by then, that he could make his ownership stick in the courts, he was almost on the point of giving in when Mrs. Fox stepped into the picture, head high, chin up. She said she had started in an apartment renting for eleven dollars a month and was willing to go back to an eleven-dollar hallroom if she could take those patents with her. And a little later, as William Fox himself told the story to Upton Sinclair, in the biography of Fox entitled: "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox" this drama was enacted.

"Greenfield was persisting that the transaction be closed, and that the Tri-Ergon patents be surrendered. Mrs. Fox was in the doorway, with only a curtain between us, listening to this conversation. She came into the room and went into a rage of a kind I would never like to see her or anyone in again. It resulted in a terrific expression of frenzy and she finally dropped to the floor and passed out. For a while I thought she was dead. It took us half an hour to bring her to again. It was then that Greenfield realized that he must never again mention the Tri-Ergon patents, and that if ever there was to be a sale (a sale of the Fox picture and theater properties) it would have to be done without those patents."

FOR nearly three years the question of ownership of the patents was in the courts, slowly working its way up to the court of final jurisdiction and to a victory for Fox. And now with victory arises the question of what now and in the future those patents may be worth to the man who clung to them with such desperate grip. He is on record with figures that stagger the mind. He figured $20,000,000 a year from theaters. He figured $3,600,000 a year from motion picture producers. That's for the present. And looking to the future he sees a revenue from churches and classrooms of $325,000,000 a year from those two fields when fully developed. And then he visions the day when 15,000,000 homes will be equipped for sound pictures, at a royalty charge of $1 a week for every home, or the enormous sum of $780,000,000 a year. Fantastic, one may think, but even five per cent of this calculation would realize more than $50,000,000.

ELIMINATING the future, disregarding the day when schools and churches and homes may be equipped for sound pictures and required to pay royalty, these patents would seem to represent the biggest pot of gold ever turned out of the crucible of the United States Patent Office. Fox says that he is not even sure that he will exact royalty from schools and churches, and that the great thing is to benefit education of mind and soul in classroom and church. And Mrs. Fox is very much back of him in that.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the preparation of this article the Supreme Court of the United States has voted to reconsider its decision on which the article is based.*

Karloff the Uncanny

(*Continued on page* 27)

of a family of nine. Karloff is the family name on his mother's side; on his father's side all the men were members of the British consular and civil services. His father Boris does not remember at all. He died. Boris was brought up by two older brothers.

In his father's death lies the first instance of the tragedy which has marked his life, for if his father had lived he might have understood the boy. As it was, Boris grew up under the domination of the two brothers who, with the best intentions in the world, led him a crueller life than he would have led in prison. Prison was what his boyhood was. He wanted to be an actor. But acting, to his narrow-minded Victorian brothers, was on a par with stealing. It wasn't "gentlemanly." They forced him into the University of London to prepare for the consular service.

It made him so miserable that he felt the only thing for him to do was to say good-bye to his family, his home, all that he knew, and disappear from them forever. For a boy of twenty-two, that is bitterness indeed! Boris somehow scraped enough money together to buy a cheap passage to Canada. He caught a ship and said good-bye to England. And then began the series of hopeless adventures that were to go on for twenty years—adventures which included a few jobs in stock companies, many at manual labor.

Commentators have talked a lot about one episode in Boris' life. Of how he trundled 300-pound casks of putty from the warehouse to his truck, drove twenty-five miles, unloaded them, and went back again for another load. They don't know that it was only one job in twenty like it—that the same sort of things, and worse, had been going on for fifteen years! Nor do they know of the incident which occurred while he was driving the truck, which would have broken his heart if his heart had not already been broken a dozen times over. They miss the whole point. It wasn't the work. Boris was used to work, and he had muscles like a stevedore. But he wanted to act! It was the not being given a chance to act! When he was carting casks of putty and sacks of cement around, no less a producer than Richard Walton Tully called him and offered him a chance to play the lead in a silent picture version of "Svengali"—and then took the job away from him because he wasn't well enough known. Not well enough known! Didn't Boris know it? For fifteen years he had been begging for a chance to show what he could do, to become well known. And then to have the chance to become known offered to him and simultaneously taken away from him because he wasn't known! What irony! How many men would have gone on, after that?

And yet he can say, today, "People go through life magnifying small, unpleasant incidents. One should forget them just because there are so many of them. One should look at the happiness which may lie in the future, never dwell in the past." That is the saving philosophy that carried him through.

No wonder Boris thinks that one of the great immortals is the doctor who invented anæsthetics for hospitals. "Years ago there used to be an expression, 'to bite the bullet,'" he says. "A wounded soldier, brought in to have his leg cut off, was given a bullet during the operation and told to bite down on it, to keep him from shrieking in agony. The man who first taught surgeons how to use anæsthetics is immortal, to me, because he has saved us pain." Is it any wonder that Boris should talk so much of pain? He knows what pain is—mental pain—the pain of knowing you have a job to do in life, knowing that you are cut out for an acting career, when the only work anyone will give you is swinging a shovel!

"Things can only hurt you as long as you let them stay with you," is another of his sayings. "The thing to do is dismiss them. Don't build up and dwell on them.

"Some people think of me as a mystic," he once told me. "My mysticism lies in the one word, 'tomorrow.' Do your best today and tomorrow will take care of itself. I know that now. But—never think of yesterday. Yesterday is gone. Yesterday is dead."

Boris is not able to let himself think of yesterday because yesterday, for him, always has been too horrible. If he remembered it, if he let himself think of it, he might not be able to go on. Yet—whether he has let himself think of it or not—yesterday has marked him. It put those deep lines in his cheeks. It put those shadows under his deep-set eyes. Bitterness, and tragedy, and long failure, as the years rolled by, chiselled and etched his face into a stark sculpture, giving it character, giving it power, giving it a mysterious inner compulsion.

Today Boris is happy. He is preparing "The Return of Frankenstein." He lives in Katharine Hepburn's old home in Coldwater Canon—an old Spanish house with walls a foot thick, rambling over three acres of sunny hillside planted to apricots, avocados, and flowers. He is married, to a tall, statuesque, lovely wife—blond and charming and understanding.

His tragic life has taught him not to ask for much. He doesn't want to be rich, he doesn't want any limousines or servants or luxury—he just wants to work in pictures and putter in his flower garden in between times. He raises terriers and chickens as a sideline. He is at peace.

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When Nature forgets—remember

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

That Mad Shearer!

(*Continued from page 4*)

what it did when they were there a month ago. When Norma mentioned building the fireplace, the household said "It can't be done." They might have known that meant Norma would certainly build it!

When I pressed Norma to know if she were born as dignified and aloof as all of her admirers think she is, she laughed heartily.

"I've tried to discover where that impression originated," she said, for it *does* seem to exist. I was not conscious of trying to achieve that effect, nor have I ever been, but in the early days I was so nervous and terribly frightened at the thought of any public appearance, where attention might be directed toward me. The more nervous I became, the calmer I was . . . almost stolid in fact. It is so yet. This calmness gives one the appearance of dignity. It is probably my nearest approach to deserving the title. In addition to this, the parts I have portrayed might have strengthened that impression."

WHEN Norma is hurt she cries. She never pouts. She refuses to poison her system with pent-up emotions. She has to talk it out. No matter who is responsible for the hurt, Mr. Thalberg has to hear it all and many times he is kept awake all hours listening to her while she "talks it out."

She doesn't play practical jokes on other people, but takes those played on her in great fun. Mr. Thalberg is constantly thinking up a practical joke to try on her when he comes home. She's usually watching for it, but if she happens to see through it, she doesn't cheat him out of his fun.

She hates cards, but loves games of all other kinds. Since her return from Europe, she seems to enjoy parties more. However, she rarely indulges herself more than once a week while she is working. She goes to bed at nine o'clock then, and feels she is robbing both herself and the studio if she stays up until twelve o'clock at a party. But Saturday night is a delight, and she looks forward to it like a girl of fourteen. She can then stay up until four o'clock in the morning if she cares to. She adores working like a Trojan all week and playing gloriously on Saturday night.

She never releases any of her emotions by going skating or taking in the attractions at the Venice Pleasure Pier, but she would just love to sit by the ocean and meditate for hours, if ever she could find the time. She loves costume parties and is always terribly excited until she is there but she has no longings to impersonate a certain character each time. She doesn't ever long to be a man and do the things that men do. She is perfectly satisfied that she is entirely feminine.

But, when Norma sees a sloping hill, covered with well-cut grass, she has a perfectly insane desire to roll down it. While she was making "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" they were on location at the Busch Gardens in Pasadena. The company missed Norma between scenes and after searching vainly for an hour or so, found her on one of the sloping lawns, rolling down the hill with a little ten-year-old boy who had come to watch the picture being made. I will bet my last dime she is the kind that slid down the banister rail every time she got a chance.

And how I laugh about her umbrellas. She never has one. Last year she determined this condition should be corrected, so she proceeded to buy an umbrella in almost every color obtainable, so she would be certain to have one to match any outfit she wore on a rainy day. And she ended by leaving them all at home and always having to borrow an umbrella from her maid to go from her dressing-room to the stage!

She is about the most conscientious person I know, yet she never keeps appointments promptly! The trouble is, she plans to do twice as many things as it would be humanly possible for one person to do in a day. One of the things that Mr. Thalberg teases her about a great deal is the lists that she makes up, with such meticulous care, of all the things she will do the following day. A typical list would read something like this:

"Shop for Mother, buy magazines, call Mary, place ad in paper, send present to Helen—(baby's birthday), see interviewers, buy ties for Irving, fit shoes, read story for next picture, matinee with Sister.

Mr. Thalberg loves to find these lists and there is a great scramble over them. He likes to tease her about the things she could not do.

She always runs upstairs. No one has ever seen her walk upstairs to her dressing-room on the M-G-M lot. And her servants have long since ceased imploring her not to run up the stairs at home.

She likes eating from other peoples' plates. No one is safe near her if they are eating something that is not on her plate. Because of this Irving calls her a "snitcher." And she has never learned to eat lettuce with a fork. Always takes it with her fingers.

WHEN the Thalbergs were abroad, Norma took many dresses, yet "never had anything to wear." Never the right garment for the climate. On a cold day in Algiers, she found herself in chiffon. If it were very warm, she was certain to be dressed in tweeds.

And she is as bad as her friend Helen Hayes about making all plans for a party and discovering at the eleventh hour, she has not invited a guest!

She drives the photographers mad. Yet they are all crazy to photograph her. She will have an appointment for 10:30 in the morning and after repeated phoning, every half hour, that she will be a little late, she finally arrives at perhaps 4:00 P.M., and then keeps the photographer working like fury until nine o'clock or later, wholly unconscious of the fact that it is night. But is the photographer pleased when he sees the finished pictures! He certainly feels it was worth all the waiting.

You may imagine, in your picture of Norma as a model of perfection, that she always has her lines letter-perfect before her picture begins. Don't believe it. When she was making "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and discovered that Laughton came on to the set without knowing his lines, she became his friend for life. Now, she thought, she wouldn't be alone in her embarrassment when Mr. Thalberg came out to hear the rehearsal.

Where then, is your cold, aloof, precise, dignified Norma Shearer? I'll tell you where she is on Sunday evenings: sitting at the piano with her husband, singing all the old-fashioned music of fifty years ago. First, he picks it out on the piano with one finger. Then when she can stand that no longer, she plays it herself (you may recall that she was a fine musician). He tells her *she cannot* sing, and she tells him that *he can*. So between them they have a great time. Now you *know* she is mad! A great, famous, glamorous star being content to sit at home Sunday evenings and sing old-fashioned songs with her husband! It hardly seems possible and if this isn't enough to convince you completely, then I'll let you in on the deepest and darkest secret of all: she even bites her finger nails!



From Hap Lee's Gag-Bag

GUIDE (On sight-seeing tour around Hollywood): "And now we are passing the home of Mae West."
COLLEGE BOY (Jumping off bus): "That's what you think!"



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BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Hollywood Past and Future

(*Continued from page* 45)

George Arliss, Dick Powell, Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, James Cagney, Fredric March.

The rating is gauged by profits on their pictures. This is not a true gauge. Some stars had more sumptuous productions than others. George Arliss, for example, had the benefit of "The House of Rothschild," a draw in itself. Norma Shearer had the aid of stronger supporting names than other stars had. Dick Powell can't be given sole credit for the musical shows in which he appeared inasmuch as there were other stars with him (to say nothing of them there Busby Berkeley rascals). The same pertains to Eddie Cantor's rating. For many, no doubt, Eddie was just the funny little fellow buzzing amid the Goldwyn Flowers.

GARBO does not appear among the mighty ten. "Queen Christina" was stuffy, stagey, talky. Garbo dipped, and out bounded the old Hollywood cheer squad to dirge its favorite ditty entitled, "Finished." Garbo will collect with a good picture. She will not be the major sensation.

That other glamour gal, Marlene Dietrich, has also gone up a side street. What can a gal do when her director goes for gargoyles? Marlene is just a moving illustration in Mr. Von Sternberg's art work.

Stroking the beard of the prophet, I get these vibrations:

Mae West has a rival sensation in Grace Moore. Miss Moore revealed, to the surprise of nearly everyone, that the public has become high-minded musically. I predicted some time ago opera, edited and modernized, would be a success but no one heard me because of the yowls of the tin pan alley-ites who rate as composers in Hollywood.

I don't mean to join the cheer squad in a chant over Mae's remains. Mae became an American Institution over night and anyone aiming to overthrow an Institution is a Red. Without appearing on the screen Mae could earn her daily diamonds producing. There isn't a smarter showman out here on the West Coast than Lady Barnum.

Warners haven't done right by our Joan Blondell. She could rate with Mae West and Jean Harlow as one of the three star comediennes. I foresee the boys doing better by Blondell the coming year.

Richard Barthelmess having graduated from stardom can come back in chosen roles, a splendid actor.

Maurice Chevalier will soon heed the call of France or the stage. That Merry Widow waltz just about winded Maurice.

Jeanette MacDonald grows in beauty, acting, voice. She is a 1935 sure winnah.

William Powell will make ten pictures and because he is expert his stock will rise.

W. C. Fields should come into the clover of wider appreciation as the screen's best comedian.

Jack Oakie is another who ought to get more credit.

Fredric March declaiming and outbarrymoring John should excel playing actors. He will certainly prosper.

Bing Crosby is a vocal vogue. 1935 is somewhat doubtful.

Norma Shearer in lavish productions has every chance to gain, particularly if she gets rid of mannerisms and projects thought and feeling.

Ronald Colman is liable to climb back in the 1935 list. Something about the man *holds 'em.*

Clark Gable is liked by men but it's the women who put him way up there. Should doff tux fer denims. Has the ice man's appeal for housewives.

Myrna Loy has mounted slowly and for that reason will probably linger longer.

Tom Brown is the American Kid. They ought to toss him some college and military roles.

Will Rogers, another American Institution, who will last until the Republicans return and that is as far as I can see into the future.

Oh why, as Mrs. Pat Campbell exclaimed over her fancy work, did I ever start this?

But I got to say some words on James Cagney. There is electricity in the boy. If you like him—I mean on the screen, I don't know him personally—your enthusiasm is liable to mount a soap box. That's the sort of roles he should get — rabble-rousers. Fighter for a cause, right or wrong. A hero of current issues. The late Wilson Mizner declared Cagney gave the screen's greatest performance in "Winner Take All." No one beats him for fire and sincerity. Considering the prejudicing moll-smacking roles and the mediocrity of many pictures, he has done extraordinarily well to land among the Big Ten.

IN closing, it is very gratifying to Swami Howe to predict we are ascending to a higher plane. The enlistment of Max Reinhardt to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—for which, by the way, the author, Mr. Shakespeare, should receive some credit—is a bright augury. While with Warner Brothers he probably will produce "The Miracle." Fox is giving Dante a chance with "Inferno." Dickens gets a break at Universal with "Great Expectations," offering additional zest in the debut of Henry Hull. M-G-M is doing "David Copperfield" with great players, among them the excellent Frank Lawton of "One More River." Thalberg is doing "Marie Antoinette" in magnificence of setting and cast. History, Religion, Biography are on tap at vigorous young 20th Century; George Arliss as Cardinal Richelieu. Ronald Colman as Clive of India with a herd of elephants, Wallace Beery as the Mighty Barnum with a flock of freaks.

If these sound a little too heady and moral to the kiddies I might add we have the "Folies Bergere" and "Gold-Diggers of 1935" to look forward to. And there's always Mae to fall back on. Umph!

DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by DR. HENRY KATZ

THE question of weight in Hollywood is brought up in a letter from a reader of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE that runs as follows:

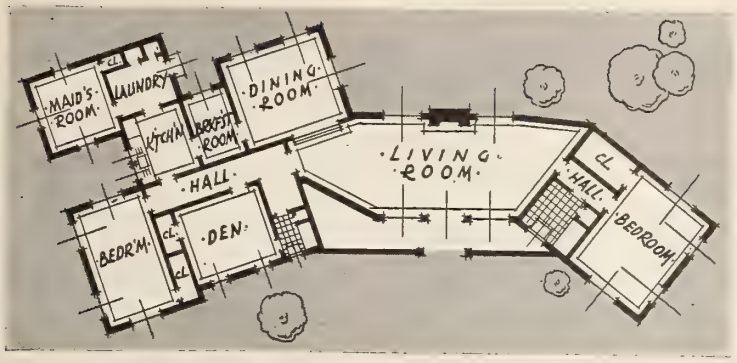
"I would like to get a doctor's opinion about the fashion for excessively slender silhouettes in Hollywood. I have learned that Claudette Colbert is five feet, five inches tall and weighs only one hundred and three pounds, Kay Francis is five feet, four inches tall and weighs only one hundred and twelve pounds. This, I believe is typical, yet such weights are below normal according to the health experts. I would like to know if actresses who remain as underweight as this run the risk of injuring their health and whether it is safe for other girls to follow."



To begin with we should remember that outstanding stars of the movies are unusual people. They are exceptions to the rule, not only in appearance and personality, but in physical endurance. It would not be a good plan for a young girl of average endurance to imitate these women in this matter.

This new department in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet, send them to Mary Marshall, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

We should also remember that these actresses keep down their weight by systematic exercises and carefully regulated diet under the supervision of doctors. They usually have good long vacations for a part of the year, and are able to leave Hollywood for a change of climate when this is advisable to keep in good physical condition.



Evelyn Venable's HOLLYWOOD HOME

IN a setting of lovely old pepper trees, informal vines and shrubbery is the Hollywood home of Evelyn Venable, Paramount star. Like so many of the homes in this locality it is Spanish in style and built on low rambling lines. The exterior of the house is constructed of white stucco and is extremely simple in design. Ornamental touches are provided by the red tile decoration over the front entrance and the wrought iron railing across the terrace.

The plan of the house consists of a very large and oddly shaped dropped living-room with an open fireplace, a good-size dining-room well arranged for placing furniture, a small but adequate breakfast room, a kitchen, laundry and maid's room forming a separate wing, Evelyn's own bedroom, den and bath, and at the opposite end of the house a bedroom and bath occupied by Evelyn's father. All of the bedrooms are provided with three-way ventilation.

The furnishings and decorations throughout are simple and are in keeping with the architectural character of the house.

• • •

Letters from readers of NEW MOVIE *show a keen interest in homes of motion-picture actors and actresses. The plans of these houses in and about Hollywood not only provide an interesting picture of the home life of these celebrities, but offer helpful suggestions to home builders everywhere. If you are interested in the house of your favorite player, send in the name to Tower House Editor,* NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

The charm of the simple architectural style of Evelyn Venable's Hollywood home is enhanced by its setting of lovely trees and informal shrubbery.

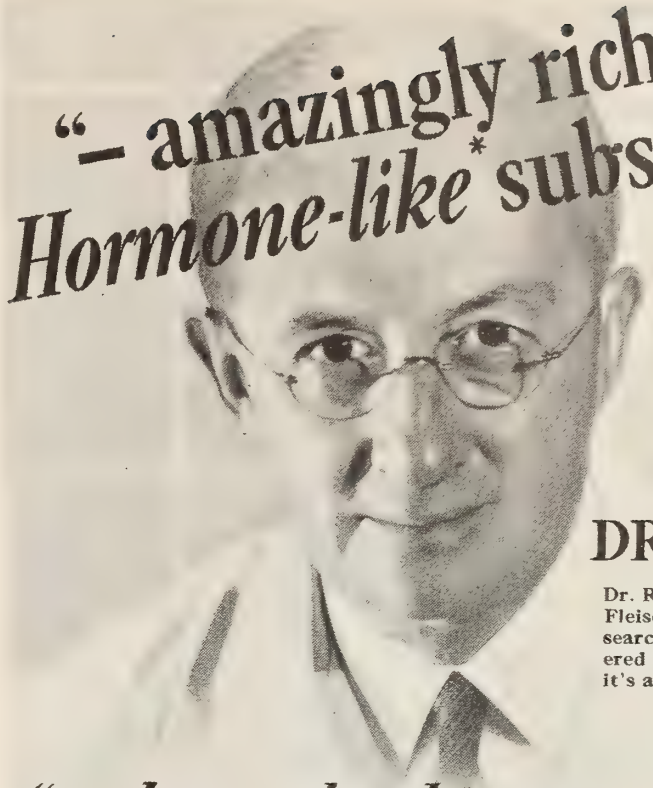
●

From her arch doorway Evelyn looks out upon the lovely garden surrounding the house.





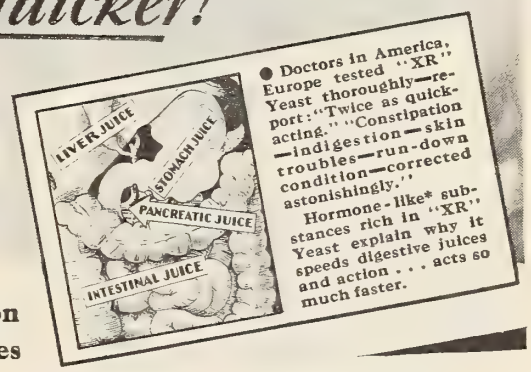
"— amazingly rich in Hormone-like* substances"



explains DR. R. E. LEE

Dr. R. E. Lee, Director of Fleischmann Health Research, explains: "Discovered by a noted scientist, it's a *new* yeast 'strain'!"

"... that's why this new yeast acts quicker!"



● Doctors in America, Europe tested "XR" Yeast thoroughly—report: "Twice as quick-acting." "Constipation—indigestion—skin troubles—run-down condition—corrected astonishingly."

Hormone-like* substances rich in "XR" Yeast explain why it speeds digestive juices and action . . . acts so much faster.

Constipation, Indigestion and related skin troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT! . . . a *new* yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?

Because it's a stronger "*strain*" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so . . . *faster!* It's rich in hormone-like* substances.

***What are these Hormone-like Substances which it contains?**

They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles *from the stomach right on down.*

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?

Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your food softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.

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How about "Run-down" Condition?

If you're "always tired," it may be because intestinal poisons are affecting your nerves. "XR" Yeast checks poisons—enables you to get more "good" from your food. You soon have more appetite, "pep." *Headaches* usually stop occurring, too!

What new Vitamin has it?

"Infection-preventing" Vitamin A, newly added, to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains *4* vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. It's a *food*—remember. Keep on *after* you've got quick results, till you're *really well!* Discontinue cathartics (if you're taking them) gradually. Get a supply of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast!



● "Fleischmann's new 'XR' Yeast is much faster than the old," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish . . . I had headaches, no appetite. I ate 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."

(*As good as ever for baking!*)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Sweetest Love Story

(*Continued from page* 26)

girls have known and enjoyed . . . rather, pain and sorrow have touched her frequently and she always has had to analyze and control her emotions.

She is probably the most idealistic person within the film colony. Naïve, yet sophisticated far beyond her years, her life has been a series of nightmares and joys. Stark tragedy has mingled with blissful moments, until Jean today echoes the fruits of her varied experiences in extraordinary dramatic ability.

You've seen her in such films as the already-mentioned "Little Women," in which her portrayal of the lovable Beth will ever remain a vivid memory (indeed, she reflected her real self in that role), "Operator 13," "Lady for a Day," "Lazy River," "Rasputin," "Caravan," and "Have a Heart." The day I lunched with her, Metro, to which she is under contract, had made her a star.

"I'm so excited I nearly wrecked my car coming over to the studio," she proclaimed, actions not one whit belying her words. "Today is supposed to be a holiday for me, and I was told not to show up . . . but I could no more stay away than I can help being doubly happy."

The studio's starring Jean is a high tribute to her capacity and talents as an actress. She stands now, after two years in the studio, at a point most players work years to attain . . . and far from success going to her head her rising popularity has delighted but totally unchanged her. She is as unaffected after tasting of fame as the day she entered the studio, fresh from having been selected by Metro officials for her beauty and appeal as she rode on a flowered float in a Pasadena parade.

Born in Deer Lodge, Mont., her family, when she was eight months old, moved to Oregon, thence to Los Angeles. While still in her more tender years, her parents separated, then divorced, and Jean went to live with her mother.

Some time after that, the mother married again. In her step-father Jean struck up a bond of close companionship, but the death of this new-found friend was the most bitter moment the little girl had ever experienced.

Following a period of economic stress, in which her mother struggled valiantly to keep her little brood of three children together (Jean, a sister and a half-brother), Jean eased the situation by going to live with a family in Pasadena, by the name of Spickard. Mrs. Spickard, a kind, motherly soul, made the little girl feel at home and started her at the John Muir High School nearby.

At first, Jean could scarcely realize her position. Here she was, free and light-hearted for the first time in her life. It seemed too good to be true.

It was. Ere many months had passed, the Spickards felt the effect of the depression and Mrs. Spickard secured a job. So that she might remain, Jean made arrangements to care for the children, look after the house and cook the meals for the family. This meant considerably less time to devote to her own interests, her studies, dancing, painting, but it did provide food and lodging. Hardship and deprivation had overtaken her again.

Her future, however . . . her dreams, her plans . . . kept her from utter despair. It is her philosophy, worked out in her mind, that if one believes in a thing earnestly and works consistently enough, that will eventually come to pass. Hand in hand, belief stalked with her through her troubles, until that day she won poster contests, was chosen to ride on a Pasadena float publicizing the Olympic Games and M-G-M signed her to a long-term contract.

Jean, as she sat toying with a green salad, too thrilled with the prospect of finally starring in a picture to more than nibble at her food, her slight, girlish figure encased in light blue pyjamas, the sun making her lustrous brown hair dark copper in color, presented a picture not easily forgettable. To gaze at her, one would never imagine that she ever had known despair and darkness, could be anything but a little school girl looking forward with happy anticipation to a party. Deep in her eyes, though, one reads of visions unknown to the average woman many years her senior.

Two interests consume her with a flaming force. One, her work, her acting and her study in those other fields which hold a particular fascination . . . dancing, sketching and painting, French, piano, writing. The other is her love for Pancho.

Vaguely remote, a person living largely within herself, Jean Parker has not the same outlook upon life that the majority of people enjoy. She is more serious, more inclined to grasp fundamentals, more elusive, and innately she understands the problems of life to be met and overcome.

As she stands on the threshold of a new life, a life which promises much of interest, fame and things worth while, she looks forward with an easy confidence gained only through what has happened in the past. One of the tenets of her creed, that she has fashioned for herself, dictates that she must live by her ideals . . . out of unhappiness and hardship was this born, and in these ideals she is at last finding happiness and her rightful place in the world.

Sinclair Lewis Picks Hepburn

(*Continued from page* 29)

glow of the spot-light. They read, as they are written, in the open, and under the sky. No man, least of all an author worth his typewriter, can belie his genesis. And the genesis of Mr. Lewis was Sauk Center, Minn.—a healthy environment that drips throughout his whole work.

There, and at Yale, and at Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall, that early social school the California liberal founded across from Manhattan in New Jersey—indeed, throughout his salad days in Greenwich Village, he never forgot his earthiness. Ask him today where he prefers to live. He will answer you Vermont, where he lives, on a craggy New England farm, for more than half of each year.

He is the champion of the home. The home that Hepburn always seems longing for. Isn't this the wistfulness in her art that she so movingly presents in "Morning Glory"? in "Spitfire"? and much so in "Little Women"? It really is.

With this same key you unlock the secret of Mr. Lewis's art. It makes tender and tragic "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Dodsworth" and "Arrowsmith." Like Charles Lamb, Mr. Lewis hates to stray from his fireside and tipple, his hayfields and his meadows.

ONE of the most moving incidents I have ever experienced occurred some years ago when Mr. Lewis returned from Norway after having won the Nobel prize for literature. As a working newspaperman it was my assignment to board his ship at Quarantine and return with an interview story.

Through no fault of my own I missed the Revenue Cutter one must take to go down to Quarantine, (the assignment came too late), and I had to journey to Westport where Mr. Lewis and his wife, Dorothy Thompson, had taken a cottage to await springtime in Katharine Hepburn's Connecticut.

It was a raw, bleak day in March with a leaden, menacing ceiling that gave no hint of April's girlish laughter. We chatted in the living-room by the fire.

A nervous, gangling, explosively energetic man, he can't sit out a talk, invariably rising to pace back and forth as though the due emphasis of his remarks could only be quitted through the bones of his legs. Presently it began to snow. We went out on the porch, gazing miles over the meadow and watching it whiten. We must have stood there fully ten minutes, silent in a soundless setting. Finally he spoke: "How easily nature writes."

Now, as I write this, how easily I can fancy Hepburn, coming across the fields, her toqued head swaying, rhythmic to her lean thighs, eager to call us forth to tramp along with her. She is one with the scene; as Mr. Lewis was one with the setting. What utter nonsense to call her Park Avenue's paper flower. She's a Sauk Center Susie.

What Won't Get You into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 35)

"another Garbo" or anything like that, why, just check what you have and what you haven't against this system.

Let's listen to what Fred Scheussler, casting director at RKO studios, has to say. Fred's a veteran at the job; he's one of what you might call the Big Six among Hollywood's casting directors. What he sets forth about whom he'd hire and whom he wouldn't is representative of all Hollywood. Incidentally, too, Fred's the casting director who, years ago, gave Janet Gaynor her very first job before the camera. That was at Universal, in two reelers. . . .

"And, if Janet Gaynor walked into my office today, I'd tell her I couldn't use her," he says. "Crazy?—yeah, I suppose you think it is. But it's true. If Janet Gaynor's box-office rating were not established, she wouldn't have a chance in Hollywood today. What we're looking for is Janet—plus the sophistication of—let's say Miriam Hopkins—and that's the only type I'm even giving a second look at among the thousands who come into my office looking for jobs."

"In the first place, the old days of pretty face, of beautiful body getting a girl by just aren't, any more. Not even when they're a friend of somebody in the front office. No more do executives call us on the private phone and say: 'Look here, Fred, Miss So-and-So is coming down to see you for a bit. She's pretty enough. And besides—ah—uh—she's a friend of mine. So give her a job.'

"Nope. Even the big-shots know that that doesn't work any more. They know a girl can have a pretty face and a you-know body, but they know that it takes more than that. They know *the three things I look for first*, when a girl walks into my casting office. Here they are:

"FIRST—I watch them walk in. That 'entrance' and their carriage are the first hurdles. The great majority of girls who 'walk in' in pictures can't even get by that simple pair of obstacles. If they haven't an erect carriage, if they haven't that in their walk which is called poise, if they don't move with a certain sure determination and force, then I know they won't do. And you'd be surprised how many of them slither and slouch and shuffle in, don't they realize that the camera will catch that and magnify it? Apparently not, because they act so surprised when I tell them 'No.' They open wide eyes and say: 'But you haven't even talked to me, Mister Scheussler.' And I answer: 'No, but I'm afraid I've seen you walk.' But if they get by with their entrance, then:

"SECOND—I listen to them speak. I don't mean that I care WHAT they say. It's HOW they say it that I'm interested in. And under that 'how' I include diction, modulation, timbre. True, modern sound technicians can do wonders with a voice, but even they can't do anything with a girl who runs her words together, who mumbles, who has a voice that sounds as though it had fought with seventeen adenoids before coming out, who talks too loud or yet too low. Maybe she could unlearn some of these faults, but the chances are that lifelong habit has so strongly made them part of her that she couldn't overcome them.

"But say the girl's gotten by those two points—Walk and Talk. Then:

"THIRD—I observe her mannerisms. How the girl acts during our interview is a giveaway, nine times out of ten. To be a good camera actress requires poise. When a girl fidgets and fusses and primps and tries to hide her hands, and doesn't know what to do with her feet, while she's talking to me, I know she won't be able to comport herself before the camera, no matter how hard she tries. The girl who can sit there or stand there, while I interview her, and be full mistress of herself and her nerves and her body—that's the girl who has a chance. But they're rare. They'll fuss with their purses, they'll toe in nervously while talking, they'll draw imaginary designs on the desk top to keep their hands and eyes busy while we're discussing her chances—and they're surprised when I tell them they won't do.

"The final test and the hardest to pass is one I can't put into words—nor can anyone else. It's been called everything from 'It' to 'Personality.' Charm, presence, magnetism, individuality, sex-appeal,—these are some of the words that they use when they try to describe it. But whatever it is, whatever you call it, the fact remains that without it you're just about sunk in movies. And the oddest and hardest part of the final test, for us casting directors, is the fact that it doesn't show offscreen, nine times out of ten. Offscreen, when they talk to us, these girls may be as dull and lifeless as a dead mackerel. Yet put them under the lights and let a camera grind on 'em—and when we see the rushes, we yell and cry: 'Another star!'

"I could sit here and suggest test after test to try on yourself to determine whether or not you have that quality. And none of the tests, nor all of them, would finally answer the question. It takes a screen test—and an exhaustive one, too—to tell whether or not a girl has that quality on the screen.

"Oh, wait a minute, I nearly forgot something," said Scheussler.

"A girl may get by all the other tests," he grinned, "and still find the casting office door a two-way proposition—in and out—rather than the one-way door to film success.

"I mean that if she's under eighteen her chances of getting by are still just about zero with the rim rubbed out. For several reasons—under eighteen, they have to spend four hours a day in school, and that raises the devil with studio schedules. And besides — under eighteen is under eighteen."

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN



says—Mimi Richardson
(WELL KNOWN MODEL AND NEW YORK DEBUTANTE)

MORE than a mere perfume, FAOEN will give you a new *personality* . . a more mysterious, thrilling personality, to bring men's hearts to your feet!

As Parisian as the Café de la Paix . . as feminine as Cleopatra . . as exciting as a champagne cocktail . . FAOEN enhances your charm and discovers your hidden depths of lovely, languorous allure!

You would have to pay more, for a less effective perfume! The tuck-away size . . can be bought at all F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.



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Wash glorious color into your hair—and have the loveliest of shampoos—all at the same time! That's what these Nestle color shampoos mean to you. Wonderfully fine cleansers, made by Nestle formulas from the purest ingredients, they add the shimmer and sparkle of youth to hair that is faded and tired-looking.

The Golden Shampoo for glorious blond hair. The Henna Shampoo gives entrancing highlights for all darker shades of hair. Why permit your hair to look drab and listless when these dependable products—2 shampoos per package—will give you the happiness of well groomed hair. Use in connection with ColoRinse to insure perfect results.

Also ask for Nestle ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from, 2 rinses per package—and Nestle Super Set. Nestle Quality Products are made by the originators of the permanent wave.



I Was That Way About Fields

(*Continued from page* 25)

I recall well when he was to make his first important Broadway attack in the Follies of 1915. We all knew he was great in his golden silence, but were a bit dubious about how he would stack up with Ed Wynn and other talking comics. He not only stacked up, he cleaned up. True, he didn't talk much. He didn't have to. With each added success, the movies screamed louder for his presence. Bill left wonderful contracts for the theater to come West and make silent pictures. Here was the great new comedian! Before he could really get camera-wise the talkies clanged across the silver sheets and buried Bill underneath them.

It was, of course, understood that no silent comedian could possibly talk. Bill gathered up his billiard-cues, cigar boxes, pride and other props. Back to the theater he went, but clinging to his dream.

"You know, Elsie," he said, "I was ready to work for anything or nothing to get a chance to just live here in peace. Really unpack for the first time since I left home as a boy. I planned for a little bungalow, never got as far as hoping for a car. I had decided that if I couldn't do pictures I would do cartooning. I wanted to manage some little theater. I wanted most anything that would just give me enough to live modestly."

I KNEW that he meant without nibbling at capital, because Bill has worked long and hard. He has never been a "show-off," so I imagine that if he had not finally crashed the talkies with a resounding boom he would still have been able to unpack the trunk. It took this wise and supposedly fly village two and a half years to recognize that W. C. Fields was "a natural" for the screen. The town is full of patient talent. Fortunately, people rarely die of discouragement.

The willows swayed in rhythm at the edge of silver Toluca as we left the future suspended in air and traveled back time's highway. Bill remembered so many little details about Mother and me. How she used to stand in the wings saying every word as I said it. Singing my songs with me, telling me when and how to bow.

"She was a great woman!" he said.

"She still is," I answered. I sounded strangely like her when I said in a business-like tone: "This is a marvelous place, Bill. Do you own it?"

"No, I don't, but it is nice, isn't it?" He looked around and sat back smiling. "I still can't believe that it's all true. I still expect them to say, 'The trunk has to be ready in the morning.' Do you get up early?" he added briskly.

I bragged gladly that I do get up and that I resent all those lovely hours of lost life when no bell was allowed to ring and my faithful entourage held its breath until nearly noon while Elsie slept those nine hours that she couldn't live without.

ON comparing notes, we decided that our pasts had been thrilling, but that our "presents" were grand. Again we left the future dangling out on a limb. Bill's is pretty secure. His popularity is mounting daily. Another picture like "The Old-Fashioned Way" and he can burn all the trunks. I have a feeling that he has kept that motor trailer for a getaway just in case he should "see a dream walking" out on him, so I'm going to put in my application for it. You never saw such a perfect little home on wheels. I'm going to need a movable one if I don't sell one of my stationary ones pretty soon!

The mark of affluence was so clearly obvious under the spreading oak! Telephone messages overlapped each other as Bill said, "Tell 'em I'm playing golf!" No one in this world could play as many golf games in one afternoon as the King of Toluca Lake thought of.

Among the Flotsam and Jetsamites who drifted through the Fields-Toluca pastoral was Tammany Young. This amusing and unusual lad used to be known as the Champion Gate Crasher of New York. His claim being that he could get in to any opening night, championship fight, world series and other events of importance on his personality. Some folks called it nerve but it got him in just the same. When he came to Hollywood it was feared that he would bounce that reputation to bits against the studio gates. Tammany is now definitely inside. Just how much Bill had to do with his entree I don't know but when I said, "Things are looking pretty good for you, aren't they?" he threw me the wink at which he excels and with a nod toward our host said, "Yeah, and thanks to this swell egg!" If Bill is the egg it would seem Tammany must be the ham, because the two are inseparable.

Bill apparently keeps open house. Two or three men walked past us with a "How're you, Boy!" and went into what I imagine must be the "Playroom" judging from the sounds of enjoyment I heard.

To one man he called, "Take Jack first, will you?"

"A trainer?" I asked.

"Yes." Bill's eyes fell sheepishly to the former slim waistline. "I try to keep as fit as possible. I don't stay up late, any more. Play a bit of golf. Like to potter around the place, eat a bit, drink a bit. Oh! It's a great life, Elsie!"

I must say he looks about as nearly like the well-contented man should as anyone I've seen since I used to marvel at the peaceful expression on farmers' faces around and about Marysville, Ohio. He's headed for a farm, by the way. He was going out today to look at one.

"Are you really going to farm?"

"Well, no! but I want more room for my pottering. I want to put on my rompers and play," he grinned, and I grinned. I don't know what he was thinking about, but I was visualizing Bill in rompers. I'm still grinning.

Radio, which is so busy "snitching" screen personalities, is making alluring monetary gestures in his direction. Bill isn't falling for them yet. He thinks he has to be seen to be funny. Well, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Joe Penner, Jack Benny and other air aces must have thought the same at one time, so perhaps the millions who have never heard or seen him will have a chance to meet this mellow, kind and amusing W. C. Fields *via* the ether waves. I think he could ride them with great success, if they gave him a consistent story and a good character like the one he played in "The Old-Fashioned Way." It's nice, however, to meet someone who hasn't got "grabitis" when it comes to the big money. It has never been known to bring complete contentment and, as Bill seems to have that, maybe he's right to let others take the chances while he potters around in rompers.

MIND you, he only potters between films, and his next picture is about to start production, so the rompers will be parked for a few weeks. It's called "Back Porch" at present and is an original idea of his own. By the time you see it the title will be changed to "It's a Gift" and Bill won't recognize his brain child, but from what he told me about it I wouldn't mind sitting on said "Back Porch" watching him pull old tricks which his artistry polishes to a modern brilliancy. He has plenty of them up his sleeve. He is an excellent character actor and other comedians who might be saying "What's he going to do after he has done all his vaudeville stunts?" may find another twist to the ever familiar line, "New Fields to Conquer."

THE ART OF COOKING MEAT

It's a fact that most American cooks, no matter how expert they are in other respects, lack skill and variety in cooking meats. There has been a definite demand from readers for help in cooking meat. This month's food circulars have been prepared to meet this demand. Here they are:

1. Rules and recipes for cooking beef.
2. Rules and recipes for cooking lamb.
3. Rules and recipes for cooking veal.
4. Rules and recipes for cooking fresh pork.
5. Cooking ham and other smoked pork products.
6. Ways of cooking and serving sausage.
7. Cooking poultry.
8. Cooking liver and other edible parts of beef, lamb, etc.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. They are printed on loose leaves, so you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

The Man of 84 Faces

(*Continued from page* 21)

gasped in complete amazement.

"It beats me," confessed Foster. "I really don't know."

"But what is it — certainly something more than make-up?"

"That's true," admitted Foster. "Make-up and costume are just the props that set the character on first appearance. The grooming of the hair has a lot to do with it. Touselled hair suggests an eccentric individual, straggly sideburns a person of bad taste, a growth of beard a rough, tough mugg, and a stiff collar a politician perhaps. But those are superficial characterizations. In life a well-groomed person may be a rat at heart. So that can't be entirely it."

Foster meditated a minute over this strange faculty of changing his personality.

"Someone said, 'The eyes are the windows of the soul,'" he continued. "If you wish to judge character, study the eyes. In them you can find sincerity or insincerity, fearlessness or cowardice, courage or despair. You know the first trace of insanity shows in the eyes. And if your eyes are covered or downcast, you can be anything."

But Foster wouldn't attribute his diversity of characterization to a studied technique of using his eyes.

"Gee," he said, "I don't know anything about the technique of acting like George Arliss who mastered everything there is about characterization. He's flawless. I don't pretend to have any technique.

"I do believe I have an expressive face," admitted Foster. "It shows whatever I'm thinking. That's caused me plenty of trouble. When I was a salesman back in Philadelphia, I could never sell any person I instinctively disliked. Try as I would, I couldn't keep that dislike from registering in my face.

"But that failure as a salesman stands me in good stead as an actor. In all my batting about, selling washing machines and advertising, singing in grand opera, and working on the stage, I've met all types of people. I have studied them and become interested in them. I try to think as they think. When I'm called upon to play a role, I pick out some character from my past, and imagine how he'd think and act. I become that person. And perhaps it's that faculty, together with an expressive face, that has made me seem like so many different people on the screen."

If variety is the spice of acting, then Preston Foster admits he's enjoyed his career. He says that it's much more interesting than being just himself in a walk-through part. It necessitates a study of human psychology.

"Of course," he admitted, "one doesn't become a definite screen personality by always being different. It takes longer to become known and a name. The only persons I haven't deceived have been my parents. Friends have seen me in roles like 'Dr. X' and said they didn't know I was in the picture till they read my name on the main title. A theater usher after seeing 'Hoopla' wrote to find out how old I was and in what other pictures I'd appeared."

"And how do you feel about your new contract?" I asked. "Will you be yourself?"

"That, of course, I don't know," he replied. "I hope not."

He paused before continuing.

"It's kind of a dangerous spot," he observed. "Stars like Crawford, Harlow, and Garbo are all so glamorous one is likely to be forgotten."

I looked at his full, blue eyes . . . his set face. And I read in them a fierce challenge, the challenge of a man who'd told many bosses to take it and like it, who'd seen life, been battered by it and come up smiling.

There was a fearless look in those eyes that said, "I'm afraid of nothing—not even Garbo."

Movie Highlights of the Year

(*Continued from page* 37)

JANUARY—Charlotte Henry, Jack Oakie as Tweedledum, and Roscoe Karns as Tweedledee, in "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

FEBRUARY—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "QUEEN CHRISTINA."

MARCH—Anna Sten in "NANA."

APRIL—Wallace Beery in "VIVA VILLA."

MAY—Myrna Loy and William Powell in "THE THIN MAN.'

JUNE—Ronald Colman in "BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK."

JULY—Frank McHugh and James Cagney in "HERE COMES THE NAVY."

AUGUST—Claudette Colbert in "CLEOPATRA."

SEPTEMBER—Mae West in "BELLE OF THE NINETIES."

OCTOBER—Norma Shearer and Fredric March in "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET."

NOVEMBER—Greta Garbo in "THE PAINTED VEIL."

DECEMBER—Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in "THE MERRY WIDOW."

4 ★★★★ STAR PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE!



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A FRANK CAPRA Production
By ROBERT RISKIN
Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
WALTER CONNOLLY HELEN VINSON

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" CHARMED YOU
"LADY FOR A DAY" WON YOUR ACCLAIM
"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" GAVE YOU HAPPINESS
The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy.

THE CAPTAIN HATES the SEA
A LEWIS MILESTONE Production
VICTOR McLAGLEN JOHN GILBERT
ALISON SKIPWORTH WYNNE GIBSON HELEN VINSON
Walter Connolly Fred Keating Leon Errol
Walter Catlett Tala Birell
Story and screen play by Wallace Smith
Directed by Lewis Milestone



A brilliant all-star cast of fun-makers and heart-breakers laugh-bound on one of the gayest ships that ever rolled in a hurricane of hilarity.

A mad, merry comedy that will rock you from stem to stern.



LADY by CHOICE
CAROLE LOMBARD · MAY ROBSON
ROGER PRYOR and WALTER CONNOLLY
Story by Dwight Taylor Screen play by Jo Swerling
Directed by David Burton

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"Better see this film soon," *adds Photoplay magazine.*
And Screenland magazine tells its readers, "You'd better not miss this."

Grace Moore
in
ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
TULLIO CARMINATI · LYLE TALBOT · MONA BARRIE
Story by DOROTHY SPEARE and CHARLES BEAHAN
Screen play by S. K. LAUREN JAMES GOW EDMUND NORTH
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER



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COOKED
SPAGHETTI

The Most Exciting Street on Earth

(*Continued from page* 19)

and toes. Better than $12,000. He instantly became, on his personal adding machine a $52,000 a year man. And so he was—for twelve weeks.

Came the end of the contract. Came no renewal. This writer, departing, left with a newspaper interviewer an opinion of Hollywood that would smoke the hide off an alligator. This writer returned bitterly to his beloved New York—to do his damnedest to write another book which will entitle him to a return trip to the city of fatted calves!

Among his parting remarks was the observation that Hollywood Boulevard is a sordid, dirty, overrated alley.

I hold no brief for or against this fellow's attitude. Perhaps the experience will enrich his philosophy. But his opinion is not an opinion. It's a prejudice.

I HAVE sold many of my stories to the movies. Naturally, I'm not bitter about it, although I firmly believe that the intelligence of the movie-makers, where correctly fashioned dramatic stories are concerned, is awfully limited.

Let's try to get at the soul of Hollywood Boulevard. You are a discerning person and you know that the spirit of Hollywood is the spirit who rose from the creaming waves off Crete so many thousands of years ago, clean-limbed and lovely, with jewels in her hair, glamour in her smile and danger in her voice—Aphrodite, goddess of love, or, if you will, of amorous desire.

Aphrodite is, as you know, the spirit and the mother of Hollywood—a coquette forever renewing her youth in the soft, pink, scented flesh of the newcomers.

Motion picture studios, as you are also aware, are her temples. Temple-factories. In these temple-factories, the love-making habits of the world are forged and hammered into being.

There is a nice argument here. Hollywood, we freely admit, is the sex capital of the world. Hollywood's temple-factories not only set the styles in love-making the world over but they determine the moral code of the age. Or do they? The producers say not. The producers say they are merely reflecting the changing moral standards. Fight it out among yourselves.

The point is, however, that Hollywood Boulevard must, by the very forces which made it the street it is, point toward sex.

Ask a beauty-contest winner from Kissimmee, Florida, or Oskaloosa, Oklahoma, who has been screen-tested and signed up by a big, indulgent producer—ask her what *she* thinks of Hollywood.

Ah, place of glorious enchantment! Ah, city of golden dreams come true! Hollywood Boulevard, to this happy lass, is Main Street, Eldorado, or *el camino encantado*—the enchanted street. Its smart shops fawn and its pitfalls yawn. Everybody loves her. Every chiseler in Hollywood sharpens his steel for this newest delectable, dizzy, dazzled, dazzling darling.

This newcomer with her shining eyes and flushed cheeks and enraptured smile, this darling of the gods, this nectareous nymph, this gal who is getting the breaks—*she* drives along the enchanted Boulevard in a grand new roadster, all bright enamel and glittering chromium.

But look at the ones on foot—the ones with stories in their faces. They are usually beautiful, or nearly beautiful. Their make-up has been skilfully applied, but they have a certain look of pallor under the delicate artificial coloring. Their eyelashes are long and black with a alluring upward tilt—but the eyes below look worried.

Here is one approaching. Look at her carefully. She walks with an air of jauntiness, her eyes scanning the oncoming faces brightly, and her lovely lips holding the faintest suggestion of a smile. For one never knows when a watchful director may be strolling on the Boulevard.

But look her over. The seat of her dress is waffle-patterned by the cane bottoms of casting directors' waiting room chairs. Her heels are worn down by the studio-to-studio trek. Her clothes have that week-before-last look. Not yet seedy; but not fresh, not crisp. Nothing about her is crisp. Who is she? What's her story? What's her fate? Almost every week, it seems to me, one of these soul-sick children jumps out of a high window or turns on the gas.

HOLLYWOOD Boulevard isn't *el camino encantado* to this youngster—it's *el camino doloroso*. Don't ask her what she thinks about Hollywood. She doesn't know. She doesn't know what she thinks about anything. Let's hope she can take it. Let's hope she has moral fibre tough enough to stand the strain until the breaks come her way—if they come.

And then there are the ones who have proved they have that moral fibre. They have arrived. They are "the stars." You may see them lunching animatedly in the Brown Derby, Sardi's, the Vendome. These gods and goddesses, these big shots, go, of course, to these places to be stared at. If you're lucky, you may see Joan Crawford, the screen's most ambitious girl, lunching at Sardi's with Franchot Tone, the screen's smoothest young man. In the Brown Derby, you may see Wallace Beery strutting his recently adopted daughter. You don't, of course, see Garbo anywhere.

YOU look in vain for signs of dissipation in these people. The goddesses have rose-petal complexions, the gods clear eyes and lean jaws. For the night life of the gods—of most of them—has become, in recent years, comparatively quiet. Many of them don't know just how long their present fat incomes will last. Generally, they're leading quiet, stay-at-home lives. Practising economy. Reading books. Bearing in mind that early to bed and early to rise makes a star at least healthy and wealthy. The famous wild parties of Hollywood are not a thing of the past, but they are fewer.

Since repeal, most of the cabarets have been closed for violation of the Los Angeles liquor ordinances. But in those few which remain, one glimpses an occasional favorite—one of Hollywood's more prominent drinking young stars. He is accompanied usually by a crowd of people very aware of the fact that they are accompanying him. They guard him jealously. They see that he has plenty to drink, and that the girl he prefers sits besides him. He is, for his little hour, as important as a visiting Roman emperor. His face is rather blank.

You may also see the stars shopping on the Boulevard. But it takes longer than a few months to grow used to seeing them in the flesh. When I go into a store to buy a hat or necktie, and one of the reigning favorites happens to drop in, I am almost as thrilled as the shop girls—and they are almost paralyzed.

But the ones who have arrived, "the stars," do not stir my imagination so much as the girls who trudge along Wicked Boulevard with stories in their faces—stories of success and failure, of hope and humiliation. For it is these girls—the never-ending procession of them—who have built Hollywood Boulevard and made it the fascinating, glamorous, wicked thoroughfare it is today.

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Can You Buy Stardom?

(*Continued from page* 20)

urged her to show the pictures to studio officials. She did. Or rather a friend of hers did. So impressed were Paramount executives that they asked for an interview with this new patrician beauty. She came, they saw, she conquered. Without further ado they signed her to a contract.

These two ladies did not follow a tradition for which Hollywood is notorious. The cult of the false front! Pretense. Sham. Affectation of manner and manufactured background. They didn't have to. But many aspirants come to grief because they put on such airs. Young hopefuls in search of a career seem to be infected with this virus almost as soon as they arrive. Spending their last dime on one desperate attempt they'd buy an expensive gown, hire a Rolls Royce, and sweep out to a studio condescending to give the natives a break. This seemed to be the Hollywood manner. They thought that they had to live up to it.

At first studio executives were really impressed. They felt honored to put them in a picture. But things went to such extremes they became a joke.

Now money and social position have their drawbacks. It may enable a person to dress attractively and meet picture celebrities on a social basis, but it is apt to classify one as a play boy or play girl. You don't need money, so why work? There are not a few people who have got into such a stalemate. In their hearts there is a desperate longing for a film career. But no one will take them seriously. If they mention work their picture friends laugh. No more than a pat on the back with an amused wisecrack.

For all of these reasons the careers of the following heiresses are illuminating as well as instructive.

In one respect Virginia Peine is an exception. Her real name is Virginia Peine Lehmann.

When Mrs. Lehmann came to Hollywood with her two-year-old daughter, secretary, a nurse and maid, she carried a letter of introduction to Buddy De Sylva, the director of musicals at Fox. She called him on the phone. Because of the letter from a mutual friend, Mr. De Sylva agreed to an appointment. He was not acquainted with her real identity. He fully expected to dismiss this movie struck Virginia Peine after a moment's polite conversation. But when he saw a beautiful, lissome blonde sweep into the office he immediately changed his mind. He tossed the letter aside. He eagerly questioned her about her experience. She shook her head. None. But Mr. De Sylva was too enthusiastic to let that stand in the way. He arranged for a screen test. He saw the test and was enthusiastic enough about it to put her in "Bottoms Up."

Katherine Flynn's brief career has been much different. Her uncle, the late Daniel Miles Flynn, left her a large share of the fortune he had amassed in turpentine and rosin throughout the southern states. As soon as Katherine came into her inheritance she left for Hollywood. She arrived unknown. But within three weeks she had spent nineteen thousand dollars.

THE lavish parties which she gave to various film celebrities, however, did not secure for her the coveted opportunity in pictures. She tried something else. Changing her name to Kitty O'Dare she began dancing at the Club Ballyhoo. She had had some experience on the stage and now her dance, the Shim Sham, created quite a sensation. A newspaperman saw through her nom de plume. A night club heiress! Publicity ran wild.

But still nobody offered Katherine a screen test. Her Hollywood friends, Jimmy Durante, Jack La Rue, George Bancroft and others, tried to guide her over the first perilous steps of a screen career. But by this time her mother got wind of what was going on and flew out from New York. Katherine had to change her tactics. No more shim shamming. No more parties. After another month of waiting Kitty gave in to her mother's entreaties and left for a jaunt through Europe. She left with one consolation. Jean Harlow had unstintingly praised her dancing.

Janet Snowden, the nineteen-year-old daughter of James H. Snowden, the multi-millionaire oil man, has perhaps been the wisest of them all. She and Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress, and Barbara Hutton, now the wife of Alexis Mdivani, have been intimates since they were classmates at the Foxcroft School in Aiken, South Carolina. All of them have moved in and out of the spotlight. A short time ago Janet had New York society agog. Meeting Prince Don Francesco Caravita when he arrived in New York from Italy, she eloped with him within twenty-four hours. Within five days she had the marriage annulled. A few weeks later while staying at her mother's home in Poland Springs, Maine, Janet was threatened with kidnaping. Then she disappeared. A wireless message from the liner Santa Theresa revealed that she was on her way to California with a secretary. Debarking at Los Angeles, she vanished "into Hollywood" to take up a film career.

William Gill, the husband of the late Renee Adoree, became her manager. He began training her with the best dramatic teachers available. Her fellow student was Paulette Goddard whom Charlie Chaplin is keeping under cover for his next picture. Executives at Warner Brothers, impressed by her dark piquant beauty, offered her a contract. Her manager persuaded her to turn it down. She was not ready. Winfield Sheehan finally secured her promise to give Fox first call on her services as soon as she felt she was ready to face the camera. Slipping off to Mexico Janet married William Gill. Hollywood wonders just how her career will turn out.

Kitty Carlisle is just getting into her stride. If nothing untoward happens she ought to skyrocket up among the stars. In her last picture, "She Loves Me Not," her ability really began to register. Her foundation has been solid. Her father, a New Orleans physician, died when she was eight years old and left a comfortable fortune. Her mother took Kitty to Lausanne, Switzerland, where she was put in school at the exclusive *Chateau Mont Choisi.* After that it was winters in Paris and summers in their villa on the Riviera. A year in Rome perfected her Italian. Tutoring in Paris sharpened her wits so that after her debut in the fashionable world of the French capital she became a leader in the younger set. But society palled. She wanted a career.

If Kitty had not felt a strange homesickness for a native land which she had not seen in years she might now be the toast of Europe. An operatic career was waiting when she insisted on a return to America. Back in New York in June 1932 she entered a competitive test and was chosen to sing a lead in a condensed revival of "Rio Rita." After a year with this production she accepted an engagement to play a lead in "Champagne Sec." By this time Hollywood was attentive. Very. A contract was laid before her. This kind of introduction is the best that can be obtained. A personal invitation. No solicitation. No attempt to win the favors of the fickle goddess of films.

Hazel Forbes combines a picture career with executive responsibilities. She was appearing in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" when she met young Paul Owen Richmond who had amassed a fortune in dental and cosmetic lotions. Courtship ended in matrimony. In her happiness Hazel forgot the stage. Then her husband died. Wandering around the world trying to find happiness once more she and her mother finally settled in Hollywood. Her blond loveliness was like a song. An agent finally persuaded her to try pictures and she did so well in "Down to Their Last Yacht" that RKO put her under contract.

Her future will be devoted to pictures except for quarterly trips to New York to attend meetings of her Board of Directors. In Hollywood she is seen with Ginger Rogers and Sally Eilers. Jack Oakie is one of her many escorts.

THESE heiresses have added a piquant spice to the social whirl of the film capital. Each has a dash of personality and indisputable good looks. Hearts have been entangled. But can money buy a film career? A fortune may command attention but it cannot buy blue eyes if you happen to have brown, purchase a merry heart if you are disposed to melancholy or make an actress of one who has no talent for the art. Some of these heiresses have indisputable talent and will rise, perhaps, to the dizziest heights; the others will soon be seen in the fashionable resorts of the world.

"YES, MA'M, AND WE'LL NEED HEINZ KETCHUP, TOO"



57

SO many men *always* seem to need Heinz Tomato Ketchup with their meals that it's by far the largest selling ketchup in the world. Rich, red drops that give delicious and definite flavor to all sorts of things. Meats, fish, eggs, croquettes, hash, baked beans, and many other dishes. Heinz chefs take the time and pains to make it richly thick with the flavors of fresh-from-the-garden red tomatoes and rare good spices. Always say Heinz to your grocer.

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Stop a COLD the First Day!

Drive It Out of Your System —Roots and All!

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

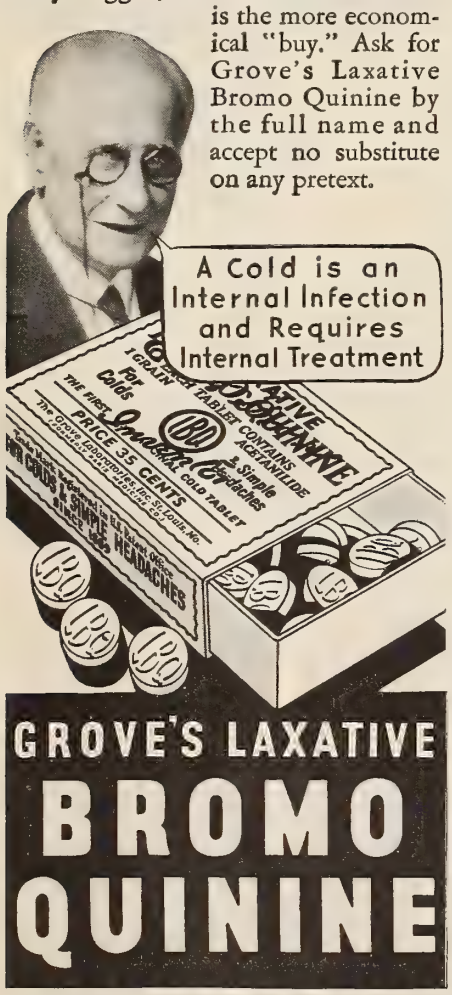
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones and fortifies the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies those four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 42)

those lovely, old-fashioned gowns.

Mr. Laughton and Fredric March were so very good which, of course, is usually the case—while Wilson, the maid, capped the climax!—*Mrs. Sarah Finley, General Delivery, Highland Station, Springfield, Mass.*

And also, it was a better story.

To the Past

ON behalf of all the fans who "remember when," I want to thank NEW MOVIE for the splendid article about Marguerite Clarke. It took me back so vividly to childhood days, and golden hours spent at the corner movie. Marguerite Clarke in "Miss George Washington," "The Amazons," "Prince and the Pauper," and "Bab, the Sub-Deb." We've never forgotten them, nor the enchanting little person who remains a glamorous memory to all who look back gratefully at the many happy hours she gave us. Thanks again, NEW MOVIE and Irene Kuhn, for giving us the story about her. We loved it!—*M. Kelly, 44 Clara Street, San Francisco, California.*

And thank you, M. Kelly.

The Sensible Attitude

WHEN I was a kid of twelve or so, eating popcorn in the front row of the local picture house, a certain very-much-grown-up film actress was vamping the celluloid men. Now I am a very-much-grown-up lady myself, and I am more than slightly surprised to learn that the actress, according to her own figures, is now just two years my senior.

Why do screen stars feel it necessary to lie about their ages? Few fans are so stupid as to believe that an actress can serve an apprenticeship on stage and screen, and still be sweet sixteen after many years of starring. If a woman is as charming at thirty-nine as at nineteen, the public won't assign her to the old ladies' home because of the added birthdays.—*Mae Ashworth, 118 W. Ninth Street, Mt. Vernon, Ind.*

Ah-ha! Did you see our story on The Battle of the Ages, last month?

Best All-Round Actor

WITH all the various medals and cups that are awarded each year to the best picture, the best cartoon, etc., etc., I would suggest that a special medal be awarded — for the actor giving the best consistent performances throughout the year in every picture in which he appears.

And I nominate Lewis Stone as the one actor who deserves such an honor—and he has deserved it for many years back. Whether his part is small or large or indifferent, there he is making it count—strengthening the picture and stealing every scene he is ever in. —*Mary Judge, 222 West 49th Street, New York City.*

Years and years of experience have given Lew almost unlimited versatility, Mary. Hollywood respects him for it.

Old Kentucky Home

TIME'S curtain rolled back and I relived the days of youth in "My Old Kentucky Home." Will Rogers in "Judge Priest" finds his ideal role and the supporting cast is flawless. They appeared to me just like the folks with whom I was raised. I recognized the pool-room loafer, the farm clod-hoppers, the village gossip and the rest of the folks.

There are no super thrills or extraordinary climaxes in this picture but you go away with that perfectly satisfied feeling. There are subtle tuggings of heart strings, a little moisture in the eyes and many deep chuckles at the home-spun humor of the lovable old justice.

Here is one production that no creed or sect can find fault with and if Mr. Rogers never does better he can rest assured that he reached perfection once.—*N. H. Young, 912 W. First Street, Los Angeles, California.*

Appreciation like this is what Will lives for. It will make moisture come to his eyes, too.

On Franchot

THE story about Franchot Tone's home and background in the October issue was enjoyed very much by the writer. I have been looking for just such an article about Mr. Tone, and it fit in perfectly with my idea of what he appears to be and the kind of a family to which he should belong.

He has much more to give to the screen than he has shown so far, and I am sure one of these days, if he gets the right part, he will be one of our finest stars. Excellent actor that he is, however, it is going to be difficult for him to play certain types because he definitely gives the impression of being well-bred and a gentleman. And I hope Hollywood doesn't change him into anything different.

I should like to see Metro give him some strong parts, which, to date, they have not done. It has been up to 20th Century in "Moulin Rouge" to show his flair for comedy and Fox with "The World Moves On" to prove his dramatic talent. I am still hoping to see him in "Oil for the Lamps of China" under Metro, as was announced before.—*E. W. White, 5247 Florence Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.*

An intelligent and well-expressed letter.

Pure Praise

TRIBUTE to a grand little actress: Frances Dee has been good in all the pictures she has played in, yet nearly every time, when her role was not so big, the "big" star got all the credit. At least she should be getting some praise, certainly she deserves it. Every time I go to see one of her pictures I can actually feel my blood boil!—And besides that—I never can wait until her next picture comes—so anxious am I to see it. Yet it's usually just a small part when it should be big. Thank goodness she's had a "break" and was given the lead in such pictures as "Coming Out Party," etc. (There's a good team for you—Gene Raymond and Frances Dee!) I make a move that we see more of her in the future than we did in the past!—*Elena Giorni, 320 W. 87th Street, New York, N. Y.*

Frances is very young, Elena, hence her parts are limited. As she becomes more mature, her scope will grow also.

Boles vs. Chevalier

AFTER seeing John Boles' latest picture—I still think he should have played opposite Jeanette MacDonald—in "The Merry Widow."

Remember—"The Desert Song." It took someone like him to play the part. Why not give him another big chance where he can show the ability of his splendid singing voice?—*Marie Bradley, 208 W. Godfrey Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Has "Music in the Air" answered your prayer, Marie?

What's Wrong?

I SAW "The Scarlet Empress" recently and I could have wept!! To see a marvelous actress like Marlene Dietrich going to waste in a hodge-podge of symbolism and trick photography like that is a crime! What's wrong with Von Sternberg? Is he trying to queer Marlene with the American audiences? Or is he just—nuts?—*Mary Hickey, 171 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

Ahem! What fine weather we've been having lately, Mary. You decide.

An Ardent Admirer

EVERY time I see Kay Johnson I am forcibly struck by her personality. She seems a person whom experience has mellowed, sweetened, dignified; to whom the fulness of life has given graciousness, integrity, understanding.

There is something fine, clean, and gallant about her. You feel you'd like to know her, that you would be a little better for having met her. She has poise, serenity; she could be a good friend. In short, she seems a grand person.

Kay has a soft, glowing radiance. She is a true sophisticate.—*Mary Irene Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.*

You'd think we were Kay, the way we're blushing.

British Agent

JUST a word of reproach to the producers who saw fit to waste Leslie Howard in such a dull picture as "British Agent." With his poignant performance as Philip in "Of Human Bondage," and the amusing and lovable hero of "The Lady is Willing," it seems a shame to put him in anything so unworthy of his talents. Here's hoping he gets only the worth-while stories he so deserves in the future.—*Edna Walters, 300 Pine Street, Wilson, N. C.*

Watch for "The Scarlet Pimpernel," Edna.

BY FRANCES COWLES

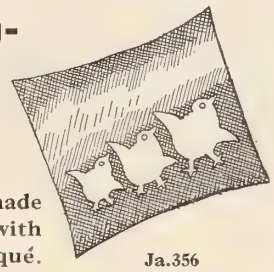
Things for the Baby



Ja.355

Crib spread and pillow cover bound with colored checked gingham.

New ideas of gifts you can make for the youngest boys and girls



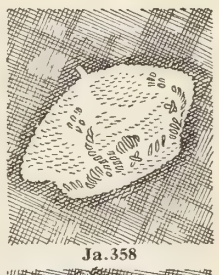
Ja.356

Floor cushion made of glazed chintz with amusing appliqué.

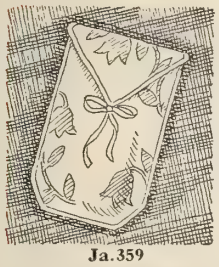


Ja.357

The new bathing apron made of a bath towel.

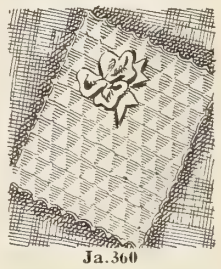


Ja.358



Ja.359

Easily adjusted baby's beret knitted from soft wool.



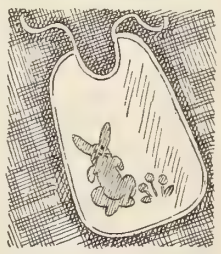
Ja.360

Reversible crocheted afghan for crib or carriage.



Ja.361

Thumbless mittens easily crocheted from soft wool.



Ja.362

Baby's feeding bib, with bunny design.



Ja.363

Knitted sacque with convenient front opening.



Ja.364

Flannel carriage bootees worn over shoes or stockings.

If you would like patterns and directions for making these gifts, please turn to page 67.

The Lovely Golden Hair You Had...When You Were A Little Girl... Why Not Have it Again ?



RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR—SAFELY, SKILLFULLY WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH!

The shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl—Why Not Have It Again—To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember—Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—you have every *natural* right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special simple treatment it needs—and darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair.

Marchand's Scientifically Prepared for Darkened Blonde Hair

The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully. The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, tested and proven a thousand times over. Right now thousands of women are using this fine product to protect light hair from darkening.

Some women want radiant, striking blonde hair—others want only to give their hair a tiny, highlight tint—without making a decided change in the shade. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will do either. Its effect can be controlled very closely. Hair can be lightened a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair growing in can easily be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, it is not a dye or powder. It will not wash out or come off, it has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Restore youthful golden beauty with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle today.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. The easy, inexpensive, and most satisfactory way to treat excess hair.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

Marchand's

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Name.....

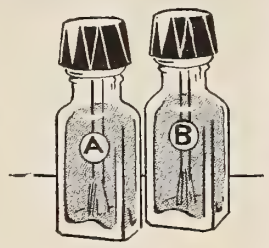
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162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.



"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish

After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

• ALSO •

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 7*)

legged dolls, staring vacantly from every corner. . . .

And we're just willing to bet that somewhere in that lovely home is something the modern girl has neglected in the past few years . . . a hope chest!

Don't disillusion us, Mary. How about it?

•

Katharine Hepburn gave the photographers another swell break when she sat all through the performance with both hands over her famous face!

If she only knew it, the flashlight boys wouldn't be half so interested if Katie just sat quietly and let them have their way with her. It's the ludicrous contortions she goes through that endear her (as a subject) to their photographic hearts.

It just occurred to us . . . d'you suppose . . . ? Why, *Katie*, . . . aren't *you* the smart one!

•

Out by the animal cages, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie made the most gosh-awful faces at the monkeys, who returned the salutes with dead pans that would have made Buster Keaton green with envy!

•

With Dick Powell far, far away, Mary Brian has been going places with a tall, dark and handsome lad who might be the original answer to any fortune teller's prediction!

Powell's new home is nearly finished, and, before he left on a personal appearance tour, it did look as though Mary was the obvious picture for that particular frame. But, now . . .? Oh, well . . . maybe "dark 'n handsome" is just a second cousin from Texas?

•

On the "Bengal Lancers" set, Director Henry Hathaway was daring "Cracker" Henderson to pet a dangerous looking leopard.

"Phooey!" Cracker sniffed. "*I* should commit suicide!"

"He won't hurt you," the trainer assured the timorous Cracker. "His teeth are all out."

"Maybe so," Henderson argued, "but he's still got *gums!*"

•

If we can eat crackers in bed, then Herbert Mundin has a perfect right to an idiosyncrasy or two.

At the Assistance League luncheon, Mundin chose an obscure table, as far from the chattering crowd as possible, explaining that he liked to eat in silence.

And then, the first thing he ordered from the waitress was . . . a double serving of celery!

•

Some fun on the M-G-M lot these days!

In the new Gable-Crawford opus, Joan is supposed to slap Clark's face, whereupon the impulsive lad hauls her across his knee (Adrian model and all!) and dishes out a right smart ker-walloping with an old-fashioned hair brush!

Just before the "take," Joan approached Gable beseechingly.

"Listen, pal," she bargained, "you go easy with me, and I'll do the same for your slap. How's about it?"

"Nothing doing!" Clark objected. "Slam away, me proud beauty, and expect no quarter from this end!"

"O. K., then," Joan shrugged. "I can take it!"

Came the "take." Came Clark's rough speech. Pulling back the old "right," Crawford yanks a hefty slap from her top hair and plants it on the Gable button. Wham!

Coming out of a near tail-spin, Clark snaps the rough lady into position across his knee and grabs the hair brush.

It's a scene that the M-G-M gang will never forget . . . and least of all, Joan Crawford. Bam! . . . Bam! . . . BAM! Here come the British!

And you can leave Joan out of your early morning canters for some time to come!

•

Director Lowell Sherman plans to have a lot of fun when "Night Life of the Gods" has finished production.

We wondered what Universal would do with all the statues, made especially for this picture and copied from living models in the cast. A lot of suggestions were offered, but Sherman's idea seems to be the most fitting.

"After the picture is finished," he whispered confidentially, "I'm going to find some friend to help me distribute these plaster atrocities on somebody's lawn!"

•

Our Eskimo brothers have a quaint way of expressing their admiration for favorite movie stars. Instead of saying it with flowers, they say it with a husky Eskimo dog. And if you think those hefty animals aren't hard on groceries, just ask Marian Nixon, one of the latest recipients of an Alaskan husky!

•

Elizabeth Allan is suffering from a bad case of mistaken identity.

Before Mrs. Bob Montgomery annexed the likable Bob, *her* name was "Elizabeth Allen," too. The befuddled fans have managed to get our Elizabeth and Bob's Elizabeth all tangled up with each other, with the result that the actress has been deluged with fan mail, telling her what a lucky woman she is to have such a handsome, dashing husband, how does romance stand the strain of working with her own lord and master? And stuff.

As our Elizabeth has a perfectly good husband of her own, she has asked us to give her a lift in straightening out the difficulty.

•

The other day, Clark Williams, Universal player, received a wire addressed to his Scottie, George. The wire read:

"Dear George . . . Hamburgs and open house Sunday . . . Bring Clark along.
(signed): Mike & Pete."

P.S. Mike and Pete are two Scotties belonging to Henry Hull!

•

John Beal, playing the title role of "The Little Minister," had an embarrassing experience in the RKO lunchroom this week.

It seems that the pants of the period were built for neither speed nor comfort, and when John made the big mistake of stooping over to pick up something . . . the inevitable happened!

Frantically, he whispered in Katharine Hepburn's ear. Deftly, our Katie stepped into position behind him and, holding out her voluminous gypsy skirts, the two of them did a neat "lock-step" out of the place, heading for John's dressing-room!

•

Speaking of tennis, Charles Butterworth is enjoying a right smart feud with Director Al Neuman, his next door neighbor.

Al and Charlie have a pair of the best courts in the film colony and it's a daily battle to see which of them can inveigle the most high-powered players onto their respective courts.

When Al has a match in progress, Charlie sends scouts over to snoop around and report on the assembly. And, when Dead-Pan Butterworth corners a few tennis celebrities, Al does likewise.

It's all in fun, of course, as Al and Charlie get together for a set or two themselves, now and again. But, the last time we looked at the score board, Butterworth was leading by virtue of one Hymn of Victory, written especially for him, by Oscar Hammerstein!

•

Ted Healy is a downright rebel when it comes to dressing according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Trousers, coat and vest (when he wears one) never match, and from all we can find out, it was ever thus!

The other day, Ted was calling on Frank Fay, dressed as usual, like a wagon driver for the Salvation Army.

Frank stood it as long as he could. Then, dragging Healy into his bedroom, he pulled a brand new, smartly cut suit from his wardrobe and said: "Listen, pal . . . I like you because you're a swell guy and I can't help it. But, so help me, if you don't shuffle out of that jig-saw puzzle you call a suit and put this on . . . well, it's the end of a beautiful friendship!"

And Ted's been wearing the suit ever since, tickled to death with himself, too!

•

Chin in hands, elbows on knees, Cora Sue Collins sat pensively contemplating the morning paper. Finally she heaved a deep sigh.

"Mother," she announced decidedly, "I'm getting worried about Miss Garbo. The paper says she's just had her twenty-eighth birthday and she isn't married yet. I'm afraid she's going to be an old maid if she doesn't hurry up!"

•

Ken Maynard's chauffeur has a cute little four-year-old daughter who thinks that Ken's ideas are just about as right as anyone's could be.

Out of a clear sky, the youngster began refusing ice cream, candy, milk, etc., and demanding raw vegetables and fruit. After puzzling their heads over this strange behavior for days, it finally developed that the tot had overheard her idol express himself vehemently on the subject of "fat women" . . . and the poor kid wasn't taking any chances!

•

Wallace Beery's tiny daughter has been having more fun on the "Mighty Barnum" sets these days.

Not realizing that they are adults, Carol Ann follows the midgets around, asking them to play dolls with her and drink milk, as she does!

Hollywood endorses perfumes, cologne and scented cosmetics

•

Perfumes are Important

says

KITTY CARLISLE

•



Kitty Carlisle, starring in Paramount's "Here Is My Heart."

EXQUISITE perfume with powder, lipstick and other cosmetics to match may be an extravagance, but in the opinion of lovely Kitty Carlisle it is a worthwhile extravagance. If you cannot manage to have all your cosmetics in the same scent, you can at least select powder, lipstick, etc., to harmonize with your chosen perfumes, because there is nothing worse than conflicting scents.

Kitty Carlisle, Paramount star, appearing with Bing Crosby in "Here Is My Heart," is very sensitive to the effect of perfumes. And while the charm of exquisite scents is something that cannot be directly registered by the motion picture camera, well-groomed women in Hollywood appreciate, more and more, the important effect of perfume on both themselves and their associates.

"I love to change my perfume often," says Kitty Carlisle. "I like to match my scent to my mood and there are perfumes to go with a gay mood, a little-girl mood and others appropriate to an exotic or seductive mood. Personally I like only two kinds—fresh floral odors and exotic, musky odors. The first are better for informal hours and the heavier perfumes for evening. For tennis, golf or other sports, real perfumes seem to me rather out of place, though eau de cologne is permissible at any time.

"In selecting the correct scent for the occasion," Kitty goes on to explain, "I believe every girl should consider her escort's taste. This is particularly true when one wishes to be alluring, for the gentleman one wishes to allure may be either very sophisticated or just the reverse, and there are perfumes for either of these types.

"Best of all I like to use scent on my furs and on my hair. Real perfumes for the former and scented hair lotions for the latter. I like to put perfumes on my eyebrows and under the hem of my gowns. For evening it should be used on the elbows and under the shoulder straps. I do think every girl should adopt the atomizer habit. It protects one's frocks and prevents overdoses of perfume.

"I like always to be aware of the scent I am using but without making it too apparent to others."

Handbag perfume flacons and set of three eau de cologne bottles popular in Hollywood. The cologne comes in scents to go with the perfume.



TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under *control.*

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for *fewer, shorter* and *milder* colds.

(You'll find full details of this unique Plan in each package of Vick medications for different types and stages of colds.)

When Colds THREATEN ..VICKS VA-TRO-NOL





If a Cold STRIKES ..VICKS VAPORUB

Quick!—At that first nasal irritation or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol. Just a few drops up each nostril. Used in time, Va-tro-nol helps you *avoid* many colds. It aids and stimulates the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Va-tro-nol is remarkably effective, yet absolutely safe—for both children and adults. Easy to use.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub, the modern method of *treating* colds—externally. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. This effective two-way medication brings soothing relief through the night—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing." Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

These twin aids to fewer and shorter colds give you the basic medication of

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Half-times kitchen work
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ E

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 64*)

Upon finding Tom Thumb smoking a big black cigar, Carol Ann eyed him disapprovingly.

"You be sick," she warned. "You Daddy, he 'pank you, too!"

•

Incidentally, there's a big chimpanzee on the set that just won't stay put. The funny looking animal is continually getting away and shinnying up flats, props, and things.

And, strange as it may seem, Wally is the only one in the place who can get him to come down!

•

Back from his world tour and perfectly satisfied with the outcome of the World Series, Will Rogers has rolled up his sleeves and dived into his new picture, "The County Chairman."

"It was a great trip," he grins happily, "but it's nice to be back!"

•

With the rainy season almost upon us, Adolphe Menjou is frantically trying to get in enough golf to hold him through the Winter. Any time he can squeeze an hour off from the "Mighty Barnum" set, you'll find him out on his favorite golf course, swinging for dear life.

•

While most actors are glad to be out of the studio at the finish of a picture, Lionel Barrymore may be found any day of the week, etching, reading, or playing the piano in his bungalow on the M-G-M lot.

•

Jackie Cooper returned from his personal appearance tour with his right arm in a sling from signing autograph books! At every stop, the kids fairly mobbed their young hero, and Jackie, being that way, didn't stop until every book had been signed!

•

Breaking a record of long standing, Sam Goldwyn pleasantly surprised everyone by getting up and making a little speech at the studio preview of "We Live Again!"

And now that he's broken down and let us in on a sample of his oratorical ability, we'll bet the fellow will have a hard time getting out of after-dinner speaking in the future!

•

Jean Harlow's mother has gone to New York to buy some clothes for her busy young daughter.

After finishing her new picture, with Clark Gable, Jean will join her mother in the East, and, with the brand new wardrobe, they will go abroad to show Parisian designers just how it's done in Hollywood!

•

Eddie Cantor's manager is one of the most economical (to put it mildly) people outside of Scotland. And it gives Eddie ample opportunity for plain and fancy ribbing.

On the United Artists lot they were tearing down some old dressing-rooms, preparatory to putting up new and more elaborate ones.

Passing the spot, Eddie nudged a friend. "Listen," he said, "d'you know why they're going to all this trouble?" Stooging prettily, the friend said "No, why are they going to all this trouble?"

Pointing to his manager, Eddie cracked: "Well, he lost fifty cents last week, and he's kicked up such a fuss about it that they're trying to help him find it!"

There's a last word for everything . . . even infants. Pat O'Brien's brand new baby had just about everything that one so young could possibly handle. But, after the gift possibilities had all been exhausted, here came Barbara Stanwyck with a tiny white velvet chaise longue whereon the Infanta O'Brien might rest her weary bones of a long cold Christmas Eve!

•

Contrary to all expectations, Maureen O'Sullivan returned from her visit to the Ould Counthr-rr-ry sans wedding ring, sans husband, but with the persistent Johnny Farrow, still hopeful, bringing up the rear.

•

Coming home from school, the other afternoon, Wallace Ford's young daughter surprised the family by announcing that she was "in love"!

"Well, who, for goodness sake, are you in love with?" Mrs. Ford wanted to know.

Patty named the "man," a little playmate. "And, d'you know," she confided, "I think he loves me, too! Because I put my arms around him and he didn't move away!!"

•

Even sail boats are "going Hollywood" this season. Little as we know about the rigging on any of 'em, still we do hear as how a certain type of sail has been named the "Garbo," on account of it lends footage to the boat!

And because it balloons out in front, another jib-s'l rates the monicker "Mae West"! Such goings on!

•

With Carole Lombard and William Powell both working on the same lot, you-uns might be right in looking for a lot of complications.

But, Will-yum still finds time to lunch with the ex-little woman now and again. And, though it does sound like an old dish warmed over, Bill and Carole are really the "best of friends"!

•

When the boy friend, Paul Ames, comes home with a snappy new pair of socks, June Knight gets out her yarn and begins knitting a sweater to match.

But, by the time June has purled her way through to the bitter end, Paul's socks are usually worn down to a pair of spats, and there's nothing for him to do but get more socks, or file the sweaters away for future reference!

•

It gets 'em all, sooner or later.

Stepin Fetchit attended a preview, the other night, wearing a pair of dark glasses that didn't fool anybody.

Furthermore, he kept them on all during the performance. Which was maybe carrying the effect too far? Or else, knowing Stepin as we do, maybe he was just "too-o-oo tiahed" to take 'em off.

•

And so, until next month, we'll wipe the dust we've kicked up off our chromium plating, get out of this suit before some producer signs us up and really puts us to work, hang our tie on the gas pipe and mingle with 'em once more on an equal footing.

Be seein' you!

Winners

to be announced this next month

Friendly **HELPFUL** *Service*

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WATCH next month's magazine for the names of the Tower readers who wrote the best letters about helpful shopping experiences in Drug, Department and Grocery Stores and who will share in the $3,000 prize awards.

THE judges are studying your letters now to decide who deserves the 246 cash awards. It is no small task, as you can well imagine, to select from thousands the *best* out of so many letters. Each one received told a revealing story of service and helpful interest and of its importance in making the sale and building good will for the store. Your letters—the first ever received in a national campaign for friendly, helpful service—give a valuable picture of the shopping experiences of a great cross-section of women who buy for themselves, their families and homes.

THREE men who are outstanding in their respective fields are acting as judges: Ken R. Dyke, advertising manager of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company; Karl Egge, publicity director, Bloomingdale's Department Store, New York; and Thomas L. Burch, advertising manager of the Borden Company.

Don't miss the February issue for this important announcement.

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COUGHS

So often serious trouble starts with a croupy cough or slight throat irritation. Don't delay, rub chest and throat with Children's Musterole—good old Musterole in milder form. Recommended by many doctors and nurses because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem to melt away congestion—bringing ease and relief, generally. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspaper.

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Hands, velvety smooth, that excite flattering comment, are yours surprisingly easy, by using Chamberlain's Lotion. It quickly youthifies your hands, makes them white, lovely. Containing 13 different, imported oils, it revitalizes the skin, restores beauty. Clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds without bothersome stickiness. Let your own hands prove what it can do. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

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Please send free trial size of your lotion.
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Chamberlain's Lotion

Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 34)

so they are especially interested in the charming couple.

Elizabeth was discovered solemnly promising her husband to write him every day, but only on condition that he talk to her over the radio once a week.

POOR Johnny Mack Brown was almost entirely cut out of Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

We met him at a party which Dorothy Tree gave.

"I'm going," said Johnny, "to have those parts that were cut out put together again, and show them to a few of my friends, just to let them see how moral I really was in the story!"

MR. AND MRS. JOE E. BROWN had made all preparations to hold a party in the moonlit patio, but the moon suddenly was darkened and the rain poured down.

It does seem as though Joe never will be really out of the circus. And now there was nothing to do but lug out the big top and a couple of little tents and set them up in the patio. For Joe E. thinks it's luck to have a circus tent stored away in the basement, you know, and it surely was that time.

A few guests had arrived when it commenced to rain, including John Barrymore and his wife. John got in and yo-heave-ho'd with Joe E., Edward G. Robinson, some other guests, and the help.

It was a good party, too, with a lot of Hollywood's elect there.

Romance wasn't at all dampened by the rain, especially in case of Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. Yes, that's on again.

Then there were Virginia Peine and George Raft. And you can smile at the dear old a-little-child-joins-their-hands stuff all you like, but I happen to know that it is partly George's devotion to little Joan, Virginia's daughter, that keeps them together. Whenever they quarrel, little Joan just grins at both, and they make up again.

AT the cocktail party which Nelson Eddy gave to celebrate the completion of his music studio, Irene Hervey arrived with Robert Taylor of Santa Monica, non-professional.

Cocktail parties just go on and on. Nobody seems able to stop them, and Nelson's continued until two o'clock in the morning, with people dropping in every few minutes.

The musical crowd included Jeanette MacDonald, Walter Woolf, and Grace Moore.

One whole wall of the studio is a mirror. That's a new wrinkle in Hollywood, and doesn't mean necessarily that the owner of the studio is vain. It is done simply in order that, while singing, the artist may watch his facial expression and carriage in the glass.

JOEY RAY and Mrs. Lew Fields have the same natal day, and so what could be sweeter than that they should celebrate together!

Which they did, the party being held at the Fields home.

Joey Ray brought Marian Marsh, to whom he is very much devoted these days.

Everybody had sent or brought flowers.

Maurice Chevalier and Pat Paterson were both there, and Pat, now a motion-picture widow, because her husband, Charles Boyer, had to leave Hollywood for France to make a picture, spent the time talking with Maurice about Charles, who is a great friend of the fascinating Chevalier.

DINNER in Chinatown! That sounds intriguing, and is, especially when Anna May Wong is the hostess.

She gave what may be one of the last in the exotic environment, since old Chinatown in Los Angeles is being torn down to make way for a new railway station, and the affair had an added significance.

The furniture of the restaurant is all strictly Chinese, and the favors were tiny packages of tea in which were folded up bits of paper telling the fortunes of the guests.

JACK OAKIE is something of a hero worshipper of Ernst Lubitsch. But he never had been invited to the director's home. He went to Lubitsch one day, inquiring why Lubitsch never invited "any of the younger Hollywood element" to his parties. Lubitsch said, "Why, I'd just love to have you and your friends."

Then he got busy and forgot all about the matter.

Then Oakie kidded him about it, and Lubitsch set the evening.

Jack gathered together his friends Mary Brian and Helen Mack, and, all dressed in kids' clothes and carrying with them various toys, proceeded to the Lubitsch mansion.

One of the toys was an electric train, which Jack insisted Lubitsch should learn to run.

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can make up-to-date accessories for the youngest boys and girls

Ja355—Crib spread and pillow cover bound with colored checked gingham.
Ja356—Floor cushion made of glazed chintz with amusing appliqué.
Ja357—The new bathing apron made of a bath towel.
Ja358—Easily adjusted baby's beret knitted from soft wool.
Ja359—Washable towel cover for the tiny hot water bottle.
Ja360—Reversible crocheted afghan for crib or carriage.
Ja361—Thumbless mittens easily crocheted from soft wool.
Ja362—Baby's feeding bib, with bunny design.
Ja363—Knitted sacque with convenient front opening.
Ja364—Flannel carriage boots worn over shoes or stockings.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all ten. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



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Grand Opera on the Screen

(*Continued from page* 33)

"After all, opera is about the only form of dramatic art which hasn't been successfully put on the screen; you always liked pioneering, so why don't we tackle it?"

"I will give you a few reasons why we don't, my good woman," I declaimed. "In the first place grand opera is the most 'distant' form of drama since the Greek tragedies; even the actors' make-up today made me think of the Greek tragic mask. Like the Athenian drama, opera was made to be played a mile away from the audience and it has the same music, chorus, and slower-than-life tempo of Sophocles—"

"Just the same," said Clara.

"Just a minute," said I. "You know that the screen is just the opposite; the actor's face is enlarged until it is almost close enough to touch; the slightest change of mood, the flicker of an eyelash can be an important dramatic gesture, while in opera facial expression must be violent to be seen at all; the actor must use his whole body in exaggeration."

"And he usually has plenty of body," said Clara. "I see what you mean. Grand opera is the stage seen through a telescope while the screen is the stage seen through a microscope."

"Exactly," I agreed. "So how on earth can you work out a combination of those two opposite poles of dramatic craft?"

She pondered this.

"Too bad that opera singers have to be chosen for their voices," she said. "They have to work too hard to diet and you have to be as strong as a horse to sing opera anyhow."

"That's just the trouble," I put in. "A two-hundred-and-twenty-pound Parsifal may have a certain dignity when he's wearing the sweeping robes of the third act, but in the first act, as a stripling, with bare arms and legs and a little jerkin over his tummy I've always found him rather a melancholy spectacle."

"I know," she murmured sadly, "a hundred-and-ninety-pound Nedda wanting to fly away with the birds of the air, or a two hundred pound Carmen shaking layers of fat in Spanish rhythms to fascinate a fairly spherical Don Jose doesn't seem to give quite the dramatic touch which the music calls for."

"So you see, my dear," I concluded triumphantly, "that unless we can find enough really great singers of facial beauty, bodily attractiveness and fine acting ability —and I mean screen acting, not opera acting—we are, as you might say, stumped."

WE were passing the Hippodrome just as its audience was coming out. They had seen the same two works as we had but had paid a smaller admission. They had the air of people who had enjoyed the evening.

"There's the answer," said Clara, indicating the crowd. "With all its faults they love it still; and think of the millions of people in this country who are learning to love operatic music as brought to them by radio or phonograph, yet who never have had and probably never will have the chance to see a good performance of a whole opera!"

"Yes," I added, "and plenty of those who have seen a whole opera haven't the balmiest idea of what it's all about. They see a tenor sing for fifteen minutes at a soprano and guess that he's telling her he loves her, or else telling her he doesn't; and in either case they don't understand the scene moment by moment, as it progresses."

"That's why I'm so crazy to put opera on the screen," she exclaimed. "I'm tired of seeing it merely a luxury of the rich. We could open this art to millions who'd never know it otherwise; we could make it possible for children to be educated to a real appreciation of it in school; it would work just the way classical music has on the radio.

"JUST the same," I objected, "merely photographing regular opera won't do the trick. The screen public is trained to expect beauty for the eye as well as some sense of reality in acting and scenery. Those who are used to what happens in the opera house take it as a tradition and put up with it; but if we're going to reach for a new audience we've got to do something to prevent all dramatic values being entirely sacrificed to musical necessities."

"Well, that's *your* business," said Clara gently.

"Oh, it is, is it? Then just how do you suggest I go about it? The human face, when singing, is not a particularly beautiful object, even softened by the vast distances of the opera-house; magnified to the heroic proportions of the screen it becomes a convulsion of nature."

"Be that as it may," she said, "we both know opera and we both know pictures, and if we can't find a way to mix 'em up, it's just too bad."

"We can mix 'em up all right," I muttered as we reached our dwelling, "but the result may get us deported or impeached or something."

That night I began to wonder.

I wondered why, for some strange reason, the staging of grand opera, at least in America, seems to be the only one of the dramatic arts in which little or no progress has been made in the last sixty or seventy years; that once singers have learned their roles, it is considered unnecessary to have them rehearse together before a performance. As it was done in Milan in 1875 so it will be done in New York in 1934; every move, every gesture, some so lost in the haze of antiquity that the director is unable to tell the actor their meaning; in fact some of the older operas are so embalmed in tradition that they have about as much vitality as a canary preserved in alcohol.

I remembered a performance of "The Drunkard" we had seen recently.

This old play, presented in the same manner as it was in 1843, preserving all the theatrical traditions of that period was received with whoops of joy by a 1934 audience. The old-fashioned methods of stage-craft brought bursts of laughter, the artificiality of the acting shouts of glee. This venerable old work, which was considered good legitimate theater in the middle of the last century, bur-



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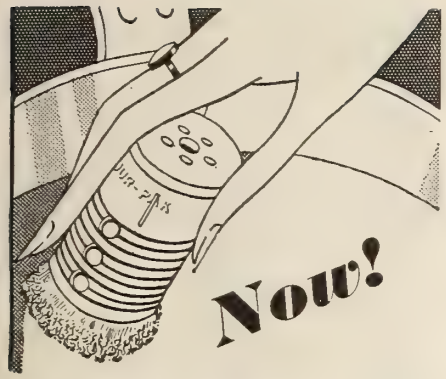
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Grand Opera on the Screen

lesqued itself when judged by modern taste in drama. Yet the purveyors of grand opera expect us to sit in reverent awe, see an equally antiquated work performed in early Victorian style, and accept it as seriously as did our grandparents.

Very few arts can live on an antiquarian value alone, and any art involving drama *must* reflect to some degree the point of view and dramatic customs of its current audience.

I fell into troubled sleep.

At lunch time, next day, Clara came bursting in with the news that she had taken her idea to the genial president of ERPI (Electrical Research Products Incorporated—to you) and that he was most interested; that ERPI was just perfecting its wide-range process which would be a big step forward in musical recording and reproduction and that a modern method of showing grand opera on the screen would be the best possible way of demonstrating their new improvements.

"So you see," she wound up, "we're practically committed to it; the only thing I'm not sure of is just how to do it."

"At least," said I, "if we knew how to do it it would have been done before."

"Gods! What wisdom!" she said, looking very Egyptian. When she looks like that I never know whether she is admiring or kidding me, and up to now I have been far too wise to find out.

It is unnecessary to go into the long conferences which followed. The idea was discussed from every point of view: technical, pictorial, educational and theatrical. It was decided that we make an experimental reel just to demonstrate what could be done in the new field and "Pagliacci" was chosen as subject matter.

CLARA and I secluded ourselves in a little house in California where we could look over the Pacific, dream dreams, and hear no external sounds but the soothing murmur of the distant surf. We had the opera with us, in the form of phonograph records, and with these we worked, timing the movement of every scene to the music; plotting every cut in the film on the musical score.

To make a new, singable translation of the libretto we were fortunate enough to enlist the services of our friend John Erskine, who has been so successful as a novelist that the general public has forgotten his earlier reputation as a poet.

As to the method involved we had decided to take the bull by the horns; to preserve the music inviolate but to abandon completely all the tradition of the opera-house.

"It's this way," Clara said one day. "Even if singers can act, they can't really put over drama while they're singing."

"Right," I agreed. "Singing is a full-time job and if a singer gets really emotional it goes to his throat and his singing goes to pot."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"Listen, child, and I will unfold the only way I think we can lick the problem."

"Proceed, O sage."

"Our problem has been to find a cast that can look and act like John Barrymore and at the same time sing like Caruso. This we have agreed cannot be done. But what if we had Caruso sing the role and then had Barrymore play it?"

"Great," she said, "but what about the lips—what'll Jack be doing with his mouth while Enrico is singing a three-bar note."

"His mouth will be in *statu quo*," I remarked. "That's the whole point. We won't pretend that Jack is singing; he'll be acting, expressing bar by bar what the other is singing but won't make the faces a singer has to make. Of course the actor's gesture, even his lips must keep time with the music; but he'll be free to *act*. We can come close to him and his face won't look like the Holland Tunnel surrounded by eyes and ears; he'll have freedom of movement and, best of all, we won't have to look at him all the time; we can cut to the gal who's listening and make a beautiful close-up carry the singer's difficult moments."

"And we can put real movement into it," Clara said. "We can give it all the flow of the silent picture."

"Sure! And I'll bet that if we do our job properly the audience will get more illusion of reality and certainly more beauty than they ever got in the opera house."

FOR several months we worked making a silent picture of Pagliacci, which would fit the music, not only scene by scene, but bar by bar. There could be no guess-work here. The director had to visualize and time his scene before he ever went near the stage; for recording purposes he had to prepare a chart giving the sound engineers the exact distance of the actor from the camera at each moment so that the tone perspective of the voice would agree with the visual perspective of the scene.

For the music had to be made first and, once made, could not be changed.

Back in New York, the script completed, we set about recording the music of the experimental reel. We had chosen the final scene of the first act, the famous *"Vesti la Giubba,"* to test our method in a long solo, and the opening scene of the second act as an example of ensemble work.

Under the magic baton of Alexander Smallens the music came to life and was safely recorded on film and wax.

It was with curious emotions that I faced my cast of four principals and a chorus of sixty and explained to them what we were going to do. They were to enact silently the voices which they would hear as they acted. They were not singers but actors; the singers would forever remain unseen by the audience, the actors remain unheard. We are welding the craft of the silent motion pictures to that of grand opera through the medium of recorded sound.

Is the experiment a success?

It is not for us to say. The little reel has gone to the public as an emissary of bigger things to come. At least it demonstrates one thing: if the public wants grand opera at movie prices in their home towns, they can have it.

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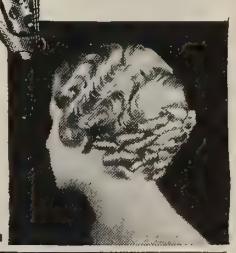
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State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frank J. McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1934.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.
(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 38)

invested it in a broken down livery stable where he plans to exhibit his collection of freaks. Boy, is she mad!!

"Give me that money!" she yells. "I could have gone home on that."

Wally attempts to pat her shoulder. "Why, honey," he says, "you wouldn't go away and leave me. . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" Janet turns and advances on him menacingly. Wally backs up fast. An open trunk catches him, just behind the knees and he collapses into it, comically.

After looking over the real Barnum and Bailey circus, that came to Hollywood late this Summer, Bess Meredyth and Gene Fowler got together and turned out this story of good old Barnum, which is supposed to be more or less authentic.

Adolphe Menjou does right smart with the role of "Bailey," Barnum's pal and eventual partner in freak collecting.

Virginia Bruce plays "Jenny Lind," the sweet singer, for love of whom poor Wally is fit to be tied.

It's a great exposé of life under the Big Top, and Wally reiterates the colossal crack made by the mighty Barnum as he counted the day's receipts:

"There's one born every minute!"

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN
•
RKO

Manhattan is certainly taking it on the chin these days. But then, what did Manhattan ever do for me that I should care?

Francis Lederer plays the part of a young immigrant, who, after saving exactly enough money to enter the United States, finds, upon arriving at Ellis Island, that the ante has been raised to four times as much as he is nursing in his continental high pockets.

It's been a long trip, and, figuring that the ride back won't be any shorter, Lederer does a swan dive off the port side and moves in on Manhattan without benefit of registration.

He falls in love with Ginger Rogers, a chorus girl who is between jobs. Her kid brother, Jimmy Butler, is selling newspapers to keep the home fires burning, but, because they think that even sisterly chorines are no good influence on a growing boy, the juvenile authorities have just decreed that Jimmy must give up his paper route and hie himself to a boy's school.

And, right here we walked on the set.

For nearly three minutes, the stage was Jimmy's.

By the time the scene was finished, Jimmy's cheeks were wet with real tears, and we were bawling like an orphaned calf! But then . . . Ginger had to dash over to have her mascara touched up and Director Stephen Roberts was blowing his nose significantly, so . . . I guess we're not the only cream-puff in the business.

So you won't worry about it, we'd better tell you that Francis eventually established his right to bring home the bacon in America, marries the girl, and saves Jimmy from the Juvenile Home.

Don Hartman furnished the idea and Norman Krasna made a story out of it.

THE LITTLE MINISTER
•
RKO

RKO is a swell studio and pretty wonderful in lots of ways. BUT, when Katharine Hepburn sets her foot down and says: "I'll have no reporters looking on while I'm working!", even though she doesn't say "Positively!" . . . well, Papa RKO just digs his toe in the dust and says: "Yes, ma'am!"

So, in the absence of that "personal" touch, we hope you won't mind contenting yourselves with a brief resumé of James M. Barrie's classic story about the young parson who strove to make religious order out of the chaos of a small Scottish town, nearly a hundred years ago.

John Beal, who plays the parson, is so good in his line that it isn't any time at all until everybody in town, including Alan Hale, the local sot, is trekking up the "straight and narrow" . . .

To escape the boredom of wealth and the gloom of her papa's castle, Hepburn rigs herself out like a gypsy and flutters through the woods, listening to the birdies and bees-ies . . .

Of course, Beal meets up with her, while communing with brooks and stones, and, in spite of the fact that he loves the apparently wanton lady, tries to reform her.

Discovering the romantic interlude in the life of their idol, and not recognizing Heppy, the congregation loses faith and starts to backslide like everything.

Hale falls off the wagon, and, blaming our Katie for the weak link in an otherwise strong chain, tries to kill the gal for shattering his religious illusions.

There is an industrial strike and lots of excitement, but, by the time the last foot of fillum has run through the sprocket, the strike is broken, Hale climbs back on the wagon, and John takes his gypsy woman into his strong arms . . . for keeps.

Director Richard Wallace has the enviable honor of putting Hepburn through her paces.

BORDERTOWN
•
WARNERS

There was an atmosphere of tense expectancy about the set. Paul Muni took Bette Davis roughly by the arm and yanked her unceremoniously into an office marked: "Private." Shutting the door, he walked menacingly toward her.

"I told you to stay away from me!" he speaks angrily. "What do you mean by disturbing me when I'm talking to a lady?"

(*Please turn to page* 72)

Of one thing I'm really sure F-O polish means allure



F-O polish...a real joy for every girl... in five becoming shades that apply evenly and have lasting luster.

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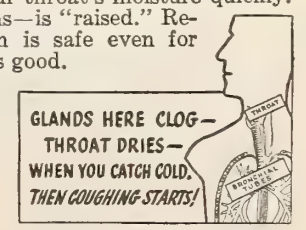
"MOIST-THROAT" method stopped Douglas' cough IN 2 DAYS!



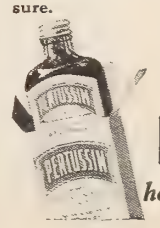
"Douglas had *such* a bad cough," writes Mrs. M. McKennett, Brooklyn. "Doctor advised 'Pertussin.' His cough didn't last two days!"

Extract of famous medicinal herb stimulates throat's moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Their healthy secretions change. Your throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture quickly. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.



● Doctors have used Pertussin effectively for over thirty years because it is always safe and sure.



● "It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.

PERTUSSIN

helps nature cure your cough

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page 71*)

"'Lady', huh?" Bette sneers. "Don't get ritzy, Johnny. I picked you out of the gutter and made you what you are!" She faces him defiantly. "I love you . . . and I won't stay away from you! I killed my husband to get you, and I'll . . . !"

"You'll stay away from me, you little so-and-so . . . or you'll meet the same fate as that husband of yours . . .!"

Director Archie Mayo calls: "Cut!" Muni's face relaxes in a smile. Bette grins back at him. And that's that.

Dissatisfied with life as a day laborer, Muni goes to night school and grabs himself a law diploma. Up against a smart lawyer, he loses his first case to the defense and his heart to the defendant, Margaret Lindsay.

Across the border, Muni pulls himself by his boot straps to a position of power and wealth as owner of a smart resort.

To get him for herself, Bette Davis leaves her drunken husband. But, after the gruesome deed is done, Paul turns her down cold and continues to pursue Miss Lindsay.

Repulsing his honest advances, Margaret leaps from his car and is killed by a passing motorist.

Seeing the folly of his greed for wealth and position, Paul returns to find happiness and peace among his own people.

JEALOUSY
•
COLUMBIA

Here's a "different" story, all about what goes through a prizefighter's mind from the time he takes it on the button right up to the "nine" count.

George Murphy, our leather-pushing hero, is almost late for his own knock-out because he's had a private fight with his girl friend, Nancy Carroll, because she won't duck working overtime with her handsome boss, Don Cook, in order to watch him fight.

Right in the middle of the fisticuffs, Murphy looks over the ropes, and what do you think? There sit Nancy and Don . . . just as plain! For a minute, George sees red. Then he sees stars. Because while he's leering at Don, the other scrapper drags a haymaker up from his ankle, planting it where it'll do the most good.

Waking up in his dressing-room, George knocks Don loose from his bridgework, marries the girl, and they almost live happily ever after. Nancy carries on with her job because their funds are practically non-existant.

Finding his wife with Cook, after hours again, George shoots him and is sentenced to the chair. As a last request, he asks that, for old times sake, the chaplain count ten over him as the current is turned on. . . .

— five — six — seven — eight — nine. . . .

And Murphy finds himself back in the ring . . . saved by the bell at the count of nine!

It's a novel idea, so don't blame the author, Argyle Campbell, too much if George gets up and knocks the champ cold in the next round.

IT'S A GIFT
•
PARAMOUNT

W. C. Fields is up to his old tricks (and a lot of new ones!) in this swell tale, by J. P. McEvoy and Charles Bogle.

The story is a simple one about the crazy adventures of a Hoboken family on a cross-country trek to sunny Californ-i-ay, but, the dialogue is something that ought to keep you gurgling for a long time. That's if you're a Fields fan. We are.

When W.C.'s Uncle Bean died, Fields is all for taking his inheritance and moving out West "where men are men until they meet West!"

His wife, Kathleen Howard, won't hear of such a notion.

Jean Rouverol, their young daughter, sides with her mother because she doesn't want to break up a nice romance with Julian Madison. But, Tommy Bupp, youngest of the family (and a rascal if there ever was one!), thinks it's a great idea.

Eventually, they set off, with young Tommy getting in everyone's way, the missus driving from the back seat, and Jean weeping silently all the way across the country.

On the set, Fields had everybody, including Director Norman McLeod, in hysterics over his crazy ad libbing!

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD
•
UNIVERSAL

Claude Rains fills in the white outline he made in "The Invisible Man" and gives the public a generous sample of what he can do "in the flesh."

Stooging for Lionel Atwill, a famous publisher, Rains writes pacifist articles while Atwill collects the glory.

Then comes the War, and while Atwill crawfishes on his pacifist standard, Rains shoulders a blunderbuss and courts cooties and pneumonia in the Allied trenches.

Safe at home, Lionel keeps the kettle boiling by making up to Claude's wife, Joan Bennett, trading on her passion for pretty clothes and rich surroundings until she takes her little daughter and moves in with the bounder.

Bitter and disillusioned, Rains returns from the war, calls on his betrayer and, while wifey looks on, draws his bayonet and follows through slicing just a notch above Mister Atwill's Adam's apple!

Taking the head, he puts it into a valise and goes to call on the family lawyer. Imagine his surprise when the family lawyer slaps him on the back and wonders why somebody hadn't thought of it before?

It seems that Atwill has been in the dog house for a long time, with the entire French republic just waiting for someone to up-and-at him!

Joan walks in with Baby Jane, asking timidly to be forgiven; and, with the prospect of exoneration in the offing, Claude takes her in his arms and all is well.

CONCEALMENT
•
WARNERS

Edward Ludwig directs this slightly hair-raising play, by Jean Bart and Sam Ornitz.

Leonard Ide's play about political entanglements took on all the aspects of a first class mystery when we came to this part of the plot:

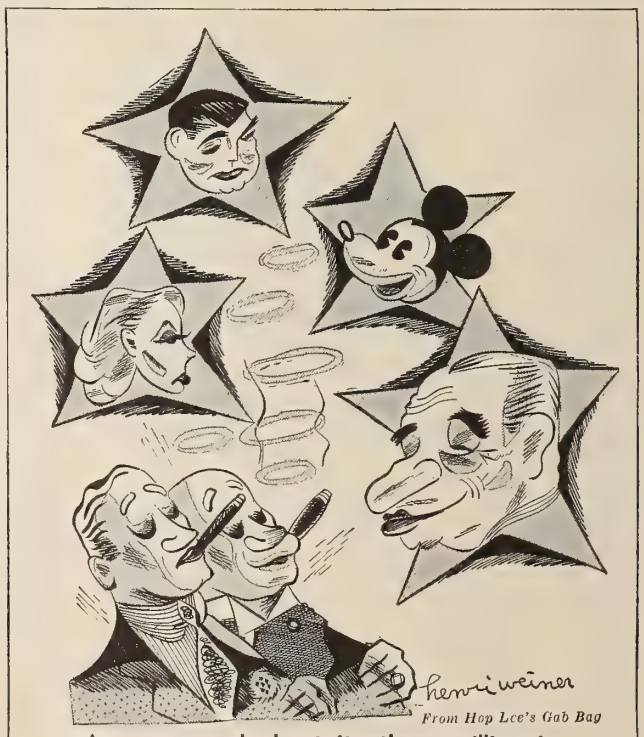
"Barbara Stanwyck has secretly married Warren William, Attorney General, when an investigator in William's office informs his boss that the secretary of a big financier, who had been convicted of embezzlement and pardoned by the governor (Barbara's father), had deposited $10,000 to the Governor's account."

It seems that this looks pretty bad for the Governor, especially when Warren goes through the dead man's private papers and finds a note, presumably from our worthy statesman, soliciting a bribe.

Before you can get your head out of water on the first batch of dirty work, the investigator is mysteriously murdered and, to keep his girl friend, Glenda Farrell, from taking the rap for it, Stanwyck goes on the stand, admits that she's married to Warren and tells enough to clear the girl.

After a lot of complications, the guilty party is finally brought to justice and Barbara and Warren settle down to live happily ever after.

And we'll just bet Director William Dieterle enjoyed a good night's sleep after untangling this one!



From Hop Lee's Gab Bag

Anyway you look at it—those millionaire film producers can thank their lucky stars!

FUGITIVE LADY
•
COLUMBIA

After her bad luck in being hospitalled out of the cast of "The Captain Hates The Sea," Florence Rice finally comes into her own as leading (fugitive) lady in this Columbia story by Albert De Mond.

Caught (innocently enough, too) in a stolen car, Florence is packed off to San Quentin in charge of a police matron. When the train, on which they are riding, is wrecked, the policewoman is killed, and Florence, with another woman's letter in her hand, is packed off to the parents of a man to whom the letter says she is married.

Neil Hamilton comes home, expecting to have it out with the wily adventuress who has trapped him into matrimony, and when he sees Florence . . . well, it's a pleasant surprise all around.

The kids fall in love and, not wanting to disillusion the old folks, plan to slip away and be secretly married. But, the crooked brother of the dead adventuress shows up just in time to complicate matters, that is, until Director William Nigh calls in the police force and shows the scoundrel up.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES
•
WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS

Walter Wanger presents this as the first of his productions. The idea is a daring pioneer venture.

Arthur Byron, as President of the United States, is beloved of his people because he has brought prosperity to them and kept them sanely out of war.

By propaganda and subsidized press, a group of war profiteers flood the nation with such slogans as "Collect the War Debts by Force," "Save America's Honor," etc., until the gullible people turn against their peace President and demand war!

Suddenly . . . just two hours before he is scheduled to address Congress . . . word is flashed around the world that the President of the United States has been kidnaped!

Startled out of their frenzy, the people turn their cries of "We Want War!" to a howl of "We Want Our President!"

Rioting breaks out. The profiteers frenziedly try to thwart the people by declaring the President "officially dead" so they can place the Vice President (who is their tool) in the White House.

While Edward Arnold, the Secretary of War, works day and night investigating the abduction, Paul Kelly, young secret service agent, follows a long-shot hunch and catches up with our President in the hide-out of a pro-war fanatic, who is just about to murder him, as Paul appears and shoots first.

With the return of their leader, the people about face and rally round their Chief as, over the radio, he pleads for preparedness for war, only if America is attacked.

The story, while problematical, is quite pertinent and ought to give us something to think about.



OVENSERVE *dishes make a big hit as Christmas gifts*

OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive Table dishes you can use for oven baking!

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you can bake meat loaf or fish, and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles too, the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single OvenServe dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

They dress up a table. Yet you can safely bake in them. Lift them out with a damp cloth, if you like. Set them hot, on a cold wet surface . . . they won't crack.

Save on the dishwashing, too, because no pots and pans are needed. And the dishes themselves have a fine high glaze that nothing sticks to—easy to wash.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. They don't mind cold any more than heat.

Cost a lot? No, indeed. They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.



ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Dinner dishes! In a delicate ivory tone, embossed, and beautifully decorated with platinum bands and striping. Complete dinner service or by the piece. Open stock.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT MANY

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MRS. BOYER'S BERGDORF GOODMAN GOWN IS OF UNCUT VELVET.

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MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MISS ANNE GOULD, *New York*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, *New York*
MISS EVELYN WATTS, *New York*



Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost everyone is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

Camels are Milder!.. made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos
..Turkish and Domestic.. than any other popular brand

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New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1935

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WHY I'D HATE TO BE A MOVIE STAR



"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES



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"SPLENDID!"—SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would *never* receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw foods, the gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning signal.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise, you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

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JAN - 4 1935

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 2 • • • FEBRUARY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • Mary Marshall, Director of Home Service; John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Hugh Ryan, Art Director • Verne Noll, Associate Art Director.

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

SOME of you probably wonder, from time to time, why pictures of certain stars appear on movie magazine covers more often than others. And some of you, too, may wonder why your own favorite star does not appear. There are many reasons: Sometimes a new personage sweeps the country by storm, capturing the hearts and minds of the vast movie-going public, as in the case of Anna Sten; sometimes, it is an old favorite, who again zooms into prominence; but often it is the dear-to-the-heart-of-the-public type of star, whose performances, year after year, give her deeper hold on your affections.

Such is the case, this month, in the selection of Norma Shearer, for the place of honor on NEW MOVIE'S cover. Norma, besides being an outstanding actress, of great talent and charm, is also one of Hollywood's most delightful persons. She is a good wife and an excellent mother, and in addition to her never-ending home-work, she brings you a new picture every several months. And now, our Nemo reports, Norma is again to play the greatest role a woman can play. About the time you read this, or shortly afterward, Norma will present her husband, Irving Thalberg, with another child. She hopes that it will be a girl, so that little Irving Jr., will have a little sister for a companion.

• • •

In every issue of NEW MOVIE, you find stories which the editor refers to as "personality stories." These are planned to give you an intimate picture of some star whom you would like to know better. Such a story is the one Elsie Janis is preparing for you on Walter Connolly, who, from a small beginning in a Columbia picture just a year and a half ago, has steadily and surely won for himself a vast following. They say, in Hollywood, that if every studio wants to borrow you, you are a success. In Mr. Connolly's case, this is indeed true. For in the last several months, in addition to picture work at his own studio, he has been busily engaged in giving sterling performances for Fox, Paramount, and other major producers. Elsie Janis, who knew him during his early stage successes in New York, has done another vivacious article that we are sure you will like.

• • •

When it was rumored that Edward J. Flynn, astute New York politician, was to succeed Will Hays as head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, the leading executives of the movies, quite unknown to Mr. Hays, issued a round robin denial of the report. The general belief is that Mr. Hays has made such a good job of his current clean-up of the movies that he has become too valuable to displace. There is no question but that the church organizations which initiated the clean-up are, in the main, satisfied with Mr. Hays' conduct of it. But is his censorship going too far, and entering the field of politics as well as that of sex vulgarity? The report comes from Hollywood that Walter Wanger's production, "The President Vanishes," has been having hard sledding at the hands of Hays censors because it is a political caricature. Certainly the industry and Mr. Hays would do well to shun political censorship of the movies, and as a friend of the industry and Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, NEW MOVIE hopes that the changes, if any, ordered in "The President Vanishes" will be in its moral rather than political tone.

• • •

It is the custom in certain smart Manhattan and Hollywood circles to laugh at the so-called "British invasion" of the American movie business. The scoffers point out that London Films have so far delivered but two winners, "Catherine the Great," and "Henry the Eighth," while another great English producer, Gaumont British, has only come through with "Power" and "Chu Chin Chow." No other English producer has yet rung the bell on this side, although Herbert Wilcox's "Nell Gwyn" is rated as having possibilities of becoming an American box-office hit. True, all this does not make the "invasion" anything for American producers to worry over, but on the other hand five important attractions in one year might well become ten important pictures in two years, fifteen in three years, and so on. It is not beyond possibility that the English producers may yet be making twenty to twenty-five per cent of the pictures that American fans pay their money to see. Big conquests grow from little "invasions" and the scoffers better not bet.

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

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SOFT, lovely skin is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it.

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's easy to guard against this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly is actually leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually the pores become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear, blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with this safe, sure care 9 out of 10 screen stars use!



To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, thousands of girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' complexion care. The ACTIVE lather of Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*—protects the skin.

NRA CODE

RE-VAMPING THE STARS

No matter how beautiful they are originally there isn't a girl in the world that the studios can't improve upon and make more beautiful and glamorous than you'd ever believe

By KATHRYN WHITE





Above is Norma Shearer in pre-studio days; right, the Norma you see today.



Look at Garbo as she arrived from Sweden, compared with the Garbo styled by studio experts.





Dietrich offers a less startling contrast. Beauty was visible, just under the surface.





But Joan Crawford was another matter. Can you recognize her in the old photo?



The process of re-styling still goes on. Josephine Hutchinson, before and after.





When it comes to beautiful gals, the movies are just like men . . .

First they see her, and want her. So they begin to make love to her.

They tell her she's beautiful and wonderful and magnificent and just the kind of gal they've always been looking for. They tell her her hair is like spun gold and her teeth are like pearls and her eyes are like stars. They tell her the way she walks is grand and the way she talks is gorgeous, and, in short, that everything about her is just simply perfect!

And they keep on with that line, and with all sorts of pretty-worded propositions until the poor gal just gives in and says yes.

And so they sign her up for life, or something. With men, it's marriage; with the movies, it's a contract on the dotted line. And anyway, whichever it is, they've got her.

And so what?

Why, then they go to work on the poor honey, and they tell her that everything about her is all wrong. They tell her her hair is blah and her teeth are haywire and her eyes are lopsided. They tell her she walks like a sway-backed horse, and talks like a cow. In short, that everything about her is wrong, all wrong. And so, they proceed to remake her—to make her all over. Or try to, anyway.

And if you don't believe it, ask any beautiful gal who has said "Yes" to the movies. Ask Margaret Sullavan. Or Josephine Hutchinson. They know. So does Garbo, because they did it to her. And Shearer. And all of them. Ask them. Ask Ketti Gallian, that luscious little French dame Winnie Sheehan signed for Fox, over in Paris, and whom they've been making over for almost a year, and who's so darned mad about it that she says her mother won't ever forgive them for what they're doing to her.

When Fox signed Ketti, it was after telling her how utterly perfect she was, and how long they'd been looking for somebody just like her. Those eyes, uh! That honey hair, ah! Those curves—ooh la la; Them teeth—bay-bee! And Ketti signed on the dotted line and came to Hollywood and WHAM!

First thing they sailed into was the hair. That honey color that got Sheehan all dithery just wouldn't photograph honey color, so they lightened it a half-dozen shades and changed *THAT*. The wardrobe department looked at the curves that had thrilled Sheehan, and said they were lovely, *BUT!* And Ketti had to go on a diet, and eat spinach and spinach and spinach and a lot of fancy things with glandular something or other that raised the dickens with the curves and changed *THAT*. And they sicked a masseuse on her who slapped and pounded her once or twice a day on the you-know and changed *THAT*, too.

And the way she talked—oh my, oh my! It sounded swell in Paris but lousy in a microphone, they told her. And so for hours a day she was tutored in proper American pronunciation to combat her cute French accent and that changed *THAT*. Then they went to work on her face and even changed *THAT!* They shifted her eyebrows from where Dame Nature had put them, to somewhere 'way up near the hairline, and they looked at her lovely round cheeks and decided that she ought to have a caved-in look like Dietrich's face, so they yanked a flock of wisdom teeth and molars and changed *THAT*.

And finally, after weeks had run into months and months had added up to almost a year, Ketti Gallian, who didn't look, act, sound like the Ketti Gallian Fox had originally signed, blew up on the set one day and yelled:

"I am sick of this. I can't stand any more of this! They signed me because they thought I was pretty—and now look what they've done to me! I don't like the way I look—and my mother will never forgive them for spoiling me!"

But it's not really that Ketti isn't as beautiful as her mother thinks; it's just the darn business of lights, the shadows they cast, AND the camera that causes all the trouble.

She *IS* beautiful . . . just as beautiful as Mr. Sheehan, her mother and all the Parisians who saw her on the stage thought her. But that doesn't mean a thing when the camera goes to work. The gals shouldn't be so bitter, and the public should not assume that they are not gorgeously lovely creatures simply because a few things have to be done to 'em to satisfy that old demon . . . camera.

You'll see Ketti in Fox's "Marie Galante." But the Ketti Gallian you'll see in "Marie Galante" will NOT be the Ketti Gallian Mr. Sheehan saw and signed in Paris.

KETTI'S not the only one. Ah, no. Consider Margaret Sullavan—

Margaret says she never was sold on herself as a beauty, until the movies told her she was one. This time, it was Universal Studios, and in New York they sang the same tune into Margaret's ears—"you're wonderful, you're perfect, you're just the type we've been looking for," and all that sort of thing.

"So I took a look at my face in the mirror," said Margaret, "and I said to myself: 'Well, Sullavan, maybe there's something there that you've missed. Maybe you've got that ephemeral thing or what-do-you-call-it that is Beauty.'

"And so I fell for the song and dance, and I signed with Universal. And wait till I tell you what they did to me . . .

"The first day I was in Hollywood, they looked me over—the make-up boys and the cameramen and the executives and the directors and the yes-boys and the no-boys. And whatever it was that was so beautiful when they wanted to hire me, they now wanted to change.

"They began with a mole on my left cheek. In New York, they'd told me that that was the clincher—that that was the mark of beauty. So they took it off! That was the first sacrifice.

" 'You have to have new teeth,' they said, next. 'Yours need repairing and straightening anyway, and so we might as well take out that whole upper row, there, and give you a nice new plate.' "

But Margaret would have none of that. She stood her ground, and so they compromised on a shield—one of those fake fronts that fits over one's real teeth and (*Please turn to page* 67)

A WASHDAY THRILL TO GLADDEN ANY HEART



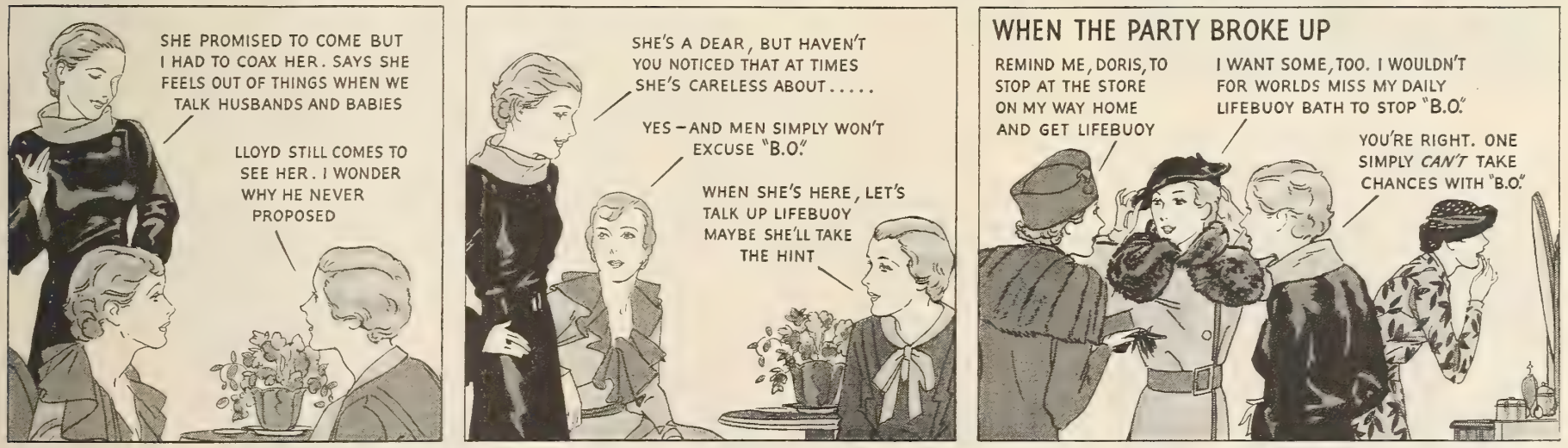
SAVE time, work, money on washday—use Rinso! See what rich, lively suds it gives—*even in hardest water*. Recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers—by the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers. Safe for finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Wonderful for dishes and *all* household cleaning. Easy on the hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG "economy" package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest selling package soap in America

HELPFUL HINT SPEEDS SLOW ROMANCE

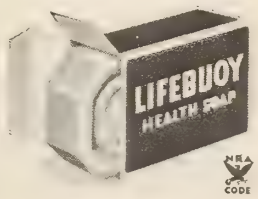




SO MILD yet so effective. Cleansing deeply, thoroughly, without a trace of harshness. No wonder complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle, pore-purifying action—glow with new radiant health.

Perspire in winter?

Yes—a *quart* daily, science says! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It lathers richly, *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



DAVID COPPERFIELD
(M-G-M)
A careful, beautifully done version of the Dickens novel. See page 18, and if you can still resist going to see it, something's certainly wrong.

•



FORSAKING ALL OTHERS
(M-G-M)
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy. Sophisticated comedy, bound to please you.

•



FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE
(Paramount)
Paul Lukas, international crook, steals diamonds for Gertrude Michael but is cleverly outwitted by Walter Connolly, as Father Brown, a Catholic priest.

•



MILLS OF THE GODS
(Columbia)
May Robson is grandmother to a prosperous plow company and a batch of youngsters who bleed her for her money. With Victor Jory and Fay Wray.

•



ENCHANTED APRIL
(RKO)
Ann Harding and Frank Morgan, married, have a falling out, but April in Italy brings romance back again. Romance and some comedy, too.

ON THE SET with the COMING PICTURES

Picking that picture for to-night is always a bit of a problem. Let BARBARA BARRY, our studio scout, help you with it

MAYBE we're wrong, but the story of the dashing young prince who falls in love with a charming commoner and is obliged sadly to relinquish a great love in favor of duty to his country, sounds very, oh, very familiar.

From the sidelines, we watched Ramon Novarro dish out his own particular brand of Amorous Advance to the properly reluctant, though charming, commoner, Miss Evelyn Laye.

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
•
M-G-M

It seems that, to cover up his romance with a gold-digging Countess, Ramon has hired Evelyn, a ballet dancer, to pose as his real amour. And, to keep her job in the Royal Opera House, Miss Laye agrees to accept the job of inamorata in name only.

Out of camera range, Vicki Baum, the author, watched the scene with critical intensity. No one was going to take her brain child and part its hair the wrong way! However, at the finish of the shot, her face relaxed and, with a swift smile for Director Dudley Murphy, she signified her complete approval.

Back in a dark corner, swathed from chin to heels in a swanky military cape, Edward Everett Horton dozed comically in his canvas chair. Lower and lower his head would droop and just about the time it looked as though the poor man must pitch over on the floor, he'd snap into an erect position and start all over!

The sets are really gorgeous. And, the cast . . . well, just give a look! Novarro, Laye, Horton, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Donald Cook, Cecilia Parker, Albert Conti, Henry Stephenson, and a lot more!

Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg gave their all on lyrics and music. And, with Ramon crooning the strictly Viennese ditties, we'll be big enough to overlook the triteness of the plot.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935
•
WARNERS

THERE'S music in the air this month! Which'll it be, folks . . . Hammerstein? . . . or Warren and Dubin, who go to town on some right snappy numbers for the new "Gold Diggers" opus?

We really needn't tell you that Dick Powell has the star spot as yodeller supreme, because, after all, who but our Dick could turn on the harmony "as you like it"?

Dick is a young medical student, clerking in a fashionable hotel during vacations.

He falls in love with Gloria Stuart, whose mother, a snooty widow, wants to impress the social world with her affluence by putting on a benefit show for the milk fund.

Which brings us to what we've been waiting for all the time, with a hey, nonny-nonny and a One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Kick!

The chorus numbers are, if anything, more elaborately beautiful than ever before. And Busby Berkeley, who has heretofore directed nothing but the dance numbers, is having a fling at putting the entire company through its paces.

The day we stuck our nose on the set, Dick and Gloria were strolling the entire length of a colossal hotel lobby singing "I'll Go Shopping with You."

Starting at the far end, they walked slowly, looking fondly into each other's eyes and saying it with music, followed every step of the way by the rubber-tired camera and most of the crew.

Gloria's snobbish mother objects to her daughter's romance with what she considers a "nobody." But, after she gets the (*Please turn to page* 63)

2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture that wins

SCREEN FAME!



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

SEQUOIA

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN
Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops . . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

•

Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battle-fields and in the ball-rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS
IN
The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING
TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

•

NOVA PILBEAM, *in* LITTLE FRIEND;
CHU CHIN CHOW; POWER;
EVELYN LAYE *in* EVENSONG;
JACK HULBERT *in* JACK AHOY;
JESSIE MATTHEWS *in* EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .

GB GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

Charles Butterworth, Billie Burke, Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Forsaking All Others."

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Clark Gable has the honor of opening our gallery this month, for two good reasons. First, because a nation-wide poll of exhibitors shows him still to be running in first place in popularity. Second, because he is kind, honest, loyal; a fine actor and a fine man.

Tanner



IN FRENCH, TETE-A-TETE. The last two stars we ever expected to see teamed in this world were Myrna Loy and Cary Grant. Their personalities and pictures are as unlike as black and white. But teamed they are, as fellow aviators, in "Wings in the Dark."



IN ENGLISH, CHEEK TO CHEEK. It's hard to believe, that Anita Louise and Tom Brown, are old enough to get married, but married they'll be, if the talk is true. For once the casting department has a heart, too, because they're together in "Bachelor of Arts."



THE CHARM OF ROMANCE. Every now and then the studios bring over another foreign hero for us, with loud blowing of trumpets. Francis Lederer is one of the rare few with staying-power. "Romance in Manhattan" was weak, but if he does "The Three Musketeers" we may have a new Fairbanks.



THE CHARM OF BOYISHNESS. When juveniles are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. Robert Young, thank heaven, is very good. His latest is "The Band Plays On."

The New Movie Magazine, February, 1935



THE CHARM OF RESTRAINT. Whatever it is that these quiet British chaps have, America seems to enjoy it. Herbert Marshall can do more with a fleeting smile than most actors can do with dynamite.



THE CHARM OF DIGNITY. Henry Stephenson is not a star. You generally see him as somebody's aristocratic father, or as a gruff, kindly old uncle. A cultured, experienced, cosmopolitan gentleman, his charm comes out clearly on the screen. You'll see him next as the Emperor in "The Night Is Young."



Otto Dyar

WARNER BAXTER. Why should we tell you that Warner Baxter will be with Janet Gaynor in "One More Spring," we'd like to know? Shucks, you'll just go and see the dern ol' picture anyway. And did you see his grand performance in Columbia's "Broadway Bill"?



Eugene Robert Richee

CLAUDETTE COLBERT. **A year ago she was in a slump. It happened one day that she turned comedienne in "It Happened One Night." Then tragedienne in the gilt "Cleopatra." And now Claudette triumphs with Fred MacMurray in "The Gilded Lily."**

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S

MOVIE FAVORITES

Continuing our series of Favorite Stars of Famous Men. Last month Sinclair Lewis chose Hepburn. Now Nathan picks *three!*

By DOUGLAS GILBERT

IMAGINE my surprise when I asked George Jean Nathan, a short time ago, to discriminate among the fair of Hollywood, to select her who stood above her talkie sisters in point of glamour and ability—and he complied. Complied? He fairly showered me with choices, awarding three apples, one each to Loretta Young, Jean Muir and Sylvia Sidney, for reasons you will hereinafter be informed.

An academic skeptic, the First Critic of our legitimate theater, a delightful sneerer of the screen, it was Mr. Nathan's erstwhile habit to lock himself in his ivory tower in the Hotel Royalton here in New York communing with himself and the higher drama and available only upon the stage whisper of Eugene O'Neill.

I hadn't known that in these recent years Mr. Nathan had been slinking into movie palaces. The drama had always been his one escape. It is a curious, but heartening, unmasking, Mr. Nathan's sudden interest in the films; for here is what he said to me but a few years ago:

"The talkies are but fifteen-cent theater. The best I ever saw was 'Under the Roofs of Paris.' (A French film he saw abroad.) It was ingenious; but ingenious trash."

Now, this February, under the cinema's broadening influence, Mr. Nathan issues the following ukase:

"I place in nomination these three women of the screen:

"Loretta Young for her ability to play love scenes with infinitely more effectiveness than any of her contemporaries. She has, above all the others, the gift of convincing 'looking,' that is, the persuasion of an audience that her eyes are acting synchronously and dramatically with her ears. A number of screen players 'listen' skilfully, but no one save Miss Young, in my opinion, so well combines the aforesaid 'listening' and 'looking.' In addition, there is a warm, womanly quality in her that distinguishes her from many of her highly artificialized and spuriously arctic sisters.



James Montgomery Flagg

George Jean Nathan, the ogre of Broadway, and the most feared of American drama critics.

"Secondly, I would nominate as the best straight acting performance that I have seen in the last year that of Jean Muir in something called 'Desirable.' No other single performance that I have observed equals it.

"In the third place, I should make note that, when it comes to substantial dramatic equipment in general, there is perhaps no young woman on the screen so competent as Sylvia Sidney. But it seems to be Miss Sidney's fate to be placed, in the majority of instances, in pictures that afford her no opportunity to demonstrate her talents."

HERE is a forthright appraisal, and I trust Mr. Nathan's celluloid harem will be duly appreciative. Others, including myself, will be apprehensive. Let us take each of the Nathan girls in our stride. What truck, to begin, can Mr. Nathan have with Loretta Young? I think she is his most amazing choice. Mind you, I am not quarreling with Miss Young's ability, the ability Mr. Nathan rewards her with possessing. I, too, admire her love scenes. Oh, how I admire them.



Kenneth Alexander

Loretta Young for her ability to play love-scenes . . .

But what does Miss Young represent? In my opinion, something that Mr. Nathan instinctively rebels at—a good girl. She is the queen exponent of adolescence. She is always the girl playing at being a grown-up lady. In black velvet she is stunning. But you always feel as though she has been rummaging in mother's attic trunk, and dressing up. This is no flaw in Loretta's screen technique. On the contrary, it is an asset, a decided box-office asset. For she convinces adults that she is your own little girl, and you don't want to see her "done wrong" by the city slicker who is on the make. This is a curious expression of Loretta's career, for she is an old-timer in the films and it should long have given way in the light of her experience.

There is a yarn—probably a press-agent phony—that she was hired by Mervyn LeRoy because her voice was so appealing over the telephone. As the story goes, he called up one day to ask why her sister, Sally Blane, (also a film player) was not on the lot. Loretta answered and informed Mr. LeRoy that Sally had a bad cold. In substance he told her he liked her voice and, informed that she resembled her sister, asked her to report. She did, and the rest of it is already known to you.

What matters is that it could have happened. Insouciance, naïvete, are the characteristics of Miss Young. She could well have answered the telephone as she is supposed to have answered it. She is the epitome of innocence. And I, for one, cannot fancy a sophisticate like G. J. N., who is never without the aloe in his pocket, tolerant of any such pristine, fundamental quality. For Mr. Nathan has ever followed the precept of Meredith that a strong sin is better than a weak virtue.

Another thing, (which should be anathema to Mr. Nathan), Miss Young has had virtually no stage training. She went to the screen practically cold. And with a frightful start since she supported Lon Chaney, as her first bow, in "Laugh Clown, Laugh." This was pretty tough living down, especially when, as the girl foil of Edward G. Robinson in "The Hatchet Man," she was dubbed the "female Lon Chaney."

In this film her make-up required her to assume the character of a Chinese maiden. And if you don't think this was a tough job try pasting fish-skin over the corners of your eyes, fasten it with collodion to make your eyes slant and then catch the free ends of the fish-skin with adhesive tape. You'll be something besides a Toya San after one



Eugene Robert Richee

Sylvia Sidney for substantial dramatic equipment in general . . .



Elmer Fryer

Jean Muir for the best straight acting performance . . .

hour. Loretta lived it down, despite such latter vehicles as "Employes Entrance" in which she suffered the lot of all stars—trying to salvage miles of celluloid tripe with a good performance.

Happily, she got her chance in "Life Begins," and again in the recent "The White Parade." This is the nurse-hospital yarn in which Loretta was permitted to display the full extent of her talents which is first sincerity, and secondly, as Mr. Nathan well says, the art of "listening" while "looking."

It would be nice to record a similar advance in the career of Sylvia Sidney. "Behold, My Wife" gave her little opportunty. (I find myself, however unwittingly, justifying Mr. Nathan.) Paramount, I regret to record, exercises no more judgment, despite the once benign interest of Mr. B. P. Schulberg, with Miss Sidney than they did with Tallulah Bankhead whose fine flair for high comedy they muffed repeatedly.

Just so with Miss Sidney, her dramatic talents, save for her beautiful performance in United Artists' "Street Scene," are continually wasted. She has a fine sense of dramatic pathos. She is always, and I speak now of her portrayals, the girl who is forever being done wrong by. And she plays these roles with such fortitude that one weeps at her strength—and the futility of it all.

This strength of Miss Sidney's doubtless is what appeals to Mr. Nathan. His own life is based on a similar assurance, an identical poise. Miss Sidney, however miscast, is never wrong in her roles. Neither is Nathan in his. He is as sure of his pose, a sureness based on experience, as she. He is the only man of our town and time who has justified a pose. Indeed, he lives by provocative epigrams:

"To help a man (or woman) with talent you've got to kick down him who hasn't got it . . . Reinhardt is fading out in Europe (this was before he was forced out by Hitler). .He is no longer the great director who sees through the playwright's manuscript, but indulges himself in excessive scenic mountings—a money spender." (He told me all this a few years ago, and how correct it is today! Have you West Coasters seen his "Midsummer Night's Dream" extravaganza?)

Well, Sylvia is like that—like Nathan, I mean —the calm exterior, but seething within. The Nathan-Sidney academic affiliation is easy to understand. Far easier than his admiration of Jean Muir, that juvenile madonna with a face not just too sweet.

Jean has the most regular features of any girl in Hollywood—the dream of camera men who have said that hers is "the most perfect photographic face." They also add that "a blind man could snap her and she'd still photograph swell." This is probably publicity bunk for I have seen her mugged by the news-camera men at the Deauville Beach Club, and, dare I write it?, she was no bargain.

I rather believe that what Mr. Nathan essentially admires in Miss Muir is her forthrightness. She is as courageous as Katharine Hepburn. Like Katie the firebrand, Miss Muir's "No" means No. She has no illusions about Hollywood or screen art generally.

Only in Hollywood little more than a year, she said recently—"the trouble with Hollywood is that there are too many persons here who think the entire world revolves around them." An undiplomatic statement, possibly, but Miss Muir has the honesty always to call a spade a shovel.

She once told a friend of mine that she expected to stay only six months in the cinema; thought the studio executives crazy to bring her out there, and crazier to keep her. Maybe this is a pose, but I don't think so. She has too much innate assurance.

As do her Nathanian sisters, Miss Young and Miss Sidney, she suffers, too, by miscasting and poor stories. It was a frightful thing to make her bear the brunt of cen- (*Please turn to page* 53)





ELIZABETH ALLAN
as David Copperfield's Mother



HUGH WILLIAMS
as J. Steerforth



HUGH WALPOLE
as the Vicar of Blunderstone



ELSA LANCASTER
as Clickett the "Orfling" Slavey of the Micawber Family



ROLAND YOUNG
as Uriah Heep



JEAN CADELL
as Mrs Micawber



VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
as Miss Jane Murdstone

In all the customs and costumes of a by-gone age, like the portraits in the old family album, the characte



LIONEL BARRYMORE
as Dan. Peggotty



EDNA MAY OLIVER
as Aunt Betsy Trotwood



W. C. FIELDS
as Micawber



JESSIE RALPH
as Clara Peggotty



UNA O' CONNOR
as Mrs Gummidge



LENNOX PAWLE
as Mr Dick



FRANK LAWTON
as David Copperfield
as a young man



MAUREEN O' SULLIVAN
as Dora Spenlow



HERBERT MUNDIN
as Barkis



BASIL RATHBONE
as Edward Murdstone

n "David Copperfield" will be presented to you soon. The immortal Dickens classic is being made by M-G-M





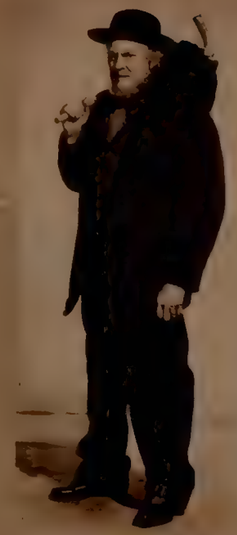
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as Edward Murdstone

In all the customs and costumes of a by-gone age, like the portraits in the old family album, the characters in "David Copperfield" will be presented to you soon. The immortal Dickens classic is being made by M-G-M

That GAY GIRL GINGER

Elsie Janis catches the breath-taking Ginger Rogers on a flying trip to New York and writes an equally breathless interview for you

By

ELSIE JANIS



John Michle

Leila Rogers, Ginger's mother, had her dancing in vaudeville long before she ever grew up into the glorious, sparkling dancing-partner of Fred Astaire, in "The Gay Divorcée."



Wide World

At the New Movie luncheon, along with Ginger, were the Duncan Sisters, Eddie Cantor, and Harry Hirshfield, the cartoonist. Below: Ginger with Elsie Janis.



Wide World



Metropolit

GINGER has everything. Everything, including a "swell" mama! By the time you read this both of the Rogers girls, who suggest a successful sister act more than a mother and daughter, will be back in Hollywood. New York's loss and mine. They were new friends who seemed like old ones. I'm rapidly falling for the "go East now and then for excitement" theory to which so many of the screen stars cling consistently.

No sooner had I arrived in the Metropolis than a streak of bright sunshine, done up in a suit of chic cinnamon brown, swept across my path. I rubbed my eyes and said to a young fellow who knows most everything, "Who's that?" The young fellow's eyes, which are famously round and permanently popped, outdid themselves as he learned that I could live in Hollywood and not know Ginger Rogers. Biting the dust of embarrassment, I explained that one can be too close to beauty to recognize it. I really didn't have to explain to him. This knight of the round lamps was Eddie Cantor and he knows his Hollywood.

He and I were sort of guest of honoring it side by side at a luncheon given by the A. M. P. A. (Association of Motion Picture Advertisers.) Ginger was snatched off a train and whisked into the party as a delightful *piece de resistance*. In a speech for which she was "quite unprepared" she gave me the impression of a gal who was born prepared for most anything. When I met her mother I knew why Ginger balances a cool "bean" under that crop of carrot-colored curls.

The luncheon was given in honor of the Publisher of Tower Magazines, of which NEW MOVIE is one, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of their founding. The guests included many famous actors and actresses of the screen and stage and many of the finest performers on the air, as well as leaders in business and social circles. As the festivities drew to a close, I saw the Tower clan forming a group. With a light of enthusiasm gleaming in my Ginger-stalking eyes, I dashed up to them.

"What about getting a story on her now?" I nodded in the direction of the vivacious Ginger, who was surrounded by admirers.

"Swell!" said the editor, being himself.

"Splendid!" said the lady boss,

Ginger hopped the train to Hollywood about five minutes after this interview.

adding a touch of refinement to the conversation.

"I'll get her now!" said Janis the intrepid.

Before I could make my speech which was rapidly prepared while crossing the room, Ginger held out her hand saying, "Miss Janis, I am so happy to meet you. I've always admired you and I love your articles in NEW MOVIE." Well, now I ask you! Even if I hadn't already thought she was grand and been all set to tell her how I had been watching her ever since she sauntered into the picture "Forty-Second Street," how I had been thrilled by her performance in "Gay Divorcée" and a lot of other things, I would have had to be old lady Gibraltar herself not to waver under that barrage of flattery which, delivered in the frank, unaffected Rogers manner, sounded extremely sincere.

"I want to do one about you!" I said on recovering my equilibrium, "but if you are only going to be here five days you will probably be too busy."

"I won't be too busy," said Ginger. "Say when you want to see me and I'll put off something else."

The Press surrounding us stirred a little impatiently.

"Tuesday lunch?" I gasped.

"Absolutely. Where?"

A camera man edged in. "May we get a picture, Miss Rogers?"

"Sure. Just a minute. Where?" Ginger repeated.

"Algonquin. One o'clock." I said, and was carried away on a tide of Rogers rooters.

Tuesday morning, I came in from the country early. I wasn't taking any chances. At the Algonquin my phone rang and a secretarial voice said, "I'm speaking for Miss Rogers. Miss Ginger Rogers," she added.

If she breaks this date I'll never believe in Santa Claus or Roosevelt again, I thought. "Yes! What is it?" I said somewhat frigidly.

"Miss Rogers wants to know if you would mind lunching with her in her apartment. She was up very late and——"

"Certainly not. I'd love it!" I cut in. "Where?"

"Waldorf Towers."

"O. K." What is it about those Towers that lures the cinema stars? They make me dizzy, yet every time I want to see a pal from Hollywood I have to be shot up practically to heaven and nobody's handing out wings.

Ginger was fairly conservative. She was only on the twenty-seventh floor. She opened the door herself. A very different Ginger from the brown and gold stream of sunshine that blinded the A. M. P. A'ers. Still sunshine, but of a more placid and pale variety. The carrot curls are slicked back from the extremely white brow. They nestle resignedly in the nape of a slender and equally white neck. She looks much (*Please turn to page* 54)





Wide World

Real names: On the marriage license Ginger signed "Virginia Katherine McMath," and Lew signed, "Lewis Frederick Ayer."



Wide World



Wide World

Left: Ginger and Lew cut their wedding cake. Above: Mary Brian, Ginger's mother, and Janet Gaynor. Mary and Janet were bridesmaids.

RALPH BELLAMY tells on FREDRIC MARCH

Sometimes your best friend *does* tell, and Ralph says Fredric March is an incurable clown

By RALPH BELLAMY

Editor's Note: Few persons could be so well qualified to present an intimate picture of Fredric March as Ralph Bellamy. The two families are Hollywood's most popular social foursomes, and their close association enables Ralph Bellamy to reveal the unknown Freddie March whom we should all like to know.

SERIOUS as he appears on the screen, the Freddie March I know is a born comedian. Sometimes I suspect he is possessed of an imp, for the way he gets into mischief is little short of diabolical.

But try to put your finger on his humor, and it eludes you. He makes fun on the spur of the moment, and will seize upon an opportunity to pun, with the most excruciating results. At certain times he will go on a veritable punning spree that is positively fiendish if not devastating.

The practical joke is not for Freddie. That style of humor is premeditated, and Freddie March never bothers to arrange a laugh. His penchant for fun-making crops out as soon as he gets off the set. When the director sees a wicked gleam coming into Freddie's snapping eyes, he may as well sit back and wait until March gets the mirth out of his system, for his is the kind of puckish, whimsical humor that will bubble over when you least expect it.

One night the four of us—my wife Catherine, Florence Eldridge, Freddie and myself—decided to attend a Shakespeare play. Freddie and I had both trod the boards in the Bard's dramas, and we hankered to hear the sonorous lines again.

Unfortunately the performance was so poor as to send us all into utter boredom. And that is one thing that Freddie can't endure. He and I began to fidget and squirm, and finally began a low but heated argument over nothing at all.

Two very fat female devotees of the theater kept turning around and glaring balefully at us, but Freddie was in no mood for behaving himself when Shakespeare was being done to death behind the footlights.

This went on for some time, with the ladies in front shushing and glaring back alternately. Finally, during an important hush on the stage, the fat lady in front of Freddie sneezed.

Freddie leaned forward, outraged and dignified, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Quiet, please!" he said in a tone of great annoyance.

The irrepressible Freddie used to be a





Kenneth Alexander

Left: Fredric March in his costume for "We Live Again," in which, as the young Russian nobleman, he lets himself be exiled to Siberia for love of Anna Sten, who reformed him.

Right: Fredric with his wife, who is known on the stage as Florence Eldridge.



Cosmo Sileo

perfect pest at bridge parties. He would drive us frantic with *sotto voce kibitzing,* and look hurt if we protested. In pure self-defense we determined that he would either have to learn to play or be locked up in the cellar.

Catherine, Florence and I cornered him one day down at their Laguna Beach home, and crowded all "ten easy lessons on bridge" down his throat at one sitting. It was our only hope of bringing peace to our innocent little diversion.

But we all had to listen first to Freddie's protest that bridge was the cause of quarrels, bickerings, divorces and (hoarse whisper) even murder! We must swear a solemn oath never to say a cross word across the bridge table.

We sat down to our first game, dealt the cards, and played out the hand. As the last trick was taken in, Freddie levelled his finger at Florence and excoriated her with: "Why did you make such a terrible lead? You could have set them by leading back my heart! And if you must play bridge, play it well or don't play at all!"

For a few horrified minutes none of us realized that it was another of Freddie's ribbings.

Actually, I have yet to overhear a cross word between the Marches. They are completely devoted, enjoy each other's company thoroughly, and truly know the secret of enjoying a happy marriage. Possibly this is due in a measure to the fact that both have such a grand sense of humor.

Freddie March is generous to the point of making it his only vice. His tender heart marks him out as a softie for the cagers and petty grafters one encounters in picture business.

There is one actor here, for example, whom Freddie has supported for years. Freddie doesn't think any one knows it, but I have observed Freddie going to great lengths to get this old fellow a day's work in pictures, so that the actor can preserve his illusion that he still is capable of earning a living. At regular intervals Freddie delivers a check to him—often the old boy collects it in person for the pleasure of a chat with his benefactor.

He is extremely generous in his gifts to Florence, yet so exceedingly sensitive is he that he will studiously avoid any opportunity for her to thank him before others. I remember one Christmas when, after she had unwrapped so many gifts that it would seem Freddie had exhausted all his resources, he assumed an air of nonchalance and drew out a crumpled wad of paper from his pocket.

"Oh, yes, here's something I forgot," he murmured, and tossed her the packet.

It was a gorgeous dinner ring, but when Florence turned to thank him, he had slipped away.

He takes his screen work very seriously. It is exceedingly important to him and to his wife also, for Florence—herself a noted actress—gives his career precedence.

The fact that his roles usually call for sober and intent characterizations is sufficient reason for the public to obtain a different picture of the March on the screen and the Freddie of private life. Even so, one can detect that undercurrent of mischievous humor that makes his pictures so unforgettable.

He has a fine dignity of bearing, and is practical and level-headed in his affairs, but that irrepressible humor will come popping and bounding forth at the most unexpected moments.

I have seen celebrities gather about him as if they were magnetized. His keen wit and his attractive personality naturally draw people to him.

But let there be one of those pompous, conceited, puffed-up fellows enter the group, and beware!

Freddie has few antipathies, and the egomaniac is probably all of them.

He deals with them in his own devastatingly ingenious manner, leading the fellow on to boastful heights, masking his intent with a very serious face while the rest of us struggle to hide our growing amusement. Then, with one bold thrust, Freddie will completely deflate the egotist. He does it so cleverly that the fellow may not even be aware of what has happened to him. As a pin pricker of pomposities, Freddie knows no master.

He has a tremendous supply of nervous energy and is constantly on the go. During a bridge game I have observed him trying to sit still, and failing, he will get up and empty ash trays or stride off after cigarettes, even while playing a hand.

This nervous restlessness makes it impossible for him to sit back and let a chauffeur drive the car. He must always take the wheel himself. He does everything well, and is a fine driver, but the way he goes around corners and scoots through traffic will make your hair rise.

When we are going out together, Catherine and Florence will often take the back seat where they can talk. But after a few blocks most of the remarks are directed at Freddie's breath-taking style of motoring. If we are late for a social engagement, Freddie considers this sufficient excuse to show us all what real (*Please turn to page* 47)



Wm. Phillips

It seems Ralph does a little clowning, too. He and Freddie put on this horrible imitation of Clark and McCullough at a Hollywood costume party.





At the left, Ralph, and at the right, Ralph and Freddie playing badminton. Freddie, you'll notice, still flaunts his "Wimpole Street" whiskers.

The Most Uninteresting MAN in Hollywood

About the most dramatic moment in Harold Lloyd's life comes when he mends the lawn-mower. But don't let our title fool you, please!

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

HAROLD LLOYD, from a strictly editorial standpoint, is the most uninteresting man in Hollywood.

Nothing ever happens to him . . . he never becomes involved in scandal, or even rumor . . . effect and the spectacular hold no place in his mind or actions . . . his life progresses at such an even tenor that it resembles nothing so much as that of the average young business man.

Yet, he is one of Hollywood's wealthiest citizens . . . his popularity is surpassed by no man or woman in the world of entertainment. Nowhere in the whole film colony will you find a more affable or charming gentleman to meet or pass the time of day . . . and to newspaperman and star, studio worker and man in the street, he is "one regular guy."

Garbo, though silent, if she were to talk; Colman, long considered the hardest man to interview in the motion picture capital; Barthelmess, who gets jittery every time he sees a writer, even from afar—all these provide founts of color and inspiration, compared to this young man whose rise from obscurity to the loftiest pinnacle of cinema success was dependent upon two elements alone, Ability and Hard Work.

Starting out as an extra—he forced his way into a studio many years ago by donning grease-paint and joining a crowd of actors as they walked through the gates—Lloyd met another young chap who also was destined for great things in the picture world. This lad's name was Hal Roach, and together the two rose to fame and great fortune.

Harold always had wanted to be an actor. Indeed, his parents had moved to California from Nebraska for the express purpose of indulging their young son's ambition. But his wish was no mere whim . . . he had acquired training in summer stock companies as a boy, a great dramatic coach (a friend of the family) had drilled him for years in the art of acting and expression. So it was with considerable knowledge of what he wanted that Harold tried his luck at the studios.

When he met Roach, the future producer was eking out a precarious existence as an extra, along with Harold. Ambitious, with an eye to the future, Roach inherited a small fortune and decided to make pictures himself. He offered Lloyd a job at forty dollars a week. Needless to say, Harold accepted, for that sum seemed like a mint to him.

From their chance meeting on a set, Lloyd and Roach rapidly developed in the short-subject production field. The former began his comedy career with a nondescript character he called Willie Work. From that, he progressed into the Lonesome Luke character, and years as this be-mustached, tight-trousered figure advanced him to the top of the heap in slapstick. Then Lloyd initiated the wearing of horn-rimmed glasses in his comedies. His first four pictures proved his judgment correct.

From one-reelers, he went into two-reel comedies, and then three's. Of these, "Never Weaken" will be best remembered. Finally, he made his first feature, "A Sailor Made Man." His daring and good judgment were further vindicated when he filmed "Grandma's Boy." Even Hal Roach predicted failure for him in attempting anything so ambitious as to portray a story on the (*Please turn to page* 52)







Gene Kornman

Mildred Lloyd and the two girls are just above. At the right, over the picture of their daddy in "The Cat's Paw," are all three of the children, Peggy, Harold Jr., and Gloria, in the grand playhouse Harold built for them.

Below: If you saw "La Cucaracha,"—did you know it was a s
Right: Robert Edmond Jones, the Christopher Columbus of this





Ernest A. Bachrach



It is from sketches like this (above) that Jones and the scientists and artists who help him, work. Each scene of the film is first plotted in color.

Last month we told you about grand opera on the screen. This month we take you behind the scenes with a revolutionary new color process

By GERALD BREITIGAM

COLOR MAGIC ON THE SCREEN

THE beauty of color has come to the screen at last. It well may be, in fact, that this will revolutionize the making of movies, will work as great a change as did the coming of sound.

Already, in fact, the revolution is under way, for following the enthusiastic public reception of "La Cucaracha," a number of full-length features ("Cucaracha" is a short) have been planned or definitely scheduled.

Foremost among these is "Becky Sharp," from Thackeray's famous novel, "Vanity Fair," which will be made by the producers of "La Cucaracha." In addition, Merian Cooper is planning to do "The Last Days of Pompeii" in color for RKO; Walter Wanger proposes to present Ann Harding in color in "Peacock's Feather," for color is especially favorable to blondes; Warner Bros. may give us "The Miracle" in color. Besides all of which, Walt Disney has the new three-color process sewed up for animated cartoons for one year, and all the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies are now appearing in color.

It will take time, of course, for color to tint the screen of every movie theater. Just the same, whether the movie-goer lives on the borders of the Rio Grande or in the granite mountains of New Hampshire, on the prairies of Kansas or in the fat brick towns of the Eastern Shore, before he is many months older he'll be going to his neighborhood movie and seeing a film done in all the glowing colors of life.

But, the inveterate movie-goer will protest, color is nothing new on the screen. In fact, he recalls that as far back as 1915 there were movies in color. Moreover, he remembers that the color application was never really satisfactory, for outlines were blurred and a general effect of fuzziness was apparent.

To all of which one can enter no objection. There were some good early color pictures, but then came a "color cycle." The work was done hastily and it was botched, with the result that color in the movies took a terrible licking. The real fault, though, say the Technicolor experts, was that up until today they had only a two-color process whereas now they have a three-color process. They could only make chromes; they could not really simulate nature, let alone improve upon it.

With this process however, Technicolor now can produce every color in the spectrum—and register it firmly, without any blurring or fuzziness. The Disney cartoons and the feature-short, "La Cucaracha," have established that fact beyond dispute.

"We have something for you movie-goers," says Technicolor triumphantly, "something that will give you a richness and a satisfaction from your screen entertainment such as you never received before."

The Technicolor people, incidentally, ought to know, for the story of color on the screen is the story of Technicolor. This company, established by graduates from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, takes its name from their alma mater. Technicolor holds all the patents. There is nobody else in the field.

Technicolor builds its own cameras for the new three-component process of taking movies in color. Some people used to believe that a picture was filmed in black and white and color then applied by hand to the negative; that the negative was painted by an artist, in short. (*Please turn to page* 56)



Steffi Duna and Don Alvarado took part in the first experiments, and John Barrymore helped.



Jean Harlow



Claudette Colbert



Mae West



Margaret Sullavan

NEW MOVIE FORECAST FOR 1935

With the New Year the spotlight picks out here an old face, there a new one, and then—moves on! Which will you make your prime favorites this year? Here is Ramon Romero's annual guide to keep and check against during the months that follow

THE year nineteen hundred and thirty-five is definitely marked to see more important and significant changes in the motion picture industry than in any other previous year since the advent of talking pictures. In the near-decade just ending, during which time the screen passed from silence to sound, and from written titles to spoken dialogue, a new constellation of stars has practically replaced the older order, together with new directors and outside writing talent from every branch of literature.

The infusion of new blood into the staid and tried ideas of Hollywood brought into the production of motion pictures a super-sophistication which found its birth in everything from the gutters of Paris to Mae West's playhouse emporium in the Roaring Forties of New York, and through the years gained impetus in a certain public demand to its inhibitions expressed in terms of cinema. Encouraged by box-office receipts, and blinded by bad taste, the producers lost all perspective of the difference between entertainment and sensationalism, resulting in the censorship upheaval of 1934.

The result of this puritanical tumult will make itself felt in every branch of photoplay production during the coming year. Automatically a new moral code has been created, and by its standards old stars will fall and new ones rise; stories and plays bought for fabulous figures will either be discarded or completely rewritten; motion picture advertisements will take on a new dignity, the same being true of everything pertaining to the fifth industry and the personalities it involves.

HOLLYWOOD has definitely recognized censorship. Instead of putting up a battle against the churches and other religious organizations in the "Decency Drive" campaign, the producers have accepted the ultimatum at a loss of millions of dollars in prepared scripts; having abolished gangster themes, horror pictures, underwear parades and all risqué sex angles from their 1935 schedules. The tail-end of 1934 found such naïve fare as "Girl of the Limberlost," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Anne of Green Gables" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," competing for box-office records with Mae West's "Belle of the Nineties," (which was refilmed three times in the grand clean-up), and the denatured Jean Harlow films.



Ramon Romero, the Author

The chief danger of this self-accepted censorship lies in going to the other extreme by flooding the market with a series of "Pollyanna productions." Such homespun relics of a Victorian past as "The Little Minister," "Way Down East" and "Little Men" are about to descend like an avalanche of angels upon a sex-saturated movie audience.

Eventually censorship may mean the salvation of the movies, bringing about a progressive regeneration of Hollywood ideals; resulting in the creation of a great literature of the screen that will place it in one of the highest places

1934

TEN MOST POPULAR MEN STARS, IN ORDER

1. Clark Gable. 2. Will Rogers. 3. Wallace Beery. 4. Bing Crosby. 5. George Arliss. 6. Dick Powell. 7. Eddie Cantor. 8. Joe E. Brown. 9. James Cagney. 10. Fredric March. (See photographs below.)

TEN MOST POPULAR WOMEN STARS, IN ORDER

1. Mae West. 2. Joan Crawford. 3. Norma Shearer. 4. Kay Francis. 5. Janet Gaynor. 6. Jean Harlow. 7. Claudette Colbert. 8. Shirley Temple. 9. Ann Harding. 10. Margaret Sullavan. (See photographs at top of page.)

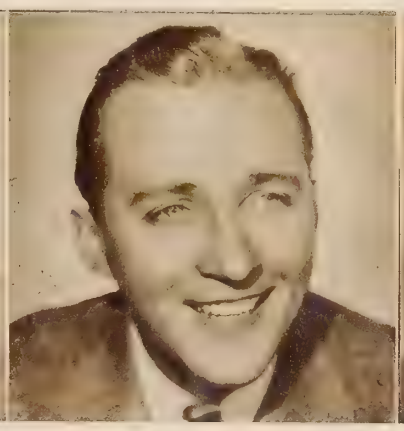
ALL THE BIG HITS OF 1934 WERE CLEAN

1. It Happened One Night
2. The Thin Man
3. One Night of Love
4. David Harum
5. House of Rothschild
6. Footlight Parade
7. Little Women
8. Little Miss Marker
9. Twenty Million Sweethearts
10. Roman Scandals

Fredric March



Bing Crosby



Dick Powell



Wallace Beery



Eddie Cantor





Norma Shearer



Will Jimmy Savo, above, step into Chaplin's place?



Or will Charlie Chaplin stay forever the one and only?



Little Shirley Temple won a place for herself among the ten most popular women, above, so we gave her a great *big* place. And gladly!



Ann Harding



Joan Crawford



Kay Francis

among all the arts. Already there is a reflection of this prophecy in the studio announcements of a forthcoming series of films based upon the great world classics from the pens of Shakespeare, Kipling, Dickens, Dumas, Barrie, Thackeray, Stevenson, Poe, Wilde, Dante, Rostand, H. G. Wells, O'Neill and other great authors.

In addition such a genius from the theater as Max Reinhardt is affiliating himself with the newer medium of expression.

HOLLYWOOD is moving in the right direction, toward better and finer achievements. The cheap ballyhoo is disappearing. Even the flashy premieres seem a thing of the past. The new dignity is reflected in the new type of star, and in the choice of stories. It is safe to predict that the "Renaissance" of the movies will begin in 1935.

Does the public welcome this change? Will they continue to patronize the movies in its new dress of culture and refinement? Will the mob clamor for a Mae West invitation to come up some time, for a Jean Harlow undraping, or a glorification of a nice gal like Ann Harding having an illegitimate child to nice, weepy music?

Of the dozen smash hits of 1934, financially speaking, ten were technically clean pictures, featuring domestic life, children, music and comedy devoid of salacious gags. The public has chosen—and the producers will oblige. 1934 produced three outstanding stars; Margaret Sullavan, little Shirley Temple, and the songbird, Grace Moore. Compare these with the previous year's sensational rise of Mae West and Katharine Hepburn! In this comparison is your best barometer of the changing times.

Three months prior to the writing of this forecast for NEW MOVIE I made a tour of the country. I have been in the largest cities and in the smallest hamlets; have talked to cosmopolitan matrons and to Main Street housewives; to city sophisticates and to small town everyday people who make up the vast mass of moviegoers. On a large ocean liner, plying between New York and New Orleans, I questioned two hundred and fifty people one night, people from every walk of life and from practically every state in the Union, asking them what kind of pictures they wanted to see, and the type of stars they approve. As a whole they were pretty well fed up with the sex drivel Hollywood has been feeding them. Their intelligence and tastes have been underestimated.

THE predictions I am about to make for the stars and production policies of 1935 are based upon practical knowledge. There is to be no attempt at fortune-telling or wild guessing. Rather, by a process of calculation, and a thorough checkup of each studio's plans, as well as a compiled estimation of the attitude of the movie fans themselves I have been able to crystallize a conclusion that will be as nearly accurate as it is possible to be in a business whose very life's blood is constant change.

STAR-STOCK MARKET FOR 1935

The rise and fall of stars in Hollywood is very much like the rise and fall of stocks in Wall Street. Sky-high today. Rock-bottom tomorrow. The Bulls and Bears of movieland buy and sell with the same ruthless madness of brokers in the wheat pit. One career goes down as another goes up, in the crazy see-saw of picture making. Each star, each featured player, even the unknown novice, is an individual stock.

The big name stars and featured players are a producer's preferred stock. They are the Mae Wests, the Katharine Hepburns, the Clark Gables who pay large dividends to the companies who have gambled on their talents. Each major studio also holds under contract large shares of common stock, in the parlance of Hollywood the stock company players, who comprise everything from well-known character actors from Broadway to a Brown Derby waitress who happens to have potential starring possibilities.

The stockboards of Hollywood tell tragic and glorious tales as the Preferred and Common stocks fluctuate up and down, from month to month, and year to year. Every twelfth month a whole group of famous names disappear into oblivion as obsolete stocks, while dark horses appear to take their places. Common stocks change magically into Preferred. A few bad pictures, a silly rumor, a scandal, can send a star-stock tumbling down to zero; causing the producer to sell short. On the other hand a good break, a few excellent notices, well-planned publicity, can shoot an unknown stock up to the heights overnight, with every producer clamoring for it. We refer you to the cases of

Will Rogers



George Arliss



James Cagney



Clark Gable



Joe E. Brown





Ricardo Cortez

nging his style?



Edward G. Robinson

Another dual role?



Peter Lorre

A foreign technique.



George Raft

To stay Oriental?



Jack La Rue

Seeking new roles!

Margaret Sullavan, Shirley Temple, Jean Muir, and Jean Parker.

Sometimes a well-known star-stock whose value is stagnant because of bad publicity, unsuitable parts or other obvious reasons, suddenly begins to rise—and the word comes shooting across the continent from public, exhibitor and sales force; BUY! BUY! BUY! Such were the fates of Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy and William Powell in 1934. Here were three veteran players whose stock was about to be thrown into the open market for all takers, if there happened to be any. "It Happened One Night" and "The Thin Man" sent their stocks to the top. The New Year finds them in the very preferred list.

But 1934 did not deal so kindly with Ruth Chatterton, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow; top-notch performers whose star-stock value has dropped to a new low, due largely to bad pictures. As we go to press all of them, contract stars for years, are without permanent contracts.

Panics occur in the star-stock market of Hollywood just as they do in the financial canyons of Manhattan. The talkie panic of 1928 brought havoc to such sterling names as John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, who were among the greatest box-office attractions of the day; mercilessly eliminating their names from the Hollywood stock board. Replacing them were the new movie names—Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and the late, beloved Marie Dressler, the greatest box-office star of 1933; who, alas, is eliminated from the star quotations in 1935 by death.

1934 brought another such panic to the Cinema Capital. The Censorship Panic! Again careers were threatened. Again havoc stalked through mansions in Beverly Hills. Again producers were selling star-stocks short! The dawn of 1935 finds a certain group of box-office sensations with their heads under the guillotine; their fates hanging on the dangerous precipice of extinction. Oh, uneasy lies the head that wears the crown—of sex!

Note, too, that almost every major lot has a second Janet Gaynor on the star list for 1935. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have Jean Parker, Warner Brothers are plugging the sweet-faced Anita Louise, as well as Jean Muir. Columbia have signed Marion Marsh to a long-term contract following her triumph in "Girl of the Limberlost." Radio pictures have great faith in Anne Shirley, who takes a big leap into prominence in the title role of "Anne of Green Gables." At Paramount Helen Mack may be groomed along the same lines. Mary Pickford, the prototype of all these 1935 Pollyannas, has been a sensation in her national radio broadcasts, paving the way perhaps, for a comeback.

In the early days of the movies Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh ruled supreme as the "Halo-heroines," competing at the box office with such earlier Garbos and Mae Wests as Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Valeska Suratt and outliving them in popularity by a wide margin of years. If history repeats itself, as it usually does, the Janet Gaynors, the Margaret Sullavans and the Jean Parkers of today will live on in popularity long after Mae West, Constance Bennett and Jean Harlow have ceased to be movie stars.

Looking one year into the future, across the bridge of time, let us examine an imaginary Hollywood stockboard at the end of 1935, and see how censorship will have affected the positions of the stars and featured players. In order to simplify matters we will divide Hollywood into four classes of stocks; Gold-Bond stars, Preferred

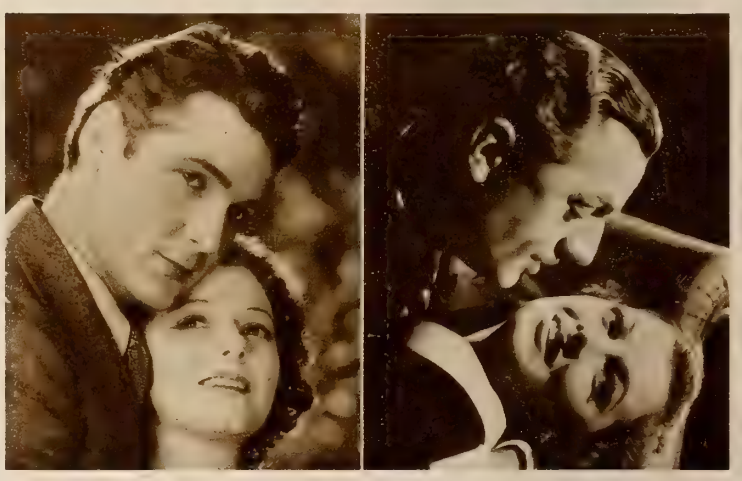
Can any of these take Jackie Cooper's or Shirley Temple's place?



Baby LeRoy *Juanita Quigley* *David Holt*



Billy Lee *Cora Sue Collins* *Virginia Weidler*



Three new teams popped up in 1934—Myrna Loy and William Powell, Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle, and Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable. Will any of them win a place in the fans' hearts to rival that of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell?



1935 FILMS WILL GO BACK TO THE FARM. COMING:

Way Down East, with Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres
Babbitt, with Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon
Main Street
Ruggles of Red Gap, with Charles Laughton
The Old Homestead
Ah, Wilderness!
Tish, with Edna May Oliver or Pauline Lord
Broken Soil, with Anna Sten and Gary Cooper
The Story of a Country Boy
The County Chairman, with Will Rogers

COSTUME AND BIOGRAPHICAL PICTURES COMING

The Iron Duke, with George Arliss
Anthony Adverse. Probably Leslie Howard
Sutter's Gold, with Henry Hull
The Crusades, with Henry Wilcoxon
The Good Earth, perhaps with Richard Barthelmess
Three Musketeers, with Francis Lederer
Beau Brummel, with Leslie Howard
Clive of India, with Ronald Colman
Caprice Espagnole, with Marlene Dietrich
Richelieu, with George Arliss
So Red the Rose, with Pauline Lord
Old Kentucky, with Janet Gaynor

Players, New Faces and Common-stock Dark horses. Take a gamble on your favorites. Allow NEW MOVIE the honor of acting as your broker. The Hollywood stock exchange is open for business. Watch your tape closely. Here are some HOT TIPS!

GOLD-BOND STARS

NORMA SHEARER! Might easily become the First Lady of the Screen. Safely away from sex roles, she was even more of a sensation in "Barretts of Wimpole Street" than she was in "Smilin' Through." She rates a hundred points.

MAE WEST! Should, and will retain top rating if allowed freedom in her work. Her answer to the censors is "Now, I'm a Lady," her first picture for 1935.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE! Her stock rises point after point. Will be close to the top, rivaling Janet Gaynor's popularity on her home lot. A grand little trouper who will grow up all too soon. This is her big year.

JANET GAYNOR! Her popularity remains undiminished and unquestioned. Hardly the rage in the key cities, she is still the favorite of provincial America.

GARBO! "The Painted Veil" may do much to retrieve some of her depreciated value, due to the unpopularity of "Queen Christina." Censorship affects her little if any.

MARGARET SULLAVAN! A girl who is going places. A star overnight. She has an amazingly large following. Her first picture for the new year is Molnar's "The Good Fairy." There is talk that she may switch to M-G-M.

GRACE MOORE! One can't say too much about her possibilities. She looks like a dream, sings like a nightingale, and acts with distinction. Too, she has given music a new meaning on the screen. Put your money on her by all means—she's a winner!

KATHARINE HEPBURN, ANN HARDING, HELEN HAYES! Will greatly benefit in 1935 by the change in their type of stories, as well as from a purely "censorial" viewpoint.

Miss Hepburn is easily in the lead with "Little Women" and "The Little Minister" to her credit.

Ann Harding will avoid vehicles that glorify unwed mothers, concentrating more on plays like "Holiday." Her latest opus is "Enchanted April."

Helen Hayes will be a truant from Hollywood for almost a year. In the interval she has lost much ground, but she will rapidly recover this.

NEW FACES OF 1934

Gloria Stuart	Johnny Weissmuller
Pert Kelton	John Lodge
Lanny Ross	Steffi Duna
Frances Drake	Tala Birell
Claire Trevor	Judith Allen
Grace Bradley	Bruce Cabot
Ida Lupino	Adrienne Ames
Buster Crabbe	

NEW FACES OF 1935
(Will They Be Stars?)

Margo	Merle Oberon
Henry Hull	Nelson Eddy
Anne Shirley	John Beal
Joe Morrison	Rosamond Pinchot
Peter Lorre	Ruth Gordon
Mady Christians	Queenie Smith
Elizabeth Bergner	Constance Collier
Josephine Hutchinson	

MUSICALS TO COME

Show Boat, with Irene Dunne
Go Into Your Dance, with Al Jolson
Naughty Marietta, with Jeanette MacDonald
Sweet Adeline, with Irene Dunne
Mississippi, with Bing Crosby
All the King's Horses, with Elissa Landi
Glorianna, with Ann Sothern
Gold Diggers of 1935
Maytime
Sweet Music, with Rudy Vallee
Folies Bergere, with Maurice Chevalier
Rhumba, with George Raft
Roberta, with Ginger Rogers
A Night at the Opera, with the Marx Bros.
The Night Is Young, with Ramon Novarro
Rose of the Rancho, with Mary Ellis

ADVENTURE FILMS TO COME

Mutiny on the Bounty. Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery. (Sea.)
Black Ivory. George Brent, Ricardo Cortez. (Pirates.)
Lafayette Escadrille. (War.)
Roar China. (Chinese Pirates.)
Captain Blood. Warren William. (Pirates.)
West Point of the Air.
Oil for the Lamps of China.
Barbary Coast. Miriam Hopkins. (Waterfront.)

JOAN CRAWFORD, JEAN HARLOW, MARLENE DIETRICH, ANNA STEN and CONSTANCE BENNETT are problematical. Everything depends upon their vehicles. That the majority are versatile actresses there is no doubt. Crawford's is the most wasted dramatic talent in the industry. Harlow has already proved herself a delightful comedienne. Dietrich and Constance Bennett built their reputations upon highly sexed and sophisticated material, while Sten, with but two American pictures to her credit, is still, in spite of an extravagant publicity campaign, an unknown quantity as an audience magnet. Can this million-dollars' worth of electric-light names suddenly switch from one type of role to another with the ease of the changing of a costume? Can they work in accordance with the new moral code and still keep the fans who made them stars? Risky Gold-Bonds. Gamble, if you like.

KAY FRANCIS, IRENE DUNNE and JEANETTE MACDONALD are solidly established. Their positions on the stockboard will change relatively little during the year. Miss MacDonald will have some pretty tough competition from Grace Moore.

GLORIA SWANSON may be compared to a safe, reliable stock that took a nose dive which should ordinarily have finished her. Under Irving Thalberg's guidance she is destined to pay big dividends again, if the ovation accorded her in "Music in the Air" is any criterion of the comeback she may make in 1935. Prepare an important place on the stockboard for her—and buy by all means!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and MYRNA LOY are becoming increasingly important. Colbert will make pictures this year for Paramount, Warners and Columbia. Loy, censor's bait two years ago, is now the darling of the women's clubs. She is the symbol of the new sophistication; smart, real, ladylike—*sans* gestures, poses and hokum. Frank Capra's "Broadway Bill" should bring her new laurels. She made the most rapid strides of any actress in 1934. What a pace she'll have to go in 1935 to top herself! And she will.

BING CROSBY! Nuff sed. Outside of Mae West, Paramount's biggest money-maker. Closest rival—Dick Powell. But Bing needn't lose any sleep.

WILL ROGERS! Brings the family to the theater. Has the same universal appeal as the late Marie Dressler. Will continue to be one of the most popular of stars, who need fear neither age,

(*Please turn to page* 70)



Hitch Yourself





CAROLE LOMBARD — *Paramount*



BEAUTY experts in Hollywood show the way to accentuate your charm and reveal your personality through the art of hair arrangement and make-up. The arts and crafts they use to make women lovely by means of theatrical make-up have now been worked out and deftly applied to the use of everyday cosmetics that any girl can buy.

First decide—with our aid if you need it—the Hollywood star best suited to be your guide. Study her face and hair arrangement on the screen and in photographic reproductions.

To achieve the new head dress, first give your hair a thorough shampoo, cleansing every hair to bring out its natural softness and luster. When partly dried, comb the hair lightly back away from parts and waves to which it is accustomed, and complete the drying process.

Typical American girls from R. H. Macy & Co. Inc., give amazing proof of the magic of hair dress and make-up

"WHAT star do you most resemble?"

"I resemble a star? Incredible!"

"Stop and think. Didn't anyone ever say you looked like this star or that?"

"Don't imagine I would fall for such silly flattery."

After such a conversation our art and beauty experts go into a huddle, gazing the while through lowered lids at this average young American woman. Quickly they make note of the basic proportions of her features, the line of her brow, the height of her forehead and the length of her chin and the unmeasurable something that we call personality.

"You're a true Lombard type," they say to her. "Unmistakable Carole Lombard!"

Then on with the hair dressers and make-up experts. Hair lotions, pins, hair nets, wave sets, creams, powders, mascara, eyebrow cosmetics, rouge and lip stick—not of the theatrical sort, but just the kind that any girl can and does buy anywhere. A half hour or more of magic and then—presto chango!—the average American girl stands revealed. A perfect imitation of Lombard? No. Rather a perfect revelation of her own true self, achieved through the help of her type sister in Hollywood.

This new beauty culture does not advise or prescribe slavish imitation of any star, however glamorous. It simply shows the way to accentuation of personal beauty and revelation of charm in the Hollywood way.

And next comes the girl who was once told—though she didn't believe it—that she looked like Colbert. Cut the bang a little, Mr. Barber, and do the tricks that make hair soft and caressing. Use the creams and mascara to reveal the true beauty of large dark eyes and, there you are!

Now the girl with braids worn coronet fashion round her head. What if her hair isn't as fair as Sten's, and what if the committee doesn't quite agree. A half hour with the beauty experts, and then—not a second Sten, bound for Hollywood, but one more American girl who has learned the art of making up and arranging her hair to type—armed with that feminine courage that comes from a consciousness of charm and magnetism.

If you would like help in choosing your beauty type from Hollywood, turn to page 52.

to a Star





CLAUDETTE COLBERT — Paramount



Then get the barber to do any trimming or cutting needed to conform to the new coiffure. Saturate the hair with a good setting lotion, using as much as the hair will possibly absorb. This is especially important to train the hairs to their new position. Following the picture of your star, comb and part the hair the way it should go, and with the aid of fingers and comb, mold it in the desired waves and curls. Set curls and rolls with hair curlers and twist all stray ends up into round curls and fasten them with small wire pins. Don a net and let the hair dry thoroughly.

The surprise comes when you remove the net and lightly comb out the hair to reveal the new coiffure. If plenty of setting lotion has been used and the hair has been thoroughly dried, it will remain in good form for a week without resetting. (It should be brushed once a day, patted and combed back into shape and covered with a net before retiring.)



Now for the magic make-up that is to bring out hidden charm of face and features the Hollywood way.

First, the usual preliminaries, perfect cleansing with soap and water, cleansing cream, astringent. Now, studying the picture before you, trim your eyebrows or have them shaped for you to give the basic foundation for the new eyebrow line. Next, foundation cream and powder—then, looking in the mirror first at the picture before you and then at yourself, apply rouge to give the desired effect. Then mascara and eye shadow, and eyebrow pencil to produce the subtleties of shadows needed to give your eyes the new depth and contour. And finally the eyebrow pencil to give the necessary length or width; and lipstick painstakingly applied to make your lips as lovely as a star's.

ANNA STEN — United Artists



Portrait Photographs by Frederic Bailey

•

Inset photographs show typical American girls before treatment. Same girls shown in larger photographs after new hair arrangement and make-up.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

NORMA SHEARER. . . If you're interested in beaches, this is Norma's own private one beside her house at Santa Monica. But, to tell the truth, the reason we're really printing the picture is just because it's so lovely.

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin



Now you can get just the shade of face powder you need to make your skin thrilling.

You need no longer be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Nor with powder that makes your skin look dull, drab, oldish. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

See Your Skin Transformed

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to flatter—glorify your skin to an amazing degree. Use this powder only once—and those you know—you love—will compliment the new sparkling loveliness of your skin.

These glamorous new shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery. Among them is just the shade that will accent your best points—make your complexion gloriously vibrant.

Pond's new Powder clings so closely, it never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours.

And it is so inexpensive! Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much as many $1 boxes. In gay boxes for 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It's available everywhere.



10¢ ¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢
FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

How Science Discovered New Powder Shades

An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzed the complexions of over 200 girls. Gorgeous complexions—bad complexions—all came under its searching eye. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You'll receive, free, three different shades from which to select the one most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

3 shades **Free!**

SEND FOR THEM TODAY_____

(This offer expires April 1, 1935)

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. B, 92 Hudson St., New York
Please send, Free, Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

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Drug Store Salespeople

The eighty-two prizes are announced below. Prize winning letters for the grocery store and department store will be announced in subsequent issues

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MRS. ANNA M. ROOT . . . . W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Second Prize . . $100.00

MRS. DAVID MALONEY . . . . . MURPHYSBORO, ILL.

Third Prize . . $50.00

MRS. G. THOMAS . . . . . OAKLAND, CALIF.

Fourth Prize . . $25.00

MRS. FRANK KLOHS	El Paso, Texas
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MRS. A. A. PIPER	Chicago, Ill.
MISS MINNIE STEWARD	Germantown, Pa.

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BEATRICE BAKER	New York, N. Y.
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KARL G. REHER	Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. G. SEYMOUR	San Bernardino, Calif.
MARCIA C. SMITH	Taylor, Nebraska
MRS. EMILY SUNDQUIST	Los Angeles, Calif.
H. C. THOMAS	Detroit, Mich.
MRS. ALMA WENDER	Cazenovia, Minn.

Sixth Prize . . $5.00

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MRS. WM. C. BARTH	Bridgeport, Conn.
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LORETTA BENZINGER	Chicago, Ill.
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DORIS ROGERS	Chicago, Ill.
WILL SEYMOUR	Staten Island, N. Y.
ROY ROBERT SMITH	Denver, Colo.
MRS. C. M. STEVENSON	Menlo Park, Calif.
MAE STEVENSON	Los Angeles, Calif.
HELEN STRONG	Clermont, N. Y.
CARL P. SPINA	Chicago, Ill.
MAXINE SWAN	Brooklyn, N. Y.
EDDYE McM. TURNER	Paris, Texas
MRS. LEILA WARD	Houtsdale, Penna.
MRS. LEE R. WARNICA	Kansas City, Mo.
E. WIETMAN	Lincoln, Nebr.
HELEN ZURLINDEN	Lakewood, Ohio

HOLLYWOOD

DAY BY DAY

WELL, Merry Christmas . . . er, Happy New Year. Or, maybe it's Valentine's Day! Anyhow, Old Man NEMO was so excited about the snappy new magazine that he plumb forgot the Season's Greetings!

That's a nice crazy start, but we've got a right to be crazy, what with our long-suppressed desire, Garbo, going head-over-heels for George Brent. No foolin' . . . the Silent Swede hasn't been in such a complete dither since John Gilbert was the Big Moment, 'way back in the good old "Flesh and the Devil" days. Or, do you remember?

George and Greta have the grandest time in the world, frolicking in the sand at George's beach house; or week-ending at La Quinta . . . all properly chaperoned, of course.

Ah! well, if it can't be us, we'd rather see Brent get the break than any one we know.

•

PARAMOUNT officials are sitting around impatiently waiting for the Charles Laughton "bean" to sprout!

When M-G-M borrowed the British "Buster," they shaved his head to fit the role of "Macawber" in the current "David Copperfield." However, before it was Laughton's turn to go before the camera, the Metro crowd decided that, at $15,000.00 per week, it was too expensive a proposition. So, they turned him in to Paramount in exchange for W. C. Fields, and now Paramount is stuck with "Ruggles of Red Gap" until Charlie can grow enough hair to step into the title role!



Furthermore, Paramount is trying to make M-G-M pay for sending back a bald-headed actor!

•

DON'T let these nice, quiet girls fool you! Ralph Forbes, Charlotte Granville and Doris Lloyd (all old penny-pitchers from 'way back) thought they'd have some fun teaching Jane Baxter how to "pitch for the line."

But, before the day was over, Jane had won all their pennies and was looking for new fields to conquer!

•

WE mustn't forget Johnny Weissmuller's colossal response to the pleas of autograph hounds who insisted that he give his famous "elephant" call for them, on his London visit.





Wide World

Marlene Dietrich and Fred Perry, internationally popular tennis star, get a coat of tan at Palm Springs.



Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh, great stars of "The Birth of a Nation," meet again in "Bachelor of Arts."



Wide World

Bob Montgomery can keep up that cheeriness because he and his wife sneak off for vacations on their boat.

The latest news of Hollywood—gossip—pictures of the stars—events—all that's going on

reported by NEMO

Taking a deep breath, the obliging Johnny drew himself to his full height and murmured: "Peep! . . . Peep!"

•

AND Patricia Ellis rises to announce that there is positively no engagement between her and Fred Keating. So . . . that's that. Or, *is* it?

•



YOU'D die laughing to watch Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt strutting around the "Depths Below" set in their old-fashioned long underwear!

It's a diving picture and so cold under the water that there was nothing to do but get some antique union suits to keep the boys warm.

Believe it or don't, there wasn't a single pair of grandpa's flannels this side of these hyar mountings! And, after frantically turning a hundred department stores upside-down, Jack and Eddie were obliged to send to New York for them.

•

ROGER PRYOR doesn't know a whole lot about navigation, but he's so crazy about his brand new sailboat that he figured he could learn to run it as he went along.

On a one-man cruise to Catalina, the other day, Roger tacked abruptly into the wind when he shouldn't have tacked at all. The boat went over, as neatly and thoroughly as Max Baer's sparring partners, and Mr. Pryor got wetter than a herring.

Fortunately, there were several rescuers close at hand and Roger, with everything drenched but his enthusiasm, was hauled to safety.

And don't think he let that be a lesson to him. Because the very next week-end out he went to tackle it all over again!

•

WALLACE BEERY, aviation fiend that he is, has just purchased a brand new plane and, when his wife is well enough, he plans to put the plane aboard the first Europe-bound steamer, tuck the missus under one arm, Baby Carol Ann under the other, and fly all over Europe!

•

JACK OAKIE and Mary Brian are co-owners of a trick parrot, and, after days of concentrated effort, they have taught the bird to crow like a rooster.

Now, all the hens

(*Please turn to page* 61)





Wide World

Left: The Harold Lloyd children, Peggy, Harold Jr., and Gloria, entertain Shirley Temple at a gay party.

Below: At the Stanley Bergerman party. Helen Vinson, Carl Brisson and Toby Wing make a happy threesome.



Wide World

Hollywood Entertains

The social merry-go-round of the month, brought to you by GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's society reporter

EVER since Eve wrapped herself in fig leaves and asked Adam to guess who she was and didn't he think she looked cute, folks have loved costume parties. Disguising themselves—playing they are somebody else.

Marion Davies disguised even her Santa Monica beach house recently, making it over into a section of old Tyrol, and everybody who came wore the native Tyrolean garb. And a great scrambling for books on the subject there must have been, also a great rummaging in costume departments.

The aprons seemed to be the hardest to find. Gloria Swanson admitted she had helped to make her own, because she wanted a particular, long kind that she had seen in a picture; Jean Harlow wore a boy's costume, which suited her admirably—because she couldn't find exactly the right dress.

William Powell was Jean's escort. He wore a black velvet suit with a little feather in the rakish hat.

Edmund Lowe came alone, and spent a lot of time playing ping pong and other games with his friends Herbert Marshall, Edgar Selwyn, and Charlie Chaplin.

Herbert Marshall brought Gloria Swanson; Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, having made up, were more devoted than ever to each other; and Gilbert Roland was with Constance Bennett a goodly part of the evening.

Pola Negri, as usual, drew a lot of masculine attention, and was talking sparklingly with Prince David Mdivani, Billy Haines, Harry Crocker, and others.

Everybody was especially interested when Pola and Billy Haines were spotted talking to each other animatedly, as their hectic romance of other days was recalled.

The swimming pool was open, and well lighted, and Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Richard Barthelmess and some other of the hardier masculine souls exchanged their picturesque costumes for bathing suits and took a dip.

Mary Pickford and Harpo Marx distinguished themselves and astonished the natives by stepping a real Tyrolean folk dance.

THOSE three pals, Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, may always be found in three-somes with their beaus.

So we weren't surprised to find them at Rosie Dolly's with Max Baer, Howard Hughes and Pat di Cicco. Couldn't find out which came with which, except that Polly Ann seemed to be with Pat.

There were some lone arrivals, too—Jeanette MacDonald, whose friend Robert Ritchie was in New York, and Edmund Lowe, who goes everywhere alone.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill were there too.

And though Jean Harlow came with William Powell, she was dispensing her smiles all about, at each admirer who made his appearance.

Another delightful costume affair was given by Dick Polomar, assisted by his beautiful young wife, who was Miss America a couple of seasons ago.

Jack LaRue came as a bad, bold Apache, yet he went meekly enough into the kitchen and cooked the best mess of spaghetti you ever ate; while Colin Tapley, not in costume, but dressed in formal tails, attended to the beer tap. That is, he did when he wasn't being so attentive to Marina Schubert, the new Paramount find, who was dressed as a Tyrolean princess. She offered to help him at his duties, because he absentmindedly let the tap run long after the customers had filled their glasses!

It was the younger group of players mostly who were guests, and they entered entirely into the spirit of the party, Mary Carlisle, as a Hungarian peasant, and José Crespo, Spanish actor, who wore the real Morocco sheik's (*Please turn to page* 58)



Manatt

An elaborate affair against a Tyrolean background welcomed Marion Davies home from Europe. Here are Marion, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.



Hay Fever

MANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.



Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is *now!*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1935 M. L. I. CO.



Queen Marie Antoinette lost her head on a chopping-block. A horrible fate? Tut, tut! Norma Shearer and Marion Davies *both* wanted to be Queen Marie. So—!

Royal Squabbles
OF THE MOVIE QUEENS

This is sawed-off shotgun season for the ladies of the films. Herb Howe wears boxing-gloves as he pecks at his typewriter, and keeps ready to duck

MARIE ANTOINETTE has caused another Revolution. The unhappy French Queen has torn M-G-M asunder and set Hollywood's mightiest majesties at war by innocently inspiring them simultaneously to die on the guillotine in her name. Norma Shearer and Marion Davies are tossing heads at one another.

By exercise of skilled diplomacy two Queens may exist on one lot, but hardly two Marie Antoinettes. When "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was purchased by the studio, Miss Davies set her heart on it, but it went to Miss Shearer. Next *Reine* Marion set heart and head on "Marie Antoinette," only to find herself, on returning from Europe, in the shadow of Miss Shearer's guillotine. The air was ominous and war clouds lowered, just as they did over Europe when King Alexander was assassinated. But this time something happened. More like the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was the effect upon Hollywood, though not with quite the violence of the World War. This revolt was without bloodshed, due to Miss Davies' innate diplomacy and long aversion to any form of capital punishment. She quietly gathered her glittering forces about her and rolled off the lot in a high-powered tumbril Burbank-bound. On the Warner Brothers domain she will set up *her* guillotine and Versailles. On leaving the lot after a long reign she issued a proclamation of regret and love to all. Equally tactful, Miss Shearer went into temporary retirement, and announcement was made that she had shelved "Marie Antoinette," presumably temporarily.

On the whole this peaceful settlement of what might have been an old-style, rip-snorting Hollywood rumpus is a testimony to the new age in which we live and to the humane strategy of Hollywood's little women.

Frankly, it was a disappointment to us old war horses who watched the mighty Negri and Swanson rage with missiles and gas, back in the twenties. Even then Hollywood showed an effeminizing tendency. Miss Swanson had something of the new diplomacy. She worked quietly and with aloof scorn, putting cats in the path of cat-loathing Pola. But Pola talked. In quite loud voice. "In Poland we kill!" was her original expression. This was modified, out of respect to the customs of this country, to "I will sue!" The fire-breathing Pola also made a valiant stab at tact. Breathing heavily from the effort of restraint, she conveyed her attitude to the press anent Miss Swanson. "She have a certain—what you call?—style. But I am artiste. How could I be jealous?" No, it was nothing personal, Pola avowed. Simply that she had always been first on every lot in Europe and she wouldn't abandon principles for any amount of our gold. One or the other must go. Miss Swanson went. Pola's victory was dubious, though, since Miss Swanson proceeded in triumph to a royal wage and domicile at United Artists. And soon Clara Bow butted into Pola's domain at Paramount and Pola went. Unhappy is the head that wears a crown. A queen has to be always on her toes. Or, better yet, Queen Garbo's momentous observation: "One never knows what time will bring, does one?" There have been other death-threatening rivalries, mostly press-stimulated. Valentino was stirred a little by the horde of "successors" following in his wake. Lupe Velez, first of the Mexican senoritas on the screen, was moved to give inciting impersonations of her country-woman, Mlle. Dolores Del Rio. Attempt was made to draw out Miss Garbo by heralding her "successors" but she barricaded herself in jaw-locking Swedish silence.

Drawings by D. B. Holcomb



"That's what you get for inviting Society!" said Marion Davies, when her guests fought.

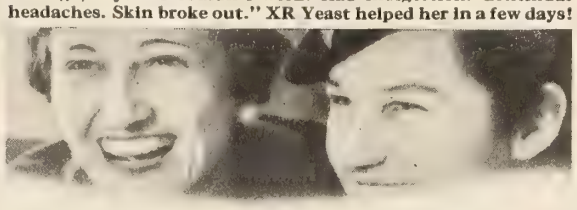
Fashion feuds between "best-dressed ladies of the screen" is an old press stunt. When the newspaper boys feel for a field day they leap in among the little tigresses, quote one about another, and soon expensive fur is flying in headlines.

At Paramount, fear was entertained of a Balkan explosion when Mae West swayed with her peculiar pugilistic swing in the direction of tailored Dietrich. When Miss Dietrich (*Please turn to page* 73)



"RELIEVED ME IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Indiana. Mrs. Opal Haymaker writes: "I suffered from constipation . . . This Fleischmann's XR Yeast is amazing . . . relieved me in 3 days!"

"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, 443 Englewood Ave., Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Continual headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!





3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast...!

"—ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans writes: "I developed constant indigestion. This *new* XR Yeast acted in 72 hours . . . *I can see why doctors are enthusiastic about it!*"



"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "My digestion was all wrong. I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion and headaches soon disappeared. There's nothing like it!"



NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion *very soon!*"



"PIMPLES DISAPPEARED IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! I feared I'd lose my job. Almost everyone in a friend's office was eating yeast . . . In a few days after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"

DOCTORS—CLINICS—in America, Europe, enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head and consultant, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says: "This new XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Margueritte Bro, a writer, says: "Huddling over a typewriter isn't exactly conducive to health. I lost appetite, felt drowsy and miserable. I tried laxatives—had to discard them. Finally I tried Fleischmann's XR Yeast. *I have only praise for it!* My sluggishness left in just a few days!"

IN cities, towns . . . *everywhere* . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast. Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy.

In addition, it supplies newly added Vitamin A *that combats colds!* And it's rich in Vitamins B, D, G . . . *four* vitamins, as well as hormone-like substances that aid health!

Eat 3 cakes daily—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—half an hour before meals. Gradually discontinue harsh laxatives . . . Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain. Start eating it today!

NRA CODE

FLEISCHMANN'S "XR" YEAST...*acts quicker*

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Sitting on TOP of the World

A NEW YORKER, BORN AND BRED, GEORGE BRINGS A BIT OF THE BIG TOWN WITH HIM—THE ONLY PENTHOUSE IN HOLLYWOOD

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM



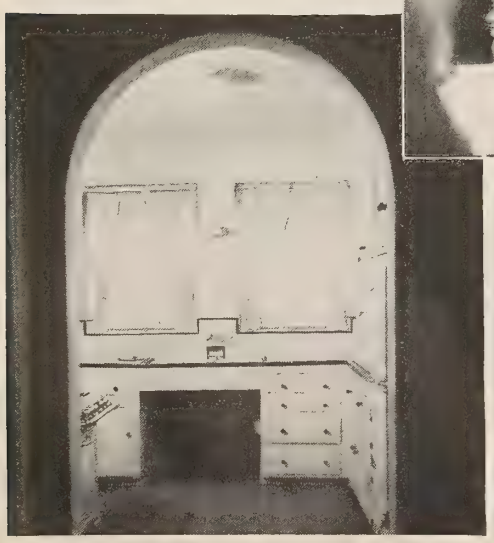


A panorama of the whole city of Los Angeles spreads out below the patio roof-garden. In the daytime the view extends to the blue blur that is the Pacific.



The room of Mack Gray, George's secretary, is done in brown and olive-green, with bright chintz window drapes.

The living-room has walls of soft gray and is carpeted in dull green. The davenport and easy-chairs are upholstered alike in green brocade and broadcloth. Bright chintz curtains are at the windows adding an attractive contrast to the rest of the furnishings.



Left: George may not do his own cooking, but he believes in cheerful kitchens even for bachelors. Featuring glazed tile, the kitchen is in yellow and black. A tiny, modernistic bar opens off the dining-room.

GEORGE RAFT is the only movie star in all Hollywood living in a sky-high residence. He has just leased a swanky penthouse on the top floor of the beautiful *El Royal*, facing the Wilshire Country Club.

It's the first real home George has had since he was a child but it is a far cry from the humble abode on Forty-first Street, near Tenth Avenue, in New York City, where he was born. During the intervening years he has parked in a variety of hotels. He's sampled the entire route from the cheapest dumps on side streets to the world's most palatial. Perhaps that's why he is so enthusiastic over his luxurious penthouse.

We had just come over from the Paramount Studio where he finished a tense scene in his latest film. We stepped through his reception hall, then into the living-room flooded with the bright warm afternoon sun.

"Home!" said George, simply, all unconscious he was unleashing emotions long dormant.

"I'm getting a great kick out of it," he continued. "I thought quiet would get on my nerves. You see, I've been used to the bright lights, crowds, something doing. But this is changing me. Maybe," he grinned, "I'll yet learn to sit around in carpet slippers, listen to the radio and go to bed at nine. It's funny what environment can do to you. But I still hate being alone so Mack lives here with me."

No story on George Raft would be complete without Mack—Mack Gray, who managed George's boxing exhibitions and ever since has been his best pal, as well as trainer and "bodyguard." Where you see George, you see Mack, at the studio or socially. Now, Mack is appearing in George's film so perhaps he's off on a successful movie career of his own.

George's living-room is furnished in soft greens and mulberry and he has given it a masculine touch that is very charming.

Off the living-room is a large patio, something like twenty-eight by forty feet. It's a spacious sky-top garden with a Spanish fountain flashing its spray in the afternoon sun, and palms, flowering plants, canopied swings and winged tables make it the most alluring spot in which to read or loaf.

"I used to like to go to the night clubs and sit there until closing time watching the crowds and enjoying the show. But now I stay at home for I have my own show—the best in town," and George nodded toward the sweeping panoramic view of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the hazy blue mountains forming a curtain along the north. It almost seemed as if we could see the ocean in the distance.

"At night," he continued, "it is a wonderful sight. Makes one think of a huge carnival lighted up for the evening performance.

"I'm scheduled to make four pictures in a row which means I won't have much time for play so I'll enjoy the amusements I can gather together here at home. Social affairs, especially if they are formal, don't attract me (*Please turn to page* 59)

A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"



MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• "Not a hint of sallowness. Skin remarkably supple—firm. Has the appearance of being a full ten years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• MRS. PAUL REVERE III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It even smooths away little lines around my eyes and mouth—keeps my skin soft."



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• "No blemishes. No lines. A fine texture. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• MRS. FORBES, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt, says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores."

You, too, can keep your *skin flawless* . . . Young

BEAUTIFUL SKIN depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth . . . skin beauty . . . is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue—toned muscles . . . these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes . . . enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. And—most important—to recharge glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this pore-deep cleanser . . . Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . Pores . . Blackheads . . DISAPPEAR

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that clear fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same fascinating charm—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start *now* to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Prepares for powder and make-up.

Send now for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B, 48 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (for postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Change Mae?—Hm-m-m! Let's change Mae West!

Why not have a different Mae West? Change her from the Nineteenth Century to 1934. Let's have no more of the "It" type of girl that men can't resist falling for.

I'm for changing Mae.—*Mrs. Clyde Stinson, 4 Franklin Avenue, Houlton, Maine.*

But how many would like that!

Norma's Perfection I have just seen that wonderful picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and my vocabulary fails me in telling what a truly extraordinary production it was.

Norma Shearer, through all her glittering successes, has never approached the perfection of her role as Elizabeth Barrett. She was the living, breathing heroine of long ago. It will be a long, long time before the poignant memory of that exquisite scene, where she crept to the window with her last strength to see her lover depart, will be erased from my memory, if ever.

I'll say it again: "When better pictures are made, Norma Shearer will make them."—*Mrs. Joe Miller, 620 North Graham Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.*

We hope Norma reads this grand tribute, Mrs. Miller.

Largeness of Mind In my estimation Ann Harding as an actress has no peer. The fates have been good to this fair, lovely creature, investing her with that creative something which deals with the largeness of the mind. When you view her pictures you do not think of her as an actress, but as the character she is portraying. She is always vitally that, and always you love her and think as she thinks.

There is nothing suggestive about Ann Harding. She has an elegance of manner which removes from her portrayals all trace of crassness. An impressive air marks every movement that she makes, and her beautifully modulated voice lingers in the ears longer than is usual.



"Jean Parker's fine work proves she is no flash in the pan." "Ann Harding has that creative something which deals with the largeness of the mind." "Norma Shearer has never before approached the perfection of 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.'" So say our readers. And: "Let's change Mae West. Change her from the 1890's to 1934."



Ann Harding is indeed a star of the first magnitude, and has won for herself a membership in the higher races.—*Mrs. William L. Stanaway, 124 East Case Street, Negaunee, Michigan.*

We have a story on Ann ready for print, Mrs. Stanaway, in which she speaks of these ideals as the very ones for which she is striving.

One Reader Answers Another To you, my dear Mrs. Vito: They tell me that asphyxiation is a most annoying, not to say painful, process. You wouldn't wish that on a dog, let alone on such a superb star as W. C. Fields. Of course, I am willing to admit that you, my dear Mrs. Vito, are far superior to the late (*Please turn to page* 68)



"The women stars take excellent care of their persons, but the men get fat," says a reader.

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count in the final decision! Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE _____
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS) _____
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR) _____
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE _____
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE _____
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE _____
7. BEST ROMANCE _____
8. BEST COMEDY _____
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE _____
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE _____
11. BEST DIRECTION _____
12. BEST STORY _____

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote very carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name ..... Address .....

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES WILL BE OFFERED FREE



1st PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH
Wouldn't you be thrilled if you won this new 1935 coach? (Value in cash, if you prefer.) You may win—it's easy. Delivered fully paid to your door.
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

2nd PRIZE
G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR
Your chance is as good as anyone's to win this beautiful, new, latest model family size, G. E. Refrigerator. (Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

3rd PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE
Boy's or girl's, man's or lady's model—your choice. Fully equipped, with coaster brake, etc., etc.
(Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL—To Win This Prize.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION 'WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



Fix the SOLE or HEEL for 1¢

IMPORTANT CLUE to Number of Dots on Shoe

Look at **Patent Number** on the box of So-Lo at Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', W. T. Grant, Neisner's, McCrory's, Murphy's, McLellan's, Walgreen's, Sears Roebuck's, Montgomery Ward's, Scott's, Green's, Ben Franklin, 5 and 10c Stores, or at Hardware Stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See SO-LO box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

HOW TO WIN

PRIZES SHOWN HERE
Honest Judges—See Paragraph 4

Do These Simple Easy Things

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy, nothing to sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win—like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical—just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again! ACT NOW—MAIL ENTRY COUPON!

EASY!

Anybody May Win

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprise prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR AT HARDWARE STORES.

ALSO AT NEWBERRY'S AND GREEN'S

World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers
CINCINNATI, OHIO

So-Lo WORKS

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "Red" Appleton, Contest Manager,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear "Red":— ☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are.....dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME .....
(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....(T)



"Autograph hunters would besiege me. Most of them would think I was Boris Karloff." Why *is* an autograph fiend, anyhow?

Why I'd Hate to be a Movie Star

A tear-jerking, heart-throbbing wail, from that embittered youth known as—JACK JAMISON

DRAWINGS BY HENRI WEINER

I HAVE lived in Hollywood for fifteen years, off and on. Mostly on. On ten cents a week!

I have lived in Hollywood for fifteen years, for which I am going to have to answer some day to my Maker, and it has taught me one thing.

I should hate to be a star.

I should hate it from start to finish. I think I might even hate the start worse than the finish. I should hate to wake up some bright morning (it would probably be raining) and see in the newspapers, "Street-sweeper becomes star! Jack Jamison, poor but honest young street-sweeper, zooms overnight to fame and a contract with Awful Pictures Corporation. Mr. Jamison, Cinderella Boy of 1935, is a gay, carefree lad with teeth like pearls and eyes of cornflower blue."

The story would go on: "While pushing his little wagon along the curb late yesterday afternoon, Jamison was noticed by a scout for Awful Pictures, Mr. Herman Doopelknappel, who was instantly struck by his resemblance to Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten and the scout's own grandmother, Mrs. Sadie Doopelknappel. Mr. Doopelknappel has been struck more than once, and deserved it. A contract followed.

I should *not* like to read: "Mr. Jamison, interviewed at his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria this morning while toying with a dainty breakfast of sauerkraut and pheasant on toast, smiled a boyish smile. 'I am simply thrilled to tears!' he cried. Our Jackie is still the same, unspoiled boy he was yesterday, without the least sign of high hat. 'How,' he asks, 'could you fit a high hat on my low brow?' "

Yes, I should hate all that. I shouldn't like it a bit. It would take away all my appetite for my dainty breakfast in my suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. I should be inclined to yell "Bunk." These discoveries, that you're always reading about in the papers! Nine-tenths of them never get beyond playing a bit in one picture, if they even get that far!

But supposing I did click, and become a star. I shouldn't like any of the things that go with it. I shouldn't like the lack of privacy. My mother didn't raise me to be a goldfish. If I wanted to be a goldfish I would be swimming around in a globe somewhere right now instead of sitting here at a typewriter telling you all this and ruining your illusions.

Oh, I know—the public give you your stardom and your nice salary, they tell you, so you owe it to the public to let them know how many hours you sleep, how you brush your teeth, what you eat, how many times you've been married, just when you plan to get your next divorce, everything.

I don't say a star oughtn't to do it, I just say *I* shouldn't *like* it. If I happen to have a weakness for underwear with pink and green stripes, I don't want to have a photographer take a picture of me in it, sitting on the rail of a liner waving my hand at the Statue of Liberty.

I don't want to have to stop doing things for fear of publicity, either. Suppose I am a star married to another star, and she eats crackers in bed and forgets to put the cap back on the toothpaste. Ordinarily, if I had a fiend like that for a wife, I would beat her with a baseball bat, or maybe lock her down in the cellar with the rats until she went crazy and strangled herself with her own garter-belt. (The Jamisons are just a regular bunch of Laughtons and Karloffs.)



Jamison, the Boy Wonder, enjoys a light breakfast.

But could I do it if she and I were both stars? No, I couldn't! I should have to pose for photographs with her, rubbing noses and calling her Boojums. Every newspaper in the country would print stories telling how we adored each other and called each other Boojums, when really we loathed the sight of each other. That would make me very disconsolate.



How to act in three lessons: "Iloveyoulloveyoullov—."

And, speaking of marriage, supposing I was one of those quaint old-fashioned people who try to stay married, in Hollywood!

Suppose I earned seven hundred dollars a week (ha, ha) and my wife earned (a very loud ha, ha) seven thousand. Bang—divorce!

Suppose she made the seven hundred and I made the seven thousand. Then she'd divorce *me,* for interfering with her career.

Suppose we both made the same salary, but the producers forgot me for a year, and she made a lot of pictures. Then they'd say I was through, and she'd divorce me for *that.*

Every time one of us went to the studio and the other stayed at home to tend little Hobart, the baby, all the newspapers would print extras saying we had separated.

And then, of course, every new leading woman I had would make goo-goo eyes at me. Mostly it would be because I was so devilishly handsome, of course, with my marcelled hair and my luscious cupid's-bow lips. Oh, Jamison! Yoo-hoo! But part of it would be because she wanted to use me for a stepping-stone to stardom for herself. And then my wife would hear her call me You Great Big Babykins one day on the set—and she'd divorce me for *that!*

Trying to stay married in Hollywood is like turning a ten-year-old boy loose in a candy store and telling him sugar will give him worms. After a while he just doesn't care.

I shouldn't like to be bossed by a studio, either. Five-year contracts, they call them. Seven-year contracts. Ninety-nine year leases. Oh, is that so?

Way down at the bottom of page 68, in small type, is a cute little clause which says you can be fired at the end of any six-month term. When you're a star you can look ahead and be sure of your corn-bread and drippings for just six months, and that's all!

Other clauses say you can be fired if you get one pound overweight, if you grow a beard, if you wear plush hats, if you admit in public that your Uncle Louie is a dope, if you get into street fights with policemen. Maybe I like plush hats! Maybe I even like to fight with policemen, if they're not too big! Why, I know some contracts—and I'm not kidding—that tell a star how much he has to pay for his automobile and how many suits a year he must order from his tailor. To say nothing of the rent he must pay for a swank apartment to keep up his (and the studio's) front!

If the only good thing you can say for being a star is the big salary you get—what about your big salary if your contract, plus your social obligations, insists that you spend nine-tenths of it before you get it?

More than one star works like a dog for five years at a "big" salary and ends up with nothing to show for it but a hundred suits of clothes, with shiny pants. Or a set of false teeth.

The stars themselves tell you five years is the longest time they can hope to stay at the top in pictures. Well—not for Papa! I don't want any job where I'm dead by the time I'm thirty and have to walk around for another thirty or forty years in the same old body. I don't want anybody to call me a has-been when I've hardly gotten my diploma from grammar school.

I shouldn't mind (*Please turn to page* 67)

TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decorations



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To the Lovely Lady
IN THIS PICTURE



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Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

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These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

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Wide World

Charlotte Henry's option was not taken up. Has she a chance?

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood's younger set may be the stars of the future. Here's what they're doing this month

By HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

Sue Carol, Howard Wilson, and NEW MOVIE. Read what the author says about putting Howard and others in musicals.

PICTURE audiences can prepare themselves for many new faces among the younger players this coming season. Many of the major studios have four or five young people of whom they expect big things—and from what I can see, will probably fulfill their hopes. Mary Jordan, younger sister of that well-known star, Dorothy Jordan, is one young lady you'll be hearing about soon. Mary has been awarded no roles, yet she does seem to have what most self-made stars of today possess—a definite determination. Though the sister of Dorothy Jordan, and sister-in-law of Merian C. Cooper, RKO executive, Mary insists on going to the various studios herself and doing "bit" work. She has just completed atmosphere work in "Grand Old Girl," the new May Robson picture, and because the studio sent out so much publicity on the fact that Dorothy Jordan's sister was in the picture (some papers even announced she had the second lead), Mary plans to change her name to avoid that happening in the future. It is for that reason, plus the fact that her stage work proves her ability that I feel you will be hearing from Mary Jordan soon.

* * * * * *

Producers—Here's an idea. How about an all-star musical picture featuring Hollywood's young starlets? Warner Brothers, after months of pleading by letter, wire, telephone and in person, on the part of Patricia Ellis to have them hear her sing, finally broke down the other day and tuned in on a local radio program featuring Pat as guest of honor. To the boss' astonishment, they discovered what we've all known for a year: that Pat has one of the loveliest "blues" voices in Hollywood.

To the other studios, let me suggest that Jean Parker, Richard Cromwell, Trent Durkin, Charlotte Henry, Joan Marsh and Ben Alexander have excellent singing voices. Tom Brown, Howard Wilson, Johnny Downs, Jacqueline Wells, and Richard Brodus are swell tap dancers, Anita Louise is a top-notcher on the harp (ask her neighbors if you don't believe me), Dick Winslow plays eleven musical instruments, and all this going to waste while studios sit back and let their one singing and dancing star do the work for every production. Most of these players mentioned are not under contract to a studio, and could undoubtedly be corralled for what might be the most novel musical production of the year.

The Frank Albertsons seem to be falling for each other all over again.



Mary Jordan, shown with John Beal, refuses to succeed on sister Dorothy's name.

Last Tuesday, Mrs. Albertson (Virginia Shelly) fell down a full flight of steps—and two hours later, Frank, the perfect husband, followed in his wife footsteps—or missteps. Two days later Virginia sprained her left ankle; an hour and a half after Frank had sprained his right ankle on the "Bachelor of Arts" set over at the studio. Never a dull moment.

Charlotte Henry becomes the Peter Pan of the film industry. Charlotte who gained fame as Alice in "Alice in Wonderland," has just completed another fairy tale role in "Babes in Toyland." This girl is different from most of Hollywood's feminine members of the younger set. Instead of striving, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to be the sophisticated ingenue of the screen, Charlotte (who is older than many of our ingenue sophisticates) has a yen to remain the Alice age for many years to come. And Charlotte has very good reasons. First, she doesn't feel or look any older than that age, and secondly, she has complete monopoly on that type of role—and her ambition is to do them all.

Jean Rouverol, young Pasadena girl, signed by Paramount for the leading role in "Eight Girls in a Boat," and later forced by her illness to give up the part, has now been given the romantic lead opposite Julian Madison in "It's a Gift"—W. C. Fields' last picture.

* * * * * *

A blood-curdling scream, followed by a wild shout and a loud crash, caused a near panic recently on an RKO set during the filming of a quiet scene.

Investigation revealed that 14-year old Jimmie Butler had curled up in two chairs, off-stage, to take a nap. Evidently the uncomfortable position made him dream. At any rate Jimmie screamed suddenly and came up fighting the chairs which had formed his bed. Everyone had a good laugh, but was Jimmie's face red!

Ralph Bellamy Tells on Fred March

(*Continued from page 23*)

speed is like, and the squeals of anguish emanating from the back seat on such occasions must startle the pedestrians out of our way, for we bear a charmed set of lives on those rides.

Can you imagine Freddie March playing the role of father in real life? I couldn't either—at first.

When Florence first broached the idea of adopting a baby, Freddie snorted and scoffed. He gave side-splitting imitations of himself walking the floor with a baby, and presented profound arguments to prove the utter ridiculousness of the whole scheme. Adopt a baby! Absolutely not!

So they compromised and adopted a baby.

The first thing we knew, Freddie had gone completely berserk over that child. He prances and romps with her until little Penelope March gurgles with sheer joy. The Laguna Beach home—always their favorite retreat—was originally a rather small affair. But now look at it! Proud Papa March, having taken up a career as a father, could be content with no half-way measures.

There had to be a nursery. It is almost as big as a Hollywood drawing room. Then quarters for the nurse, and a special kitchen. He even had a dumbwaiter built from the main kitchen to the nursery, so that if her majesty Queen Penelope should desire a midnight snack from the icebox, the nurse had only to press a button.

He fairly haunts the nursery, and prowls about to see that all is shipshape while Penelope takes her beauty rest.

The other day he proudly surveyed the big nursery, and remarked:

"With so much room, don't you think we ought to adopt a couple more babies?"

Florence, being a most dutiful wife, smiled and yielded not to the temptation to say—"see, I told you so!" Freddie believes in doing a thing thoroughly, once begun!

THE Laguna home is an ideal retreat for them. It stands on a high cliff some three or four miles south of the town. Back of the house is a veritable wilderness of hills and canyons, and our favorite diversion is to go hiking there. One day we four set out to explore strange territories.

Freddie and I had climbed through a fence and were striding along some distance ahead of the girls, when we looked up to behold ten big, belligerent bulls lined up in our path. Freddie and I came to an abrupt halt. Then Freddie asked, with a lift of his brows:

"Do you, ah, think they like people?"

One of the bulls stepped toward us.

"They do not like people," Freddie observed quickly. We marched back to the girls, who silently joined the solemn procession back to the fence, through it, and then, from a safe distance, we looked back. The bulls had not moved.

No bulls frequent the beach at Laguna, however—unless we count some of Freddie's verbal ones. He and Florence take the baby down the steps and spend hours on the sand. But lying still is not for Freddie—he brings along a medicine ball and finds someone to play catch.

His house is full of games of all sorts, designed to entertain those who abhor the simple delights of sitting and thumb twiddling. No matter what the game, Freddie usually can win it.

Freddie is a born entertainer and host. The March's dinners, usually for six or eight, are social highspots.

Freddie has very few dislikes—aside from bulls and egotists. He tours through life in high gear, enjoying every minute of the ride. But he has one very definite dislike. A most definite one—toward physical labor. He will expend a prodigious amount of energy to avoid downright work.

I discovered this secret grudge for labor one time when I proposed that we make a badminton court. By leveling a slope near the beach house we would have a splendid place for the game of shuttlecock, but Freddie eyed the spot with disfavor. We searched diligently for two days and finally came back to the original site.

"All we have to do is shovel away that dirt," I pointed out. "Come on, here's a shovel. I'll use the pick."

Freddie made several passes with the shovel, then recalled an urgent errand in town. After that he remembered that he must call the studio. I made up my mind to see the thing through, and it became a silent, bitter struggle between two determined souls—I to make Freddie work, he to get out of it. Finally he capitulated, and when he made up his mind to it the court was finished in short order.

HE has a splendid physique and despite the nervous restlessness of his make-up, is robust and healthy.

To a large measure the credit belongs to Florence. No late hours when a picture is in production; good food thoughtfully selected for dietetic values; cheerful, happy environment at home.

Sometimes Florence may become over-enthusiastic in diet regulations, as I have cause to know. There was one dietary siege when we must use celery salt and no pepper, eat gluten bread, and use saccharine instead of sugar in our Sanka coffee. As an added touch we must drink flax seed tea before retiring. I strongly suspect that Freddie was as relieved as I was when this spell passed. But it keeps him healthy.

He is a most tractable husband and dutifully eats what is good for him. After regarding my own shortcomings and those of others, I would nominate him a really remarkable husband.

Freddie is very devoted to his family, which consists of his father, two brothers and a married sister. They correspond regularly and visit back and forth. He takes his fraternal affiliations with the most serious regard, and is proud of his alma mater, the University of Wisconsin.

The success he enjoys in pictures was won by years of hard work, and though he may use all that clever wit and ingenuity to avoid labor, when it comes to picture business he does not spare himself. It is odd to remember that he had to be coerced into leaving a bank teller's job to start his theatrical career, for, more than any man I know, he loves the drama.

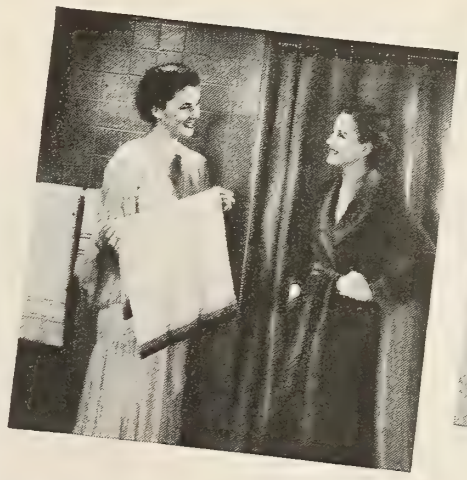
I have, I hope, given you some inkling of the splendid fellow that is Freddie March. It is difficult to catch that engaging personality with words. Perhaps I could express it all quite simply, in just one short sentence.

No one could ask for a finer friend than Freddie March.

"I hate tattle-tales!..



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"





"My sister was the one who opened my eyes . . . 'Bess, you're a hard worker,' she said, 'but these clothes of yours are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone who comes to the house that they aren't really clean!'. . . I was furious, but I took her advice. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



"And what a lucky day! It takes a second to chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine. Then I whirr it a bit—and it piles up with grand creamy suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Of course, dirt hasn't a chance. Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."

"Everybody says nice things about my washes now — no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see. In fact, Fels-Naptha is *so* gentle to everything that I use it for all my silk undies and dainty in-the-basin washes." ...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO.

NRA CODE

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

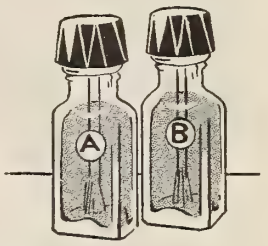
Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

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After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
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• ALSO •

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES



WYNNE GIBSON Invents New Salads for Lunch

LIQUIDS for breakfast, salads for luncheon and the sky's the limit for dinner. That, in brief, is Wynne Gibson's answer to the question of three meals a day. Her favorite for the big meal is broiled beefsteak, and for luncheon any sort of salad in which raw vegetables predominate. That, at least, is one way of getting your quota of minerals and vitamins needed to keep you young and beautiful.

Here are some of the Wynne favorites:

CABBAGE-APPLE SALAD: Wash, quarter and core 2 juicy red apples and chop coarsely without paring. Mix with 2 cups freshly chopped cabbage, ½ cup chopped walnuts or pecans, and ¼ cup real mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves garnished with sliced stuffed olives.

RAW SPINACH SALAD: Use crisp tender spinach leaves, stripped from the stems. Place the spinach on a board and mince with a knife until you have about 1½ cup. Mix with 1 cup chopped celery and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Serve on lettuce with real mayonnaise or French dressing.

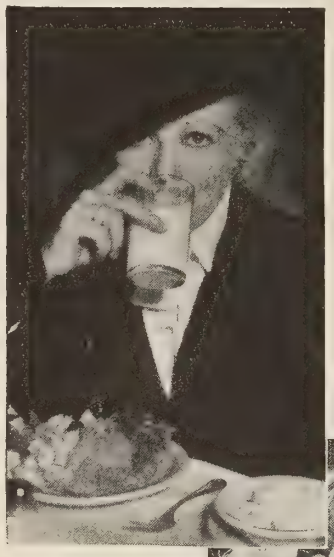
CELERY ROOT SALAD: Carefully pare 3 or 4 celery roots and grate about 1½ cup. Combine with equal amount of chopped celery stalk, and ½ cup grated Brazil nut meats or chopped pecans. Serve on lettuce with desired salad dressing.

NEW ONION SALAD: Mix ¼ cup freshly chopped parsley and ¼ cup freshly chopped onion with French dressing to moisten thoroughly. Slice two medium size tomatoes and arrange on lettuce leaves, and spread tomatoes with parsley and onion mixture.

WYNNE SPECIAL:
1 cup grated raw carrot
½ cup finely minced celery
½ head lettuce, shredded
¼ cup grated unpared radishes
¼ cup chopped parsley

Mix together the grated and minced vegetables, moisten with a little French dressing, arrange on a bed of shredded lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

TURNIP SALAD: Select small tender turnips, mild radishes, Bermuda or Spanish onion, parsley and crisp lettuce. Wash the turnips and grate ½ cup. Wash radishes and without paring grate ¼ cup. Mix with ¼ cup chopped onion and 4 tablespoons chopped parsley. Arrange on beds of lettuce and serve with real mayonnaise or French dressing.



Here are other vegetable salad combinations that Miss Gibson recommends:

Grated raw carrots, diced celery, raisins on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Red cabbage, celery, onion and parsley with French dressing.

Diced cooked potatoes, chopped raw cabbage and onions in green pepper cups.

Chopped cucumbers, and minced watercress with mayonnaise in tomato cups.

Shredded green pepper, chopped pimiento, minced celery and olives.

Green pepper, cabbage, carrots and sweet pickles.

Raw cucumbers, diced cooked beets, chopped sweet pickles.

Shredded romaine and endives with diced cucumbers in tomato cups.

Chopped celery, chopped figs and chopped nuts on lettuce with mayonnaise.

There's endless variety in the flavor of fresh raw vegetables



The makings of Miss Gibson's favorite salads



Awake the
SLEEPING BEAUTY
in Your Hair

BRING out the lovely natural lustre that slumbers in YOUR hair—the soft natural beauty that waits to be wakened by THE SHAMPOO that Cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely—Marchand's Castile Shampoo!

This wonderful beauty-awakening shampoo leaves the hair shining clean, aglow with little natural highlights. The texture of the hair is made soft, caressable—because THIS shampoo cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely.

Easy to Re-Arrange your Hair

After shampooing with the New Marchand's Castile Shampoo—hair is left exceptionally manageable. A pat here and there—and your hair is nicely arranged again!

Use Marchand's Castile Shampoo to cleanse all shades of hair. It has positively no lightening effect, it does not change the color of the hair. But it does bring out the natural lustre and beauty of hair through its New superior cleansing and rinsing action.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is made with selected high grade olive oils. Remember, olive oil is good for scalp and hair—particularly for those who suffer from dryness and dandruff. Men should avoid using ordinary soaps on their hair—and change to this fine product—made to benefit hair as well as to cleanse it.

You use a smaller amount each time—therefore, you get more shampoos per bottle. Ask at your favorite drug counter for

MARCHAND'S
CASTILE SHAMPOO

To Cleanse All Shades of Hair
Does Not Lighten Hair.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—OR TO GET BY MAIL T-G 235

Fill out this coupon, send with 35c in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

35c enclosed—Please send SHAMPOO to

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State.....

Why I'd Hate to be a Movie Star

(*Continued from page* 44)

scrubbing floors in an office building. But I should mind scrubbing floors at the age of thirty if, at the age of twenty-nine, I had been billed on illuminated signboards from coast to coast as "America's Dream Lover."

What can a star do to make a living, once he's through in pictures? Nothing he can ever do again will be tops. His past will always dim his future. Besides which, a star spends the very years when he might be learning how to make an honest living groaning "I love you, I love you, I love you" in front of three cameras, a collection of prop boys, and anybody else in the studio who doesn't happen to be working at the moment.

By the time the public gets tired of hearing him say "I love you" it's too late for him to learn to be a track-walker or a stenographer. From then on he's just plain, unskilled labor—with a glamorous past, maybe, but unskilled labor just the same. He can't even make a living painting artificial daisies on fly-poison cans.

Nor should I enjoy, during those precious five years, spending sleepless nights worrying, worrying, worrying. Worrying whether my contract would be renewed. Worrying about political enemies in the front office. Worrying about rival stars. Worrying about publicity, salary, bills, my unenviable future, staying at the top of the heap.

I should hate to sign autograph books. I'd know that the eager autograph hunters didn't really give a darn about me personally.

I shouldn't enjoy having fans write in for my photographs and then use them to tack up over the spot on the wall where the rain came in. Or to draw mustaches on.

If I were a star, any manufacturing company in America could buy my face to advertise its product, if it paid the studio enough. And the money would go to the studio, not me.

"Jack Jamison, cute child star of Awful Pictures, drives the Little Mattie Steam Roller. Have You A Little Mattie in Your Bedroom?"

No, I have not a Little Mattie in my bedroom. I don't want a Little Mattie in my bedroom. Even to be a star, I will not have a Little Mattie snorting around my bedroom squashing the furniture. Not for six thousand dollars a week!

I should hate to slave from five in the morning till twelve at night for six weeks or longer on a picture, giving it everything I had, and then have every critic in New York say I was a ham who ought to go back to street-cleaning. Of course it would be true. I *would* give a bad performance, because I was never cut out for an actor in the first place. And I *would* be a lot better off, back pushing my little trolley-wagon down the street looking for tinfoil or anything else lying around. But it would hurt to hear it, just the same.

I should hate to have royalty and famous people come to Hollywood and live with me for months as my guests and then go away, chuckling, to tell their titled friends back home that I was just too, too laughable—a little child of the slums trying to feel at home among my fifty servants and my twenty Rolls-Royces.

I should hate to have to live up to the characterizations of my pictures. Always cute, if I were an ingenue. Always tough, if I were a he-man. Always funny, if I were a comedian.

Most of all, I'd hate to kiss babies. I'd *hate* to be a star!

A touch of **HANDS**—
A change of **HEART!**



If you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives *him* a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly restores velvety texture! This is because Hinds is more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds costs only 50¢ and 25¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.

Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream



DON'T CHEAT YOUR BABY OF VITAMINS

Tests reveal that ordinary home-cooked, home-strained vegetables lose much of their vitamin content



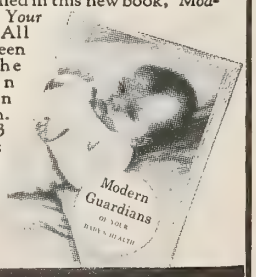
OF COURSE your baby's health well repays you for the time you spend cooking and straining vegetables for him. But there is a better way—a way to assure far higher vitamin content and to do away with tedious preparation.

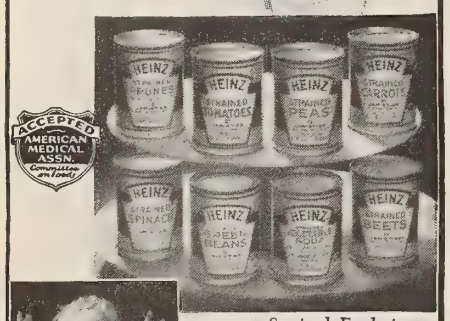
Heinz vegetables are prepared *hours* instead of days after being harvested. Each day before being cooked dissipates vitamin content. These really fresh vegetables are cooked and strained without exposure to vitamin-destroying air—then vacuum-packed into enamel-lined tins.

Test after test proves that in Heinz Strained Foods, *vitamins and mineral salts are retained to a far higher degree* than is possible with ordinary home methods.

Try three or four varieties of Heinz Strained Foods. Do away with tedious preparation. And, more important, be assured that your baby is getting an abundant, uniform quota of precious vitamins and minerals.

SEND FOR THIS VITAL BOOK—New, valuable facts about vitamins and minerals in infant diet are revealed in this new book, "*Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health*". All facts in it have been accepted by the Committee on Foods, American Medical Association. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG202, Pittsburgh, Pa.







Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties

Royal Squabbles of the Movie Queens

(*Continued from page 38*)

returned from abroad the ship reporters asked her what she thought of Mae West fashions. You will recall she said: "And who is Mae West?" For a time Hollywood was breathless. Miss West is calm, collected and self-assured. She apparently didn't hear. Fight fans laid money she was just playing for time. Then the inevitable face-to-face occurred. No assassination. Marlene offered the old royal alibi, "misquoted." Heck, said everyone.

HOLLYWOOD males have never been militant. Not over screen prestige anyhow. They still sock one another at parties in defense of a lady's honor. On the whole, though, the rugged individualism of pioneer filmland, when even ladies packed guns, has succumbed to white tie regimentation, and if you want to get along socially you'd do well to follow Max Baer's example and buck up on Emily Post. A guy that wears a sweat shirt to a salon these days is rated a show-off—or "poseur" as we say in our salons.

Hollywood, like any other rich town, finds relief in social skirmishes. For years Pickfair ruled the peerage and Mary's prestige was considered as unassailable as the late dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt's. Following a triumphal tour of the courts of Europe, Madame and Monsieur Fairbanks were the official hosts of noblemen.

Then Marion Davies came West and the course of nobility was deflected to the Georgian mansion flying the biggest flag on the Pacific Coast. To the Davies court went princes, statesmen, artists and finally George Bernard Shaw.

Miss Davies' parties excel others in originality and gaiety, and they are widely democratic. Indeed, I recall a masque ball at which Miss Davies even invited Los Angeles society, along with the Hollywood hosts. Late in the doings two youths altercated loudly, peeled off their coats and retired to have it out. Greatly agitated, Miss Davies exclaimed: "That's what you get for inviting society!"

Since Norma Shearer's marriage to Irving Thalberg, the star-making maestro of M-G-M, she has acquired the title of First Lady of Hollywood and her mansion near Miss Davies' on the Santa Monica sands is arbiter of elegance. It is her position in the studio, however, that is regarded with envy. As the wife of *Il Capo* she is naturally considered the favorite of fortune, and fortune to a star means stories. Tactfully, Mrs. Thalberg refrained from any outward show. She exercised no royal prerogatives in the way of acquiring a dressing bungalow, although Miss Davies had one more sumptuous than the petit Trianon and the first two-storied dressing "bungalow" in Hollywood. When John Gilbert was the white-haired boy at the box-office, one of slightly less regality was erected for him. Cecil B. DeMille was given another castle, and there is a dining bungalow for executives. Miss Garbo has remained in the barracks, and Miss Shearer has also to date, anxious not to upset the delicate balance of power among studio royalty. With extraordinary tact, blessed in a miraculous memory for names and appointments, invested with more charm and with more wit than she has managed to convey to the screen, she has astutely maintained good will.

Oddly, Miss Davies, through similar gifts of diplomacy, combined with generosity and warmth of personality, has escaped outward jealousy while enjoying luxurious favors. Her bungalow—actually a spacious dwelling of many rooms—was an open house. She likes people around her all the time, especially favoring those who can make for laughter and general merriment. Miss Garbo's set is guarded and silent like a hard-working artist's atelier. Miss Shearer's set is business-like, of pleasant but quiet tone. Marion's was distinctly good time, with quips and pranks and wanton wiles. In this respect it resembled the old-time studios of Hollywood, when picture-making was more or less play and no one worried much.

I lunched with Miss Davies one day when a famous writer came to ask a favor. The latter had quarreled with the studio chiefs and wanted Marion to act as intercessor. "I don't see why I have to patch up everyone's fights," Marion sighed. "I've never had a word with anyone on this lot. Why do people fight? You never gain anything fighting." At that time she informed me that she liked M-G-M better than her New York Cosmopolitan studio where she worked in the beginning. "And that's saying all I can because I loved that gang." Hence I see her farewell proclamation of love and good will as something more than a diplomatic gesture.

THE way I feel about the two royal ladies is that they, like Marie Antoinette, are innocent figures in this world-shaking conflict; of course, they have royal ambitions, and a queen must think of her fans before herself. Otherwise the day will come when the throne will not be there when she sits down.

The personal charm of the Davies has never been fully translated to the screen. Neither has the Shearer's. They are more remarkable as women than actresses. (Am I the intercessor?) Far be it from me to say which should play Marie Antoinette. I shall grieve equally at the beheading of both. And I think the French Queen is getting a big break. If she had been as tactful, sympathetic and wise as these royal ladies, the French Revolution would have been as bloodless as this one in Hollywood. Further proof that Hollywood has it all over Europe in everything, including royalty.

Join the Peoples' Academy by sending your votes on the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year. See page 42 of this issue for further details regarding the free trip which we offer our readers.

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

CURTAIN PATTERN

To be made from scrim and checked gingham. With this are directions for making checked flower pot holders to match. Very decorative.

CROCHETED STOOL COVER

It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS

Empty tin containers can be transformed into good-looking, serviceable canisters with the aid of waterproof paint and simple stencils.

LETTUCE BAGS

Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS

No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE

A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

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Frances Cowles

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Using Ambrosia is like putting your skin on a liquid diet. There's nothing to clog or coarsen pores. In as little as three days blackheads begin to go, complexions are clearer and smoother.

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THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

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The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

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DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by DR. HENRY KATZ

ONE of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S readers brings up this question about beautiful teeth seen on the screen:

"I have noticed in the pictures that actors and actresses in Hollywood all have gleaming white teeth. I have been told that this is because people in that part of California eat so much fresh fruit. Is this really the explanation? And would eating lots of fruit be good for my teeth? If not, I would like to know what they do to make their teeth so white."

Eating plenty of good fresh fruit is a good thing, but it does not make the teeth of movie stars white or glistening. Individuals with exceptionally poor teeth do not get into the movies unless the defects are the sort that can be remedied by expert dental work. Moreover, actors and actresses in Hollywood have the advantage of the constant attention of the best dentists, who keep their teeth in good repair. And the stars themselves unquestionably are more conscientious about caring for their own teeth than the average individual.

That is undoubtedly the only sure way to keep the teeth in best condition—to look after them with utmost care. But a diet that keeps the body in good condition is of course good for the teeth.

This question of fruit, cooked and raw, brings another question:

"I have always considered stewed prunes a most wholesome fruit to serve at breakfast. Is there any truth in the statement that they are acid forming?"

Stewed prunes are excellent at breakfast and as a dessert. They are tasty and act as mild laxatives and they contain much nourishment. There is no basis for the opinion that they might form acid in the system.

This new department in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet, send them to Mary Marshall, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Amazing New Way

to beautify yourself almost instantly

Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round?

Chin too prominent, too weak?

Which face is yours?



ROUND
Mold a *darker* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.

TRIANGULAR
Mold a *lighter* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.

SQUARE
Darker shading should be done on the lower jaws and on sides of forehead.

NORMAL
Use only the *one* shade of Soft-tone that matches your skin coloring.

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

. . . A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed . . . A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders . . . now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an utterly changed, alluring effect by using *two* different, related shades.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—*lighter* if you wish to accent certain features, *darker*, if you want to shadow them.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Soft-tone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. Now the shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is *stratified*, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging wafers. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with Soft-tone Mello-glo — not with ordinary powders.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect — how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings — how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW*.

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10c counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20c you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

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"What! you can put these lovely **TABLE DISHES** *in the* **OVEN?"**

YES, these gay OvenServe table dishes are actually made so you can bake in them.

You can bake meat dishes, for instance, on the very platters or serving dishes you use on the table. Puddings, pies and creamed dishes, scalloped vegetables, anything you wish, can be baked in these dishes. And then popped right from oven to table. Even the cups, saucers and plates are built to stand oven heat. It's something new in table dishes!

Saves a lot of work in serving, of course. Saves on dishwashing, too, for it cuts out all the pots and pans. Then, the dishes themselves are easy to wash because they have a high glaze that nothing sticks to.

Notice also their convenient shapes and sizes . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Cost? Very low. And you can buy them by the piece and fill in as you need them.

TRY THIS RECIPE FOR COTTAGE PIE—Cover bottom of one of the deep oval OvenServe serving dishes with mashed potatoes, add small pieces of cut left-over roast beef well seasoned with salt, pepper and minced onion, and moistened with some gravy. (Bouillon cube dissolved in hot water is good in place of gravy.) Cover with layer of mashed potatoes and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) long enough to heat and brown. Lift Cottage Pie in same dish to table.

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OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

The Most Uninteresting Man in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 24)

screen, instead of just a series of comedy gags, but Lloyd knew what he wanted and was willing to take a chance. The latter comedy still ranks as one of his greatest successes and one of the truly memorable fun-fests in screen history.

Roach grew as a producer, and finally had so many companies in his own studio that he persuaded Lloyd to form his own unit organization. On his own, then, the comedian turned out such hits as "The Freshman," "Safety Last," "Kid Brother" and "Girl Shy." He readily adapted himself and his productions to the talkies, and when they took hold while he was producing "Welcome Danger," he about-faced and re-made most of the picture in sound, with the result it was an outstanding comedy achievement. Following, came "Feet First," "Movie Crazy" and now, "The Cat's Paw."

"The Cat's Paw," his latest screen offering, and hailed as one of his best pictures, marks a new type of comedy for Harold Lloyd. The feature is his first pictorial endeavor with a story from the pen of a recognized author, and a distinct departure from the style of comedy which won him world-wide acclaim. Instead of depending upon gags and situations, as formerly, in "The Cat's Paw" a well-defined plot and story are unfolded to hold the audience, with gags interpolated only when they occur in the natural course of events.

With his transition in the line of story, Lloyd stands at the turning point of his career. Possibly I should say, he is embarking upon a new career. He feels that the old type of comedy is doomed, and should he insist upon following his original formula he will lose both caste and popularity. For that reason, he is starting a new deal for himself (even a millionaire has that privilege) and henceforth will offer only productions which have some very definite plot for substance.

On the threshold, as it were, of a new professional life, Lloyd must necessarily adapt himself anew to the changing of the times. His action in abandoning gag-and-situation comedy for the plotted narrative is his most radical step since he progressed from three-reelers to features. At forty, at the very peak of fame and success, he is initiating a complete conversion of policy in his pictures and is looking forward with a keen anticipation to how motion picture audiences will react. At forty, Lloyd is moving very much along with the times, and since the public demands new standards of entertainment he plans to satisfy that demand in a fashion leaving nothing to be desired.

Considered by many the most fortunate man in the film colony, a perusal of his standard of living seems to bear out the truth of that belief. It must be remembered, however, that Lloyd earned everything he possesses now—and the position he occupies in motion pictures—only as a result of years of laborious struggling . . . years, early in his career, that seemed to offer but small promise of bearing fruit. As a beginner, he knew hardship and despondency—although at no time did he actually go hungry—and there was a time, after the explosion of a bomb, that surgeons despaired of saving his vision. For months, he remained in a shuttered room, with bandages over his eyes, anxiously awaiting the outcome. Fortunately, he emerged from what might have been a tragic accident with his eyesight unimpaired.

Although the owner of halls that would have caused a robber baron to rub his eyes in amazement, Lloyd wanders about his vast estate entirely unconscious of his standing in the community. In all truth, he is the squire of Beverly Hills. To visit his magnificent home, set high on a hill surrounded by sixteen acres of landscaped wonderland, is to realize that the ultimate in simplicity and grandeur has been reached.

Presiding over this establishment—as, indeed, it is, in every sense of the word—Lloyd accepts his responsibility with the same unconcern and absence of affectation that distinguishes all his actions. He entertains world-famous celebrities and prop men from the studio with equal courtesy and hospitality, and he is never so happy as when he can strip to the waist and engage in a strenuous game of handball or tennis with one of his studio gang. On his estate is a nine-hole golf course that champions declare one of the finest in the country. Where others might be pardoned in boastfully showing off their home, were they in Harold's shoes, Lloyd is reserved, so reticent that it is difficult at times to realize his being master and lord of the manor.

He and his wife live in quiet simplicity, along with their three children, Gloria, Peggy and Harold, Jr. Lloyd married his leading lady, Mildred Davis, in 1922, and about four years ago they adopted beautiful, round-eyed Peggy, to grow up with Gloria.

Occasionally, the Lloyds will stage a party . . . and everybody in Hollywood strives for an invitation.

You can generally find a news scribe or two lolling at his ease in the Lloyd den or down beside the enormous, magnificently-tiled swimming pool. Although these men, many of them known through their nation-wide syndicate columns in every city in the country, are Harold's friends, few of them mention the comedian in their daily Hollywood articles . . . for the reason that there is nothing to say. He has everything . . . yet his very existence is so uneventful, even though one of filmdom's greatest figures, that they cannot put their fingers on a single note to exploit.

It is a travesty on the laws of news-making, but the one man in Hollywood whose home is the showplace of Southern California, who enjoys the acclaim and affection of the entire world for the pleasure his pictures have given, whose income can be computed only by experts and whose rise to international renown is one of the greatest success stories ever revealed . . . it is he who can be described as the most uninteresting man in Hollywood.

A NEW SERVICE FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR READERS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

And now to help you, and other readers of NEW MOVIE Magazine, we have arranged to provide something entirely new in the way of personal service. Write to the Hollywood Type Editor, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving a brief description of yourself—your height, weight, hair and eye coloring—and the name of the star or featured player whom you think you most resemble. If you have an inexpensive photograph or snapshot of yourself, enclose it in your letter. In reply, our Hollywood beauty and fashion editors will give you advice and suggestions regarding make-up, dress, coiffure, etc., most appropriate to the type to which you belong.



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NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MASSAGE AND PHYSIO-THERAPY Dept. 241 22 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

George Jean Nathan's Movie Favorites

(*Continued from page* 17)

sorship in the nearly-great "Doctor Monica," that unwieldy story that forced her into the role of a suicide to keep Kay Francis and Warren William together. Without doubt this was the sappiest yielding of movie producers to a false morality ever exploited on the screen. They forget that boys and girls are always with us and there is a thing called love.

It was nice that they redeemed her in that rare and worthy film, "As the Earth Turns," and even nicer, to discriminating auditors, to see her heroic efforts to redeem such trash as that industrialist film-story from Louis Bromberg's not-so-excellent yarn, "A Modern Hero."

Now I am aware that this commentary of mine has been critical rather than characterizing. But after all, they are Mr. Nathan's choices—not mine. Still I like to think he made any choice at all. There was a time, and it is not far away from any man's memory, that he would have thrown you out of his quarters had you mentioned the screen.

I am glad he has come from behind his curtain. Now with his new found screen interest he joins the common humanity of us all. He likes the art of Loretta, Jean and Sylvia. But what are they to him but shadows he is translating into women who love and suffer and triumph since so they do in their various roles? We all make this translation.

I talked with him once about New York and the old days in his living-room. It is a beautiful setting, his quarters, taking on, this day, an added glamour because of his reticence. The books, the drapes, the black-and-gold of its cushions harmonized to the obbligato of his words. He said:

"There is no more tradition, or at least the substance that was ours has gone. The dollar aristocracy is partly responsible for this. New York is unlike London and Continental centers. Here we admire and pay tribute to cheap men. The expression is half the time false; half the time a news head."

In this introspection may be the key to his conversion. What irony, finding the truth in Hollywood!

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NAME _____

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That Gay Girl Ginger

(*Continued from page 21*)

taller in the long white pajama coat. It is polka-dotted in black and just to be tricky the trousers are black polka-dotted in white.

"I went to bed at six this morning," she said, "and was up at ten." She didn't sound at all world-weary, but I confess that the six A.M. stuff worried me. I do it myself now and then, but when I had a career to think about, my mother, who was always with me, saw to it that I thought it best to do that sort only on very special occasions. I was mentally stroking my beard and about to go into my lecture. I was going to tell Ginger that a girl alone has to be very careful.

I was really working myself toward a snappy exit out of one of the twenty-seventh-story windows. Fortunately I never got to speak my piece. A door opened and a smiling lady entered. As she did so the titles secretary, older sister, companion, auntie and business manager flashed through my mind. Just why I, of all people, who know that fine mothers make sane girls, should not have credited Ginger with one, I'll never know, but when she said, "I want you to meet my mama," you could have knocked me over without the aid of that well-worn feather. This one (Ginger pulled her mother down beside her on Mrs. Waldorf's deep divan) is great copy herself. She's a writer, producer, and—

"I've always been a great admirer of yours, Miss Janis," said Mrs. Rogers, adding tact to her aforementioned qualities. "Ginger used to imitate you when she was a kiddie."

For some strange reason I always imagine these new stars drop from the edge of a rainbow. It never enters my calculations that they were just kids in towns all over this country when I and other luminaries were appearing in them "For One Night Only."

"Where did you ever see me?" I addressed the question to both and received simultaneous answers.

"In Forth Worth!" Mama was dramatic critic there!"

As a rule I spare my subjects the wheres, whys and whens of life, but these two smiling Rogers girls brought out the reporter in me. I'll make the results as snappy as possible for whatever the past holds their present is perfect; their future fascinating to conjure with. Ginger was born in Missouri. Where? I didn't ask. Missouri in itself explains why she can register "Show me!" so well. Raised in Fort Worth, Texas, where her mother became dramatic critic of the Fort Worth *Record*. Stepping jauntily from her "kiddie kar," Little Ginger went with mama to see all the shows. No "on the outside looking in" for that baby. On the inside looking up she watched and dreamed.

Mrs. Rogers put on charity performances between criticisms of professional ones. In these Ginger appeared with other amateur talent. About the best thing Ginger did was dance, so what could be more natural than for the nimblest of town steppers to win the Charleston contest which a local theater staged. With the prize went four weeks of personal appearances in the key cities of Texas. Mrs. Rogers must have been tired of criticizing. It's a wearisome job. Anyway, at the end of the four triumphal weeks, during which Ginger won practically everything from the key cities but their keys, Mrs. Rogers wired an agent in Chicago, "Ginger Rogers open after March 18th." The lady wrinkles her turned-up nose as she tells this and adds, "Open for what we didn't quite know." Neither did the agent, but the result was twenty-two weeks of vaudeville. Good-bye, Fort Worth—Hello, Broadway. It all seems so simple now. Several musical shows, the most notable being "Girl Crazy." As a sideline, Ginger made pictures for Paramount at Astoria, Long Island. The theater was going down—talkies were leaping up.

Mrs. Rogers' gal Ginger must be where the going is good! "Good-bye, Broadway—Hello, Hollywood! Don't you hear us? The Rogers girls? We said Hello, Hollywood!"

"But no one paid any attention to us," said Mrs. Rogers. Retrospection brushed the twinkle from her blue eyes for just a moment. "For six months we sat. All going out and nothing coming in. Then one day it happened—I didn't even ask how it happened. I know my cinematics. Someone met Ginger who had told her six months before that she would be a sensation in pictures and said, "Why, hello! When did you arrive?" It really doesn't matter now that Ginger's here, but one must resent that six months spent "vamping till ready" as all vaudeville acts used to do.

Ginger had stewed prunes and iced tea for lunch. Don't let her fool you. She had just finished a hearty breakfast when I arrived, but she had to keep me company.

We talked about the night spots of New York. I don't know them and I must say the Rogers girls sounded rather as if they would be glad to meet a bed socially at a regular bedtime again. We talked about football, or they did. They had seen the Fordham-Saint Mary's game. Did I say seen? I meant won. When Fordham took the California team for a touchdown practically before the girls got comfortably settled, they went into their own huddle and decided on prayers. Mrs. Rogers knows as much about football rules as Ginger knows about football heroes, which is decidedly something. Ginger is just a regular girl, after all, and still gets a kick out of being the favorite above all other screen sirens of a well-known college. I won't name it, but her efforts to coach the studio to allow her to remain in the East to be mascot of the team verged on heartbreak.

The phone rang every five minutes. There was no maid or secretary in evidence. Ginger did imitations of both. "Why don't you tell them downstairs not to disturb you?" I said.

"Well—er—we—"

"Don't tell me," I interrupted. "I know. Afraid of missing something?"

A mutual. "Yes!" They both grinned. Again I was reminded of Elsie and Mother in those dear days of newly acquired importance.

Ginger was caught between imitations by an ambitious furrier. Ginger was extremely patient as he roared sables and chinchilla into her ear. She told him sweetly that she was not interested. Finally, without a change of expression, she said quietly, *"I ain't interested in no furs.* Thanks!" Mr. Furrier will no doubt still be telling his great grandchildren about the bad grammar of Hollywood celebrities.

The New York Press was intent on digging into Ginger's love life and having read daily that she and Mr. Lew Ayers were "just good friends," I decided to do a Will Rogers and only know what I read in the papers but I could have spilled a bean or so by telling about a telegram which arrived while we were in the midst of our football game and scored a decided touchdown. The light in Ginger's eyes as she

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

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That Gay Girl Ginger

handed it to Mama would have made Plato hide his head and cry I know when I'm licked. We discussed the changing of names. Not the last one but the first.

What do you think of Ginger's name? Mrs. Rogers asked me.

I had thought a lot about it oddly enough. She plays in a musical comedy one month with Fred Astaire. The next picture is a straight comedy with Francis Lederer. So far, so good. Ginger as a name is fine as long as you say it with a smile, but if Carrot Top should suddenly develop dramatic tendencies, then—Oh, well, why worry about it yet? At time of going to press she is just a swell gal who likes her job and wants to do what the public demands. Her real name is Virginia and she does not like it, so having no better suggestion I advised not caring what the public called her as long as it called. I hope it will be calling longer and louder from now on because Ginger is so typically American. I'm a great booster for foreign stars, but I like to see America head the box-office parade in America just as they do in the foreign countries. Pussy! Pussy! Look out, you're putting your foot in your milk! I don't know Mr. Lew Ayers, but I'm sure he must be the right one since both the girls chose him. Frankly I'm sorry the sister act broke up before the elder Rogers had seen Ginger just where she wanted her to be professionally. She is so wise, that Mama. She knows there is a lot to be done yet. Arriving is one thing. Remaining is another. Mrs. Rogers had some very sound ideas about Ginger's career, but if there is one thing that can cut in on a perfectly sound idea it is love. Ginger's happiness came first and I hope it will endure until the last. After all, sister acts are pretty well out of vogue and trios are the rage. If Mr. Lew Ayers is content to "play straight" the act will be O.K., but I wouldn't like to get caught between a cross patter of those Rogers gals. I'm sure the bridegroom won't. Mrs. Rogers gave up being a critic to make Ginger a successful star—I'm certain there is nothing she will not sacrifice to see her a happy wife. So here's to you, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayers. If you have any doubts about anything ask Mama. If you haven't, ask her, anyway. She'll have an answer.

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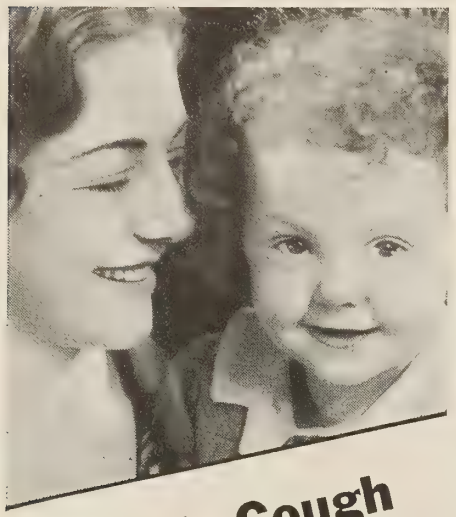
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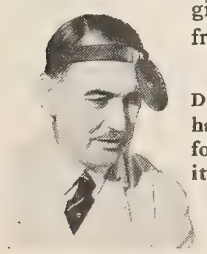
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PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

Color Magic on the Screen

(*Continued from page 25*)

But this is actually not the case.

Reproduction of color is obtained through the use of vari-colored strips of negative and filters, which screen out some colors as the ray of light enters the lens and pass others along, all within the camera itself. The three-color cameras are like no others ever devised. There are as yet only nine such cameras in existence, and each takes five months to construct and costs $15,000. Technicolor owns them all and rents them, along with its own color cameramen, to producers.

So much for the mechanics of this revolutionary addition to screen entertainment. Now what of the human genius behind it? Not the genius which devises the camera which makes it possible to bring color to the screen, but that genius which directs its application. Well, start hunting around and it won't be long before you hear the name of Robert Edmond Jones.

It was Jones who made "La Cucaracha." It was Jones who is now in Hollywood engaged in the making of "Becky Sharp," the full-length feature all in color.

To the movie-goer his name is unknown, but not so to the world of the legitimate theater. Since before the days of the World War, his has been a great name on the stage. He was studying the new stagecraft of Europe at Max Reinhardt's famous Berlin theater when the war broke out. On his return to America he inaugurated such radical departures in stage designing, costuming and color effects that he became in no time at all the outstanding man in his line. Since then he has designed the settings for more than sixty plays.

I wanted to talk with Jones; rather, I wanted to listen to him. I wanted to hear from his own lips how it happened in "La Cucaracha" that when the impresario (Paul Porcasi) became angry with the heroine (Steffi Duna) I could see the wave of color mounting to his apoplectic cheeks; how it was that the cloaks of the Spanish dancing men in the Mexican cantina were portrayed in breath-taking blue when blue never was photographed before; what he conceived to be the future of color on the screen; and a hundred answers to a hundred similar questions.

But Jones was a hard man to find. He had left Hollywood. He was in Central City, Col., staging the settings for "Othello" played by his brother-in-law, Walter Huston, during the great summer festival at that ghost mining camp. He was here, he was there. Finally he was in Europe. Then, suddenly, here he was back in his Park Avenue apartment in New York one night—for one night only, though—between arrival by steamer and departure by train for Hollywood.

He talked, striding back and forth across the living-room. Night had come; beyond the open windows gleamed the lighted towers of Manhattan, through them came the muted diapason of the great city. There was tremendous force abroad out there—and somehow the best of it seemed concentrated in this striking six-footer with the dark, thick, unruly hair and the deep brown eyes so arrestingly alive behind his glasses.

"You want to know about color," he said suddenly, as he moved back and forth, seemingly unable to sit still, "and what it can do for the movies. Well, think this over. There is a difference between a painting by Rembrandt and a colored postcard, isn't there? Any dub can see it. You needn't be a student of painting to realize that such a difference exists. But—what is it? I'll tell you. It's a difference in feeling."

Feeling, he wondered aloud, what was it? And he concluded it was the mood created within you by what your senses observed.

"In this case," he tossed out jerkily, "it's the mood created by what you see. A moonlight night or being in love arouse emotions, create feeling. But an Easter egg postcard doesn't create feeling; no, never. So when I made 'Cucarucha' I determined I wasn't going to make just another colored picture, but a painting, a real painting, a picture which would arouse feeling.

"A color picture isn't the same thing as a black-and-white picture in color. The whole designing and photographing of the picture have to be planned from the beginning in relation to the color.

"But I found they'd grown up in black and white in Hollywood. Just to give you a point, the actors would put on heavy make-up, as if for black and white, when as a matter of fact the color photography demands make-up be considerably lighter. Before making a beginning on "Cucaracha" I knocked around the Hollywood studios for a month. I asked them to show me everything they were doing in color photography. Frankly, I was amazed.

"But, look here," I used to protest, "why do you throw those regular white lights on your actors and settings? This is color work, not black and white. Why don't you use colored lights?"

He threw back his head and laughed abruptly. "They thought I was crazy. They wanted to know why I thought they should use colored lights when the negative was going to appear in colors, anyway. They thought I was a nut.

"Do you follow me?" he asked. "They were using the same brilliant white lights as for black and white, whereas I thought they should use amber lights and blue lights and green lights, all kinds of colored lights to get in actual appearance before photographing a scene the kind of effect I wanted the film to produce.

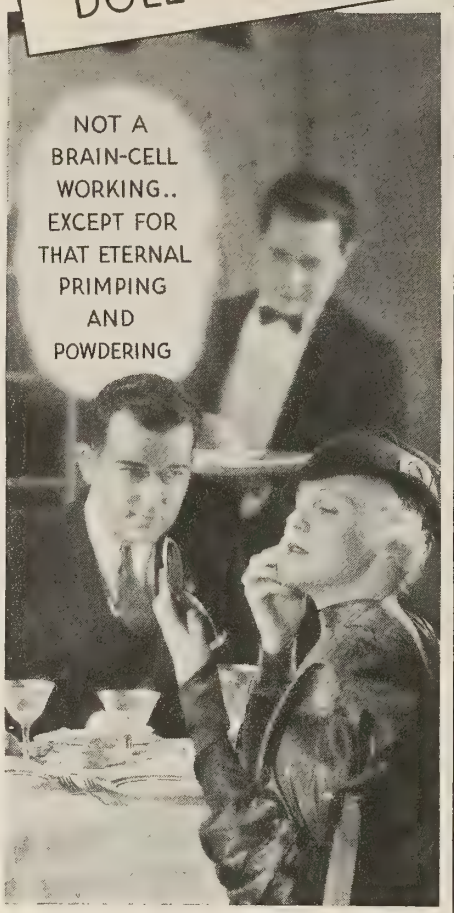
"They couldn't see it, some of those Hollywood executives. But, anyhow, it was apparent to me that in shifting over from the making of pictures in black and white to the making of pictures in color, a complete change in thinking and a brand-new technique were both necessary."

He puffed furiously, exploding anew: "Take great poetry, drama, music—the masterpieces which stand out from the common things. Why do people recall them? What is it that makes them great? It's because a Rembrandt or a Titian or a Sir Joshua Reynolds has more feeling in it than a colored postcard; because a strain of lofty music has more feeling in it than a piece of jazz. That's why. Why do you remember Toscanini's conducting and forget that of other men? Feeling. That's why.

"So I said, 'To hell with white lights. We know on the stage the value of colored lights in creating feeling. If we want to put warmth in the heart, we use amber or gold lights. If we want to make a man's flesh creep, we use blue lights or green.' So then we got down to business and began to make 'Cucaracha.' And I used all kinds of colored lights to bring out an expression on an actor's face, subtle shadows in a room, and all those various shadings it is impossible to obtain with the single use of those ghastly white lights."

Before the actual making of "La Cucaracha," however, Jones explained, he and Kenneth MacGowan made color tests. MacGowan, with whom he had worked years before at the Province-

"ARTIFICIAL LITTLE DOLL" *he Thinks*



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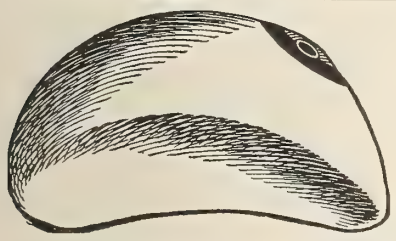
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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Color Magic on the Screen

town Theater in the production of Eugene O'Neil's early plays, was his producer. Behind both of them stood John (Jock) Hay Whitney, president of Pioneer Pictures, backing them up, ready to do a real job of color pioneering.

Hollywood's literate loyally supported Jones, too. There was, for instance, John Barrymore. Years ago Jones had made the settings for Barrymore's historic Broadway production of "Macbeth," settings still remembered, for they carried abstract suggestion to what was perhaps the farthest point ever reached. So when Jones was sounding off his theories about colored lights in the making of colored movies, Barrymore again donned the costume and role of Macbeth for two ten-minute film studies in color.

"Here," said Jones, telling about it, "here. Look at these."

He rummaged around in a tin of film and brought forth several strips of negative which he held against a strong light. They showed Barrymore in the role of the melancholy Dane. Small though they were, the films seemed instinct with life.

"The colored lights," said Jones, "aided Jack's marvelous histrionic abilities. He was even better, all these years after, than he had been on the stage, though that was good enough for any man's money."

To Barrymore and others the tests proved conclusively that Jones was a man who knew what he was about and was not merely fumbling in the dark. To others, however—and Jones exploded! "They'd affect a connoisseur's manner and say, 'What lovely sweat your lights bring out on a man's forehead. I never saw such sweat.'

"Make me sick," said Jones. "Pretenders. Well, if they want sweat, I'll give 'em sweat." He looked cryptic, then laughed. "Oh, hell, what's the difference!"

He made an amazing statement as he sobered. "Every single scene, every single shift in groupings, I drew beforehand. Here." He tossed sheets of paper about, and triumphantly held up little sketches in colored crayons, each three by four inches, which visualized the changing sequences of a scene.

"I did this sort of thing," he said, "before ever launching into production. When I was through, we had the whole play, right there in my sketch book. It enabled the other fellows and me to go through it and study it and, whenever we would hit a spot which seemed dull in color or lacking in pictorial interest, we could brighten it up, maybe get in some strident color contrasts.

"One thing," he concluded, "that is vital to color photography is color harmony. It's like this: suppose I sing one song and you sing another, can we call it a duet? Of course not. But some people in Hollywood think that so long as a film is colored, that's all that is required. They'll get over it, however; they'll learn. Why, I've seen some color films that were battles royal. Every color fought with every other.

"When color pictures really become good," he prophesied, "they'll be like paintings by Whistler—restrained. Meanwhile, we're moving and learning."

And color pictures are moving along, too. If you don't see them in your neighborhood movie tomorrow—well, it won't be long. Color—real color, such as you have never seen before—has come to the screen.

YOUR *Eyes*

SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

MAKE THEM SO WITH *Maybelline*

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



The Approved Mascara

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.





Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



● No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

●

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

●

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Helping Millions to

END COLDS SOONER

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It fights a cold *direct—two ways at once.* Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to receive the benefit of its effective two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

To Help *Prevent* Colds

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
for nose and throat

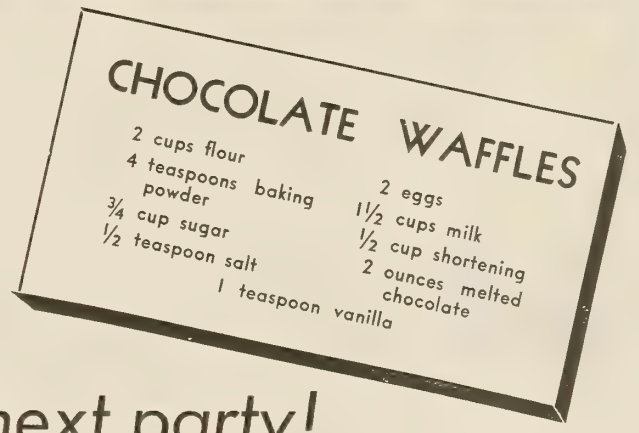
Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Timely use of Va-tro-nol helps to prevent many colds, and to throw off other colds in their early stages.



For Greater Freedom from Colds. Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Va-tro-nol—twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds—give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds—clinically tested by practicing physicians and further proved in everyday home use by millions. (You'll find full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS

TRY THIS ONE



on your next party!

To make the Chocolate Waffles above, sift the dry ingredients together. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add milk. Stir into the dry ingredients. Melt shortening and chocolate. Add to mixture when cooled. Then add vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

That is one of the delicious recipes you'll find in this helpful guide, "Successful Party Refreshments." Perhaps you'd rather serve a shrimp rarebit sandwich or fruit salad and toasted cheese puffs. But whether it's a canape and tea affair . . . or a more elaborate party calling for one and two-course menus, you'll find delightful suggestions in this party circular.

Now is the time for parties. Be prepared to entertain successfully. Upon receipt of your letter and ten cents we will immediately send you "Successful Party Refreshments."

RITA CALHOUN
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 36)

costume which he purchased in that country, kept their identity a secret the longest, wearing their masks until somebody snatched them off.

Tom Brown was a wild west cowboy, Tiffany Thayer, the novelist, was a French priest; Al Rogell was a cowboy with a gun—which he shot off every so often to everybody's consternation; Inez Courtney wore a green Eton suit and hat, very chic; Grant Withers came as is; Madelyn Doyle was a sweet Marguerite; Barbara Leonard was a Manchu princess; Anne Shirley, a Spanish vamp, and Henry Wilcoxon a Spanish grandee.

If Anita Louise, in New York, reads this, she may be assured she needn't worry a bit about Tom Brown, as he was merely nice to all the ladies, and not too nice to any particular one. His dad, by the way, came as "Mr. America."

THERE was quite an atmosphere of young love and romance about the party which Emanuel Cohen gave at the Cocoanut Grove.

Not only did Jack Oakie and Mary Brian appear together once more, not only were there the rubber-stamp romances, as when Mel Schauer brought Rosita Moreno, and Frances Drake was escorted by Richard Blumenthal, but there was a hint of fresh romance when Sylvia Sidney was accompanied by Mitchell Leisen, Gail Patrick came escorted by Dean Jagger, and Elissa Landi was squired by Jean Negulesco, and Katherine DeMille by Henry Wilcoxon.

One of the prize stories of the season was told at the party. Mae West told it on herself.

"I said to my maid one day," she related, "that if a certain man called, she was to say I was in my bath. She told him. And I found out about the rest of it later. It seems he called a second time and then again a third time. Each time my maid told him that I was in my bath.

"Finally he got mad and yelled, 'Well, maybe she's drowned by this time. Don't you think you'd better look?'"

And here's something. Marlene Dietrich spent half an hour talking with other young mothers at the party about her child and how she was raising her.

Speaking of young mothers, Sallie Eilers hasn't been going about at all since her baby was born, that is, until very lately. But she did appear at the parties given by Rosie Dolly and Emanuel Cohen. So she's making up for lost time.

ALICE BRADY has a story for every hour of the day, and all prizes, too.

That was a funny one she told at the party which Louis D'Arclay, actor-artist, gave for her at his Beverly Hills home.

It seems that Helen Mencken's mother is deaf and dumb. Alice had learned to talk on her fingers when she attended school. So when Mrs. Mencken became ill, and nobody was allowed to see her, Alice secured admittance to the room on the understanding that she would be very serene. She stayed in a long time, and finally some one came to peep in to see what was happening.

They found Alice telling Mrs. Mencken funny stories by means of the sign language, with the invalid in stitches of laughter!

Then Alice told about how W. C. Fields and Frank Craven were discussing golf at her home one night, and when Craven asked Fields if he swore on the course, Fields answered:

"No, I never get profane, but where I spit the grass never grows again!"

NORMA SHEARER had her fortune told at the party which Leila Hyams and Phil Berg gave on the occasion of Phil's birthday. When Norma emerged from the ordeal she was smiling.

"The room was quite dark, and the fortune teller didn't recognize me," she said. "She told me I had acting aspirations, but that I'd probably never be really successful!"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON gave a party for a number of famous Russians, including Rouben Mamoulian, Richard Boleslavski, Constantino Bakalienova, and others. He solicitously provided vodka for his guests—and not one of them drank it! All preferred the native American poisons. It is only since coming to this country that Anna Sten has learned to play ping-pong. She is quite rabid about the game.

At the party which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman gave, Miss Sten and Carl Laemmle, Jr., played together continuously after dinner, Miss Sten winning most of the time.

FRED ASTAIRE is a shy bird. He ducks all the parties he can, and even his charming young society wife can't drag him to them very often.

The two were invited to Dolores Del Rio's for tennis. But when he found he was to meet a lot of people he didn't know, he and Mrs. Astaire fled over to the home of their friends, Merian C. Cooper and Dorothy Jordan.

Nevertheless, a goodly crowd assembled and swatted the ball across the net at Miss Del Rio's.

William Powell arrived early, but Jean Harlow was late, because she was working on her new book entitled "Today Is Tonight."

NILS ASTHER sent some cables, from which we learn that he will visit Turkey before he returns from Europe and Asia; will spend Christmas with his mother in Sweden; wants plumbers engaged for his house in London, and will stay over there indefinitely; Donald Crisp and Jane Murfin have bought a yacht for a cruise in the South Seas; Katharine Hepburn is sporting these days a hat, scarf, and gloves of green and black plaid velvet with a black wool suit. The pants seem to be permanently parked. Grab-it-off dinners (in nicer words, buffet) are the rule in Hollywood where there are more than fifteen guests, but Clark Gable "extended himself," as the French say, and gave a sit-down dinner to twenty guests. Included among those present were Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Sam Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart and Douglas Fairbanks, the guest of honor being the Countess di Frasso; Gloria Swanson took her two older youngsters to a kid party, and played games with the youngsters; Marlene Dietrich and Rouben Mamoulian dined and danced at one of Hollywood's night spots; Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow met Maureen's dad at the train when he arrived in Hollywood; Conchita Montenegro has grown two inches since she came to Hollywood three years ago.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARSH, RAW ALKALIES!



Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress.

Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices *completely*—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and *safe* relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 36BKK, St. Louis, Mo.

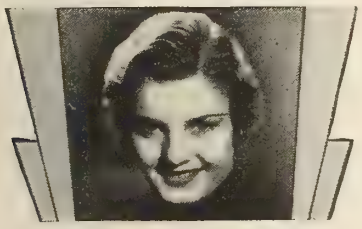
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

SKIN ROUGHNESS

IS HUNDREDS of TINY CRACKS

Ordinary creams or lotions only cover them

DAME NATURE CREAM heals them—

Joins the rough broken skin into delightful lasting smoothness. Its unusual richness prevents or removes chap, dryness, withering, or such results of work or exposure. 25c, 50c or 10c at 10c stores.

DAME NATURE CO., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y.

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

Sitting on Top of the World

(*Continued from page* 40)

very much. Occasionally, I entertain with a small dinner followed by contract but usually it is just the boys who drop in informally and we thrash out everything—the last fight, the football scores and, of course, every phase of pictures."

Though he doesn't drink, many of his friends do and he has a small bar opening off the dining-room and again the buying bug has prompted an extravagant outlay of glasses and an odd cocktail shaker.

A competent servant keeps the domestic wheels running smoothly but Raft plans the dinners when he is to be home—simple he-man meals of steak or roast beef, baked potatoes and other vegetables. No sweets. But he likes stewed pears and says he could enjoy them for dessert every night of the year.

"Here's the real bait of the penthouse," he said, as he proudly ushered me into another large patio at the rear, beyond the kitchen and servant's quarters. "This is my outdoor gymnasium where Mack and I do our training. I've ordered a ping pong table so it is likely to become a playroom, too."

From the entrance hall we went upstairs to the bedroom on the floor above. There are three, with two bathrooms, George's, a guest room with twin beds, and Mack's.

George occupies the large front room with three windows to the south and one to the west.

"No one hates to go to bed more than I, there are always so many excuses for staying up. The next thing I hate worse than going to bed is getting up in the morning. Mack comes in and wakens me with dire threats but it usually takes his third visit and a wrestling match to get me out of bed."

His greatest extravagance is clothes, he loves them and he buys in quantities. His preference is blue and gray for suits with everything to harmonize. He has excellent taste with the real flair of the well-dressed man.

Such orderliness as his closets revealed. In one hung rows and rows of coats, with several racks flashing many beautiful ties. In another closet were the trousers and his shoes. Also, bathrobes of every style and color, and pajamas—dozens of them, mostly of black satin.

His dresser drawers are another exhibit for he keeps his blue shirts in one, the white ones in another, the tans and browns in still another—and there's not a wrinkle among them.

As we returned to the living-room I was conscious of a definite homey atmosphere. Perhaps George's own friendliness animates his surroundings. There is no put-on with him and he never forgets the old friends. He is always courteous and thoughtful whether it be with the prop boys, the store clerks, his own employes or the highest studio officials.

As we chatted, George, Mack and I, we touched many subjects, Mack told me that George never misses the weekly fights, nor a ball game when it's possible to make it. If he's working he frequently takes in the night games.

Seven phones keep George in touch with the outside world.

"I believe in living Today and not planning too much for a future that may never catch up with us," he said.



Keep MIRROR FRESH

WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!

WHEN your big moment comes, will you grab for your powder puff, long for a mirror—be fussed and nose-conscious—and spoil it?

Or, will your complexion be *mirror fresh*—as soft and lovely as it was when you left your mirror? It will—if you're wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard Hudnut product—made with a brand-new ingredient never discovered for powder before. It makes the powder cling longer than any powder you ever tried.

Don't take our word for it—take our samples! Four boxes—they cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing). They come in four shades—there's a coupon, clip it!

Or don't wait for the postman. The name is MARVELOUS. The maker is Richard Hudnut. The price—for the full-size box—is only 55¢. Drop in at the nearest drug or department store!

New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 *to* 6 HOURS

(BY ACTUAL TEST)

MARVELOUS *Face Powder* 55¢



Mail this! *FREE*—Marvelous Make-up Guide—and FOUR generous trial *boxes* of four popular shades of Marvelous Face Powder. Mail coupon now!

H-4

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City. I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and Make-Up Guide. Here's 6¢ for packing and postage.

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(AM NOW USING _____ POWDER.)

MY DENTIST WAS RIGHT . . .



If You Want a dazzling smile and firm, strong, beautifully clean teeth, be careful of what you put in your mouth. Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash—and that is why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. No wonder more than 7000 dentists now recommend this remarkable new paste to their patients. It gives you all the great benefits of a scientific salt solution in handy pleasant toothpaste form. It stimulates circulation in the mouth tissues and heals tender gums; it cleanses your teeth beautifully and safely; and its salty, tangy, exhilarating taste leaves your mouth and breath delightfully clean and refreshed. Try a tube. See for yourself.

Money back guaranteed if not delighted! Order a tube today. 35c in the large size, 10c in the guest size. If you do not find Worcester Salt Toothpaste the most beneficial, delightfully refreshing dentifrice you have ever used, we will refund your money. Is that fair?

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Clip this ad and paste it (with your address) to the empty box from a 35c size tube of Worcester Salt Toothpaste. Mail to us and get free, postpaid, a little imported Lucky Elephant Charm to always carry with you. Address Dept. 80, Worcester Salt Company, 40 Worth St., New York, U. S. A.

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SPECIAL NOTE: If you cannot get this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste at your favorite drug counter, send us the firm's name with the 35c and your own address. We will mail you postpaid both the toothpaste and the Lucky Elephant Charm. Worcester Salt Company, 40 Worth Street, New York City, Dept. 80.

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Magazine for younger children offers new big profits.

It will pay you real money to investigate Tiny Tower's profit-making plan. Commissions are very generous, making it worth your while to devote either full or spare time to selling Tiny Tower subscriptions. See the inside back cover of this magazine for a fuller description of this popular children's magazine. There is no other national magazine for younger children like Tiny Tower . . . ***Teachers, Parents and Children every where want it!*** Tiny Tower is now in the same larger size as this magazine you are reading . . . ***It's more desirable than ever!***

Write today for information how to increase your income with real profits.

• Olive Reid
TINY TOWER MAGAZINE
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

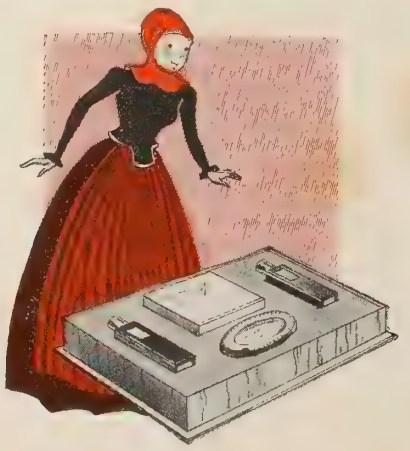
MAKE-UP BOX

REVEALS THREE IMPORTANT WAYS AND MEANS TO BEAUTY

NEW LASHES FOR OLD: We've been rushing about with long, sweeping lashes feeling very much like Joan Crawford and it's all because of those perfectly grand artificial eyelashes. Fact is, readers have been asking so many questions about them . . . how they are applied, where they can be bought, how long they last, how much



they cost . . . that we just dropped everything last week, dashed uptown and did a bit of research. Well, the difference that a thick fringe of eyelashes can make is astonishing. They give the eyes more depth, more expression, more allure. All you need is good light, a steady hand, plenty of time, and, of course, the box containing the lashes and two little bottles. The lashes are soft and glossy and come in black and brown and the bottles contain fluids for applying and removing. Now, just a word of caution: Be sure that after you have applied the lashes, you trim them following the natural curve of your own for if it is obvious that they are artificial, your best beau or doting husband will set up a dreadful din. So be a "smoothie," trim them neatly, and you'll have a heavenly time gazing soulfully at *him* and he'll never suspect you of employing artificial wiles but will wonder why he never noticed your alluring eyes before.



OH, THOSE PORE HERBS! Large pores are the besetting evil of most American women's complexions today and few escape them. In Switzerland, women are famous for their complexions and the secret lies in the use of rare herbs which grow on sunny Swiss mountainsides. These herbs are picked when richest in their curative qualities. Presented to American women for the first time are products whose basic ingredients are precious natural herbs. Because soap-and-water is recognized as such a vital part of cleansing, start with a nice soapy lather to remove grime and dust. Then comes the *herb baume*, a compound of natural herbs. A thimbleful spread over the face with the fingertips and left on overnight helps refine pores, arrest lines and soften the skin. There is also an unperfumed powder for those addicted to one scent and reluctant to use another. The cleansing lotion for daytime is a clear amber liquid with a fresh herbaceous fragrance which removes all traces of make-up and leaves the skin fresh and clear.

AN OLD ROMAN CUSTOM: Years ago when Rome was in its glory, men and women went to the baths together. The men wearing fancy costumes, the women clad in long, flowing gowns and carrying little wooden bowls containing sweetmeats and perfumed oils. Today, sophisticated women, aware of the power of perfume to stir the senses, use an essence which softens the water and scents the bath and body with a mystifying fragrance.



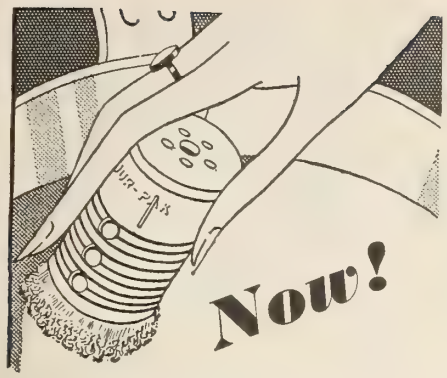
The bath essence pictured has the fresh, delicate and elusive scent of flowers drenched in the rain. A few drops in your bath has a tonic effect on the nerves and penetrates each pore with a haunting perfume that lingers for hours.

Now, exercise to ward off crow's feet, worry lines, and saggy chins. All you need invest is five cents (yes, five pennies) and a few spare moments. This month's circular tells how. . . Have you heard about a set for make-up and costume harmony? It contains eight shades of rouge and lipstick so you can experiment to your heart's content. . . Next month we're investigating the artificial fingernail sit-chee-ation, some fun!

Anything you'd like discussed in these columns? Just drop a line to—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

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Dress up your kitchen with new towels, pot holders, stenciled food containers, etc. Send 10c for diagram pattern to Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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You can complete your High School education at home — *in 2 years or less.* Course meets all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Full credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Send for Free Bulletin TODAY. No obligation.

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Out of **HOLLYWOOD** *comes a new* **NAIL POLISH** *to* **GLORIFY YOUR HANDS**



Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

moon GLOW

Cream—**NAIL POLISH**—*Clear*

Here is the nail polish you've been hearing so much about—made popular by stage and screen stars in Hollywood. Moon Glow Nail Polish is a new blend—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously. In six splendid shades from the delicate to the daring. Scientifically perfected so as not to chip, peel, crack, fade or streak. And economical—larger bottle, lower price. 25 cents at the better toilet goods counters. Send coupon and 10 cents for generous trial bottle. (*Moon Glow Oil Polish Remover is the latest treat for the nails.*)

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co. Ltd., Dept. T25
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Cream Polish. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red
( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name.....
St. and No.....
City..... State .....

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 35*)

in the neighborhood are looking wan and haggard from hopping off the roost at all hours of the night in response to their synthetic "master's voice."

•

HURRYING off the "Good Fairy" set, Margaret Sullavan climbed in her car, stepped on the starter, shifted into low and nothing happened!

The big car just wouldn't budge an inch, and, after jiggling two or three gadgets, the perplexed Margaret got out and walked around to see what was what.

The "what" proved to be a jack under her rear axle, and, as soon as she saw it, Miss Sullavan knew right away that the culprit was a property boy with a fine flair for practical jokes.

Next day, it was pretty hot, and, about the middle of the afternoon, Margaret ran out for a cold drink, returning with a big ice cream cone for the flustered property boy.

The first two bites were swell, but after the third, "props" made a Mr. Hyde face and dashed for the great outdoors.

It seems that Margaret's gesture of "vendetta" was salt, *and plenty of it! And methinks it'll be a long time before that particular prop boy will get smart with anybody else!*

•

FOR ten solid weeks on the "Night Life of the Gods" set, Geneva Mitchell knit . . . and knit . . . and KNIT, between shots.

Catching her at it half a dozen times, our curiosity finally got the better of us.

"What's she knitting, anyhow?" we asked Lowell Sherman, her director.

"I'm not sure . . ." he whispered confidentially, "but I think it's a tent for the preview!"

•

GARY COOPER gets a great kick out of duck hunting and sneaks off, as often as he can dodge engagements, to pot the wily critters.

On his last trip, Gary drew a bead on one of the biggest ducks he had ever seen. Bang! Bang! and the bird went into a tailspin.

A split second later, our intrepid hunter bit the dust, knocked sideways by what he thought was a tarred and feathered cannon ball. As soon as he got his bearings, imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the "duck" he'd just shot was an eagle with a seven-foot wing spread!

•

KNOWING Baby LeRoy's weakness for tweaking noses, Jimmy Durante was more than a little relieved when the miniature nose-tweaker was pulled out of the cast of "Carnival" and cute little Dickie Walters substituted.

How young Dickie got the part is a story that would do Ripley's heart good.

Bill Perlberg, a casting director, was driving in from the beach when a little boy dodged out in front of his car. Slamming on the brakes, Bill got out to see that the kid was quite unharmed.

Hurrying around to the front of the car, he looked anxiously down at young Dickie (for it was he, no less!). And Dickie, looking right back at him, murmured, most nonchalantly: "Fancy that!"

Bill was so relieved and amused that he made an appointment to test the child, and . . . you know the answer.

(*Please turn to page 62*)

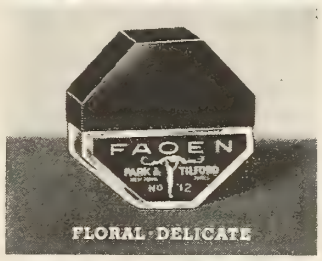
I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as

FAOEN *and* **I'VE TRIED THEM ALL**



says Beatrice Hudson, New York model









MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) *was* different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!"

Haunting, sophisticated . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance!

FAOEN has made thousands of smart women more desirable.

In a "compact" ten-cent size at all F. W. Woolworth stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes



F is for *Freshness*

Vegetables grown especially for baby Watched over from seed to harvest by Gerber. Picked at the moment of perfection. Rushed to the cannery, where only the choicest go into Gerber cans.

C is for *Choiceness*

Only the *cream* of fresh-picked vegetables is selected for Gerber cans. Sorted by women in snowy uniforms. Washed in clear artesian water.

V is for *Vitamins*

Conserved to a greater extent by Gerber processes, which during pre-cooking, straining, canning and steam-cooking in cans exclude the oxygen that causes vitamin loss in open-kettle home cooking.

M is for *Minerals*

Preserved to a higher degree by Gerber methods. Vacuum cooking regulates moisture and retains mineral salts poured off in water at home.

F is for *Flavor*

Retained in greatest measure by the new Gerber patent-applied-for Shaker-Cooker. Vegetables are *stirred* throughout steam-cooking in sealed cans. Protects fresh flavor, taste and color. Insures uniform cooking of every particle. Gives more complete sterilization without overcooking.

S is for *Straining*

Gerber strains through monel screens, five times as fine as kitchen sieves, removing more indigestible fiber, making vegetables *safer* for baby.

U is for *Uniformity*

Every vegetable *scientifically* prepared. Cooking times and temperatures pre-determined and accurately regulated. Baby gets, in season and out, the *best* vegetables—uniformly prepared—standard in quality, consistency and flavor.

A is for *Approval*

Accepted by American Medical Association Committee on Foods. Prescribed by thousands of doctors, who have observed the wholesome benefits to hundreds of thousands of babies of these "better for babies" Strained Vegetables.

• • •

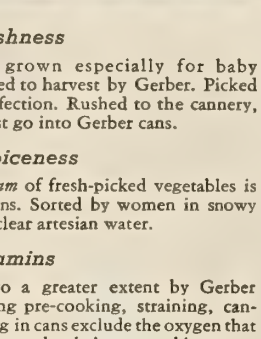
Better For Mothers, Too

Baby gets a complete variety of vegetables, summer and winter. No tedious cooking and straining. Mothers are freed of hours of daily drudgery. Doctor's instructions can be carried out more accurately and scientifically. Vegetables are unseasoned, so that they may be served as they are, or seasoned slightly as taste or the doctor directs.

Your Store's Baby Department

When shopping look for the Gerber line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¾-oz. cans.



Ask Your Doctor

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby



Mothers! Here's help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information . . . practical suggestions . . . telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)



Name.....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

TM-2e

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 61*)

JOHN BEAL has an unusual good luck talisman. While on location with "The Little Minister," he was accidentally stuck by the sword of an extra in the vein just at the right of his eye.

Superstitious as anything, John keeps the stitches, taken from the wound, in a gold locket which he carries with him constantly, thinking to ward off any further injuries.

And if that really helps, then Victor MacLaglen should tote his tonsils around in an old aspirin box, because he's been in the hospital with a bad case of laryngitis from yelling "Sez you!" at Edmund Lowe, in their newest picture!

•

THE Old Soldiers' Home, in Sawtelle, is one long buzz of reminiscence since the blessed old-timers were invited to act in Columbia's "Call to Arms."

The way those Union and Confederate pappys polished up their brass buttons and pressed those blue and gray uniforms was a caution. Gettysburg, Bull Run and San Juan Hill were side shows compared to the fun they had doing their stuff before the cameras.

•

YEARS ago . . . well, not too many years ago . . . when Edward Everett Horton was on the stage, a little black-eyed chap was wrasling scenery and doubling in brass at the theater where Horton played.

The kid's name was Ramon Novarro and today, he and Horton are pals of the first water.

The other evening, Eddie invited Ramon over to his house for a home-cooked dinner and Novarro is still raving about the home-baked bread, roast and gravy, and all the other tasty dishes cooked up by the inimitable Horton!

•

FRED KEATING is watching for his first picture with keen anticipation.

During the making of "The Captain Hates the Sea," Fred lost in the neighborhood of twenty pounds, and knowing the strange technique of picture making, Fred is wondering . . . ?

On Monday, they shot a scene where Fred is shown leaving a room. Then, possibly four weeks later, they get around to the shot that shows him emerging into another room on the other side of the door, presumably a split second later.

"I have a reputation for legerdemain," Fred grinned, "but, when the audience sees me go in a door weighing 165 pounds and come out weighing 140 . . . well, they'll never believe it!"

•

FROM our NEMO-Nook on the fifth floor, we watched Norman Foster park his brand new Ford coupe smack on the red line while he dashed into the Gotham for an armful of his favorite delicatessen.

Because of the noon rush, we guess he must have had quite a time getting service, because, fifteen minutes later, when he finally came out, there was a brawny Boulevard cop with one foot on the running board, earnestly writing out a you-know-what!

Norman grinned sheepisly, stowed the groceries and, after a ten-minute chat with the law, drove away, still grinning sheepishly, but with the nasty ticket tucked in his vest pocket!

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with This 4-Way Remedy!

A cold is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances. When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy". Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassell and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra, every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network

WHEN Freddie March returned from his two-month cruise in the South Seas, he took one look at the stacks of mail that had accumulated in his absence and dashed for cover!

Waving a very nice picture contract, Missus March inveigled him out of hiding and, at last reports, Freddie had worn out six fountain pens and borrowed the neighbor's to finish up!

•

THERE are lots of reasons for divorce, but Mrs. Chick Chandler's is the pay-off!

Chick, it seems, is a bee connoisseur, which is quite all right in its place. But during the last rainy spell, Chick got up at 2 A. M., carefully brought in all the hives and put them in the living-room!

That was bad enough, but, with the living-room overcrowded, he stowed the remaining hives in the BEDROOM! And Mrs. Chandler couldn't quite take it.

However, if Chick will just build a rain-proof shelter for his buzzy friends, all will be well, and no Reno to worry about.

•

MERVYN LEROY, that clever little director whose passion for his art led him into many a day's overtime, now quits the studio promptly on the dot of five each afternoon.

"I'm still on my honeymoon," he firmly announced to his gasping co-workers. "The little woman expects me and I won't disappoint her!"

And, as Mervyn hopes that the pending expectancy will be a boy, let's hope the 'little woman' won't disappoint *him!*

•

AFTER completing a sound recording that was so swell that the onlookers applauded enthusiastically, Joe Morrison was leaving the set.

A cocky extra (one of those smart guys) upped to Joe and very sarcastically remarked:

"Well, d'you think you'll ever amount to anything?"

Joe gave the fellow a thorough once-over. "Oh, I don't know," he said seriously. "But, if I don't, there'll be one consolation . . . I'll have plenty of company!"

•

WHEN Clark Gable isn't duck hunting, he's deer hunting. Or bear hunting. Anyhow . . . hunting.

He just returned from a hunting trip in Idaho and, before he could get out of his hunting britches, Leo Carrillo and Jack Conway grabbed him by the tail of his coonskin cap and dragged him off to Mexico to see how good he was at fishing!

Next month, we'll tell you about the one that got away . . .

•

AFTER spending hours on the "Gay Divorcée" set, Katie Hepburn was so intrigued with the dancing of Fred Astaire that she hired his dancing instructor to give her lessons in tap dancing!

You can't stop our Katie, and, in spite of a dozen gypsy petticoats, the gal goes through her "Turkey in the Straw" routine with all the fervor of a potential Pat Rooney!

•

WELL, kiddies, this hasn't been a very exciting month. But, with the bow and arrow we got from Santy, Poppa NEMO is goin' up in them thar hills and run down a lot of snappy items for your edification next month.

And, if you haven't broken Junior's electric train by this time . . . keep tryin'!

We'll be seein' you!

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat, that so often leads to something serious, generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out pain and congestion.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

RADIO: ***Tune in the "Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.***

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

NRA CODE

Mold *your body to alluring lines*



Get rid of unsightly FAT easily. Bring down that waist line, smooth out hip bulges and make yourself lithe, graceful, slim. Use a **new method**—no drugs—no diets—no back-breaking exercise; just a simple natural method which reduces just as surely as though you were in the hands of a trained masseur.

Reduce Quickly

The Hemp Body Molding System, invented by Paul L. Hemp, expert masseur and specialist in reducing, reduces where reduction is needed and does it surely, safely, quickly. The cost is almost nothing, less than he often collects for a single treatment.

FREE trial

This amazingly successful method is yours for trial, without any obligation to buy. Send your name and address today for complete proof, there is no charge whatever. Take advantage of this offer NOW; a postal card will do.



THE CONLEY COMPANY, Inc.
561 First Ave., N.W.
Rochester, Minn.

FEEDING THE BABY

correctly is one of the most important steps in building sound health. Send 10c for feeding directions and recipes to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



***Beauty hint for hands that will be* ADMIRED**

Every one can enjoy lovely hands, hands that you are proud to show. How? By a simple beauty treatment—Chamberlain's Lotion used daily. Containing 13 different, imported oils, Chamberlain's Lotion soothes, smooths, re-beautifies. A clear liquid, not gummy, Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds, without bothersome stickiness. Try Chamberlain's Lotion today. See what it can do for you. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

USE THIS COUPON

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.
Please send free trial size of your lotion.
T.M.-2
Name_____
Address_____

Chamberlain's Lotion

On the Set with Coming Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

staggering bill for the show, discovers that her pet son, Frank McHugh, has secretly married the hotel hostess, and half a dozen other minor shocks, she decides that it might be just as well to have a doctor in the family to pull her out of her fainting spells!

Hugh Herbert, Winifred Shaw and Dorothy Dare add plenty to the action.

ONE HOUR LATE
•
PARAMOUNT

Not to be outdone, our old Grand Rapids pal, Joe Morrison, joins the vocal parade and throws a few high notes up for "grabs," in Libby Block's interesting story of life in an office building.

Joe is in love with Helen Twelvetrees, but, because Helen displays a sympathetic interest in her boss, Conrad Nagel, whose wife, Gail Patrick, neglects him to fool around with Ray Milland, Joe goes off in a huff and asks Arline Judge to marry him.

Angry at his failure to understand, Helen decides to even matters by spending the week-end with Nagel, in the country.

Comes quitting time and the usual five o'clock rush for the elevator . . . and matrimonial complications.

Joe, Helen and Gail are in the elevator with three other interesting personalities when . . . Crash! . . . Bang! . . . a cable breaks and the safety catch stalls the lift between the fifteenth and sixteenth floors.

There's a breath-taking minute while Joe wriggles through the trap door to slip the catch, singing all the time to keep up his courage.

One of the passengers is owner of a radio station, and when he hears our Joe . . . well, you just know that the lad gets a contract and all ends well for everybody.

We watched them shoot the last scene for the picture, where Joe, resplendent in tails and a wing collar, warbles his theme song, "This Must Be Paradise," into the microphone of the KLR broadcasting station.

Behind the cameras, the "real" orchestra plays softly, while, behind Joe, synthetic musicians go through the motions on dummy instruments. And you'll never know the difference!

On the sidelines, Sam Coslow, composer of the piece, listened raptly while Joe drew superb harmony from his lovely melody.

Director Ralph Murphy stood with eyes closed, absorbing the rhythm while he figured out the romantic action that must accompany the finale.

And we just sat there, full of pardonable pride that a lad from our home town had made the grade in Hollywood!

ENCHANTED APRIL
•
RKO

April in Paris may have its moments, but Elizabeth Russell saw more romantic possibilities in an Italian setting. Hence, her very charming novel on marital digression . . . and what springtime in Italy can do about bringing obstreperous husbands to their so-called senses.

When Ann Harding's stuffy husband, Frank Morgan follows his wife's advice and writes a book, all about the naughty ladies of history, the thing goes over so big that it can only be com-

(Please turn to page 64)

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

● BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ (9)

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



● Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

On the Set with Coming Pictures

(*Continued from page 63*)

pared with the size of Frank's hat-band.

Losing out to a bunch of lion-taming females, Ann strikes up a friendship with Katherine Alexander, who's own husband has a pretty good opinion of himself, and the two of them rent an Italian villa, with an eye to letting Nature take its course, under soft Italian skies.

Infatuated with Jane Baxter, Frank refuses to go along for a reconciliation with the lovely Ann. Katherine's husband, Reginald Owen, holds out, too, until he hears that Jane and her wealthy aunt have a share in the villa. This news brings both the cantankerous hubbies scurrying to Italy. Frank . . . to be with his "heart"; and Owen to sell stocks, or something, to the wealthy aunt.

In spite of bad plumbing, the romantic atmosphere has its way with the lads, and, before the next month's rent is due, Love's in bloom and all's well.

On the set, Owen, with nothing but a towel around his middle, staggered, gasping, out of a cloud of steam that emerged from the doorway of the prehistoric bathroom.

Sputtering like a wheezy motorboat, he brushed aside the Italian caretaker and his wife who jabbered excitedly, and staggered, dripping, into the wide-open spaces of the living-room.

It seems that, not understanding the temperament of the antique water heater, Reggie had given the thing its head, with disastrous results.

It may amuse you to know that Charles Judels, well known for his portrayals of Italian characters, cannot speak a word of Italian but gets it off so convincingly that few know the difference.

As Owen made his steamy exit from the bathroom, Director Harry Beaumont instructed Judels (playing the caretaker) to ad lib excitedly.

Dashing across the set, Judels grabbed a real Italian and requested a mouthful of dialect.

"Just anything," he said, "that you'd say if you were excited about something."

The Italian started off with something that sounded like "boloney spaghetti de Dio" or something, and, as Charles repeated it carefully, an executive leaped into the air, shouting: "No 'Dio'! . . . absolutely no 'Dio'!"

So Mr. Judels was obliged to turn in the "Dio" for something less profane. And, such is life out here on the western front!

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE
●
PARAMOUNT

When a famous international crook falls in love, hang onto your bridgework, folks!

For love of Gertrude Michael, Paul Lukas sets out to get a corner on ten priceless diamonds, known as the Flying Stars. He figures that if he presents them, along with his heart and hand, to the girl of his dreams, his chances for a walk down the old church aisle will be that much better.

In order to make it that much harder, Paul gives the police department a handicap by telling them what he intends to do, and right away, everybody owning any of the sparklers starts to do some plain and fancy worrying.

Father Brown, played by Walter Connolly, has four of them in a crucifix, and the way he outwits the ambitious Lukas leads us to wonder if he didn't get his training for the priesthood in some department of Scotland Yard?

Close by, Lukas, always the serious fellow, studied his script, utterly oblivious to the hilarity going on all around him. Determined to eradicate every trace of his charming accent, Paul refuses to converse in his native tongue. Even fellow Hungarians must stick to the English of it if they would have a word with the romantic Lukas. And, is Paul ka-razy about our good old ham and eggs! And fried potatoes!!

Director Edward Sedgwick has some rare ideas of his own about American cuisine and, between scenes, that boy carries on in a manner that wouldn't do a starving Armenian any good!

And . . . oh, yes . . . before we forget it entirely . . . Gilbert Chesterton wrote the story of "Father Brown, Detective."

OUTDOOR GIRL
PRESENTS
THE "Color Ensemble" IDEA IN MAKE-UP



Fashion emphasizes the "Ensemble Idea" in costumes. Hat, frock, shoes and accessories . . . all of *matching color*. And now the smartest women are seeking the same exquisite harmony in their make-up.

Outdoor Girl gives it to you . . . with face powder, rouge and lipstick, all precisely matched in shade . . . each complementing the other to produce a perfect *Color Ensemble!*

Choose these charming Outdoor Girl Beauty Aids to blend naturally with the true tones of your own skin. To flatter your complexion and to *protect* it, too. For all Outdoor Girl preparations, as you know, are made with a base of pure Olive Oil, to keep your skin soft, smooth and young. And to guard it against the ravages of cold and wind.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in 10c trial sizes at your favorite chain store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of Outdoor Girl *Olive Oil* Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

POWDER

The *only* face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! No orris root! 7 smart shades.



ROUGE

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.



LIPSTICK

Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tints.



TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over These Columbia Network Stations:

WABC	—New York	WJAS	—Pittsburgh
WBBM	—Chicago	WCAO	—Baltimore
WCAU	—Philadelphia	WOKO	—Albany
WNAC	—Boston	WFBL	—Syracuse
WHK	—Cleveland	CKAC	—Montreal
CKLW	—Detroit	CFRB	—Toronto

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 87-B
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light☐ Medium☐ Dark☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER
●
PARAMOUNT

In spite of dust storms, terrific heat, temperamental leopards and what-have-you, this production, from the novel by F. Yeats-Brown, is nearing completion, and crew, cast, and Papa Paramount are all set to indulge in one big collective sigh of relief.

In order to have it letter perfect as to detail, Director Henry Hathaway spent two years of intensive research in India, and the filming there of actual scenes by Ernie Schoedsack form the background of the picture.

The Paramount ranch was turned into an exact reproduction of the Lancers' Headquarters in India, and, while some three hundred horsemen put their gallant steeds through a sort of drill formation, Gary Cooper and Henry Wilcoxon raced their own animals over five-foot hurdles, and without a casualty, either.

The story is a simple one. Sir Guy Standing, colonel of the regiment, is displeased when his own son, Dick Cromwell, is sent to join the company as a replacement. So as not to be accused of partiality, Sir Guy bends over backwards to discipline Dick even more drastically than he does the others.

Smarting under the stiff treatment, and feeling that his father cares nothing for him and is merely trying to humiliate him, Dick deserts and wanders into the enemy's camp where he is forced to reveal the movements of his father's troups.

Sympathizing with the kid, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone go after him to bring him back. About the same time, the enemy attacks and, in the ensuing battle, Gary is killed.

Tone and Cromwell are decorated as heroes, and Dick is reconciled with his father.

GILDED LILY
●
PARAMOUNT

The title of the story, by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland, is tentative, as yet, and we're sorry about that, too. It's plenty exasperating to sit around waiting for a certain picture to come to town, only to find that you've missed it altogether because the title has been changed at the last minute.

There ought to be a law. . . .

Claudette Colbert, getting back into her clothes after taking off "Cleopatra" (and nicely, too!), plays a hard-working stenographer, who chases her "bluebeard" clear to London, only to find that it's been sitting right on a park bench all the time!

Every Thursday, by mutual consent, Claudette and Fred MacMurray, a newspaper reporter, meet at a certain bench in Central Park, where they munch peanuts and talk about life and stuff.

On the Set with Coming Pictures

We snuck up on 'em the other day, and their conversation went something like this:

"Love me?" Fred says.

"No," Claudette says.

"O.K.," Fred shrugs nonchalantly. "I just wondered, that's all."

Silence.

Then, "What do you think of love, anyhow?"

"Well," Claudette smiles dreamily, "I know one thing: when I *do* meet up with it, I'll know it right away!"

"Yes." Fred regards the toe of his shoe gloomily. "I suppose so. . . ."

So our lovely heroine meets Ray Milland and goes head-over-heels, without knowing he's an English lord.

It's a neat romance until the royal family gets wind of it, and then Ray is ordered home, pronto. He goes, too, jelly-fish that he is, leaving Colbert to her "pot-hooks" and park bench as of yore.

Turning press-agent, Ray puts his secret love on the front pages by publicizing her as the "Gal Who Said No to a Blueblood," and before you can say "wienerschnitzel" Claudette is famous and pulling down big money in a popular night spot.

Nursing a publicity complex himself, the Britisher comes back to share the spotlight with the fair maiden, but all of a sudden our Nell goes cold on him and returns to the park bench to find the "real thing" she's overlooked.

Neat direction by Wesley Ruggles.

DAVID COPPERFIELD
•
M-G-M

If you have not read this famous Charles Dickens classic, you should have, and shame on you!

It's all about a sensitive lad who overcomes the bitterness and unhappiness of his early life; his mother's unfortunate second marriage; the death of his first wife; and his ultimate marriage to his first sweetheart.

When his mother's second husband turns out to be a brute of the first water, young David runs away to live with his crusty old aunt, played by Edna May Oliver.

Going to school, he meets Madge Evans, daughter of Lewis Stone, and a deep affection springs up between the two.

The passing years find David grown to manhood (played by Frank Lawton) and visiting an old school friend, Hugh Williams, in London.

Forgetting Madge, David meets and falls desperately in love with Maureen O'Sullivan. They are married and return to the Stone homestead, where David discovers that the pesky Uriah Heep (Roland Young), in encouraging Stone's bibulous habits, has robbed him of nearly everything he owns.

A delicate young thing, Maureen soon dies, leaving David desolate, until, some time later, when his early affection for Madge ripens into love, and, after exposing Heep, the two are married.

"All right, Frank," Director George Cukor instructed, "you're packing . . . excited over the prospect of going to London. Miss Evans . . . you stand here . . . watch him . . . make it wistful. You love him . . . and he's going away. Young," to our Roland, "you're perfectly satisfied that the fellow's going. Be smug about it . . . and make that speech significant. All right; let's go!"

So . . . the cameras turn. Frank packs excitedly. Madge watches him wistfully. Roland is nastily smug. "It would be too bad," he speaks significantly, "if, in London, our friend would forget all about us?"

"Save it!" says Cukor. And they're ready for the next scene.

I'VE BEEN AROUND
•
UNIVERSAL

Chester Morris is engaged to Rochelle Hudson, daughter of a wealthy Long Islander, and they plan to be married.

But, while Chet is away on a business trip, Rochelle meets up with G. P. Huntley, Jr., and, because of the feller's slick city ways, becomes madly infatuated with him.

G. P. is in love with Phyllis Brooks, but, because he figures on cutting in on the old man's money, leads poor Rochelle on until Poppa tells him that if he marries her, he'll have to support himself.

When he throws her over, Rochelle elopes with the delighted and unsuspecting Chester. But on their wedding night she breaks down and tells him that it's "no sale" because her heart belongs to Mister Huntley.

Smarting under the injustice of woman's inhumanity to man, Chet goes on a glorious toot, painting Europe and points East a swell shade of red.

With time to think things over, Rochelle sees the light and New Year's Eve finds her a lonely and regretful lady.

In the lobby of his hotel, Chester runs across his old pal Gene Lockhart.

"How come you're sober?" Gene wants to know.

"That's the way I'm going to be from now on," Chet says gloomily.

"Honest?"

"Yeah. You won't have to play nursemaid any longer."

"I'm gonna stay with you tonight, though," anxiously.

"You won't need to." Chet hesitates a moment. Then: "You don't happen to know where Drue (Rochelle) is living, do you?"

With a significantly happy look, Gene digs in a pocket and produces the address. Thanking him, Chet dashes out.

In the elevator of her apartment house, Rochelle has run across Huntley and a gang who insist on coming up to her place for a drink. And—just then Chester walks in!

Thinking the worst, he is about to leave, when the little woman throws her arms around him and tells him what a fool she's been. Which helps.

It's a Gerald Beaumont story with Phil Cahn direction.

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR
•
WARNERS

Land, sea or air, Jimmy Cagney continues to be the conceited smarty who smashes regulations, gets in Dutch with everybody and, finally, comes out of his cocky tailspin to make a perfect three-point landing.

Jimmy worships Pat O'Brien, a lieutenant who has obtained a berth for him in the Marine aviation corps, until Pat reprimands the kid for stunting during maneuvers.

Thinking that Pat has gone high-hat, Jimmy decides to get even, and, with that in mind, makes a fresh play for Pat's girl friend, Margaret Lindsay, who resents his smarty ways and doesn't

(*Please turn to page* 66)



ASK ANY MARRIED WOMAN WHO HAS TRIED IT

(or send for the booklet "Facts for Women")



TIMES have changed, and women have changed with them. Instead of brooding over the "failure" of their marriages, many married women are wearing a cheerful expression. What they once thought was dangerous is now found to be safe!

The news has spread around of the *discovery* that has taken the *danger* out of the practice of feminine hygiene. Ask any married woman who has tried this modern method, and she will tell you of the great change it has brought into her life—more poise, more confidence, a better and more cheerful disposition.

Never too late to learn

Your grandmother (and even your mother perhaps) thought feminine hygiene was always associated with poisonous antiseptics. Nothing else was powerful enough: that was the old belief—and in the days of your grandmother it was true!

But that was before the discovery of *Zonite*, the great non-poisonous antiseptic-germicide that has brought joy and relief to millions of enlightened women. If you do not already know the *facts* about Zonite, note them carefully now. It is never too late to learn. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. It will not harm delicate membranes, nor produce scar-tissue. Yet Zonite is powerful. It is the only non-poisonous antiseptic that compares in strength with the standard poisonous germicides. As a matter of fact, Zonite is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the human body.

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Zonite is on sale at drugstores everywhere. The liquid Zonite is sold in bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1.00. Zonite Suppositories (dainty, white, greaseless forms) are $1.00 a dozen, sealed in separate glass vials. Many women use both.

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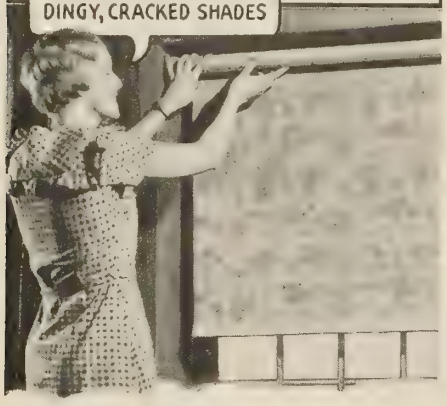
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"Just as I have economized on shades by using Clopays—now I can save on every oilcloth need by using Fabray. At a saving of ⅓ to ½ it gives me oilcloth appearance and oilcloth wear plus advantages oilcloth does not have. It will not crack or peel when creased. There are so many lovely new patterns and fresh, dainty solid colors, too. Now I can have a harmonious decorative scheme in my kitchen just as I have in other rooms."

FABRAY is sold by leading 5-and-10c stores in 46-inch width for tables—12-inch width for shelves. See it at your nearest store or send 10c for 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1350 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

On the Set with Coming Pictures

(*Continued from page 65*)

hesitate a little bit to tell him so.

When Jimmy lands a burning plane, after Pat has bailed out, he is hailed as a hero for sticking to his ship, and, after that, there's no holding him.

Disliked by everybody, Jimmy continues to hold his spot as ace flyer of the corps and the highlight of the piece occurs when the plane he and Pat are flying loses part of a wing during the smoke-screen maneuvers.

Wriggling out on the broken wing, Pat balances the ship long enough for Jimmy to make a perfect landing, and then the laurels go to Pat.

Discovering that his girl has come to love the sassy aviator, Pat makes an elegant "beau geste," relinquishing his "heart" to the thoroughly chastened Cagney.

Lloyd Bacon puts the devil dogs through their paces with directorial finesse.

MILLS OF THE GODS
•
COLUMBIA

May Robson is grandmother to a prosperous plow company and a flock of ungrateful, parasitical descendants who leave May to run the business profitably while they gallivant all over Europe, living off the interest of a $50,000,000 trust fund.

Comes the depression and the factory starts slipping. But will those ungrateful brats give the old lady the loan of their money until the business gets on its feet again? Not much they won't. Instead, they try to sneak back to their milk and honey in Europe, and, not until the factory workers riot and a grandson, James Blakely, is accidentally shot, do the nuisances wake up to the fact that "life is more than just a bowl of cherries."

Victor Jory, one of the mill hands, falls in love with the snooty granddaughter, Fay Wray, and, before it's over she comes down to earth deciding that maybe the salt of the earth is better than all of Grandma's "sugar," after all.

It's a Melville Baker-Jack Kirkland story, with that crack director, Roy William Neil, at the wheel.

SWEET MUSIC
•
WARNERS

The Warner lot is certainly a riot of chorines and song, this month!

Jerry Wald wrote this tale especially for Rudy Vallee, and Rudy, with a wealth of experience behind him, promises a right smart performance.

Vallee is a college man who becomes world famous as an orchestra leader and crooner. He loves Ann Dvorak and she loves him, but there is so much antagonism between the two that you're not supposed to suspect the affection until the end of the picture.

Placing his orchestra and himself in a swanky New York night club, Rudy persuades the manager to send for Ann, who is singing and dancing herself to a standstill in a small-time racket.

Not knowing that Rudy has been instrumental in getting her the break, Ann treats him badly. And, when she fails to come through and is fired out of the place, she blames him for it.

Later, when Rudy gets a big radio contract, he again arranges to present Ann on his program.

The sponsors, Joe Cawthorne and Al Shean, aren't very excited over the idea, but, when Rudy insists, they give in, relegating their preference, Helen Morgan, to the immediate background, rather than lose the Vallee program.

Ann clicks, discovers that Rudy is really the cream in her mushroom soup, and the piece finishes on a high-powered theme song, with Rudy crooning into the girl friend's shell-pink ear.

Al Green directs the heigh-ho's.

"DATED COFFEE? YES! *Dated Skin? No!"*



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BEHOLD MY WIFE
•
PARAMOUNT

When Jean Raymond's elegant family breaks up his romance with a pretty stenographer the heart-broken girl hurls herself from a 'steenth-story window.

Hating them, Gene determines to bring disgrace on his snooty family, and, in a drunken moment, marries an Indian girl and brings her home to live.

As Gene has wired the folks that he has married a daughter of one of America's "first families," Momma and Poppa excitedly stage a swanky party in honor of their new daughter-in-law. So, imagine their consternation when Sylvia Sidney, all decked out in beads, braids and doeskin, steps off the train and into their unwelcoming arms!

Well, it's too late to call off the party, but, they needn't have worried. Because, with her hair up and the doeskin ditched in favor of a Patou model, little Sylvia gives the Junior Leaguers a right smart run for their broad a's.

Mad as hops because the little woman has foiled his plan to disgrace the family, Gene gets roaring drunk and tells Sylvia just why he married her.

Sick at heart, Sylvia gets back into her Indian suit and runs away with Monroe Owsley, who has been making passes at her all evening, anyhow. But Gene's sister, Juliette Compton, has some ideas of her own about Owsley's love life, and, when she catches him with sister-in-law, grabs a gun and shoots him dead. Which only goes to show that we all go native, now and again.

To protect the sister of the man she loves, Sylvia says *she* did it. And Gene, suddenly realizing that he's crazy about the Indian maid, jumps up and says *he* did it.

So what to do about it?

Director Mitchell Leisen didn't seem any too sure about the finale himself. But we'll bet a plugged nickel that Gene and Sylvia are turned loose to live happily ever after.

H. B. Warner, Laura Hope Crews, Kenneth Thompson and Dean Jagger do their part to make the cast a happy one. And Bill Lipman and Gladys Lehman got together on the story.

THE WHITE COCKATOO
•
WARNERS

How about a murder or two for a change?

Two minutes after registering at a hotel, Ricardo Cortez is up to his neck in dead bodies, screams in the night, vanishing Jean Muirs, and things like that.

If Ric had been smart, he'd have kept his Grecian schnozzle out of the whole mess. But, if somebody stabbed a perfect stranger with the hour hand off your very own clock and left the body lying around where you either had to step over it every time you turned around, or else . . .? Well, anyhow, our hero decides to play a one-man game of Scotland Yard. Just for the fun of it.

Jean Muir has inherited a fortune from her dead parents, and that, my friends, is the cause of it all.

There's a missing brother, a mysterious doctor, the funny-acting hotel proprietor and his wife, and a white cockatoo, all mixed up in the monkey business. Furthermore, everybody behaves so peculiarly that you just can't trust any of them.

On the Set with Coming Pictures

In the end, however, it takes the cockatoo to help Cortez bring the guilty man to justice, and, how he does it is something Papa Warner would kill me for telling! Which would be another murder. Which would be one too many, the way things are now.

Mignon Eberhardt concocted this tale and Alan Crosland directs.

Did you ever see a cockatoo stooging? Well, *I* did! Two of 'em, in fact.

The script called for a bird that was beautiful, could sing, and do tricks, all at once. There were plenty of beautiful cockatoos; some that could sing nicely, but only a very few able to perform capably.

Consequently, to get the desired effect, Warners were obliged to rent three birds, at so much per day per head. And we'll bet you won't know the difference!

PASSPORT TO FAME
•
COLUMBIA

Mistaken identity is always a good skeleton on which to drape the earthly remains of a story. This version, by W. R. Burnett, has to do with a meek and timid hardware clerk (Edward G. Robinson), who looks so much like a big, bad gangster (Edward G. Robinson) that he's always being thrown in jail and given the third degree until he can prove the difference.

To save a lot of time and trouble, the district attorney gives him a letter, a sort of passport, that will identify him to any officer as Jones, precluding the possibility of his being arrested as Mannion, the Killer.

However, at the point of a gun, the Killer relieves Jones of the passport and carries on with his life of crime, thoroughly protected from the law.

Jones has been in love with Jean Arthur for a long time, but, spineless critter that he is, never had the courage to mention it.

But, when the real tough mug kidnaps Jean, along with Eddie's aunt, well, it sort of brings out the Jesse James in our hero and does he go to town with those bandits?

Anyhow, Eddie's a grand guy. Ask Wallace Ford and Director John Ford.

Revamping the Stars

(*Continued from page 4*)

that are worn only on the set, before the camera.

" 'Your face is lopsided,' they told me next," Sullavan went on to say. " 'Your mouth droops on the right side and your jaw is lower there than on the left.' They fixed that in the make-up department, although I was afraid they were going to send me to a hospital and carve a new jaw for me. They put lipstick on the corner of my mouth and painted the right eyebrow higher than the left, and that raised my face on the right side. As a matter of fact, I'm not kicking. They did a really good job there. I appreciate it. When I get around to putting on make-up for an occasional party, I follow out the studio's ideas, and the effect is really rather good. I believe that if most women would really study their faces, they could work miracles, because whatever beauty I have is certainly *not* God-given. It's a studio job."

As a matter of fact, this make-em-over racket is one of Hollywood's main jobs. There are scores of people whose sole business is to make 'em what they ain't. There's a dentist on Hollywood Boulevard to whom more stars owe their fame. He's got a big photograph of Clark Gable, grinning that swell tooth-showing grin of his, on which Clark has frankly written an autograph and the statement that the teeth aren't his own but the doctor's. Plastic surgeons have their Hollywood office walls hung with pictures of stars before and after. An ear-tacking down or a nose-straightening job isn't their only work either. You'd be surprised at the things they've lifted on certain stars!

And the make-up men!—why, they ought to rename them the make-star men. Just the other day, I dropped in on Perc Westmore, Warner's topnotch make-up champion, and he was all fagged out.

"What's the matter, Perc," I asked.

"Katie," he groaned, "I've just made another beautiful star, and I'm all tired out."

"So I asked him to tell me about it. What he meant was that he had been making over a beauty via the hairdress and make-up method, until she was so beautiful she didn't know herself. And besides, he added, she was a rather rare case . . .

"Josephine Hutchinson, the gal who played 'Alice in Wonderland' in Eva LeGallienne's New York production," Perc explained. "She was unique in that she came to Hollywood willing to learn, instead of thinking she knew everything about being beautiful."

So she and Perc co-operated, and how! They made 30 different tests of hairdress alone—every one a movie test! They made another 14 tests—all movies—of make-up! That's 44 tests alone on just those two branches, exclusive of all the walking and talking and emotion-registering tests!

When the tests were done, they ran them off before the studio big shots—hours of pictures of Josephine Hutchinson. And out of that welter, they chose the best—and the result, wait till you see her on the screen.

"She's not beautiful herself," Perc says with professional frankness, "but she's a perfect subject for make-up.

"And because she was, herself, so neutral, we have been able to make her over into a creature so glamorous and so colorful that my own wife wants to know how many hours a day I spend with her in the make-up department and what we're doing!"

"Is that the regular process for all these newly-signed stars, Perc?" I asked.

"My gawd, Katie," he grunted, "you've seen those before-and-after pictures of Joan Crawford and Garbo and Shearer and Dietrich and the rest of them, haven't you? They had to go through it themselves. God or Mother Nature did a pretty good job to start with, of course, but where they left off, we began.

"As a matter of fact, there isn't a gal in the world, no matter how beautiful, who can't be improved by a make-up man and a dentist and a hairdresser and a few of our boys. And if a girl wants to study enough she can do the same things to herself."



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• • •

A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?



No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is *yours* when you Winx your lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make *your* eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

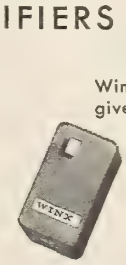
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A TRUE STORY



By AN OHIO MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Platteborze of 22 Euclid Avenue, Struthers, Ohio, for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies.

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us.

"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol.

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand. It has kept us healthy all through the long hard winter we had. Our habits were regular.

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol —also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. Our boy is 12 years and sure is strong and very healthy. I really just *couldn't* keep house without Nujol."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Dept. 19X, New York City.

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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 40)

Ziegfeld in judging an actor's ability. Mr. Ziegfeld must have been indeed stupid and blind to single out Fields as an inimitable comedian.

As for his beauty, they say that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and surely such a severe critic as yourself should be able to detect the goodliness and cleverness beaming from his kindly face. As for brains—you wouldn't dare dispute the fact that a man drawing thousands a week is one of lower intelligence.

Every knock is a boost, so up goes Fields two notches in my estimation. I hope the other readers will agree with me. So, to you, W. C., a crown as the King of Comedians and may you continue until my grandchildren fight to see your next picture. To you, Mrs. Vito—phooey!—*Mrs. Robert Bentley, 127 S. 18th Avenue, Maywood, Illinois.*

All right, Mrs. Bentley, but if Mrs. Vito comes back at you now—by golly, we'll print her letter!

And Another!

THE critics who annoy me most are those who want all actors to look, act and be just like their personal favorites of the present moment. And so I say to Mrs. D. E. Vito of California, I, too, enjoy Edward Everett Horton, but I also think W. C. Fields as funny in his line and as great an artist in his way. Each is a genius, but who wants them alike, or wants to see them too often? W. C. Fields is inimitable as the gentlemanly, shrewd half-crook. His expositions of universal, human, low-brow "cussedness" are comically burlesqued in just the right proportions, so that the audience can take it and like it and, perhaps, benefit by it. I would like to see W. C. Fields play the part of the immortal Colonel Sellers of Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age." I never see him in action without thinking of that remarkable character. — *Emeroi C. Stacy, 1005 S. W. Park Avenue, Portland, Oregon.*

Come on, Mrs. Vito! You tell 'em! We're on the sidelines.

The Stars Who Sing

AND they say people do not like good music any more! This is what happened in Sacramento. At a theater here, Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" is in its sixth week. An unheard thing for even the very best of pictures, and likely not to end then. I sincerely hope to see all of the cast together in another picture. They are excellent.—*Mrs. K. Yeargin 1517 26th Street, Sacramento, California.*

For years, Mrs. Yeargin, producers insisted no one would listen to fine music on the screen. They have been taught a much-needed lesson.

The One Who Is Gone

YOUR recent article, "Can Pauline Lord take Marie Dressler's Place?" presented an interesting and thought-provoking question. Miss Lord gave a splendid interpretation of Mrs. Wiggs, but despite her great ability as an actress, I do not think that Miss Lord will find Dressler roles a medium for her work. As your article wisely says, no one can actually take another's place. To my mind, the Dressler type of roles *could* be played by Louise Dresser. Some of her brusque statements and gestures used in "The Scarlet Empress" were reminiscent of the Dressler idiosyncrasies.—*Mrs. Helen Brink Glover, 210 East Fourth Street, Frankfort, Kentucky.*

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As the months pass, people are realizing more and more that there will never be anyone who is quite our dear Marie.

The Fairy Princess

IF I were an illustrator for a volume of fairy tales, I'd choose lovely Helen Twelvetrees as my "mental picture" model for each and every fairy princess! Even if Helen were *not* the great actress she really *is,* I'd still love her for her fragile, blond beauty and plaintive voice—for her calm and unpublicized private life—for the struggles she has endured to attain her present stellar position.

Knowing that Helen *is* a true, dramatic artist, and that she has a long list of excellent performances to her credit—I wonder why the producers can't find another "Grand Parade" type of story for her? How could anyone forget Helen's magnificent portrayal of the unfaithful musician's downtrodden wife?

I've also visualized Helen as an enchanting "Lady of the Lake" in a talkie-version of that classic.—*Mrs. Lula Weber, Ursa, Illinois.*

It is to be hoped that Helen's run of bad luck will let up soon.

More on Moore

SUPERLATIVES suddenly seem inadequate when trying to describe "One Night of Love" with Grace Moore in the starring role! I thought I'd seen and heard everything worth while! But Miss Moore brings a distinctly new type of personality to the screen to say nothing of the most glorious voice this side of heaven! Deftly worked into the picture as *natural* sequences Miss Moore sings several of the most beautiful arias ever written. Her voice holds a promise of new thrills for millions of music and picture lovers. "One Night of Love" will make screen history! Thanks, Columbia, for giving us such a rare treat!—*Mrs. Charles Toles, 514 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

Read our "Forecast" in this issue, Mrs. Toles. You may soon have lots of grand opera on the screen.

The Tender Years

WHILE I believe that the revelation of ages of our favorite movie actresses and actors in the recent issue under "Battle of the Ages" proved interesting reading matter to most of us, I found some of their ages seemingly tender.

I would advise some of the "Boys" and "Girls" to have another peep at their birth certificates.—*Marie R. Eber, 1356 West 64 Street, Chicago, Illinois.*

The records are open to anyone, Marie.

Gary's Appeal

A GREAT big cheer for Gary Cooper for his very fine performance in "Now and Forever."

I can readily understand why most of the actresses want him as their leading man. He has what appeals to every woman.

As Shirley Temple's father in this picture, he played the part to perfection.

I, for one, would like to see more pictures with Gary Cooper as leading man.—*Mrs. John Glenzer, 7111 Campania Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

He has a great appeal for men, too, Mrs. Glenzer.

Gable-Novarro-Howard

I JUST read your article in the December number of NEW MOVIE on Gable, Novarro and Howard. When I attend a Gable movie, which is every time there is one, it is to a packed house.

You Tell Us

Give us more Gable pictures, please. We surely get our money's worth. —*Mrs. Lucy Lucier, Augusta, Maine.*

And how about poor Leslie and Ramon?

Jean's Fine Work

ONE of the most delightfully entertaining pictures I've seen lately is "Have a Heart."

Jean Parker's fine work in this proves that her great performance in "Little Women" was no mere flash-in-the-pan. Capably assisted by the irrepressible James Dunn, droll Una Merkel and the uproariously comical Stuart Erwin, Miss Parker makes of "Have a Heart" a memorable film.

Laughter, tears, disaster and triumph are blended with consummate skill into a creation appealing to young and old alike. It is so clean and aboveboard that even the most indigo of censors will scent no sinners within its confines. —*Mrs. Karl Penington, Blountstown, Florida.*

Yes, Jean really seems to be one of the stars who will last.

Light or Heavy—Which?

THE return of George Arliss to light comedy roles is in itself a matter for cheers. But that he should have been so fortunate as to find so suitable a part in his latest hit, "The Last Gentleman," is another opportunity for more cheers. It again proves that Mr. Arliss does his memorable work in light comedy pictures like the type of "The Millionaire," "Working Man," etc.—*Mrs. S. Gooze, 25 East Mosholu Parkway, Bronx, New York.*

When you see his newest, the Gaumont-British picture "The Iron Duke," maybe you'll change your mind, Mrs. Gooze.

An Unusual Letter

THERE is one type of picture that must be a relief and joy to the censors. It is also a type that can be enjoyed by every age and class of people. That is the "Travel Talks."

"Tulip Time in Holland" was beautiful and the coloring excellent. Everyone who saw it spoke of it with pleasure. I have seen other travel pictures and thoroughly enjoy this type of short subject, but "Tulip Time in Holland" I consider the most beautiful to date.

Let's have more "Travel Talks."—*Mrs. Wm. B. McGee, 220 Page Avenue, Orlando, Florida.*

Some of the short subjects are really excellent. We agree, Mrs. McGee. Isn't it a shame that the theaters fill out their programs with so many bad, boring ones?

Laurels

LAURELS to the Gaumont-British film, "Little Friend," featuring Nova Pilbeam. It is the most interesting picture yet made on what happens to the children when their parents divorce. And Miss Pilbeam's touching performance certainly stamps her as a grand little actress. Please, NEW MOVIE, let's have Elsie Janis do a Nova Pilbeam story.—*Pearl Skulnick, 572 Powell Street, Brooklyn, New York.*

Nova has gone back to England, Pearl, but she may come over again soon.

Clever

FOR those of us timid of the formalities of opera, accustomed as we are to the banalities of accessible jazz. "One Night of Love" is a welcome experience. Grace Moore with her glorious voice and complete naturalness as an actress will do much to popularize this type of music. Fans all over the world, recognizing her achievement, are crying "La Moore, Toujours La Moore." —*Adine Travis, 5200 Blackstone, Chicago, Illinois.*

Grace Moore herself would get a chuckle out of your pun, Adine.

The Crusade

CRITICS, radio artists, newspapers, yea, even the movie magazines, joined in ridiculing the Crusade for Decency; yet, despite this allied, ignorant ridicule, the Crusaders are winning their heroic fight.

Already the studios have realized that movie-going people are 99% in favor of pictures which, as of yore, entertain, instruct, and inspire, without degenerating their morals.—*J. Walter Le Bon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

NEW MOVIE *didn't ridicule it. And you're right. The crusade has won its fight.*

Personality Plus

HATS off to Josephine Hutchinson, the new star! What a team she and Dick Powell make in "Happiness Ahead!" What looks, what charm and what a smile! Add them all together and they equal personality plus. People can have their Dietrichs, Garbos and Crawfords, but give me a girl who has pep, vim and vigor such as Josephine has. I am sure other people also agree with me that she is on her way up the ladder of success. Give the people "Happiness Ahead" by letting them see more and more of this wonderful actress.—*Edna Johnson, 300 Gramatan Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.*

Do our ears deceive us, or is this a boost? Gosh!

Hail!

HAIL, Gloria!

"Here's one little girl we simply can't forget. Her brand new picture, "Music in the Air," shows us the true actress and singer she really is.

Swanson has a splendid singing voice, which we greatly appreciate. She will probably stand a wonderful chance of crashing the gates of grand opera. Just give her plenty of rope and she will.

Yes, we remember her back in the old DeMille days. Who doesn't?—*Lyle Dean Scott, 1738 Northwest 3d Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Gloria is one of those girls you just can't lick, Lyle.

One Night of Love

AFTER seeing "One Night of Love" and hearing the audience's reaction, I am fully convinced that the theater public *is* educated. The applause following the arias from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" showed wholehearted appreciation of one of the finest phases in movie development—the introduction of art.

If "One Night of Love" doesn't receive the medal for the year's best musical picture, it will only be because those of us who saw it hesitate to place it in the same category with other musical pictures. The possibilities that film has opened for future artistic productions are amazing. Thank you, Mr. Director.—*Mary Cohen, 70 K. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.*

You'll be interested in reading the other letters about the picture.



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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious wasting diseases. So begin at once to get the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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New Movie Forecast for 1935

(*Continued from page 29*)

competition nor censorship. Leaves Fox this year for a short vacation over at M-G-M, where he may star in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

JOE E. BROWN! Has the same attraction for the family trade. His amazing popularity is curious. He numbers so many children among his fans that he has become an idol.

WALLACE BEERY! Has slipped a point or two from his high place of the previous year. "The Great Barnum" should make his position secure in 1935.

GEORGE ARLISS! Elevated into one of the ten most popular box-office stars of his sex, owes his new standing solely to the thriving popularity of "House of Rothschild." Distinctly a prestige star with a direct appeal for the intelligentsia. His present high box-office rating to be only temporary.

LESLIE HOWARD! In spite of a long list of successful pictures during the past twelve months, did not make the grade of being listed among the top drawing-cards. Fits perfectly into the new trend. Will go romantic in 1935, playing not only "Beau Brummel," but perhaps "Anthony Adverse" as well.

CLARK GABLE! His flair for comedy was one of the surprises of the year. "It Happened One Night" a great boom to his popularity. Ranking first among the male stars, he might easily recapture the laurels in 1935 if his producers give him the same type of human characterizations which won him the honors last year.

WILLIAM POWELL! He too, has won a tremendous new vogue as a suave comedian. Because of his rapidly building popularity and the long list of assignments committed to him for 1935, he will undoubtedly become one of the leading contenders for first honors.

FRED ASTAIRE! There's a name you're going to see in big lights this year. With a mere bit in "Flying Down to Rio" practically stole the picture. In "The Gay Divorcée," a sensation! Radio pictures have the biggest star bet of the year in him.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, GARY COOPER and GEORGE RAFT, who have previously rated among the top-notchers, are in less favorable positions as the year begins. With the exception of Cooper, there is doubt about the other two recovering lost points.

WARNER BAXTER, RONALD COLMAN, PAUL MUNI, EDMUND LOWE, JACK HOLT and RICARDO CORTEZ remain reliable gold-bonders.

PREFERRED PLAYERS

THE majority of players listed in this category are high-salaried featured performers who are not quite stars. Most of them are under contract, being farmed out regularly to other companies at enormous increases in the weekly stipend. Their values fluctuate throughout the year, depending upon the roles they play. They make so many pictures that inevitably they hit one that sends their stock skyrocketing up again. Sometimes they do better when away from the home lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD, MAY ROBSON, BETTE DAVIS and GEORGE BRENT are three good examples of stereotyped understars, who on their home lots bordered on mediocrity but were sensations on loan-out assignments. Miss Lombard, on leave from Paramount, clicked big at Columbia in "Twentieth Century," as did May Robson, loaned by M-G-M to play in "Lady for a Day" and "Lady by Choice." Miss Davis scored a real triumph at RKO in the lead opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" and returned to Warner Brothers virtually a full-fledged star. Brent, an ordinary leading-man at Warners, turned in an ace performance as a light comedian in "Stamboul Quest" at M-G-M and was retained to play opposite Garbo in "Painted Veil." His home studio rates him now as the white-haired boy of 1935.

Add HERBERT MARSHALL and CHARLES LAUGHTON to this list, and bet your money that they will be Gold-Bond stars before the year is over.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, JEAN MUIR, KITTY CARLISLE and MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN face a brilliant year. Particularly Miss Hopkins, who should rise to new heights under the deft management of Samuel Goldwyn.

ELISSA LANDI, GINGER ROGERS, LORETTA YOUNG and JOAN BENNETT have come out of their doldrums. They'll be more and more preferred as the year grows older. Take a chance too on VERREE TEASDALE, RUBY KEELER, UNA MERKLE, ALICE FAYE and HELEN MACK. And don't forget GERTRUDE MICHAEL. She'll be an expensive gold-bond some day.

High hopes were held out a year ago by their sponsors for FRANCHOT TONE, GENE RAYMOND, FRANCIS LEDERER, DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, CARY GRANT and JIMMY DURANTE. However their positions on the Hollywood stockboard remain stationary. Lederer may move up if he does "Three Musketeers."

SALLY EILERS, MADGE EVANS, ANN DVORAK and JOAN BLONDELL have missed their chance for stardom. Miss Blondell's muchly publicized determination to retire in favor of domesticity has particularly lessened the interest of the fans in her work. She could be tops with the right material.

Among the character players EDNA MAY OLIVER is still the favorite of all the major studios. She has achieved a popularity that rivals some of the stars whom she supports. Her salary is one of the largest on the cinema payrolls. Decidedly preferred for a long time to come.

Her closest rival, ZASU PITTS, has hurt herself with too many pictures and too much repetition of characterization. She should pick her roles more carefully this year. Danger ahead.

MARY BOLAND carries on a sprightly rivalry with ALICE BRADY and BILLIE BURKE, with Miss Boland slightly in the lead.

GUY KIBBEE and WALTER CONNOLLY are both on the verge of stardom. W. C. FIELDS is an important marquee name already. LEO CARRILLO and CHARLES BUTTERWORTH are to be given starring opportunities at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ALINE MacMAHON has had too many dull roles of unrequited love. Property cast she could be one of the most brilliant comediennes on the screen. In type she is unlike any other young character actress.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, BERYL MERCER and LIONEL BARRYMORE have all lost considerable ground in the past few months.

PAULINE LORD looms as a figure of promise and importance.

NEW FACES

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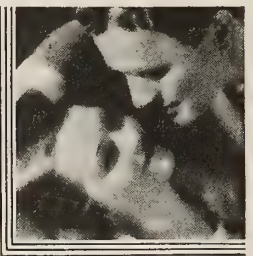
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New Movie Forecast for 1935

to hatch. Their quotations begin at zero and very often climb into the Gold-Bond class overnight. Garbo was once a 'new face.' So were Hepburn, Gable, Dietrich and even Mary Pickford. They were the lucky gambles. But there are thousands of new faces that marched in the procession of glory for a few fleeting moments—and are now but stardust in oblivious space.

Hot tips on new faces are useless. One never knows how they are going to turn out until they are actually reproduced in celluloid. A new face can mean anything from an imported foreign star to a Broadway celebrity. Where the foreign star and the Broadway celebrity often fail, an unknown, inexperienced little extra girl will sweep into instantaneous success. It's like horse-racing. Get a hunch, and stick to it.

Last year dozens of new faces were introduced to film fans with the unusual fanfare. Some made a few pictures, and were soon dropped into the quicksands of Hollywood. Others were impressive, but still lacked the indefinable qualities that made a lasting screen personality. In this class were GLORIA STUART, PERT KELTON, LANNY ROSS, FRANCES DRAKE, CLAIRE TREVOR, GRACE BRADLEY, IDA LUPINO, BUSTER CRABBE, JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, JOHN LODGE, STEFFI DUNA, TALA BIRELL, JUDITH ALLEN, BRUCE CABOT, ADRIENNE AMES and many others.

From Broadway this year come RUTH GORDON, the comedienne who starred in "Church Mouse," HENRY FONDA, ex-husband of Margaret Sullavan, PEGGY CONKLIN, who makes her debut in "The Vanishing President," JAMES BARTON, who succeeded Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road," QUEENIE SMITH, in whom Paramount puts great faith, and FLORENCE RICE, being highly touted at Columbia.

From abroad both ROBERT DONAT and CHARLES BOYER are returning to continue their careers in Hollywood, while M-G-M is bringing over the great British actress, CONSTANCE COLLIER.

New faces today! Famous names tomorrow! Which of them will click? How many will become stars? In Hollywood, where lives crumble in a day and destinies change in an hour, who can say? Fate sticks her hand into the grab bag, and no one knows what she is going to pull out.

COMMON-STOCK DARK HORSES

IN every race there is a dark horse. He seldom wins—but when he does—it's NEWS! A dark horse comes unsuspectingly to victory—an undiscovered comet in the firmament of stars shooting like wildfire into the limelight. Dark horses have all the romance of the Cinderella myth being the living symbol of the rags-to-riches fairy tale. In the race to fame they often prove meteors that flame brilliantly for a moment in a crowded sky. Hollywood remembers Ruth Taylor, Betty Bronson and more recently Charlotte Henry, as such. Unheralded, they flare into a blaze of glory and go their way to oblivion. But they give zest to the monotonous routine, and are one of the most interesting features of Hollywood's design for living.

Here are a few names you may want to remember: Winifred Shaw, William Henry, James Ellison, Agnes Anderson, Gwen Gilly, Julie Hayden, June Clayworth, Iris Adrian, Phil Regan, Hugh Enfield, Marian Mansfield, Fred Keating, Diana Lewis, Erik Blore, Cesar Romero, Helen Westley. Cesar Romero has been given a lead opposite Dietrich; and Katherine DeMille, Elizabeth Allan and Toby Wing are already fairly well known for supporting roles. It is necessary to put them among the dark horses because their own sponsors do not seem to realize their possibilities.

The DeMille girl is a younger 1935 edition of Nita Naldi, who with the right role will prove a revelation. Miss Allan has given evidence of her dramatic powers as the nurse in "Men in White."

PRODUCTION PLANS FOR 1935

THE three greatest box-office successes of the year just ended were "It Happened One Night," "The Thin Man," and "One Night of Love," with "Little Women" close in the lead. Most of the major producers are taking their cue from these screenplays in gauging audience-appetite for the 1935 programs. You may expect to see many films patterned after the treatments of these outstanding productions. Human comedy tempered with inoffensive sex situations will be the keynote. In addition, every literary classic with screen possibilities will be perused for screening, while several musical pictures are planned to duplicate the popular appeal of "One Night Of Love," in which for the first time, Grand Opera, stripped of its high-brow tendencies, was served to a music-hungry public in popular form.

Never, in any one year, since the invention of the motion picture machine by Thomas A. Edison, have so many classical dramas been announced. At least six stories by Charles Dickens are promised, three by Kipling, three by Sir James Barrie, and at least one apiece from the pens of other illustrious names in literature. There will be many costume pictures. At least a half dozen productions in color are announced; among these, "Vanity Fair" with Miriam Hopkins in the role of Becky Sharpe, Dumas' "Three Musketeers" in which Francis Lederer will impersonate D'Artagnan, "Peacock's Feather," a classical Greek drama with Ann Harding, "The Last Days of Pompeii," at least a portion of "The Good Earth," and the Walt Disney feature "Snow White."

Gangster and underworld dramas will be conspicuous by their absence, except in cases where the subject is made farcical as in "The Gay Bride," in which Carole Lombard and Chester Morris are co-starred, and "Public Enemy Number Two," which will feature Charles Butterworth in a hilarious burlesque of fare that the screen up to now has taken seriously.

TRENDS AND CYCLES

RURAL settings will predominate in many pictures, and domestic comedy will be stressed. Children will abound on every program, and will sprout like mushrooms into overnight stars. Biographical dramas announced for last season, and abandoned, will no doubt reach fulfillment this year, with every major studio planning at least two such historical portraits. There will be mystery pictures galore; many given a light treatment along the lines

(*Please turn to page 72*)



DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?

IT'S THAT HARD-TO-GET-AT "SECOND LAYER" OF DIRT THAT MAKES YOUR SKIN COARSE AND GRAY

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

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Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—*dissolves* it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin.

When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

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New Movie Forecast for 1935

(*Continued from page 71*)

of "Thin Man," eliminating the horror picture altogether, except in a case like Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," which Universal has announced.

There will be the usual quota of musicals featuring such stars and crooners as Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee, Lanny Ross, Carl Brisson, Helen Morgan, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Maurice Chevalier, Fred Astaire and the Marx Brothers. But there will also be a new group of musical stars of a high calibre, such as Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons, Lucienne Boyer, Irene Dunne, Richard Bonelli, Evelyn Laye, Lawrence Tibbett, Mary Ellis and Kitty Carlisle.

FOREIGN PRODUCTION

England is out to corner the world market with its motion picture productions. It promises Hollywood the toughest competition it has had since the furor over the old *Ufa* films from Germany, which brought Pola Negri and Emil Jannings to the attention of American audiences and focused Hollywood eyes upon Ernst Lubitsch.

Where Germany was limited because of its totally different language and customs, England can produce films for the entire English-speaking world without such obstacles to overcome.

Already London is beginning to rival Hollywood as a motion-picture production center. In its environs several large studios are already built and plans are being made for the construction of more, to take care of the rapidly increasing schedule. The English public have gone movie crazy, and are behind the movement not only in spirit, but financially, having recently oversubscribed several millions of dollars in a large stock issue. English producers can now compete with Hollywood not only in salaries, but in quality of production as well. Alexander Korda, an ex-Hollywood director, has made London picture-conscious as it has never been before, by producing such hits as "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great," as well as the new Douglas Fairbanks picture, "The Return of Don Juan." British International, Gaumont-British and Korda productions are at present the leaders in the foreign motion picture industry. Their program for 1935 totals millions of dollars in expenditure for the very best of stories and stars.

Maurice Chevalier, Charles Laughton and Clive Brook will each make several pictures for Korda. Douglas Fairbanks is signed for more. Other Hollywood stars now making pictures in London studios are Laura La Plante, Lupe Velez, Anna May Wong, Buddy Rogers, Phillips Holmes, Adrienne Ames, Buster Keaton, Lily Damita, William Gargan, Leslie Howard, George Arliss, Gregory Ratoff, Richard Bennett; with many more engaged to follow.

In addition England is developing its own group of box-office names, such as Jack Buchanan, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Madeleine Carroll, Victoria Hopper, Cicely Courtneidge, Gladys Cooper, John Loder, Zelma O'Neal, Anna Neagle, Jack Hulbert, Nova Pilbeam and others.

France, Italy and Spain are all more actively engaged in motion picture production than in many years. Germany, once the leading manufacturer of films abroad, has lost most of her great stars and directors under the Nazi rule, being reduced to a third-rate competitor.



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PREDICTIONS FOR 1935

Russia is making great progress. Some day she may rival England as Hollywood's menace.

Eastern production will boom this year, with a greater number of pictures made in New York studios than in many seasons past. To the writer-producer unit of Hecht and MacArthur will be added Moss Hart and Kaufman, famous playwrights. The Fox eastern studio will re-open, and out on Long Island Franklin productions will make pictures with George M. Cohan, Eva Le Gallienne, Lucienne Boyer, the Parisian songstress, and Yvonne Printemps, idol of the Paris stage. To these add many more units as the year proceeds.

Though it will be vigorously denied, you can expect to hear Charlie Chaplin's voice for the first time when his new film, "The Street Waif," is released some time late in the year.

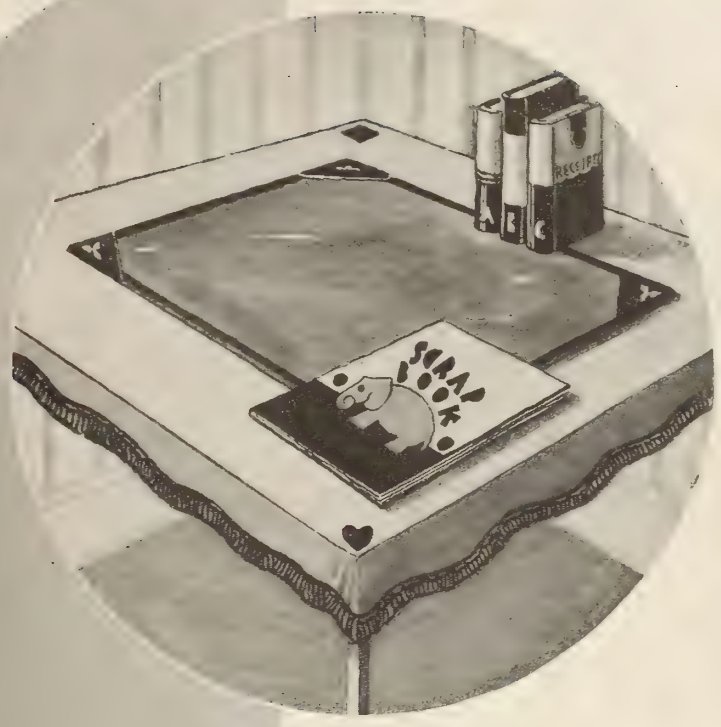
Real opera in the movies! We have already predicted that for 1935. An inside tip informs us that Paramount is planning to film "Cavalleria Rusticana" perhaps with Helen Gahagan as the featured star, while at Columbia they are toying with the idea of letting Grace Moore do the exquisite "La Boheme," and at RKO, where Lily Pons is now under contract, Puccini's "Mañon" is being seriously discussed as an introductory vehicle. Jeritza too holds a contract with one of the major studios.

Dramatic animated cartoons in feature length, and in color! They are promised for this year. Already Walt Disney is at work on "Snow White," with "Gulliver's Travels" penciled in as a follow-up.

Negro stars of the movies! They loom as an accepted fact for 1935. Practically every major studio has a negro actor under contract. Their roles are gaining steadily in importance, with the trend definitely away from "Uncle Tom" type of characterization. The New York stage has created a modern new negro drama and dramatists, successfully producing such plays as "Porgy," "Harlem," "The Green Pastures," and more recently, "Stevedore." In pictures King Vidor attempted negro drama several years ago with his unsuccessful, "Hallelujah!", and consequently further plans for such pictures were abandoned. But the prejudice against the serious treatment of negro life is passing, and the motion picture producers will follow in the footsteps of their New York brothers in establishing a cinematic negro drama. Universal is the first with "Imitation of Life," Fannie Hurst's great novel, in which a clever colored actress, Louise Beavers, has a role second only in importance to Claudette Colbert.

Government schools to teach acting and writing! The statement sounds like an announcement from the Soviet press. But it is something that may become an actuality in the United States before 1936 comes to pass. New York State is the first to open such a school, giving tuition without any charge to ambitious people who feel they have a talent for either acting, directing or writing. The course of training is four years. At the end of that time graduation classes will be held; a play staged by the graduating class, to which will be invited motion picture talent scouts, as well as producers, from all the studios in Hollywood and New York. Should the experiment give promise of success the idea will undoubtedly spread to other states, and may eventually prove the short-cut road to Hollywood glory for those that display genius.

1935 Marches On!



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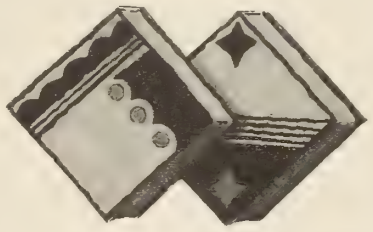
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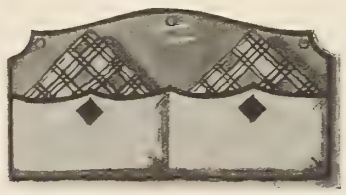
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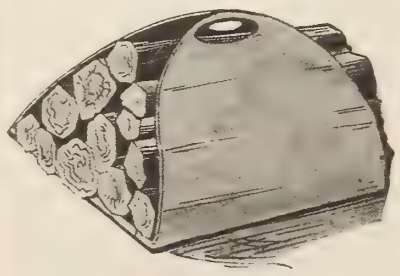
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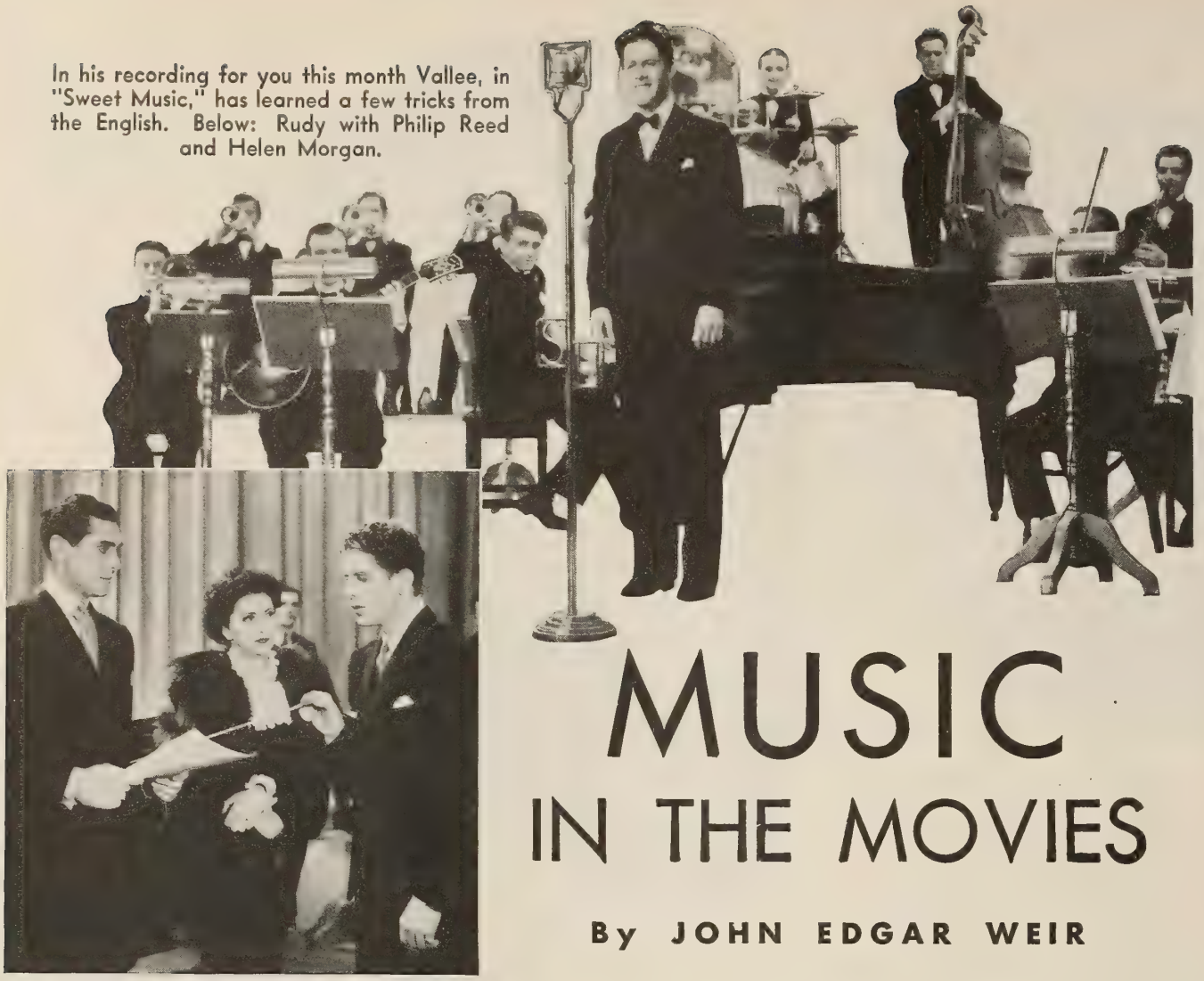
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In his recording for you this month Vallee, in "Sweet Music," has learned a few tricks from the English. Below: Rudy with Philip Reed and Helen Morgan.



MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

PICTURE producers continue to turn to radio for a large portion of their musical talent. The latest acquisitions to moviedom's singing stars are James Melton and Everett Marshall. These two vocal artists have won tremendous popularity via the air waves, and movie moguls believe they will emulate their radio success on the screen.

Warner Brothers' "Sweet Music," starring Rudy Vallee, looms as the most important musical production of the month. The Vagabond Lover features several hit songs in this picture, among them "Sweet Music" and the title song, "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle," "Every Day," and "I See Two Lovers." However, because of unavoidable recording delays we are able to include only the last mentioned tune in our record review this month. By the time this review appears in print, recordings of the other featured songs will be available.

The parade of movie versions of successful stage musicals continues with Warner Brothers' elaborate production, "Sweet Adeline," a Broadway hit of 1929, starring Irene Dunne. The celluloid version retains "Why Was I Born?" "Don't Ever Leave Me," and "Here Am I," song-hits from the original stage production, and incorporates a new tune, "Lonely Feet." The score was written by Jerome Kern who gave us, along with dozens of other hits, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Recordings of these songs are reviewed in this issue.

"Music in the Air," produced by Fox, featuring Gloria Swanson and John Boles in stellar roles, is a musical romance of the Gay Nineties. This production also first saw the light of day as a Broadway operetta. Its two major songs are the very beautiful and tuneful "I Told Every Little Star," and "The Song Is You." These are retained from the original stage show and were also written by Jerome Kern, and are probably familiar to you.

And speaking of the trend toward the filming of Broadway musicals, it is believed that Cole Porter's new musical comedy "Anything Goes" will eventually be made into a movie, so, in this month's review, we include the two hit songs from this show for you. They are "You're the Tops," and "All Through the Night," and are recorded by that grand master, Paul Whiteman.

HITS OF THE MONTH

Biggest Hits

"I SEE TWO LOVERS," by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Recommended

"OVER MY SHOULDER," by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

"WHY WAS I BORN?" by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I TOLD EVERY LITTLE STAR," by Jack Denny and his orchestra. (Victor)

"ME WITHOUT YOU," by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I SEE TWO LOVERS" from Warner Brothers' "Sweet Music," is by Eddie Duchin and his society orchestra. This is a typical Vallee tune with a sweet melody and the type of love lyric that one instinctively associates with the famous crooner. Duchin treats it interestingly, and incorporates some of his inimitable, brilliant piano work. Lee Sherwood interprets the vocal in a pleasing manner. (Victor.)

RAY NOBLE, England's premier dance orchestra leader, is in the list again. It's seldom that a record comes through with his name on it that isn't a top-notcher. "Over My Shoulder" is the title of the song recorded and it's from the Gaumont-British film "Evergreen." A real, fast-moving tune, handled in the outstanding Noble manner, with great work from both the brass and reed sections. A vocal refrain is included.

"When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart" is the tune on the reverse side and it is also played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. This is an altogether different type of number and is played to medium slow tempo. The sax work is done along the Wayne King style. Another hit to Noble's credit. (Victor.)

"WHY WAS I BORN?" from the picture "Sweet Adeline," is played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. Many of you will remember this. It is a characteristic musical-comedy love song, and enjoyed great popularity during the run of the Broadway stage show. Reisman treats it strictly as a show number, sacrificing rhythm to some extent in order to bring out the rich melody. The vocalist, whose name unfortunately does not appear on the record, handles the assignment exceptionally well.

The reverse side carries "Lonely Feet," a fresh treatment of the "wall flower" theme. Ray Noble, England's famous maestro, does a grand job. (Victor.)

"DON'T EVER LEAVE ME," from "Sweet Adeline," played by Nat Shilkret and his orchestra is an exceptionally fine arrangement with a unique introduction in which the guitar-player does some tricks. Very rhythmic and danceable with plenty of blaring brass work. Harold Lambert delivers the vocal chorus in a captivating manner.

On the other side, Leo Reisman plays "Here Am I," also from "Sweet Adeline." This tune like the Reisman one previously mentioned is played in typical "show style," rather than in dance tempo. The vocalist, again unmentioned, sings it splendidly. (Victor.)

"I TOLD EVERY LITTLE STAR," from "Music in the Air," is played by Jack Denny and his orchestra. This is the hit song from the original show, and, if by chance you've forgotten it, you'll remember it when you hear its first lilting strain. The familiar Jack Denny smoothness predominates, and some unusual fiddle work stands out. Paul Small does the vocal chorus in alluring fashion.

The reverse side offers "The Song Is You" from the same picture. Jack Denny features the voice of Paul Small throughout the greater part of the number. An admirable recording for those who like music of the higher type. (Victor.)

"ME WITHOUT YOU," from the Paramount picture, "One Hour Late," starring Joe Morrison, is played by Enric Madriguera and his band. This is a charming love song, and Señor Madriguera, who is credited with popularizing the tango in our fair land, shows his versatility in his interpretation of this number. The fiddle section, which includes Enric himself, lends charm throughout. The lovely voice of Tony Sacco, of radio fame, is heard in the vocal refrain.

The other side carries "A Little Angel Told Me So," from the same picture, and is also played by Enric Madriguera and his tunicians. A sweet tune in the same groove as the preceding one, also cleverly handled by the Spanish maestro and his boys. Again, Tony Sacco sings the vocal in his captivating style. (Victor.)

FROM Cole Porter's new Broadway musical "Anything Goes," Paul Whiteman records "You're the Tops." This one, being very rhythmic, is an elegant dance tune. Bits of clean, chopping brass work prevail in one of those ultra-modern arrangements, for which Paul Whiteman is so well known. The lyrics, which are refreshingly different, are sung by Peggy Healy and Johnny Hauser.

The other side brings us "All Through the Night" from the same show, which is a more melodic song in a slower tempo. The orchestra, under the baton of Paul Whiteman, is superb in its rendition of this number, and the vocal serves as a surprise. (Victor.)

SOME more songs from "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." This time it's "Rock and Roll" as played by Johnny Johnson and his orchestra. A nice swingy tune done in a medium fast tempo by Maestro Johnson and giving us a vocal chorus by Lee Johnson.

"Oh Leo" is the title of the tune on the other side, also played by Johnny Johnson and his orchestra.

SINCE Franz Lehar's immortal "Merry Widow" has been done for the talkies all of the recording companies are digging through their files and resurrecting some of the old releases. Here is one that Paul Whiteman made a few years back. "Villa" is the title, and it's just as beautiful today as it was when Lehar wrote it.

"The Merry Widow Waltz" is on the other side, also played by Whiteman. These are two swell numbers that everyone should have. (Victor.)

ANOTHER waltz. Angelo Ferdinando and his Great Northern Hotel orchestra play "One Night of Love" from the Columbia film of the same name. If you like three-four time we're sure you'll like this offering.

"If You Love Me, Say So," also played by Angelo Ferdinando and his orchestra. (Bluebird).



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FEB – 4 1935

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COVER DESIGN BY ARMAND SEGUSO

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

EACH year brings us something new—something just a little different from the year before. In every line of business this rule holds good. Motor cars adopt new devices to insure greater safety and better appearance; cosmetics attain greater perfection; new ways and means of preparing and protecting foods are found; airplanes, trains, motor boats, steamships; in fact, in any direction you look, there are definite signs of progress and attainment.

So, too, in the movies, do we find this constant change—this constant experimentation for perfection. Microphones which are the ears of the movies, and photographic lenses, which are its eyes, are improved each year. And each year, too, sees greater skill and ability shown by the cameramen and the sound technicians who handle these all important mechanical assistants.

But are the stories, the plays, the scenarios, improving, too? We think so. The last few months of 1934 witnessed the revival of many of the great classics of the past. Works of Dickens, Shakespeare, and many other famous authors were presented. So, too, were the works of present-day writers, notably, Sir James M. Barrie, Sinclair Lewis, Dashiell Hammett, Robert Riskin. All in all, we believe that the screen is rapidly taking its rightful place among the arts as a separate and distinct form of expression.

What about the actors and actresses? Are they improving their technique to keep pace with all the technical advances?

Here is a question that can be argued either way. Many of the audience will hear no word of censure about their favorites. Neither will a second group admit that the favorites of the first group have any qualifications at all. And so on, each group making favorites and holding fast to its enthusiasms.

But new favorites are being made every day. An old star famous in the past returns; a brand new one succeeds in capturing the public's fancy. A star changes his or her technique and wins new acclaim. So it goes, year in and year out. But what of their abilities?

Critics in general agree that the movies are growing up. This necessarily must mean also that the stars are giving better performances. It must mean, too, that much more attention is being given to proper lighting, to sound and to authenticity of background and scene.

It means also, that the tremendous crusade for purity in the films has had a deep effect on the producers. Contrary to the belief of many interested spectators that purifying the movies meant making them "Pollyanna-ish" and puerile, it has, so far, had the directly opposite reaction. Films are cleaner and they are better. NEW MOVIE believes, and we think our belief is shared alike by producers and fans, that 1935 will see great forward strides taken in every branch of the industry.

This also includes the theater itself. Many complaints have reached this office from readers, that pictures which were otherwise excellent, had been hard to "sit through" because of bad sound projection and poor ventilation in the theater itself. These complaints seldom came from the metropolitan centers, indicating that it is the smaller city exhibitor whose equipment was at fault. There is no need today for bad projection, either of sound or picture, or for poor ventilation. Remedies for all such faults are within easy reach of even the smallest exhibitor.

In view of the great advances being made and already made in motion picture production, NEW MOVIE hopes that some improvement will be made in the personal side of Hollywood life. Particularly we refer to the many divorces and separations that becloud the more glamorous impressions the fans have of their favorite players. Last year was particularly bad from this point of view. For in Hollywood there were more separations and divorces than there were marriages. And it is hard to believe that glamour and romance can live in the movies, when in real life, the same rule does not hold true.

It is to be hoped that 1935 will see a complete cessation of these hasty marriages and divorces. NEW MOVIE believes that they do more harm to the movies than any other single factor.

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Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him... but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935.



HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL
Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Leslie Howard and his daughter, Leslie, spend an enjoyable afternoon at the star's Hollywood residence.

Can Love Last in Hollywood?

In a daringly frank interview Leslie Howard discusses marriage and divorce in the film capital and gives his views on their importance to the movie stars

By MAUDE LATHEM

"I THINK there is too much sex-consciousness about Hollywood these days," Leslie Howard says.

"The decencies of life are almost submerged by the flood of free thinking and free speaking on the subject of man's most intimate nature.

"Even our young girls cannot turn in any direction without coming face to face with something concerning sex. Society seems organized to force it on her notice. What with revealing clothes, and beauty shops on every side, and pictures glossed over, she can't help but be impressed with bodily sex-appeal—half truths, alluringly presented. Then this is followed perhaps by association with a young man who has a glib familiarity with sex and its terminology and a distorted philosophy of sex—the philosophy that justifies transgression as a natural and purely personal matter.

"For myself," he continues, "I utterly rebel at the treatment of sex as a mere matter of physical pleasure. I contend that sex *appeal* does not necessarily arouse the sex *instinct*, although it is an urge that quickly springs into being."

Furthermore, Mr. Howard has his own ideas about both marriage and divorce. He thinks that fifty years from now man may not marry at all. But he doesn't think that there should be a special marriage code or regulation for professional people.

"What good would new regulations do?" he asks. "They would not make a husband less jealous, nor a wife less demanding. The only helpful change that can take place will have to be in the mind of the husband and wife. But, whether marriage be regarded as a sacrament or as an institution, it is one of the most difficult and delicate of all relationships, requiring a maximum of emotional balance and patience."

Personally Mr. Howard has no quarrel with either marriage or divorce. Perhaps he feels both, under present social conditions, are necessary.

"The chief thing wrong with marriage now, as I see it," he says, "is our conception of it. What we expect from it. Young people today think that happiness is the sole aim of life. More and more they are taking matters into their own hands and doing what they think will make for happiness. We can do nothing about this. We can only hope that they will absorb something from their association with their elders that will help them.

"But it is their attitude that makes me feel that they will continue to change, reconstruct and arrange, going to the furthest extremes in their tests to prove whether they even want monogamous marriage at all.

"In Hollywood, like every other place, in love and marriage they demand that exultation shall remain at fiercest blaze every minute. When it begins to cool, as it must, they think it is time to dissolve the marriage and try another.

"Certainly I'm not intimating that there will be less falling in love than formerly. Young people may reasonably expect to fall in love oftener than they did a century ago, because there is so little to keep them from nursing each small flame into as large a fire as it is capable of becoming. But, I insist, even though they will inevitably fall in love oftener, they will not get as much from the experience."

No one need tell you that Leslie Howard's success on stage and screen has been built on his appeal to women—his almost indescribable charm, which confuses and intrigues them. Women like the way he peers at them quizzically, a little aloof, as though he were ready to fly. And men like the swift wit of his tongue.

His subtle, adroit manner of making love, one suspects, was not learned from a book, and his deep understanding of the significance of marriage did not come from reading printed slips in Chinese rice-cakes. For this reason one can be doubly interested in his views on marriage now and fifty years from now.

"Of course," he smiles, "should Mr. Huxley's prediction that eventually the continuance of the race will be controlled by the state, ever come true, then I should say that fifty years from now we would have neither marriage (a "ceremony") nor a permanent union of any sort.

"To me, it is nothing short of miraculous that there are as many happy marriages as there are, when you consider the manner in which marriage is often approached.

"There is so much humbug attached to it. So many times it takes place purely because of romance. Romance, alone, is the poorest, the least sensible of all bases upon which to build marriage. Every intelligent person recognizes that romance is made up of mystery, wonder, adventure, and is necessarily temporary; and unless marriage is the result of a deeper understanding there is little hope for it. I feel, like Montaigne, that 'marriage has for its share usefulness, justice, honor, and constancy . . . the more durable pleasures.'

"Yet," he continues, "I would not have my children or my grandchildren, if I am ever blessed with any, cheated out of one least bit of romance, for the touch-and-go contacts with the opposite sex, which spirit the imagination on wildest flights of fancy, afford the most fascinating pastime in the world. *Pastime*, I said, but not a foundation on which to build a great institution like marriage. In the language of a (*Please turn to page* 48)



HERE'S MY STORY

(1) I WAS THAT FORTUNATE BEING—A WOMAN DEEPLY LOVED. THEN GRADUALLY MY HUSBAND CHANGED—BECAME COLD, DISTANT. STUNG BY HIS INDIFFERENCE I ACCUSED HIM OF LOVING ANOTHER



(2) FINALLY I ASKED MY SISTER'S ADVICE. SHE POO-POOHED MY FEARS. "NO OTHER WOMAN" SHE SAID "BUT"... AND THEN SHE TOLD ME I HAD BECOME CARELESS — GENTLY WARNED ME ABOUT "B.O." (body odor)



(3) I PLAY SAFE NOW— BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBUOY. IT LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING, YOU KNOW "B.O." IS GONE



(4) TODAY I AM SURE OF MY HUSBAND'S LOVE. HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO LIFEBUOY FOR ENDING THE FAULT THAT WAS TURNING HIM FROM ME





LIFEBUOY'S clean, quickly-vanishing scent promises extra protection. Its rich, creamy, searching lather *performs this promise*—for face, hands and bath! It deep-cleanses face pores—keeps once-cloudy complexions fresh and glowing. It deodorizes body pores—keeps millions of men and women safe from "B. O." (*body odor*). Removes germs from hands —helps fight the 27 germ diseases hands may spread.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

NRA CODE

HER HUSBAND CAME TO THE RESCUE





SO SHE GOT HER WASHER





NEXT WASHDAY



RINSO is grand for tub washing, too. Gives rich suds — *even in hardest water. Soaks* clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. They last 2 or 3 times longer. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washers. Great for dishwashing. Easy on hands.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

JUST LET ME ACT!

For the first time Ann Harding explains her three-year silence. Rudeness and silliness hurt this woman whose motto is, "To thine own self be true"



Ernest A. Bachrach

Left: Ann's eyes, this author says, shine with the light that lasts. Below: As you saw her in character in "The Biography of a Bachelor Girl."

Clarence Sinclair Bull



By CHARLES DARNTON

MY first impression, meeting Ann Harding for the first time, was that she was a living Statue of Liberty.

And, curiously, it persisted throughout our revealing talk. Not that Miss Harding loomed like a torch-bearing graven image with her head in the sky. Far from it! She was definitely and humanly down to earth. Yet there was something, perhaps her classic ashen hair or the white sweep of her fine brow, that recalled the reigning goddess of New York Harbor. Somehow, the same free spirit seemed to shine through her clear eyes with the light that lasts.

Her flashing smile soon put me at ease. Frankly, I had felt a bit uncomfortable, having heard she had not given a magazine interview in three years and suspecting, reasonably enough, that she might loathe all interviewers.

"Not at all," she protested. "It was simply that I felt I wasn't any good at that sort of thing. I'd try desperately to say things that meant something, then read that I was a good wife and loving mother. Gratifying as it was to learn I possessed those highly commendable domestic virtues, I doubted any possible absorbing public interest in the revelation, so finally decided I couldn't be sure of myself in print."

Of one thing you may be sure: Ann Harding is exactly what you'd expect her to be from seeing her on the screen—direct, sincere, understanding. Realizing as much, I wondered whether she felt that in her film characterizations she could always be true to herself.

"I'm afraid there are times when that isn't quite possible," reflected Miss Harding, "but I always *try* to be true to myself. And now that you speak of it, the same question came up when I was offered my first important Broadway part in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.' I told the producer, Al Woods, 'I'm not a tart.' 'I know you're not, sweetheart,' he agreed, 'and that's why I want you for Mary. You'll keep the audience guessing and that'll keep up the suspense.' I suppose that was good showmanship, but it wasn't me."

"Do you think that makes any difference with an audience?" I asked.

"No, not when you're on the stage, but it certainly does when you're on the screen," she declared with all the emphasis that is in her. "In this medium your audience identifies you completely and unreservedly with the character you play, does it with child-like conviction. People who go to pictures go with their minds all made up about you, and if you fail them in their idea of you, in what you represent to them, they'll never trust you, never believe in you again. It's like having a friend who suddenly turns out to be a thief. That's not a very good illustration, but it may serve to show my point. If you do anything in pictures to shake the faith of your audience in you, do anything before its eyes that changes you from the person it has imagined you to be into an entirely different person, it will have nothing more to do with you."

Shut in though we were, away from everybody in the portable dressing-room Miss Harding was using in the making of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," that great, unseen, unknown, uncertain audience seemed very near, likewise so exacting as to leave her little if any choice of her own.

"I don't mind that," she was quick to say. "After all, an audience has a right, indeed the supreme right, to its likes and dislikes. This has been, is, and always will be true. But there is one thing I *do* mind, and that's loss of privacy. That is too great a price to pay for my work, even though I love it, making life a nightmare for me outside my own four walls. When I came out here I thought it would be marvelous, getting away from audiences, escaping crowds, avoiding noise, and just working in a studio, living in a house, and enjoying country quiet. I was very naïve."

Her most becoming wide-brimmed hat blew off in a breeze of laughter, then she went on, earnestly:

"Something ought to be done about these autograph hunters, for instance. It's by no means confined to Hollywood," she sighed. "I found that out when I went on an airplane trip to Cuba. I'd been working hard and felt the need of a rest. But did I get one? I did not. Jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire would have been light exercise compared with that gruelling experience. It began right here, when four of us boarded the plane, and it went from bad to worse. From one airport to another where we stopped for fueling the waiting crowd grew bigger and bigger, until we seemed to be in the horrendous glare of a monstrous spotlight drawing millions of moths. At last I (*Please turn to page* 59)



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brings gay color to *faded*



Apparel and  Home Decorations



SMART women everywhere are using Tintex. These magic tints and dyes have become a necessity in thousands and thousands of homes. In the twinkling of an eye they restore the original color to faded apparel or home decorations . . . or give fashionable new color, if you prefer. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse." Expensive? Not a bit . . . Tintex costs only a few pennies, but saves dollars. Keep a supply always on hand. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

Stripped OF FORTUNE OF HONOR OF LOVE...



...Yet he was Clive, Conqueror of India... treasure house of the world!

●

SEE: Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta"! First time on the screen!

SEE: The charge of the battle elephants... strangest warriors in history... in the mighty conflict at Plassey!

SEE: Clive crawl through the enemy lines at Trichinopoly, to become a Man of Destiny!

SEE: An Indian ruler's human chessboard... with beauties as pawns... and with Death to the losers!

SEE: The duel which convinces Clive that he is a Man of Destiny ... A man who cannot die!

●



Gale

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK PRESENTS

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S *production*

CLIVE of INDIA



STARRING

Ronald COLMAN

LORETTA YOUNG

with Colin Clive · Francis Lister · C. Aubrey Smith · Cesar Romero

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI · *Written by* W. P. Lipscomb & R. J. Minney

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

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UNITED ARTISTS

Presented by the Producers of "The House of Rothschild" . . . as their most important Screen Achievement!



Eugene Rob't Richee

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

GAIL PATRICK was born 'way down upon the Swanee River. Hollywood is giving her her first chance to play the southern girl she really is in "Mississippi," with Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett



William Walling Jr.

YIP—I—ADDY—I—AY—I—AY! My Heart Wants to Holler Hooray! When is a rustle not a rustle? When it's a bustle! Mary Boland is "Effie," a naughty siren of 1900 who makes bold goo-goo eyes at Charles Laughton and Charlie Ruggles, in "Ruggles of Red Gap." 23, Skidoo! Oh you kid!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE. . . It takes a song title as modern as the day after tomorrow to express the charm of Gloria Swanson. To Gloria, time means nothing. She is ever youthful, to the tips of her slim fingers. How her silver-faced slit skirt would have shocked the lady at the left!

Clarence Sinclair Bull

SHE'S ONLY a BIRD in a GILDED CAGE . . . For Youth should not mate with Age. Except that, in the Fox film "The County Chairman," Evelyn Venable doesn't mate with Age, but with Kent Taylor, the very same lad with whom she's been mating in her last half-dozen pictures.

YOU and the NIGHT and the MUSIC . . . And again we have to go to the song-hits of today to match the modernity of Carole Lombard in a gown designed to give the illusion of hammered silver. A girl of the 1900's would have swooned at the mere mention of Carole's new picture, "Renegade."





Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN waits until he can make the kind of picture he wants to make. "Clive of India" brings him to you, minus his mustache, as the clerk who rose to command all the armies of England and add India to the British Empire. History—and true.



WHILE ON THIS PAGE, in stark contrast to the ruffles and lace of soldier Ronald Colman, Paul Muni wears the grimy overalls of the men who risk their lives deep in the coal mines. "Black Fury" is the picture, and the small insert shows you a scene from it in the making.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

SONGBIRD, AMERICAN STYLE: It would be hard to imagine anyone more unlike Evelyn Laye, across the page, than our own Jeanette MacDonald. As vivacious as her own red hair, Jeanette plays every part that is given her with a twinkle in her eye—and a naughty twinkle! So it isn't surprising that her new picture is called "Naughty Marietta."



Russell Ball



SONGBIRD, ENGLISH STYLE: We refuse to get angry over that much-talked-of invasion of British stars as long as they look like Evelyn Laye. She has the charm—poised, quiet, and restrained—which Leslie Howard has as a man. A newcomer to most of us, her pictures to date are "Evensong," "Princess Charming," and "The Night Is Young."



Bachrach



FRED ASTAIRE . . . the boy who dances. And how he dances! The whole world is talking about it. We told you he was going up, and he's going up fast—faster and faster. "Roberta," with lots of music and dancing and pretty girls and rapid-fire chatter, is the picture you'll find him in next. And it's sure to add to the laurels Fred won in "Gay Divorcee."



Elmer Fryer



RUDY VALLEE . . . the boy who sings! And how he sings! Crooners may have become a national target for bricks and no-longer-youthful eggs, but Rudy goes on crooning and makes 'em love it. "Sweet Music," is what you'll be seeing him in (*not* the funny-papers) and in the small photo we show him disguised as none other than Rudy Vallee.

By
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
as told to Eric L. Ergenbright

WOMEN RULE

WHY do you emphasize romance and glamour and beauty so heavily in your pictures? Why do you invariably favor love stories when there are other human emotions just as suitable for drama as love? Why do you stress emotionalism? Why do you avoid grimness and cruelty and sordidness and all of the other harsh but ever-present aspects of everyday life?"

If I have been asked such questions once, I have had them put to me a thousand times. And the answer is very simple:

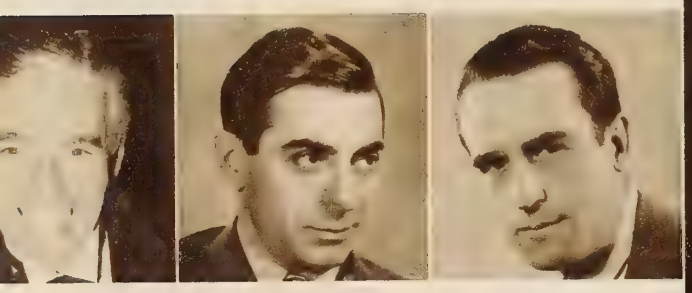
Women rule Hollywood!

Any producer who disregards the established preferences of women is committing professional suicide. His pictures may be the product of genius. His actors may have the talent of Bernhardt, his director the finesse of Reinhardt, his scenarist the power of Shakespeare—but, unless the finished picture possesses that elusive quality called "feminine appeal," it is certain to fail at the box office.

I am ready to grant that life can be grim and cruel. In fact in my own experience I have too often found it so. But women are idealists, not realists. They are emotionalists, not analysts. And, since I have no wish to be a professional suicide, I try to produce pictures which will suit their tastes. Like most veteran showmen, my first instinct is to please the women in the audience. Women have always ruled "show business."

The average motion picture theater audience is *more than seventy per cent feminine!* In the average matinee audience, women predominate by an even larger majority. These figures, which are the findings of actual surveys and not haphazard estimates of my own, speak for themselves. Without the steady patronage of women, theaters and studios could not survive.

Still more important in establishing woman's rule over the motion picture industry is the fact that women almost invariably are the arbiters of their families' entertainment. Wives select the shows that their husbands take them to see. Unmarried girls dictate the shows for which their escorts buy tickets. Mothers select the screen entertainment for their children. And, in every case, the picture selected reflects the woman's tastes.



It is the woman who cons the drama page and reads the theatrical advertisements, while her husband, after glancing over the financial section, turns to the sports pages and checks up on his favorite football or baseball team. He knows from experience that his wife regards a motion picture as *her* outing and that she will determine which show they shall see. Show me the husband whose occasional objections have not been overruled in some fashion as this:

"I didn't say one word last Sunday when you wanted to play golf. I think you might at least take me to the show that *I* want to see!"

Naturally, most theater owners and most producers, being convinced from first hand experience that such an argument is irresistible, "slant" their advertising to attract women. Check up on the theater ads in your current newspaper and note how many feature the words "love" or "romance."

"Please the women and they will bring the men to the theater"—that is one of the oldest and most dependable rules for theatrical success.

It is women who are largely responsible for the so-called "star system" in the studios. They are much more inclined than men to become dyed-in-the-wool fans of the sort who idolize their favorite screen personalities, and flock to see the pictures made by those stars without bothering to ask what the pictures' plots may be. Such fans are the very backbone of the motion picture industry. Hollywood produces, each year, approximately 600 feature length films and it is difficult to find that many worthwhile stories. Without the feminine tendency to consider personalities first and plot second, picture making would be far more risky and far less profitable.

Men, no matter how much they enjoy seeing pictures, are by nature, and by training and habit, much more analytical. No matter how brilliant the cast, they are quick to detect and condemn story flaws. Instead of asking, "Who's the star?" they are more apt to demand, "What's the picture about?" The average man likes a western . . . or a costume picture . . . or any other type of story which appeals to his particular taste; the average woman likes *any* picture in which her favorite stars appear.

Not only "matinee idols" of the masculine persuasion but almost all outstanding feminine stars owe their stardom to the women in the audience. Women, even more eagerly than men, flock to see the screen's beautiful women —especially if those stars are pronounced intriguing by Mr. Average Man. "What makes them glamorous?" . . . "why do men find them intriguing?" . . . and women rush to the theaters to seek the answers to those questions.

Norma Shearer, I believe, is the greatest "woman's star" in screen history. For every one man who is her ardent fan, she owns the allegiance of at least five women. Norma Shearer, poised, intelligent, superbly gowned, sophisticated, beautiful, is to the average woman the very epitome of feminine charm, the personification of all the qualities which the average woman longs to possess. Furthermore, her pictures have been deftly and deliberately tailored to appeal to women. On the screen, she has moved continually through an ultra-glamorous world of sophisticated romance. She has challenged, in her pictures, the convictions which most women obey—and secretly resent. She has starred in dramas based upon the problems which are understood, felt and shared by most of the women in her audiences. Of course, she has many masculine fans—but the majority of men, I believe, have resented such pictures as "Strangers May Kiss." But, resentful or pleased, they nevertheless have seen them—for women select the family's entertainment.

Greta Garbo is another star who appeals far more to women than to men. Test my statement by taking a straw vote in any mixed gathering. You will find that almost every woman present will list her as a prime favorite—but that few men will include her name. Women like her because her pictures, like Norma Shearer's deal with *their* problems, and because her personality suggests exotic romance. The average woman's life is so cramped by the four walls of her home that she longs for an escape from routine and finds it, vicariously, in such





(Extreme left) Chaplin, Cantor, Lloyd . . . deans of comedy because their pathos makes women want to "mother" them. (Center) Anna Sten has uncanny ability to stir women's emotions. (Above) Gloria Swanson did it with gowns.

Men see the shows

HOLLYWOOD

If the men had their way, we'd have more slapstick comedy and adventure stories on the screen. Perhaps we'd have a different kind of star altogether from those shown below. If you're tired of love and problem pictures, blame Mrs. and Miss America!



Norma Shearer . . . greatest women's star ever.



It is women, too, who adore the exotic Garbo.



Joan Crawford . . . giving glamour to the girls.

pictures as those which Garbo has made famous.

Gloria Swanson was a great woman's star and she was shrewd in strengthening her appeal to women by wearing lavish costumes. Thousands of women stood in line to see her pictures—and her clothes. Thousands of women, every day, attend theaters—and conscript their husbands as escorts—because they want to see the styles which are being created by Hollywood's designers. And never think that motion picture producers, knowing the preponderance of feminine theater attendance, are blind to the importance of "dressing" their stars. A beautiful star, who has the knack of wearing beautiful clothes to the greatest advantage, is a recognized asset coveted by every studio.

Joan Crawford would be listed as a "favorite star" by many men, yet I think that she owes her tremendous popularity to the fact that she is an idol of the world's working girls. She represents the girl that they want to become—and her own life story, which is one of struggle and achievement, confirms her hold on their admiration. Recall and analyze her most successful pictures and you will find that they were tailored to fit, that they dealt with, and lent glamour to, the problems of America's working girls.

Anna Sten, I think, is destined to become one of the great women's stars, for she has uncanny ability to awaken emotional response in women. To date she has appealed to women more than to men.

In what, principally, do the screen entertainment tastes of men and women differ?

Chiefly in the fact that women are idealists and men are realists. Women are more concerned with the emotion than with the sequence of dramatic situations which give the emotion birth. They see pictures with their "hearts," whereas men see them with their "minds."

Both men and women are interested in love stories, for love between the sexes plays an important part in every normal life. Yet, in the life of the average woman love looms larger than in the life of the average man. The masculine audience does not demand love as the central theme of every picture; the feminine audience does. If men, instead of women, comprized three-fourths of the screen's audience, you would see the screen flooded with stirring adventure stories, many of them entirely lacking in love interest.

The magazine rack in every corner drug store reflects the difference in feminine and masculine entertainment tastes. The hundreds of "pulp" magazines are published for masculine consumption. Their stories drip action and adventure. Few of them contain any mention of love. Their heroes are red-blooded, two-fisted go-getters. The women's magazines, on the contrary, favor stories in which love is the predominant theme—and love, in every story, is idealized. Compromising the two extremes are "general" magazines. They bid for popularity with both sexes—and that, of course, is just what Hollywood tries to do in selecting its screen material. But Hollywood never loses sight of the fact that women are its greatest audience, and, in every case, the canny producer favors their established tastes.

Traditionally, men love comedy. Being realists, they are quick to detect and appreciate exaggeration. They laugh at "slap stick" which leaves the woman's sense of humor untouched.

Yet, even in its comedy-making, Hollywood defers to woman's rule. The great comedians in screen history are those who have appealed to women, and, in every instance, you will find that the secret of their appeal is the flavor of pathos which is ever-present in their fun-making. Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and Eddie Cantor are the deans of screen comedy because women like them. There is a wistful, pathetic, helpless quality in their portrayals which arouses in the average woman the "mother complex." They are funny, yet lovable. They exaggerate, yet in (*Please turn to page* 53)

women pick. Women audiences make and break the stars

CONNOLLY the Courteous

No star zooming to fame overnight is Walter Connolly, but a capable, steady actor whose work, in picture after picture, has attracted nation-wide interest to him. Elsie Janis tells you about him.

I HAVE watched him climbing steadily for eighteen months. Not a very long time when you consider that he has reached that realm of security which is the reward of consistently good performances. No great smashing overnight success. No stampede of electricians to put his name in lights on the theater marquees and therefore no rush to take it down a few months later if by chance he had appeared in a couple of disappointing pictures. When Mr. New Movie told me that Walter Connolly's popularity with the film public called for an article I was very pleased. You see, I write about the personalities that you ask questions about and I must say, so far our tastes coincide. It will be tough on all of us the day they ask me to write about some one I don't like.

My first meeting with Walter Connolly was impressive. He is the only actor I ever met in the executives' dining-room at Columbia studios. He looks like most anything in the world but an actor, so I sat wondering if he might be one of those bankers who are supposed to come to the aid of the Industry now and then, or if perchance he might be some famous and expensive imported author. Columbia's dining-room is one of the few places where I become a listener.

The President, Harry Cohn, who has pushed Columbia from a shoe-string organization into the "big boots with a kick in them class," sits surrounded by assistants and writers. The food is good. The dialogue is better. Mr. Connolly is a man of keen perception. He joined me in the art of listening. If you keep quiet long enough in a free-for-all battle of wits, some one becomes suspicious and you are asked a question. When Harry Cohn asked Connolly how he liked his part in the new picture I was frankly disappointed. He looked like such a nice plain sort of family man. He sounded like one when he made modest suggestions about some changes in the story which he thought might improve it. I left him there and went on my way wondering how long he would be able to make himself heard above the hustle and the bustle of Cohnized Columbia, where opinions usually call for arguments, arguments demand "sound effects" and the result is often a swell picture.

When I saw the film they had discussed at lunch Mr. Connolly's suggested changes in the story had been followed. Wonders never cease in Hollywood. Of course he had been hard to get and anyone who enters films reluctantly is apt to be listened to. There is always the hope that some film-shy stage player will be able to explain the refusal of sure fire big dough in pictures for the comparatively small cakes of the theater. Mr. Connolly was coaxed out to Hollywood first in the Summer of 1932. I presume that he thought he might as well spend the Summer dabbling in the golden sands of Cinemaland. It might be just as good sport as fishing. It apparently was, only Mr. Connolly got hooked. They gave him a long line, however, for he returned to Broadway and a great success in the Fall. All winter he played in "The Late Christopher Bean." Came Summer and they reeled him in. That's when I saw him at Columbia. A shy and cautious catch. Since then he has been leaping like a salmon, from role to role.



The Captain Hates the Sea, but he doesn't.

So far I have not seen him play Walter Connolly on the screen. Early training in stock and repertory has taught him that acting means losing one's own personality in the character drawn, not wearing said character lightly, as a cape under which a player's own mannerisms and expressions can be seen constantly. In the last year he has been Spanish, Irish, Yankee, English. In tones dulcet or domineering. In backgrounds rural or sophisticated. From a lowly night watchman to a pompous millionaire is but a mental step for him. His success makes me wonder whether it isn't wise to set the public guessing what the actor is really like off the stage or screen, instead of allowing no doubt to exist as to what he is going to be like the next time he appears.

I believe he had already signed a long-term contract the day we met at lunch, which makes his being listened to come even more under the heading "Strange Happenings in Hollywood," but in his contract there is a "time out for stage play" clause. He is taking that time out now. It's mostly time in for rehearsals. I went last week to watch him in action. He is enjoying his "vacation." No dialect. No hirsute adornments. The role calls for Connolly to be himself and he can't quite remember what he was like before he took up the chameleon's existence his versatility has demanded in films. I was told it would be difficult to "get at" Mr. Connolly for at least three weeks. He had been ill. He was rehearsing. He was very busy. The more reasons they had for my not seeing him the more I had for wanting to.

Granted that the way to a man's heart is via his stomach, the way to a happily married man's heart is via his wife. I called up Mrs. Connolly. "I'm



Walter with Mrs. Connolly. "The more I see of successful wives," says Elsie, "the more I know why they are a success." Mrs. Connolly is a fine actress, known on the stage as Nedda Harrigan.



"Whom the Gods Destroy" was notable chiefly for Walter Connolly's splendid work.



Walter with the perpetually jolly Guy Kibbee in the picture "Lady for a Day."



"He looks like anything but an actor. He might be one of those bankers who are supposed to come to the aid of the industry . . ."

sorry to hear Mr. Connolly has been ill," I said, "but I wanted to—"

I got no further. "He's feeling much better since hearing that you telephoned," said the charming Mrs. C. "He's right here and wants to talk to you."

The more I see of successful wives the more I know why they are a success. I made a date to go to rehearsal that same afternoon. He was in the midst of a scene when I arrived on tip-toe. He saw me as I signalled, "Pay no attention to me." He finished the scene and welcomed me gently. I still say that he seems like a nice plain business man. By plain I don't mean homely. He is distinguished looking and a much younger man in appearance than we have yet glimpsed on the screen, but there is evidently so much good acting in Connolly, the actor, that there is none left for Connolly, the man.

He led me across the footlights and out into the darkened theater. "This is quite a mad play," he said. "I shall be glad to know what you think of it. I must get back on the stage. I'm in this scene."

He had not stopped the rehearsal. Again I was impressed. It is a star's privilege to stop and start things. He went quietly back to a chair at the side of the stage and waited for his cue. No upsetting other players by sitting out front talking with the tip-toeing stranger while they struggled to memorize their new roles.

Mr. Connolly is decidedly of the "old school" when it comes to manners, which makes it difficult for the new school to believe he could steal pictures as he does without a struggle. Vocal or physical. His schoolmates in the theater were all "who's whosers." Sothern and Marlowe. Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Pauline Lord, Ruth Chatterton, Helen Hayes. Some of these were his teachers no doubt. Knowing his background I cannot blame him for being a bit doubtful about bringing his "memory box" into the film foreground where a cameraman is the most severe critic and a microphone can make or break you no matter what school you attended.

Incidentally when young Connolly stepped over family objections and into the theater he was less than twenty. He must have been a bright boy having already attended St. Xavier's College and the University of Dublin. Further proof of youthful sagacity was his walking out of a cashier's cage in a Cincinnati bank to follow "his secret heart" which was at that time a chap who has not yet made the grade in pictures, William Shakespeare. I would like to see Connolly as Shylock when, if ever, the "Merchant of Venice" is filmed, but then I would like to see Greta Garbo as Portia, so think no more about it. (*Please turn to page* 59)

STARS OF YESTERDAY



De Mirjian

Norma Talmadge



Puffer

Constance Talmadge

Where are they now? What do they do? What has become of them?

By HAL HALL



William S. Hart, the two-gun western hero.

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be;
The last of life
For which the first was made.

THERE is a world of comfort in those few simple lines for the average man or woman who realizes that time has been passing and that the autumn of life is just around the corner.

To most of us the final chapter is the best. It is rich in happy memories of the past, and there is a quiet restfulness about our declining years, much like the balmy atmosphere of a lazy day in late October when the many-colored leaves whirl idly to the ground beneath the warm sunshine of Indian Summer.

But—here in Hollywood today there is a group of two hundred and seven men and women who smile bitterly when you try to tell them of the sweetness of the future. To them the past is but a mass of memories that rise up like ghosts and mock them. They are tearful memories of fleeting glory; of the acclaim of fickle millions.

This is a little group that time has passed by; upon whom Fortune smiled for a brief moment and then like a March wind swept them aside and tossed them into a little corner of the world called Hollywood—to be forgotten.

They are men and women who helped make the picture business the vast enterprise it is today; men and women who once were numbered among the most famous players of the screen; whose photographs were eagerly sought by hundreds of thousands of worshiping "fans" who today have perhaps forgotten the very existence of their one-time idols.

And now . . . this little group of former picture greats—once the toast of the multitude—are asking humbly for "bit" and "extra" work . . . yes, even, in many cases, for merely a day's work as plain "atmosphere" . . . and "extras" under the new NRA code will be paid but $7.50 per day.

Still, these glorious pioneers of the screen are glad to have the opportunity of honorably stepping forth among the thousands of youthful newcomers and earning this mere pittance. But the sad feature of the situation is not so much the fact that they are reduced to such work . . . but it is the fact that although they have been the idols of the millions they find it difficult to gain the ear of the casting officials, and next to impossible to obtain the privilege of working as cheap "atmosphere" where they once played as stars. Baby-faced girls with bobbed hair and over-painted cheeks, and sleek young men with waxed mustaches and a long list of attractive telephone numbers are getting the call over these "troupers."

In this business where attention and eyes are centered on the new faces of today, this group of old-timers perhaps would have gone on to the end without notice had it not been for a little band of rarely mentioned workers—the members of the Assistant Directors Section of the sorely crippled Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

These men revealed the plight of the former celebrities when, after vainly trying to hire them—only to be met by a blank wall of red tape—they appealed to the Board of Directors of the Academy to help them secure permission from the producing companies to hire these people direct, rather than through the Central Casting office. The Assistant Directors presented a letter to the Academy Board which speaks worlds. Here it is:

"Working as Assistant Directors, we come into daily contact with hundreds of people who desire work as "extra" and "bit" players. Among these hundreds there ofttimes appears a once favorite star, a former famous director or, possibly, a one-time high executive whom the times have passed by.

"In many cases once the favorites of millions of the theater-going public, these people have since found themselves dependent upon what they may be able to earn in the more menial positions within the industry.

"We have compiled the attached list, containing 200 names of industry pioneers who are now working as 'extra' and 'bit' players. There are in every production certain scenes in which some or all of these people might be used to the advantage of



Wide World

Above: Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in the silent thriller, "The Great Secret." Bushman, shown at the left in a close-up, was at one time the screen's greatest lover, the Clark Gable of his day.



Antonio Moreno, at right, appeared in "The Benson Murder Case" after a long absence from the screen.
Otto Dyar

●

Once the rush to see Eugene O'Brien was so terrific that women fainted, fighting their way into theaters.



Ruth Roland



Blanche Sweet



Wide World

Bessie Love



Betty Blythe



Lillian Gish



Wide World

Perhaps better than any of the others these two pictures demonstrate the tragedy of stardom in the cinema city. A child star can fade as rapidly as a grown-up. You do not have to be more than a youngster yourself to remember Baby Peggy. She was Jackie Cooper and Shirley Temple rolled into one. The key to every city in America was hers. Now, only a few years later, she is in vaudeville, and trying a comeback in pictures.

the company, due to the fact that every person is an experienced motion picture 'trouper,' as well as enabling these who have given so much to the industry in the past to earn a living in the only business with which they are familiar.

"We request the Board of Directors of the Academy to communicate with the various producing companies with a view to obtaining for us as individual Assistant Directors the necessary authorization to directly call any of the people named on the attached list (and others of the same classification who may by reason of circumstances be added from time to time by the Section) for 'extra' and special 'bit' work which their past experience or present characteristics would enable them to handle satisfactorily in preference to any other person or group, all other qualifications being equal."

Perhaps the most outstanding name on this remarkable list is that of Clara Kimball Young. It was just nineteen years ago this past October that a motion picture magazine announced the winners in a "Great Artist Contest" which it had conducted to determine who were the most popular male and female stars of the screen.

AND—*Clara Kimball Young* led all the women with a grand total of 442,340 votes. Her nearest rival was that great star, America's sweetheart, *Mary Pickford*. But Mary was 4,670 votes behind Clara. And far down the list behind Miss Young were such names as *Anita Stewart, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Ethel Clayton, Pearl White, Mabel Normand, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ruth Roland* and *Lillian Gish*. Even that magnificent star, Norma Talmadge was 326,580 votes behind Miss Young. I ask you, was Miss Young a star?



Seventh on the list was Florence Lawrence, with a total of 188,975 votes. But she, like Miss Young, has been tossed about by the ill-fortunes of the picture business and is on the list that asks even "extra" work.

Eleventh in the contest was Florence Turner. She also is on the old-timers "extra" list of the assistant directors, although she scored heavily over many of the biggest names even of today with a popular vote of 151,965.

Bessie Eyton and Flora Finch were also among the first one hundred in the contest, and they are struggling with the mob for a day's work; glad to break into their only profession rubbing elbows with the kids through the "extra" ranks.

Among the men who were honored in that contest nineteen years ago was a player named Harry Meyers. He received thousands more votes than did such stars as Owen Moore, the beloved Wallace Reid, Henry Walthall and even that matinee idol, Harold Lockwood. But today Harry is listed with the other 206 old-timers as wanting "extra" work, and the assistant directors are fighting to help him gain the privilege of swallowing his pride, of forgetting his days of stardom and going to work for seven dollars and fifty cents a day—gladly.

Here is the complete list as compiled by the Assistant Directors and presented to the Academy:

Jean Archer, Frank Alexander, Chris Allen, Rose Cade Amos, Rollie Asher, Sylvia Ashton, Eddie Baker, Bobby Barbara, Bob Barnes, Jay Belasco, Alice Belcher, Eddie Benaudy, Edward Allen Biby, Betty Blythe, Marjorie Bonner, Joe Bordeau, Ed Brady, Teddy Brooks, Edmund Burns, Neal Burns, Robert Cain, Mary Carr and children, Louise Carver, Helene Chadwick, Kathleen Chambers, Edith Clark, Fred Clay, Lillian Clays, Mabel Coleman, Buck Connors, Constance Cornelius, Nell Craig, Frank Crane, Grace Cunard, Sid D'Albrook, Joe De Grasse, Jim Donnelly, Charles Dunbar, Bud Duncan, Harry Dunkison, Bobby Dunn, Jimmy Dunn, Irene Duval, Bill Dyer, Neely Edwards, Billy Elmer, Madge Erwin, Bessie Eyton, Elinor Fair, Jim Farley, Maude Fealy, Flora Finch, Art Flavin, Francis Ford, Art Foster, Billy Franey, Bill Franz, Charles French, Dave Friedman, Ray Gallagher, Pauline Garon, Laura George, Charlie Gibbon, Helen Gibson, Bill Gittinger, J. W. Goodwin, Mr. Grooney, Kit Guard, Creighton Hale, Ella Hall, Oscar Hall, Ray Haneford, James Harrison, Mark Harrison, (*Please turn to page* 53)



BELOVED BY YOUNG AND OLD, the man who brings the whole family to the theater, holding his own in popularity against all the handsome young heroes, Will Rogers comes to you next in "The County Chairman." Insert: Left to right, Mickey Rooney and shiner, Mr. Rogers and stogie.



Gertrude Messinger, John Beal, Betty Grable, Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, Mary Beich, Erik Rhodes and Virginia Reid at a luncheon Miss Shirley gave at the RKO dining-room recently.



Jack Oakie, Sue Carol and Helen Mack, at Helen's birthday party. (Right) Dolores Lee Prinz gives a birthday party, too.

Wide World Photos





Alexander Pantages, Frank Mastroly, Marie Gambarelli, Dan Kelly at Mastroly's left, Eole Galli, Henry Hull, June Clayworth, Mrs. Armetta, Miss Armetta and Henry Armetta, who gave the spaghetti dinner.

The Stars at Play

All Hollywood goes to the Annual Guild Ball; W. S. Van Dyke has a housewarming; Helen Mack's surprise party; Warner Baxter's Sunday tennis matches

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IF you chance to be messing around in South Africa or Labrador or any of those far-off places, and are looking for W. S. Van Dyke, you are going to be disappointed. For M-G-M has promised not to send him into the wilds to make a picture again for a long, long time. And he is more than ever entrenching himself in his Brentwood Heights home.

The new party room just about settles it, we think. Van gave a grand party to initiate it. Just to commemorate his many voyages, he has had the room made like a ship's saloon, with a cozy little bar at the end. There are port holes, little tables, long upholstered seats and everything, all shipshape.

And the bar is the oddest one to be found in all movieland. Its counter is an aquarium, outfitted in the traditional style with little castles, seaweed gardens, and many kinds of tiny fish.

Jack Oakie declared he had heard of "drinking like a fish," and he was all for mixing a drink for the finnies and pouring it in, but Van Dyke ruled that the fish were really entertainers and it was against the law to serve drinks to entertainers.

Despite the fact that Jean Harlow's husband is in Europe, and divorce proceedings are under way, and that Jean is seen everywhere with Bill Powell, she sees no reason for letting her tact desert her when somebody happens to refer to Bill in a special way.

So, when somebody said to Jean at the party, referring to the buffet supper, "Has your husband gone to get you food?"—meaning Bill,—Jean answered sweetly, as the confused lady apologized for her mistake: "I think you have paid me a very great compliment!"

Ruth Mannix helped Mrs. Van Dyke, our host's gracious mother, to entertain. Dashiell Hammet, the writer, created quite a sensation with his frankness, that night.

When his secretary introduced him to one group, he remarked: "Who are all these people you are introducing me to? I don't know them!"

But when he met Billie Burke, he met his Waterloo. He said to her: "Your face looks familiar, somehow!"

She answered him sweetly, with a disarming smile, "Well, yours doesn't, but your impudent dialogue does!"

Whereupon the writer knelt at her feet during the rest of the evening.

HELEN MACK was most obligingly surprised, at the party which her mama gave her on her birthday. Of course the surprise didn't go quite the siss-boom-bah way it was supposed to, because Helen simply wouldn't be lured away to the Cocoanut (*Please turn to page* 54)

A FRIEND I TREASURE

By GARY COOPER



The study of Guy Standing, above, was drawn by Gary. Gary was at one time a newspaper cartoonist, as you probably know.

An intimate story of

YOU may have noticed that I drew two sketches to illustrate this story. You see, this is the first time in my life I have ever written a story about anything or anybody, particularly about someone whose friendship I value. So the sketches are for the benefit of those who can't quite get the drift of my initial literary effort . . . and the story is for those who can't quite get the drift of the sketches.

If I were a great deal more articulate than I am (and I've never been accused of glibness in expressing myself) I still doubt that I would be able to do justice to the charm of this man with whom I have worked . . . with whom I have stretched legs lazily before the roaring fire, and whom I have gradually come to know as one of the most colorful personalities Hollywood has to offer.

I am proud to call Sir Guy Standing my friend. His interest and his curiosity about his fellow man know no bounds, but I believe his friendship is given to few. Certainly ours has been a process of evolution and typical British unhurriedness that began when we met casually during the first days of "Now and Forever," but did not really gain momentum until that mutual adventure, the filming of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Frankly, I knew very little of Sir Guy the day we shook hands over the curly head of little Shirley Temple. Naturally I knew his distinguished reputation in the theater of two continents . . . the long and successful tours he had made with Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome" and "Jennie." I had seen him in "The Road to Rome" and later in "Cynara" when those companies played Los Angeles. I heard Paramount was interested in signing him for the screen. But the deal did not actually go through until almost a year later when he suddenly decided against opening a new Broadway show in favor of Hollywood.

Though he had been on the Paramount lot several months in the making of such pictures as "Death Takes a Holiday," "Cradle Song" and several others, we did not meet until "Now and Forever" went into production.

I wish I could promise to tell you "all about" him now. But that would be highly presumptuous and an exaggeration on my part. Getting to know Sir Guy is like drinking a highball in London. Just as one Scotch and soda will suffice a British gentleman for an entire evening, so will one incident, one event, one confidence gained be sufficient unto the meeting between friends . . . when one of them is Sir Guy.

Because describing his appearance is far easier than catching his personality on paper, I can step out quite boldly and say that he is one of the finest looking men I have ever seen. In years he is well over the fifty mark and there are two hundred pounds of muscle and brawn perfectly distributed over his six-foot



Immediately at the left is a photograph of Standing. At the right is a charcoal sketch of Gary drawn, to return the compliment, by Sir Guy.

an inspiring friendship between two famous movie stars

physique. His hair is thoroughly grayed, but neither the color nor the expression of youth has left his eyes. His are the most alert eyes I know. Everything and everyone are a source of interest to him . . . even Hollywood. He once told me as we lunched in my dressing-room during the early stages of our acquaintance (when we were feeling each other out to see if we really liked each other as well as we suspected we did) that he considered Hollywood a fascinating adventure. In his clipped British accent he said he didn't see how it was possible to be bored here. Which is certainly a fresh slant to many who have complained of Hollywood's "staleness" and "small town spirit."

I remember I once said to him when things had been going particularly badly on location: "Why in the world do you fool around in this crazy racket when you could lead any kind of life you want . . . the stage in London or on Broadway . . . the life of a country gentleman . . . devote yourself to your painting or your music . . . anything your heart desires?" At that moment *I* was thinking about Africa and shooting trips and intriguing names and places far removed from Hollywood. He said, his eyes crinkling at the corners:

"But that is only playing at life. Behaving as if a novelist wrote you, don't you know!"

This from a man who could have any life he chose, who merited Knighthood by the King of England, who fought with distinction in the war and who understands music and art as few men do, gave me a new respect for my profession . . . and more than partially explains *why* Sir Guy is in Hollywood now. He doesn't have to be. Money has long since ceased to be any part of an incentive to him in anything. Soon after the war there was a period when he decided to retire from the stage and during that time he made a fortune. He was one of a syndicate which bought up all the motor transport equipment which the United States left along the Rhine. Later they took over the British war motor transport.

". . . took us over nine years to get rid of the lot . . . seventy millions it cost us and we got a few more than that for it . . . tractors and that sort of thing. Sort of set me up for life . . . which is a more or less uninteresting outlook, what?"

But I had begun to suspect even before this that money could never be anything but an adventure in his life, the adventure of getting it, not holding onto it. The war was an adventure to him. So was the stage. And now, so is Hollywood.

He takes his adventure so seriously that when he is working on a picture he allows nothing to divert him from his work. During those hectic months when we were on location and all hell was popping with one thing and another . . . changes in the cast . . . trouble with our brigade of riders . . . unsettled weather . . . rewritten scripts . . . scene after scene reshot until our nerves were frayed and many of the troupe were heartily sick of the whole undertaking, never once did his interest falter. So engrossed was Sir Guy that he did not even read his daily mail. Mail, in fact, is a particular aversion of his. ". . . Usually bills or bad news. Diverts your attention from interesting things. . . ."

He even took his own private location calamity (when he was bitten on the ankle by a Black Widow spider) with that casual mental shrug that is so much a part of his personality. He was far more upset when the publicity department released the story of his accident than he was with his bandaged foot and cane. ". . . can't stand to be wet nursed about, you know. Hate solicitude. . . ."

It is impossible to question Sir Guy. I found we got to know each other far better when the conversation was not prompted and he "just talked." It is not wholly due to reticence, either. When in the mood he can entertain the listener for hours with anecdotes from his colorful store of experience. When not, wild horses couldn't drag anything out of him.

As I look back I am amused at the various locales he chose for some of his confidences. He once told me a bit about his childhood when we had obtained "Dutch leave" from the company and gone shooting in the Malibu Hills. He is one of the finest shots I have ever seen . . . and it goes without saying he is the kind of man who would take only a sporting shot. But I hardly suspected a gun in his hand would bring up memories of his childhood. He said he had always done a "bit" of shooting ever since he was a tike and that he had once had the idea he would like to be a game warden, an ambition which had greatly amused his father. The father, Herbert Standing was a distinguished actor in London, but from what I am able to gather from Sir Guy's abrupt confidences, he managed to retain close comradeship with his four sons, all of whom became actors in his footsteps . . . two of them, Sir Guy and Wyndham, achieving outstanding distinction in this country as well as England.

". . . but my real dream was the sea. It was my first ambition. Wanted to run away and join up, you know . . . that sort of thing. First time I tried I used the family table cloth for a sail. When I finally got back I was deathly sick. Very mortifying. . . ."

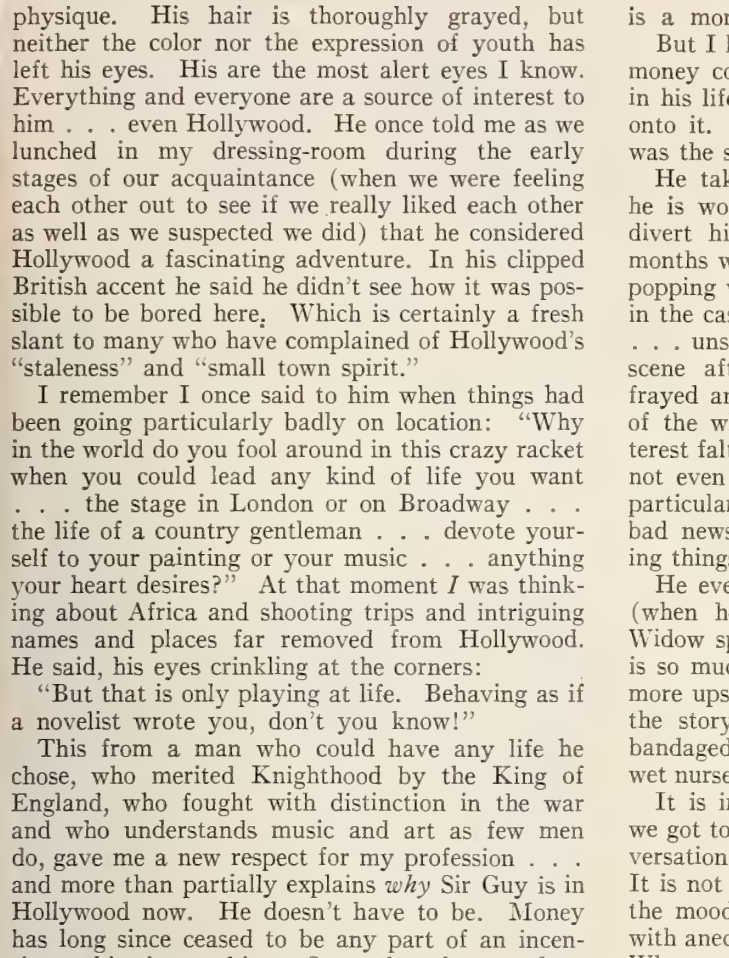
It is typical that the only other thing he has ever told me about his childhood was that he was always too big for his age which made him difficult to handle. ". . . discipline and schooling didn't take my rambunctiousness out of me . . . Life did. . . ."

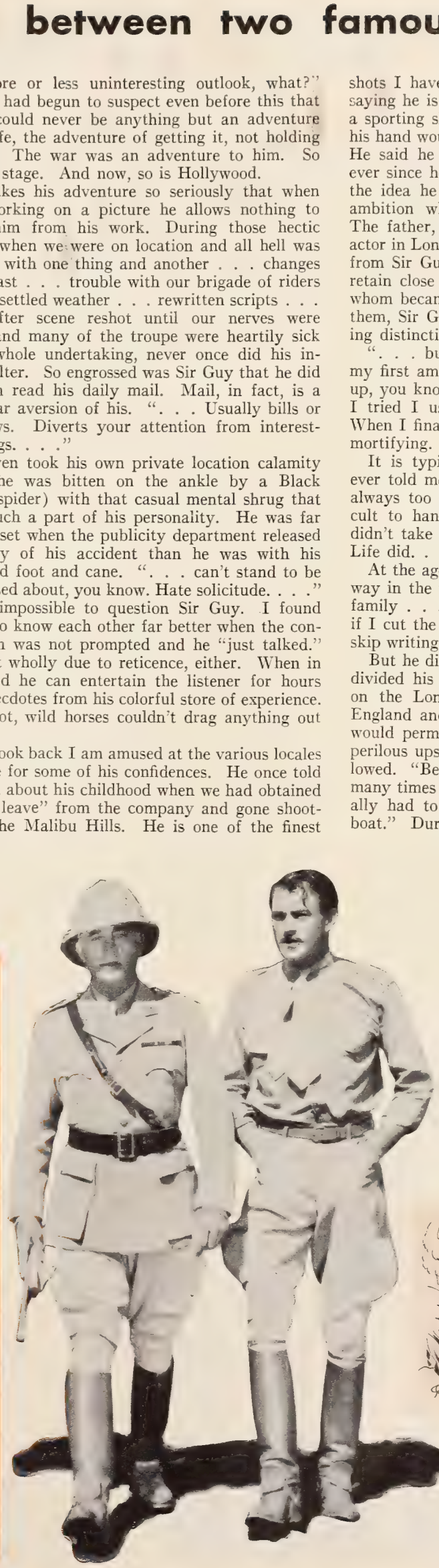
At the age of fifteen he decided to make his own way in the world. "Kicked up quite a row in the family . . . Father really angry . . . he told me if I cut the family apron strings I could jolly well skip writing home for money when I got in a hole."

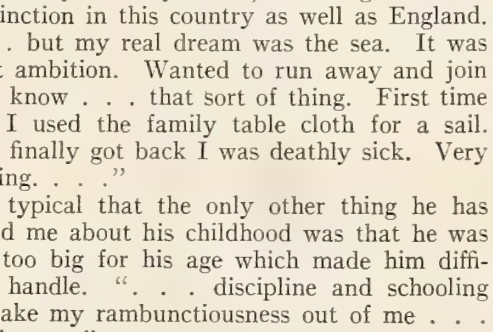
But he did cut the strings and for eight years he divided his time between the sea and small parts on the London stage. He toured this country, England and Australia in more shows than space would permit to be recorded here. He knew the perilous ups and downs of both the careers he followed. "Beastly bad actor I was . . . left stranded many times in most inconvenient places . . . usually had to work my way back to London on a boat." During one slack spell he peddled his water color canvases (which were later exhibited by invitation five times) from door to door in London.

Years went by in his hectic life . . . and then the War!

It is amazing how casually Sir Guy refers to this important part of his life. In the five years he served he became Commander in the British Navy. In June, 1919, he was created a Knight Commander in recognition of distinguished service to His Majesty, The King. It was not from Guy I learned that his particular service had been escorting troop ships across the mine infested English channel. And he is almost (*Please turn to page* 52)







Left, a photograph of Standing and Cooper together. Above is one of Gary's hasty pen sketches of his friend.

Coloring the Hollywood Beauties

From his hideaway among the cliff-dwellers of Manhattan Herb Howe muses upon the camera glorifiers; the improvements the Movie Moguls have made on Mother Nature; and the one gal whom neither remodeling nor color photography will affect

HAVING remodeled womanhood, Hollywood will now proceed to paint her. All shades are available at last in technicolor. Prepare for purple lips and plaid hair.

Long ago the old glass stages were displaced by cold sound storages but Hollywood is still a hot house. The horticultural innovations of Luther Burbank are truck garden stuff compared with the beautiful flowers developed by Goldwyn, DeMille, M-G-M, and Paramount.

The reason glass studios are no longer needed is that Hollywood has improved on the sun. The latter's working hours didn't always jibe with producers' schedules and he wouldn't turn from his course to back light Miss Garbo or front light Miss West. So now he's out, along with a lot of old time stars. No one is big enough to be temperamental in Hollywood, not even the sun.

The great outdoors is also out. Mother Nature, who figured so big in silent movies, now only gets bits. She couldn't get rid of her bugs that made noises in the mike. Anyhow, art directors can make prettier scenery. If you saw "Flirtation Walk" you must have noted the Busby Berkeley influence on Hawaii. Once you have seen Warner Brothers' Hawaii you never could be content with the real thing. I wouldn't say as much for their West Point. Probably I'm of the hard-boiled old army school but I don't like to think of our West Pointers crying over one another all the time the way Pat O'Brien and Dick Powell did. True, Pat wasn't a West Pointer; he was a top sergeant, which only makes it worse. However, anything good old Sarge O'Brien does is jake with me, even sobbing at West Point.

But to get back to this faulty planet which has caused producers so much trouble. What can you expect? It was produced in six days. That's what we call a "quickie" in Hollywood. Poverty Row stuff. Why, Sam Goldwyn spent more on Anna Sten than the whole earth cost originally. And to the naked eye Anna looked pretty all right to start with. I think he was fortunate in picking her instead of the Russian girl I saw in "Three Songs About Lenin" who was decorated for being the best hod carrier in the U. S. R. R. I'm afraid she would have taxed the national resources—even Sam's.

If Jehovah could have had the benefit of Hollywood supervision we might be living in a DeMille spectacle today. And wouldn't that be cozy? Certainly this earth, looking the way it does, would never have been released by M-G-M. Mr. Mayer would have ordered retakes or else shelved it.

Especially has female nature been improved. Compare Joan Crawford with the earliest pictures of Eve or, for that matter, with the earliest pictures of Joan and you will get what I mean.

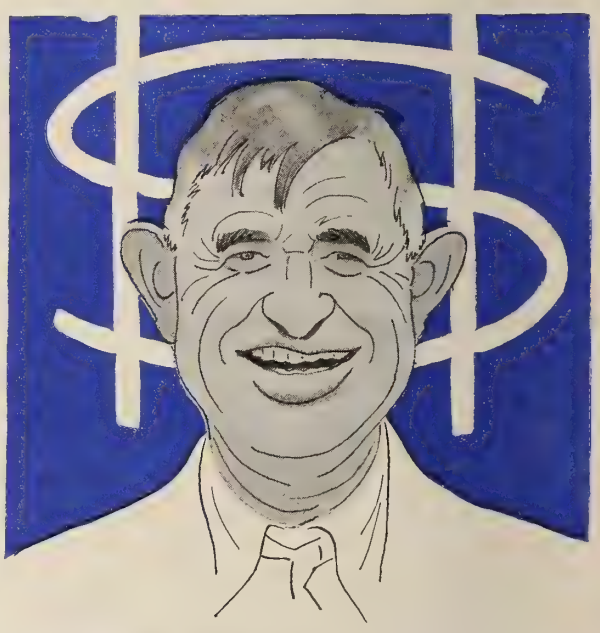
Lillian Gish, viewing her rushes, declared cameramen can make anyone appear beautiful. These wizards work their special magic by manipulating lights and by shooting their subjects through silk or gauze or burlap. Recently a historic beauty, weathered by many Winters and week-ends, appeared on the celluloid miraculously restored, all pleats and pouches wiped away. To rhapsodic exclamations a morose cameraman grunted: "Yuh, we shot her through concrete."

Camera glorifiers constitute only one corps in the army of reconstruction. Margaret Sullavan has been telling the world how she was done over. While still flushed with flattery attending the signing of her contract in New York she received a wire from the coast studio. Tingling with complimentary anticipation she opened it and read: "Get rid of that wart." Until then *pauvre* Peg had labored under the delusion she possessed a beauty mole. Humbly she submitted to a surgeon and went West with a scab. There she was whirled about by beauticians and camera testers. "Lopsided face!" shouted one and set to work. "Short front tooth!" whooped another and affixed a shield. Eyebrows were yanked, make-up tried, legs okayed, figure studied for angles and lights. When she saw the results on the screen, Miss Sullavan said, "I wasn't looking at Margaret Sullavan. I was looking at a rather charming creation of expert and patient men and women."

With similar detachment, though hardly the humility I should say, Pola Negri on beholding herself in rushes would burst into spontaneous ovation: "Vunderful! Gott, how beautiful, look at me!"

One famous little beauty while stimulated by vino to veritas uttered a classic line: "Papa and Mama gave me my face but God gave me my cameraman."

In glorifying the glorifiers I do not mean to detract from our little women's genius or to infer they do not earn every thousand of their weekly wages. They make their sacrifices. I *mean* they starve and get anemia and submit to beatings which, from a husband's hands instead of a masseur's, would get them heavenly alimony. I know because once I was pulped by a massaging Viking. My jackal cries brought sneering scorn. "Why," said the Swede slapper, "Miss ———— had her stomach pounded black and blue to get into line for a picture and she didn't swear half as much as you do."



Will Rogers seems to be the one beauty that Fox has been successful with.

Subsequently I learned of greater martyrs. Not only are faces lifted but entire bodies, or large areas of them. One beauty bulging with the years was ripped open all along her boundaries, restuffed and resewn. Maybe the Viking told me this to frighten me. That was the effect, anyhow. Every time I see this hemstitched heroine I'm gripped with fear she may start unraveling before my eyes.

All renovations are not successful. Lilian Harvey in "Congress Dances" was a lilting, fluffy little cantatrice. Fox snared her and plucked her down to her thin little frame around which they wound here and there those gosh-awful sequins. Her best song was "Gather Lip Rouge While You May"; her other ditties I've managed to forget. Ditto her pictures. Fox wasn't successful with Joan Bennett either. Now I'm alarmed over piquant Ketti Gallian, my heart of the moment. They certainly didn't launch her auspiciously with that spy-full "Marie Galante." Will Rogers seems to be about the only beauty Fox has been successful with, and he already had been glorified by Ziegfeld. Janet Gaynor is the sole star development, undeniably charming, though her pictures contain too much sugar for a man on a diet.

M-G-M is the feminine paradise. All the girls hope to go there when they die if they can't make it before. They feel that once arrayed in raiment by Lord Adrian they will be heavenly bodies or look as though they were. From the box-office view,



Herb deplores our West Pointers crying over each other the way they did in "Flirtation Walk."



Compare Eve, our first lady, with the gals of the present.

Illustration by D. B. Holcomb

has it all over her screen reflection for naturalness. Personally I rather favor Warners where men are muggs and women look the way they photograph, or better.

Of Hollywood it may be said, as Aileen Pringle says of California: Everything for the body, nothing for the mind. With such concentration on externals there isn't much thought left for acting. Emotion isn't pretty—another of the Creator's mistakes. So Hollywood confines it pretty much to batting of eyelashes, a few drops of glycerine and slight twisting of lips with a view of good teeth.

When old Mrs. Pat Campbell was pestered for her opinion of a star's acting ability she finally roared: "I think she's marvelous. I never knew an actress who could think of so many different ways of doing her hair."

As Hollywood's formula for beauty becomes more patent it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish individual beauties. In the production of "Dames" a host of dancing girls wore masks of Ruby Keeler's face. As an assistant director remarked, this did not seem to change them in the least. They all looked alike before, no expression.

Some people lacking artistic discernment exclaim the same of the actresses. I admit I am sometimes confused, connoisseur though I be. There is one, however, whom producers have failed to remodel and upon whom technicolor will play no tricks. She suggests comfort rather than beauty and I have an idea this weary world is in a mood for her. I know I am. I refer to Louise Beavers, colored, whose hearty genuineness in "Imitation of Life" should put her white sisters to shame. Acting is easier for her than for white folks. She can concentrate on feeling. She hasn't the distraction of wondering if her nose is shiny. She knows it is.

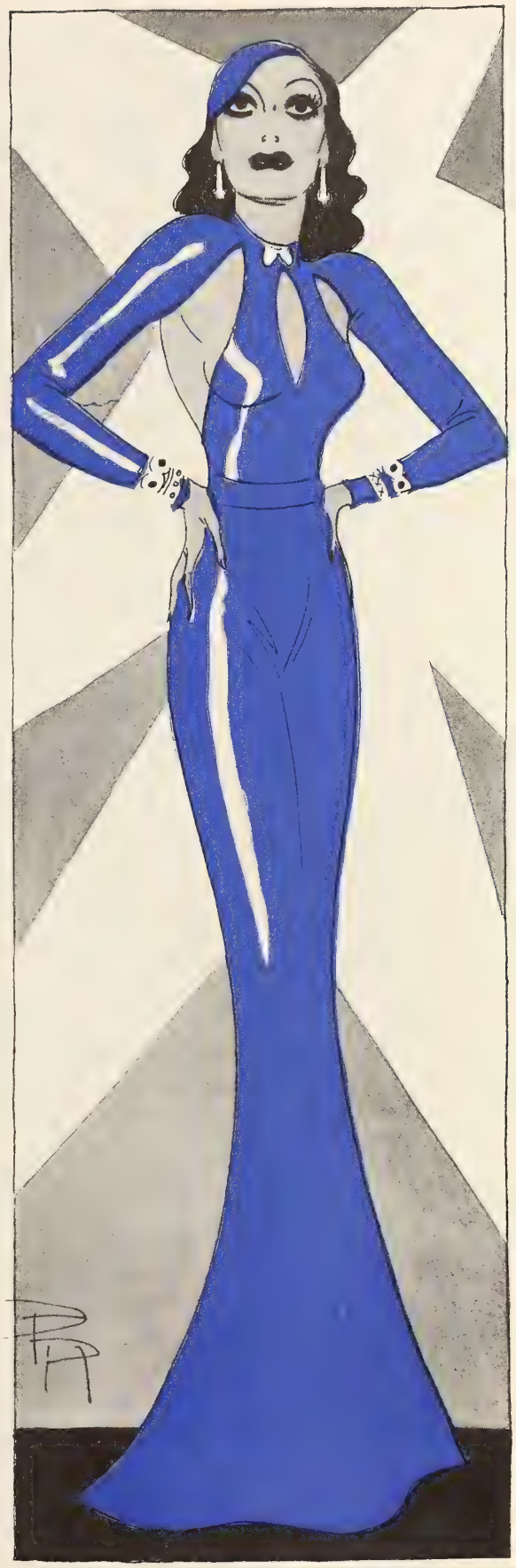
Even our little men must pat the proboscis with a powder puff. Only Stepin Fetchit is excused. Mother Hollywood insists that washing the neck and ears is not enough; her boys must be Fauntleroys.

Time was when you might have cried sissy at a man who went for mug embellishment. You wouldn't now. Not with wallopers like Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weissmuller, Georgie Raft and Killer Gray submitting to plastic surgeons for remodeling. There's no sense letting a cauliflower ear or an Oriental nose stand between a man and his money.

Undraped males playing Tarzans, Ben Hurs, Roman gladiators, or footballers under showers, must be depilated from cheek to shin. Women do not like a King Kong complexion, producers say. Wally Reid found that out years ago. The handsomest of all screen Apollos, he contemptuously compared himself to a Follies Girl. Determined to be an actor, he characterized a backwoodsman role by wearing a scrubble of beard. Exhibitors screamed of diminished receipts. Feminine fans didn't find him kissable.

Ramon Novarro sympathized with Wally's disgust when compelled to shave his legs for Ben Hur. Previously he had been remodeled by Rex Ingram, a sculptor first and a director second. Rex made Ramon shave his eyebrows apart where they met above the nose, insisted on squaring his sloping shoulders by placing little pads under his coat, and ordered risers built in his shoes so as to give him height.

Alice Terry, Rex Ingram's wife, sympathized with Ramon. Alice is probably the most beautiful woman the screen ever reflected, and she is more beautiful in person. That didn't stop Rex from improving her. He decided she should be a blonde. So she wore a wig. Her figure, perfect to the eye, was too ample for the camera. She submitted to a masseur who pounded her and hung sand bags across her until one day an earthquake hit Los Angeles and Alice scattered amid sand down six flights of stairs. In high indignation Venus Terry faced adoring Rex and screamed. "Ever since you chose me for this role you have been making me over. Did you pick me for the type because I was so different?"



Or, for that matter, compare the present Joan Crawford with the earlier one.

Adrian is probably the most valuable studio asset. I have the feeling his sense of humor occasionally gets the upper hand. Sometimes the birds of his plumage turn out looking like turkeys.

Warner Brothers, by contrast, is masculine. About the only beautifying treatment a girl gets there is a grapefruit facial by cosmetician Cagney. Yet they house the most beautiful women in Hollywood: Mary Astor and Dolores Del Rio. I don't know Miss Astor but I can say Miss Del Dio is a natural, more beautiful in person than in celluloid because more delicate and her coloring can't be equalled by technicolor. She wears a little make-up but it's slight, sophisticated and accentuating. Ruby Keeler and Kay Francis are naturals too. Certainly Kay, in the flesh, doesn't need any gumming up or camera glamouring. And Marion Davies

Recently Hollywood's beautiful women were asked to vote on Hollywood's most beautiful men. Ronald Colman won overwhelmingly. It's a good sign of women accepting men as they are. Ronald is forty-five and resorts to no beautification apart from the make-up still insisted upon for the camera. And among the ten handsomest males I note my old favorite James Cagney. I never realized Jimmy was beautiful. Even Mae West, who told me she considered him the most desirable of Hollywood males, chose him not for beauty but for the old animal in him. I suppose that eventually a freckle-remover will make Jimmy perfect.

But why can't we take nature? The girls and boys are a lot nicer as they are.

NEMO'S HOLLYWOOD

Nemo, the mysterious reporter nobody knows, brings you the latest news from the cinema capital,

HOLLYWOOD gets them all, sooner or later. At least it would seem so!

The other day, we snuck up behind Gary Cooper, and, what do you think? Why, that big Montana he-man was cutting out some funny paper ducks! Like Uncle Elmer did, just before they took him away!



We were about to look around for the wagon, when Gary informed us that the ducks were for a little fan friend who had requested them so ardently that he just couldn't refuse!

•

WHEN Tullio Carminati discovered that England had gone wild over his swell performance in "One Night of Love," he decided that such popularity should not go unrewarded. So, as a Christmas gift, he bought himself a combination watch and cigarette lighter which he wears at the end of a gold chain.

Now, on the "Once a Gentleman" set, that sly Victor Schertzinger asks for either the time, or a light, practically every five minutes. And Carminati, who knows very little as yet of our old American custom of "kidding," hasn't caught on yet!

•

WHEN it comes to giving autographs, Fay Wray is one of the best sports in the business. Graciously, she puts her name on everything from menus to opera hats. But one day she got the surprise of her life when a pair of newlyweds, visiting the studio on their honeymoon, asked her to autograph their wedding license!

Fay did it, too!

•

JACK HOLT and Edmund Lowe are having more fun, walking around the bottom of the Pacific and playing catch with starfish and such.

While the crew and cameras floated on the surface above them, it suddenly began to rain. And when it does rain out here in California it pours, no less.

So, with the crew, director and everybody else drenched to the skin, Eddie and Jack squatted comfortably on the ocean floor, high and dry, you might say, in their nice warm diving suits!

•

WHEN a studio hires a "practical" nurse for a picture, that means a nurse who has had experience enough to be able to tell the director just how certain sequences should be handled and why.

A "practical" waiter is one who has had consistent experience in serving the hungry public as a real, honest-to-gosh waiter.

So, on the "Carnival" set, Jimmy Durante approached Director Lang and said:

"Listen, Walter . . . you gotta 'practical' dis-a an' a 'practical' dat-a in this troupe. Well, I wanna a 'practical' somethin', too."

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" the director asked.

"Well," said Schnozz', "I'm playin' a pickpocket in this story an' we gotta do this thing right. Get me a 'practical' pickpocket! What I needs is technical advice . . . see?"

•

THAT big he-man, Bill Seiter, is just putty in the hands of his wife, Marian Nixon.

Taking complete charge of Bill's big yacht, Marian proceeded to give it the much-touted "feminine touch."

And whether Bill likes it or not, there's chintz and cretonne drapes all over the place, and even the crew has to wear those funny little sailor hats with blue ribbons floating out behind!



•

GLENDA FARRELL'S pals were startled when she invited them to attend a party in honor of burning down her old home!

Half way through the evening, Glenda took the assembled guests out in the backyard, poured some kerosene over an old trunk and touched a match to it!

Watching the flames mount, Glenda sighed: "I've lived in that

Wide World



"Bring Back My Daddy To Me" was the ditty, popular during the war, and the tiny tot was Madge Evans.

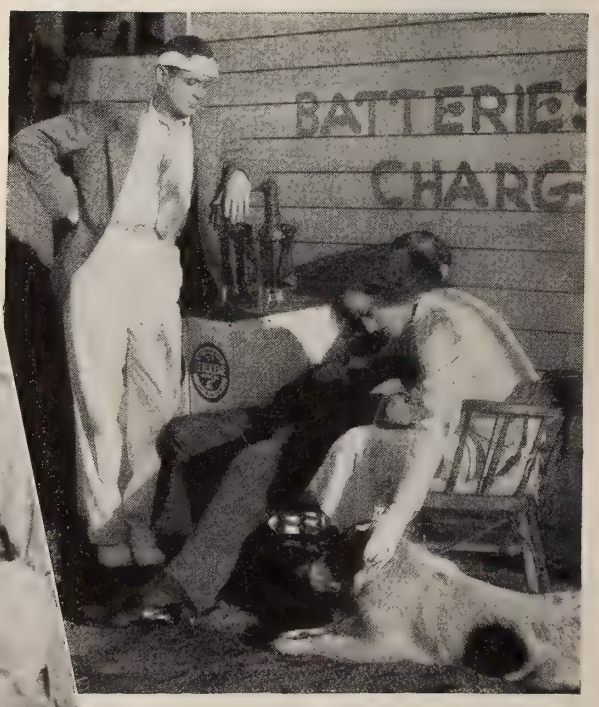
Clarence Sinclair Bull



Below: In skeet shooting, targets are released from two towers and cross in mid-air. The object then, Clark Gable and John Barrymore learn, is to hit them. Right: Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) plays with her young son, Richard, beside the pool at Palm Springs.

Wide World





What do actors do between takes, on location? Well, Bob Montgomery ties on a hanky to save his make-up and Joan Crawford pets stray dogs.

DAY by DAY

in a kaleidoscope of humor, gossip and romance

trunk for the last ten years. It's followed me across the United States and back, through one-night stands and all the rest of it. Well . . . now that I have my own home, it might as well go to its well-earned reward. But I guess it isn't everyone who could stand calmly by and watch his old home go up in smoke!"

•



CAROLE LOMBARD has been doing such a thorough job of learning the rhumba that a chiropodist had to be called in to put ice bags and stuff on her throbbing, steaming tootsies, at the end of a long weary day!

•

IS Douglass Montgomery the lazy one!

Don't let on I told you, but, out at his place the other night, Doug threw a flock of ingredients into a snappy cocktail shaker, hooked it onto a gadget, and . . . Br-rr-rrr-rrr-r! . . . the shaker went into its dance, untouched by human hands!

•

HERE 'tis, ladies! Omar Kiam, who designs gowns for Goldwyn's Anna Sten, says that skirts are decidedly not going up. The preferred length, says Mister Kiam, just touches the calf. Furthermore, really smart women never wear long skirts for anything but evening wear. And if you happen to be one of those who let them dangle between ankle and calf . . . tch, tch . . . don't ever do that! It's most uncomely, says Mr. Kiam.

•

PLAYING a motorcycle cop, in "White Lies," Victor Jory took advantage of the fact and sneaked up on Sheila Manners as she drove into Hollywood from San Fernando Valley.

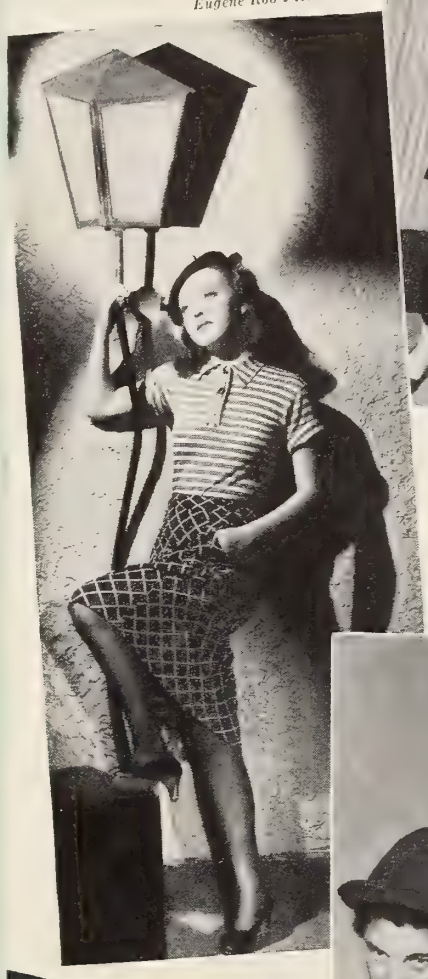
"Pull over to the curb . . . !" he yelled. And, Sheila, scared to death, pulled over.

"Going sixty, eh?" he said scathingly. "Fine citizen you are . . . breaking laws . . . endangering the lives of innocent young children . . . !"

(*Please turn to page* 68)

Right: Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall do a bit of broadcasting. Below: Margo, blonde Spanish actress, will make her debut with Carole Lombard and George Raft.

Eugene Rob't Richee





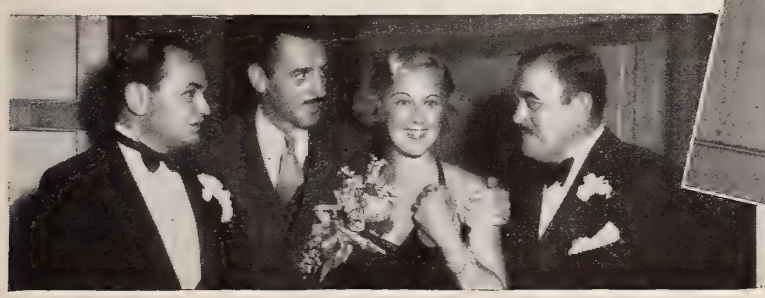
Paramount let the Four Marx Brothers go, and now they are hanging up their hats at M-G-M. Or aren't those things hanging there hats?





Chester Morris, Carole Lombard and Leo Carrillo, resting, between scenes, play cards. Below: Grace Moore with hubby Valentin Parera, Eddie Robinson, and Director Victor Schertzinger, snapped by the photographer on the Columbia lot.

D. L. Shafer





A newcomer and a veteran meet in "One More Spring." Astrid Allwyn, blond and feminine and utterly English, has something of Janet's own charm.

NITWIT Incomparable

Charles Butterworth's favorite game is Cow—served as a nice, juicy steak. He never stands if he can sit, and as for walking, "Why walk," he asks, "when you can rent a velocipede so cheaply?"

By LEON SURMELIAN



(Above) In Charlie's ingenious characterizations many a dignified citizen of South Bend, Indiana, sees himself as Charlie saw him.

THERE is hardly a more subtle specialist of laughter in Hollywood, a more titillating humorist, than the incomparable nitwit of the screen, Charles Butterworth, Esq.

He is the superb sap who invariably steals the show with his individual brand of delicious foolery, no matter what top notchers in sex appeal emblazon his cast.

He is one of our few comedians who doesn't have to say a word to tickle you in the ribs. He belongs to the dead-pan school of clowns. His rigid, solemn countenance has been his fortune. But when blinking vacuously in that inimitable manner of his, he does sputter a delayed line, he shakes the rafters with gales of laughter.

There is no one like him, no one who can be so excruciatingly funny. He is in a class by himself, is our Charlie. Yet, so far, the fan magazine writers have completely overlooked this capital comedian.

"I am afraid you will find me very poor copy for an interview," he said, as I met him on the M-G-M lot in behalf of NEW MOVIE.

"Don't be so modest," I said.

"Well, don't expect me to be funny. I can't think up gags on the spur of the moment, you know. I am not a man of spontaneous humor; I have to study it out beforehand."

The film edition of this rare cut-up looks like a dyspeptic George Arliss—a pale, anemic man of grave dignity who suffers from myopia and the frailties, mental and physical, of advanced age. But in reality Charles Butterworth is a deeply tanned, healthy cuss, one whom everybody in the studio hails as "Charlie."

He has, in his gayer moments, the dash of a young man about town, and a mock Napoleonic air about him. He doesn't look a day over thirty-five, and will remind you of Leslie Howard. He has the habit of entering conference rooms with his hat tipped over his head, as befits a former newspaperman. He sits in the most comfortable armchair available, and stretches out his legs, exposing his sunburned ankles. He speaks in the bored, drawling voice of the worldly wise, of men who don't care.

Although basking in the sunshine of Southern California, amid the palmy splendor of Beverly Hills, and leading, to all appearances, a life of continuous holiday, Charlie has had his struggles.

"At one time," he said, without cracking a smile, "I was in charge of the shipping department of a machine company. Everybody envied me for my position. The owner himself became so jealous of me that he took over the position himself."

"You mean you were fired."

"Yes. I was the worst shipping clerk in the world. Clark Gable tells me he was a very bad one, too."

CHARLIE was born at South Bend, the town made famous by the ball packers of Notre Dame. His father was a surgeon of note. Both his parents are dead. Intent on becoming a great statesman, with a possible occupancy of the White House, he studied law at Notre Dame and meanwhile delved into the treasures of history and literature. Graduating with honors, he passed the state bar examinations and became a member of the Indiana Bar Association.

We can imagine with what visions of success he hung out his shingle as a practising attorney.

"It was, I suppose, at this momentous period in my life," he said, "while I waited for clients who didn't come, that I developed my sense of humor."

Time hung heavy on his hands, so Charlie tossed his lawyer's shingle into the ashcan, sought and obtained a cub reporter's job on the South Bend *Times-News*.

Chicago offered a wider field of opportunity to our lawyer-journalist than his peaceful home town. He worked for a while on the Chicago *American*, and then moved on to New York, to lend his talents to the big metropolitan dailies. The reception he received at the hands of their city editors was chilling at first, so he explored upstate until he landed a reportorial position on the Mount Vernon *Argus*. He later returned to New York and found a berth first on the staff of the New York *Journal* and then of the New York *Times* as a general assignment reporter. It was a hard grind, earning his living as a news hawk, but he had a swell time.

His forte was the writing of obituaries. None of his fellow-scribes could expect to compete with him when it came to covering important deaths and funerals, for none could duplicate his countenance of a doleful deacon. Assuredly, he could have made a fortune as an undertaker.

In the art study at the left, Mr. Butterworth seems to be impersonating the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Gracious, did he come from South Bend, too?

It was quite inevitable that a chap of his mimetic talents should eventually go on the stage. Here his reportorial training helped. His eyes missed nothing, and he remembered what he observed—so necessary in good acting. (*Please turn to page* 50)



VANESSA
(M-G-M)
Bob Montgomery, an English nobleman with wild gypsy blood in his veins, loses the love of Helen Hayes only to regain it mystically as a result of her tragic death. Haunting romance.

•



RUGGLES OF RED GAP
(Paramount)
Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Charles Laughton, ZaSu Pitts and Baby LeRoy. Ruggles, an English butler, goes West *and* goes tough. If this doesn't have you in the aisles we miss our guess.

•



CLIVE OF INDIA
(Twentieth Century)
Ronald Colman is a young clerk when Loretta Young marries him, sight unseen. Her slavish love lifts him to the heights, and he becomes the General who conquers India for Britain. Historical.

•



MURDERED A MAN
(Universal)
For mystery fans. You see the murderer commit the crime and then follow him as he tries to put the blame off on somebody else. Fast-moving, well directed, this is above average.

•



THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
(Universal)
Dickens' unfinished classic. A Jekyll-and-Hyde choirmaster turns fiend after hours. Claude Rains, Heather Angel and David Manners dispense horror to chill your blood, and romance too.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

Barbara Barry, New Movie's studio scout, tells you what to expect in the new pictures which are now in production

WE don't know who started this merry-go-round of hoopskirts, bustles, and frizzed bangs, but we'd like to know who's going to stop it?

At the risk of incurring your deepest displeasure, ye old broken down reporter has got to state that we'll turn in Aunt Emma's bustles, any day, for a Patou model and a Menjou soup-and-fish. Are you with me, or have I started a riot?

CLIVE OF INDIA
•
20th CENTURY

IN spite of our period-phobia, the number of costume pictures seems to be swelling like the Pacific tide when the moon is just right. And, we're destined to take 'em and like 'em, or go back to popping corn and making fudge for an exciting evening.

Without even a thought for our pictorial preference, W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney got together on another period story. But, as we watched Loretta Young flitting about in sea-green chiffon over seventeen petticoats . . . well, maybe this one won't be too hard to take.

Shipped as apprentice to the merchants of the East India Company, Ronald Colman refuses to be a humble serf like the other poor young men who struggle along on a few dollars a year in the vain hope of some bright day having a successful career.

Defiantly, he fights to fulfill the destiny in which he believes. In a locket around the neck of Francis Lister, one of his comrades, Colman sees the picture of a beautiful girl, Loretta Young. Learning that it is Lister's sister, the impetuous Ronald writes her a letter proposing marriage, and strangely enough, Loretta accepts, sight unseen.

Colman achieves fame as a great leader and later, back in London, a son is born to the happily married pair.

So great is her devotion to the man she loves, that Loretta leaves her dying child to follow Colman back to India, when he is called to subdue a native uprising.

Through the entire picture, she sacrifices everything to serve her master, and at the close of the picture, when things look blackest, the soothing touch of her hand serves to revive her husband's waning faith in himself; giving him the courage to carry on once more to victory.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART
•
UNIVERSAL

SCOTTY BEAL, the director, is a lad who certainly has a winning way with him where little children are concerned.

Baby Jane adores the man and he has one little trick whereby he can influence the child to go through the most difficult scene without ever making even the slightest squawk of protest.

Sitting on the floor, with the baby's arms around his neck, Scotty said: "Now, darling, after Miss Astor puts you down, your dress is all wrinkled in the front. While you say your line, I want you to smooth the wrinkles out of the dress. Will you do that for Scotty?"

"Uh-huh . . ." she agreed. "N'en we play Eskimo?" (*Please turn to page* 64)

BARBARA BARRY'S SELECTIONS

YOU'LL LIKE THESE

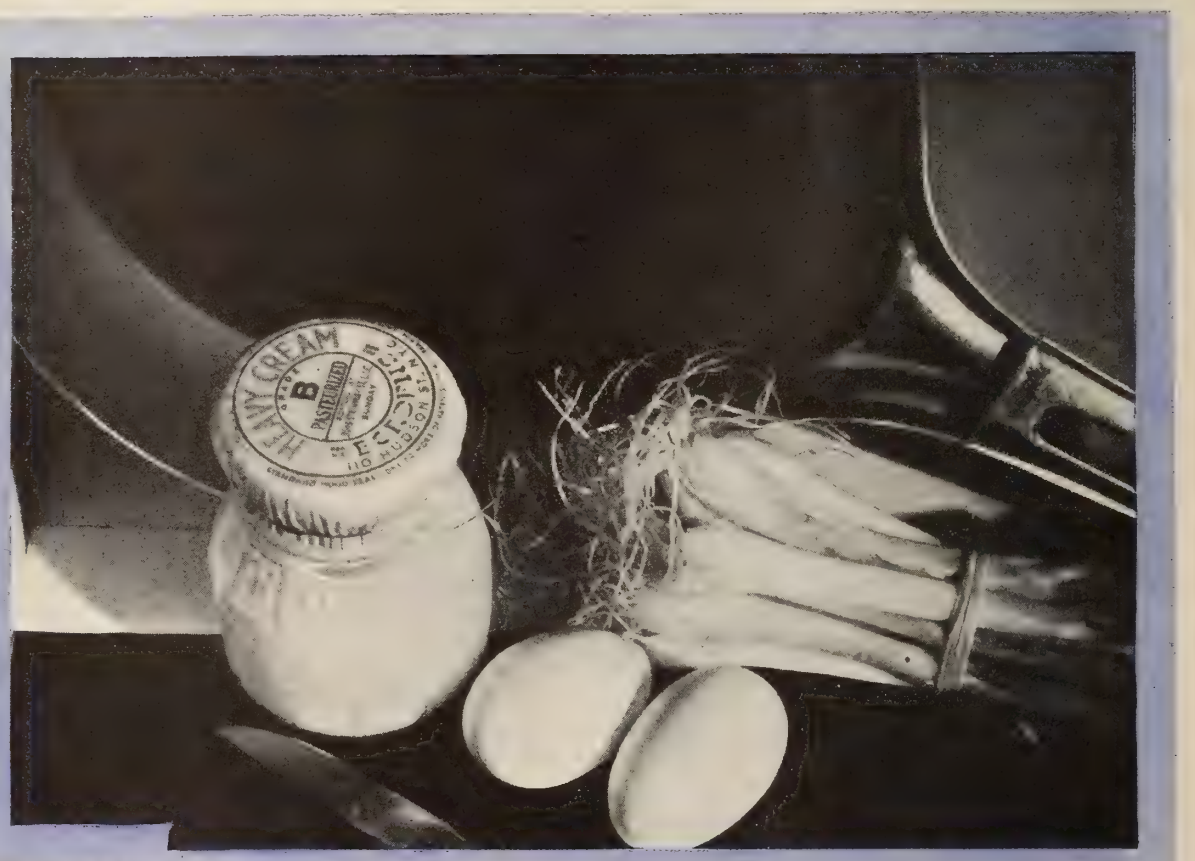
"Vanessa" with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery.
"Roberta"—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.
"Mississippi"—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett.
"Ruggles of Red Gap"—Charles Laughton, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland.
"Caprice Espagnole"—Marlene Dietrich.
"Mystery of Edwin Drood"—Claude Rains.
"Clive of India"—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young.
"Rhumba"—George Raft and Carole Lombard.
"Town Talk"—Constance Bennett and Clark Gable.



Give Them a Good BREAKFAST

says NANCY CARROLL

Hunger is the best seasoning at Sunday morning parties in Hollywood where guests arrive after a brisk ride or set of tennis



Country style scrambled eggs made with cream and minced scallions.

Choice of
Grapefruit juice Tomato juice
Tomato juice mixed with sauerkraut juice
Pineapple juice with a dash of lemon juice

Sausages and scrambled eggs
Scrambled eggs with tomatoes
Calves brains and scrambled eggs
Creamed kidneys Kippered herrings

French rolls and crusty bread
Butter Apricot jam
Coffee

THAT is Nancy Carroll's menu for breakfast. But first you must ask your guests to come on Sunday morning, after they have spent an hour or so riding or playing tennis.

"That," says Miss Carroll, "is the best time to give a party, because your guests come in feeling top of the morning and literally starving. Good honest hunger is, after all, the best seasoning.

"The fruit juice or tomato juice must be served as soon as the guests are assembled—as one might serve a cocktail before dinner. Then serve something really substantial. Creamed kidneys or calves brains are sure to please some of your guests, but if you are only serving one dish scrambled eggs is a better choice. But be sure to have country style scrambled eggs, all swished together and fluffy. To begin with you should break the eggs in a bowl and mix up until yolks and whites are well broken. Then add just a little rich cream. A little chopped scallion or mild onion adds to the flavor. Melt a little butter in a frying pan and when hot, but not too hot, turn the eggs into the pan and cook very carefully so that the eggs are evenly done, light and fluffy. Turn out on a warmed platter and serve at once, with sausages if you like or with calves brains, or grilled tomatoes."



French rolls and bread served with butter and apricot jam.

As everyone knows, Hollywood goes in for breakfast parties in a large way, preferably Sunday breakfast parties, and according to Nancy Carroll there is much to be said in favor of this sort of entertaining anywhere. Men are especially keen about this sort of party, and at Miss Carroll's Sunday breakfasts in Hollywood they usually appear in riding clothes after an early morning's canter. "If your guests aren't in the habit of riding," Miss Carroll advises, "it's a good plan to have them take some sort of outdoor exercise before they arrive. A mile or so walk from their homes to yours will do. Then you will be sure that they are really enjoying the good food you have prepared."

A breakfast party, in Miss Carroll's opinion, is a very good form of hospitality for the young woman who keeps house without a maid. Because in the house with many servants, formal service is dispensed with at this meal. The important things to remember are to have cold dishes, such as fruit and fruit juices, well chilled, and to have hot dishes piping hot.

Platters of eggs, sausages, etc., may be placed on the table and passed about by the guests. There should be one cream and sugar service to every four or five guests and a plentiful supply of well chilled butter. Coffee may be made in a percolator on the table or brought in piping hot in attractive coffee pots.

For the benefit of guests who take their breakfast in the traditional French manner, you may serve jugs of boiling hot milk to use instead of cream; and for those with a preference for a thoroughly English style breakfast you should be prepared with an attractive tea service. And don't forget piping hot oatmeal or other cereal.

Table fittings should be bright and gay. Miss Carroll prefers French peasant china in bright blue, red and yellow design. And for table doilies and napkins, coarse linen with a red or blue border or check. For flowers she would choose, what we would call the "old fashioned" sort,—tulips and daffodils in the Spring, daisies, bachelor buttons and other field flowers in the Summer, with zinnias or chrysanthemums in the Autumn.

• TOWER MAGAZINES' HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT •

Prevent Diphtheria!



"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year—approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.



Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 335-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BRIGHTEN UP YOUR WARDROBE

By FRANCES COWLES

Here are accessories of the newest design to give a promise of coming Spring to your late winter wardrobe



Ma372—Here is a hat of the latest shape that is made from heavy crochet cotton.

•

Ma373—The scarf is made from three balls of dark crochet cotton and one ball of white.

•

Ma374—To add a fresh touch to a dark dress, make one of these collars from white crochet cotton.

•

Ma375—A jaunty beret made from lightweight woolen material or heavy silk.

•

Ma376 — Flower-trimmed collars are a new note for spring. Here's a simple collar trimmed with flowers.

•

Ma377—Make this crocheted purse to match your late winter dress or new spring outfit.

•

Ma378—A collar ingeniously made entirely of ribbon gives a smart dressmaker touch to one of your dark dresses.

•

Ma379—Taffeta silk in two colors was used to make this flattering puff collar, to wear with suit or coat.

•

Ma380—Here's a smart little blouse you can make from silk or cotton to go with separate skirt or suit.

If you would like patterns and directions for making these gifts, please turn to page 67.



The quaint thatched roof lends charm to the exterior.

A Studio Cottage

Janet Gaynor's little cottage is the most picturesque in Fox Movietone City

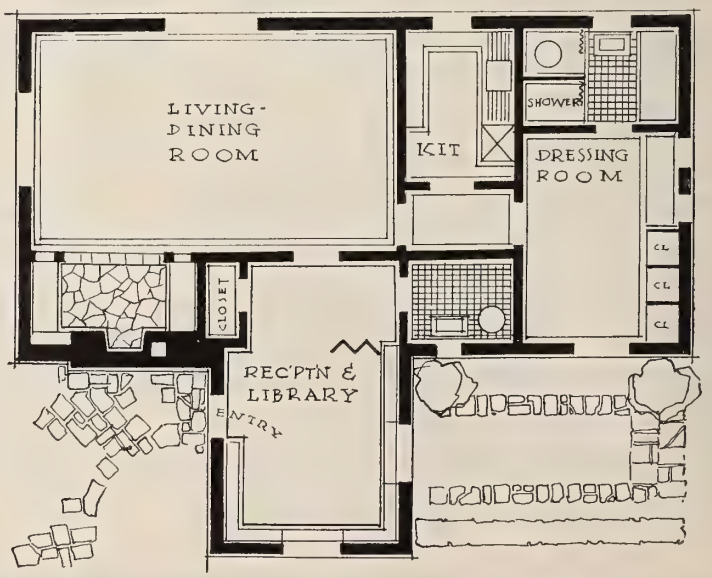
HOW would you like to live here? This lovely little Irish cottage with its quaint thatched roof was originally built for John McCormick, the Irish tenor, when he portrayed the stellar role in "Song O' My Heart" and is now occupied by Janet Gaynor, winsome Fox film player.

The plan of the cottage is most unusual. Although it was built originally for a dressing-room, it adapts itself readily to a lovely little home. The combination reception room and library, with its book-lined walls provides rest and quiet for Miss Gaynor when she is not working on the set. The library opens into a large and sunny living-room with its cosy little inglenook without which no Irish cottage is complete. The beamed ceiling in this room is whitewashed, in effect, and the same idea is carried out on the walls. The flagstones about the hearth give the proper atmosphere and on either side of the fireplace are comfortable seats, upholstered in rose printed linen. The candle sconces are of the Elizabethan period and the old Chinese plate hanging on the wall is reminiscent of the first art treasures brought to Great Britain from the Orient. The rug is a braided rag antique. The furniture is maple and is simple and sturdy in design. The color scheme in this room is carried out in tones of tan, rose and green. Convenient to this room is a small kitchenette. The dressing-room is spacious and is done in a color scheme of Caspienne blue and white; it is equipped with three ample-sized closets where Miss Gaynor keeps her costumes and other clothes she needs when on the set. Off the dressing-room is a bath and shower.



No Irish cottage is complete without its cosy inglenook.

Letters from readers of NEW MOVIE *show a keen interest in homes of motion-picture actors and actresses. The plans of these houses in and about Hollywood not only provide an interesting picture of the home life of these celebrities, but offer helpful suggestions to home builders everywhere. If you are interested in the houses of your favorite players, and would like to see pictures and plans, send their names to Tower House Editor,* NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *55 Fifth Avenue, New York.*



• TOWER MAGAZINES' HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT •

Dreaded Age Signs first Appear *Under Your Skin*

Lines *and* Wrinkles *begin* Below Surface *as early as* 20—*Dermatologists say*





Lines, Wrinkles, signs of wasting under-skin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

Coarseness is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

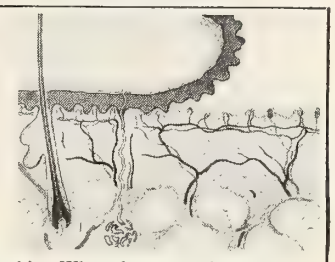
Blackheads come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

Dryness is often due to poorly functioning under skin, inadequate oil supply.

Blemishes. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

Sagging Tissues, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

IF YOU COULD LOOK UNDER YOUR SKIN!



Underneath your outer skin or *epidermis* is the true skin or *corium*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands, hair follicles! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, the under skin loses vigor. Then, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—eventually wrinkles!

Coarseness Blackheads Blemishes

All develop when under-skin fails to function

You can Fight them all with this Single Cream

DO YOU KNOW what is the time of a woman's greatest beauty? . . . *The glorious teens!*

Here's what a great skin authority says: "From *16 to 20*, a woman's skin literally blooms. It is satiny, clear, glowing. Not a line, not a pore. From 20 on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins." A fight it is!

If you want to know the secret beginnings of blackheads, blemishes, coarse pores, lines, wrinkles, you would have to see into your under skin.

There's where the firm young tissue first begins to age. Where circulation slows. Where tiny oil glands begin to lose tone. When these things happen, your under skin actually starves! As a result, the outer skin grows harsh—sallow—lined.

To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your *under skin*.

This is what Pond's Cold Cream does. In this famous cream are specially processed oils that sink deep into the skin. This rich, penetrating cream sustains the failing nutrition underneath—aids the natural functioning of the oil glands.

Use this youth-sustaining cream. See how quickly its use brings back a satiny texture. Even wipes out lines. Clears away blackheads, blemishes.

Pond's Cold Cream is a wonderful cleanser. Use it *at night* before retiring. It sinks deep and flushes away all skin impurities, grime, rubbed-in rouge, powder. Your skin feels wonderfully freshened, renewed. A *second application* patted in vigorously stimulates the circulation. You actually look years younger! In the morning and in the daytime before you make up, repeat this. Your powder goes on so smoothly—stays that way for hours.



Send the coupon today for the generous tube and other Pond's beauty aids. Then see if you do not win back that youthful charm every woman should have!



MRS. ROBERT NELSON PAGE (above), a distinguished Southern beauty. "Her skin is soft—a perfect texture. No lines or blemishes"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Page says, "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my pores fine—my skin smooth—banishes blackheads."

MRS. ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS, JR. (left) of the prominent California family. "Has a perfect skin—no blackheads—no enlarged pores"—Dermatologist's Report. Mrs. Spreckels says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin as no other cream ever did."

Send for generous supply——

See what this famous cream will do for You!

POND'S, Dept. C48,, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 4 shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Showing Miss Trevor's celebrated black jet ring.

Watch Your Hands

says CLAIRE TREVOR

Use deep nail tint when you want your hands to look their loveliest

MEN may say they don't like deep-red nails, but they actually do like the effect," says charming Claire Trevor, Fox player. "Of course, a man with artistic taste usually admits he likes them."

Just to show how important hands are in motion pictures, Miss Trevor recalled the time she was working with Irving Cummings, director, in "The Mad Game." In one part of the picture she had to roll a cigarette and, when she came to light it, strike the match on a large, carved, black jet ring. Just to go through with that one bit of action, Miss Trevor admits she had to practise eight or nine weeks. Hands play every bit as important a part in screen acting as the face, and, to look one's best, hand cosmetics are as important as rouge, lipstick and other things that women use to enhance the beauty of their features.



Medium tint for daytime.

"Deep red nail enamel makes the hands look whiter and lovelier," says Miss Trevor. "For the evening, deeper shades are always best, but it is a nice idea to change the color to suit the occasion, using lighter shades for business and sports. But I, personally, don't have time. I like outdoor sports, and if anyone asks me to play tennis and I have time to spare, I would hardly stop to go and have my fingernails re-enameled to suit the occasion.

"To keep the hands looking beautiful, the nails should be manicured frequently. Nothing is worse than deep enamel that has begun to chip and peel. Many girls in Hollywood have trouble keeping the skin of their hands soft and smooth during the excessively dry weather, but I've never had any trouble. Perhaps that is because I have always been in the habit of using hand creams and lotions just as regularly as I would use cold cream on my face.

"Even ordinary-looking hands may be made lovely if they are kept soft and smooth and nicely manicured. Much depends, too, on knowing how to use the hands. It was part of my regular dramatic training to learn to manage the hands. We had regular training in pantomime—had to sit before the class at an imaginary table and show the class, simply by the use of the hands, precisely what we were doing. If we were pretending to be at the dinner table, we had to indicate precisely what kind of food we were eating. That sort of pantomime work with the hands will help any girl to use her hands gracefully and without needless gestures."

That wasn't so very long ago, and yet Miss Trevor recalls that then and later when she was playing in stock, before she went into pictures, deeply enameled nails were not generally accepted. An actress used dark enamel only when she was playing the role of a rather fast woman. Now almost every girl in Hollywood favors red enamel.

Miss Trevor favors very long nails, but she herself can't have them. Piano playing and tennis stand in the way. "Long nails," she says, "really aren't appropriate for the athletic type of girl, or for the girl who is interested in music or anything else that would make shorter nails easier to manage. It's the same way with rings. Large rings look best on languorous women; exotic, foreign rings look best on the exotic type of woman. For myself I still prefer my carved black jet ring, though I haven't used it to strike matches on since 'The Mad Game.'"

MAKE-UP BOX

BEAUTY KNICKNACKS AND KNACK OF COMBING HAIR

IT ISN'T A RAKE: See the little glad girl at the right? See the big hooked weapon? No, it isn't a rake though it looks like one. It's an electric comb and you, and you, and you, who have been just too lazy or busy, or something, to brush and brush one hundred strokes each night for beauty's sake, can turn on the electric current and presto! Health, luster, strength, vitality flows through your hair. A Swedish inventor designed the comb and it has just arrived in America. No cords, no wires, and no electrical gadgets are visible, nor any electrical attachment or plug necessary.



In the handle, however, a tiny battery supplies the gentle current of electricity which flows through the curved teeth and stimulates the hair roots to renewed activity. You can't even feel the current and its only when a pocket lamp bulb is placed against the teeth and it lights up that you know a battery is there. Regular use of the electric comb normalizes the oily glands and helps correct an oily condition of the hair; dry hair and scalp, too, respond to this stimulating treatment and in some cases, I am told, it restores the natural wave to the hair. And think what it will do for thin hair, dandruff, straight and stringy locks. Five minutes morning and night does the trick and you'll be astonished at the new beauty the use of this comb brings to your hair.



AT HOLLYWOOD'S FINGERTIPS: The Hollywood people have been sitting up nights devising a number of new shades of nail polish for the moving picture actresses, but it won't make them very cross if the good word is passed along. This particular polish has the endorsement of several Hollywood stars (and both debutantes and dowagers favor startling colors these days). There are such exciting colors as platinum pearl, coral, carmine, rose, cardinal, and tomato red. The polish is so moderately priced that you may have all the colors on your dressing table and the luxury of changing your polish to match your gown. But in addition to the luscious new shades, they told me that the polish itself would not crack, chip or peel. Being a Doubting Thomasina, I promptly applied a coat of the tomato red to my nails. That was a week ago, and since then these poor little hands have been dipped into everything from cleaning fluid to suede shoe polish, and a careful scrutiny at this moment fails to reveal any change whatever in the gleaming surface of my nails. Hurrah!



A LOVE OF A GLOVE: It's hard to decide whether news about gloves treated with a hand lotion should be turned over to the Fashion Editor or not. But gloves which have beauty in every one of their ten fingertips and which work while you wait, are something so specially interesting to all our MAKE-UP BOX readers that Fashion Department yielded gracefully to Beauty Department with the special plea that I talk good style as well as good looks. So here goes. I've used them so I know very well whereof I speak when I say they're good to look at and good for you. They're lovely, soft, washable capeskin as fine as the finest import. But better than that, the linings have been processed, with glycerine, almond oil, wax, and honey. Shades of Cleopatra! So the gloves are delicately fragrant and perspiration-proof. Not only do they form a smart costume accessory but they actually beautify and whiten the hands as well. It's a pretty practical idea because the gloves don't cost a sou more than an average pair of kid gloves.

FAIR AND FALSE: Lest the mere mention of artificial fingernails seem utterly fantastic, may I hasten to explain that few have smooth, pale, perfect hands tipped by gleaming well-cared-for nails. All too often the devastating routine of housework, typewriter tapping, piano lessons, not forgetting the legion of fingernail biters (or what do you do?) results in brittle, broken, ridged, and ugly nails. So what? So, if you're clever, you'll get yourself a box of artificial fingernails. The nails look like thin, pearly shells. Place them snugly right over your own nails and cement thereon. All of which takes but five minutes. Then apply a favorite shade of polish and viola!

ALL Gaul may have been divided into three parts, but the feminine world is divided into two parts . . . those who want to reduce the size of their bust and those who want to develop it. Because interest in this subject is so widespread, I interviewed several leading authorities, gathered all the available information and included it in this month's beauty circular which is yours for the asking. And if there's anything else bothering your pretty heads write to—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to Marilyn, Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

• TOWER MAGAZINES' HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT •

DANCER CUTS DOWN ON STOCKING RUNS



KNEE ACTION NOW! Arriving in New York, Miss Baker poses for the camera men with perfect poise, thanks to Luxed stockings! "I've won freedom of the knees," she says with a charming smile. "My stockings *give* without breaking into runs so easily!" Girls, try Miss Baker's plan! Avoid cake-soap rubbing, and soaps with harmful alkali. These things weaken elasticity—then threads may break instead of giving under strains—runs start. *Use Lux today!*



PURSUED BY RUNS! Jane Baker, lovely dancer, says: "A dancer's stockings lead a strenuous life. Still, you'd think on a vacation I'd get a rest from runs! But no! Then, one lucky day on my trip South—" *Story below*



"SOMEBODY TOLD ME how Lux keeps stockings *elastic* and cuts down runs. I couldn't buy Lux on shipboard, but the Captain himself had a box in his locker. I started Luxing my stockings every day, and *was* I surprised! It's much easier to use Lux than to rub with cake soap—and hardly another run on my whole trip!"

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY



Barbara Pepper, Richard Brodus and Jacqueline Wells at the Fox studio gate.

Henry Willson takes you on another trip through movieland with the younger players . . . Notes on Anne Shirley's dog . . . Mary Blackford's real life drama; and Alice Moore's birthday party

Junior Hollywood

GOSSIP

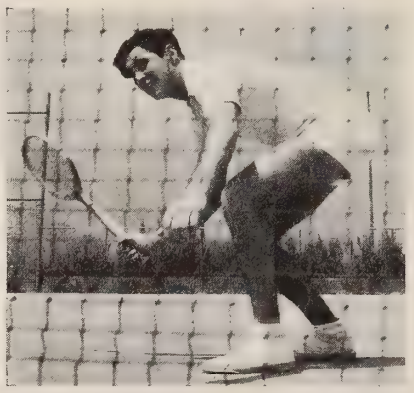
MANY times some of the young stars, particularly the girls, have told me of the great unhappiness they have experienced on the set due to the unkindness of some more important player in the picture, or a director or producer. But Ken Goldsmith, producer, seems to have struck the perfect note of harmony. On the set of "Little Men," one moment would find him joking with Phyllis Fraser, or roughhousing a bit with Frankie Darro and Trent Durkin, and the next moment we would find him holding Dickie Moore on his lap, sharing a bag of candy. Yet no time was wasted, nor was there any disorder, and that is something, with a cast of twenty-five children. It is not seldom, you know, that a star will resent a good performance given by one of the featured players, and he will often demand that certain punch lines be taken away from the other player and put in his own script. But there was none of this on "Little Men."

THOUGH everyone has learned to love Anne Shirley since seeing her in "Anne of Green Gables," Anne has discovered that her new little dog is not quite as popular as she had hoped. A few days ago, Director George Nichols of RKO presented Anne with a little Scottie puppy. The dog, a thoroughbred from the John Considine Kennels, was immediately christened Angel Cake of Shi-Nic (you guessed it—half of Shirley and half of Nichols). However, all is not angel food for good old Shi. The first scathing look he received was from the superintendent of the apartment house. But that didn't daunt Miss Shirley. She was sure her friend, Cynthia Lawton, would like to see her new dog, so Anne hurried to Sunset Boulevard to catch a bus. The buses stopped, but as soon as they got a look at Shi, they went merrily on their way without the two passengers. So to Hollywood Boulevard and the trolley car line; but there Anne met the same complaint — no dogs allowed. Anne then phoned her good friend, Glen Boles, over at Warner Brothers, and he came to the rescue in his car and drove Anne and the dog on a round of calls. Some fun, thought Shi-Nic, but Anne seemed to be a little worse for wear.

PHILLIP REED, I think, is the most deserving, up and coming leading man of the year. Phil is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Under his own name of Milton LeRoy, Phil served an apprenticeship of eight years in and around the New York theaters. I say "around" because even Phil admits much of the time at first was spent in stage entrances trying to catch the show manager on the way in. With two years of Sunday School Eastern pageants behind him, Phil landed his first role in a Hoboken legitimate, at $10 a week—but not until he had glibly rolled tons of words off his tongue, telling of years of experience in stock companies in the Middle West. I don't know why it is, but the "Middle West" always seems to get it in the neck. When an actor goes to New York without experience and tries to crash the stage, he invariably makes up stories of his acting experience in the Middle West. The same goes for young actors descending upon Hollywood. I have yet to hear of an unprofessional who will admit he only pulled the curtain in graduation exercises at Hampton High. Anyway, Phil had it in his blood to be an actor, and nothing could keep him down. At the end of five weeks they raised his salary to $12.50. One thing led to another and Phil found himself singing and dancing on Broadway. He was picked up by picture scouts and brought to Hollywood. He hasn't sung or danced since, but then that's Hollywood. However, Phillip Reed has shown great promise in a couple of his recent Warner Brothers pictures—and I assure you he'll be one of the outstanding leading men of the screen before he's very many years older. Watch out for him!



Phyllis Fraser sneaks up on Frankie Darro to discover him reading (between pages of his script) a dime novel.



Phillip Reed (real name Milton LeRoy) keeps in trim by playing tennis.

TWENTY of Alice Moore's young friends helped celebrate her birthday the other night at the Benedict Canyon home of Alice's step-father, Clarence Brown. Alice Moore, who is starting a film career and is one of the more attractive of the Hollywood younger set, is the daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore.

Present were: Nick Grindy, Clarence Brown and Cynthia Hobart (daughter of Henry Hobart, the director), Virginia Reed, Sarah Dudley, Ben Alexander, Johnny Downs, Dorothy Wall, Marie Wilson, Bob Boyle, Claire Myers, Felix Knight, Eddie Bellande, one of America's leading air pilots; Johnny Newell, producer, Marion and Mildred Wilson, Ella and Billy Wickersham, Sidney Burnap, and yours truly. You will see the lovely Alice in Hal Roach's latest feature, "Babes in Toyland."

WHEN Betty Furness left on a Tuesday morning with her mother for Palm Springs, it wasn't twelve hours later that Bill Henry had secured permission from M-G-M to get a few days of much needed (according to Bill) sun-tan. There's no place like Palm Springs for that, you know, so Bill went to Palm Springs. We mentioned something like "Oh, Betty went down there this morning, didn't she?" but Bill only blushed. He didn't have the tan yet, so it was easy to see his blushes.

THANKS so much for the wonderful letters many of you have written to cheer up Mary Blackford, who is still lying in the hospital as a result of that terrible automobile accident. Mary gets such a thrill out of hearing from you all. You undoubtedly have read all about the benefit that the group of Hollywood's younger set put on for Mary Blackford, at the Cocoanut Grove—the profits of which went to pay Mary's doctors' bills. You've heard of the tremendous work they all did and the success the occasion was.

Cold chills of thrilling real live drama went up our spines as Will Rogers stepped up to the microphone, disregarded all rules of radio, and talked directly to Mary over the Coast-wide hook-up. Mary, as she lay there on the hospital bed, listening to the radio, was completely surprised and overcome. The voice of Will Rogers rose as strains of Fiorito and his orchestra died down—"Hello, Mary darling, how are you tonight? Gee, this is a wonderful thing all your friends have gotten together and put on for you here at the Cocoanut Grove tonight, Mary. Every one I ever read about is here—you know, it's the first time I was ever in this place—but I'm telling you, Mary dear, the next time I come, it's going to be when I bring you." The tears streamed down Mary's cheeks, as Benny Rubin followed Mr. Rogers with a further tribute to her. All she could say, when we talked to her a few minutes later, and the nurse held the phone up to her blond head, was "It's so wonderful—but why are they doing all this for me?" She is thrilled over the letters you readers have sent her, and she asks me to thank you.

The new XR Yeast...

"...is a really great discovery for Constipation!"

—*CONFIRMED BY GREAT DOCTORS EVERYWHERE*

Clinics, hospitals acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion... Skin Ills... Loss of Energy **more quickly than any yeast before!**

IF you suffer from constipation . . . if your stomach gets upset . . . or if your complexion is poor . . . *take 60 seconds to read this!*

A famous American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a new yeast—a wonderful new *kind* of yeast.

It is much stronger than any previous yeast . . . an entirely new "strain" of yeast . . . that acts far more swiftly . . . far more vigorously!

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (at right), past president of an important medical society, say, "It gives the quickest results for constipation ever seen from yeast."

XR Yeast speeds up the juices and muscles of your intestines—also of your *stomach!*

Then your food digests better, is kept *softer*, and is more easily eliminated. You lose that "stuffed" feeling . . . that *distress* after meals.

Can end Cathartic Habit

Then you should be able to stop taking cathartics that weaken you, make your trouble *worse*. Soon your blood is purified, and your skin is cleared of pimples, looks radiantly healthy.

Those awful headaches usually stop. Your old energy comes back . . . you're more cheerful!

In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . giving you four vitamins.

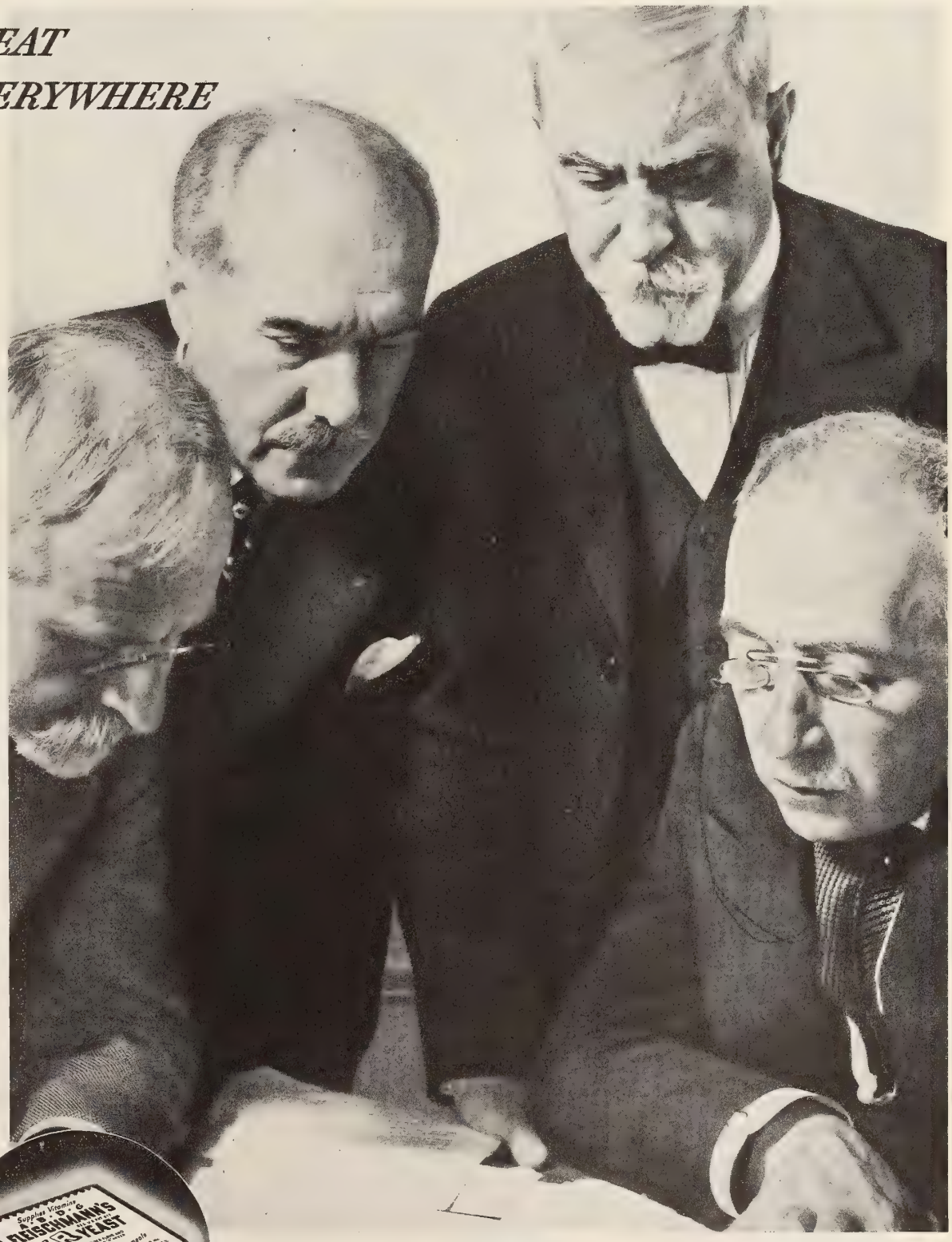
Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast *right now* . . . at your grocer or a restaurant, or soda fountain.

Eat three cakes every day—before meals—plain —or in ⅓ glass of water. Begin to eat it today . . . and keep on for at least 30 days!

NRA CODE



3 millions eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast



FOUR FAMOUS PHYSICIANS discuss tests on the new XR Yeast. "It acts far faster," states Dr. Henri Stévenin, glandular expert (at left). "Astonishing results . . . it relieved 19 out of 21 cases of severe constipation," says noted Dr. Fernand Trémolières, stomach specialist. "My tests showed remarkable results on run-down cases," reports Dr. Joseph Mouchotte, world-famous gynecologist. "Of great medical importance," says Dr. Georges Rosenthal, noted specialist.

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"I TOOK IT *myself* when I was a little girl"



HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are . . . *reasons!*

Ex-Lax checks on every point

Before you ever take a laxative, or give one to any member of your family, be sure it checks on these points . . . Is it thorough? Is it gentle? Are you sure it won't form a habit? Is it pleasant to take?

Many laxatives check on one point or another. Ex-Lax checks on *all!*

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax positively will not form a habit—you do not need to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And that is a vitally important point in a laxative.

And Ex-Lax is such a joy to take. Instead of swallowing some bitter medicine, you eat a little tablet that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And, that "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words just can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean. And you'll understand why you can't get perfect Ex-Lax results with anything but Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE...and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR with Ex-Lax.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
B86 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name_____
Address_____

I'LL QUIT Before I FAIL

Dissatisfied—but only because she's a great actress —Helen Hayes vows she'll go back to the stage

By CHARLES DARNTON

I DON'T like myself on the screen any more—there's no getting around it—and unless I change Ir in the way I feel about myself I'll just have to quit."

And only a few days before Ann Harding had said to me: "Helen Hayes is the greatest actress on both stage and screen!"

What Miss Harding said was readily believable. What Miss Hayes now said was incredibly astonishing. Here were two opinions from eminently intelligent sources both unmistakably sincere, yet so wholly contradictory as to be utterly chaotic.

This was not an interview, it was an apocalypse, a revelation of the soul of an artist who felt herself frustrated by her own art. But even Helen Hayes could not make me agree with the judgment she passed upon herself. At the same time it was refreshing to hear, for once, a distinguished actress admired and praised by millions the world over who had not a single word to say for herself. More, it was a discovery, a stimulating adventure into the mind of a great public favorite free of all private vanity.

There is a Helen Hayes that you know. But here is a Helen Hayes you do not know. You get off in a corner with her and find a quite different person from the one you had imagined . . . quite, but not wholly different. The two have one thing in common—an abiding honesty. Both, too, have the true distinction of simplicity. Helen Hayes is always the woman, never the poseuse.

Wrapped in a dressing-gown and huddled into a chair near an open window of her apartment at the Beverly Hills Hotel, she was just herself, not at all the attitudinizing star given to self-glorifying flights in the temperamental heavens. I had experienced that kind, and it was a relief and a joy to meet one with no nonsense about her.

"But," I wondered, "you're not through with pictures?"

"I'm through with them for a year at least," replied Miss Hayes. "I've already arranged to go on a stage tour in 'Mary of Scotland' through the South and Southwest. Though I'm not particularly interested in the key cities, having played them before, I'm loking forward with keen interest to doing the one-night stands. They will make it similar to Kit Cornell's remarkable tour—and that sounds like lots of fun, a real adventure. It means playing to new audiences, perhaps to people who've never seen a play and are ready to enjoy it as a novelty. Only the other day I had a telegram from a city official of Birmingham, Alabama, asking, 'Why aren't you coming to Birmingham?' That excited me as nothing has done in a long time because of the eagerness and enthusiasm it suggested, something fine and very heartening."

Her eyes lighted and her face glowed as the prospect, the trouper in her flying its flags.

"The last time I did one-night stands," she recalled, "was with John Drew. That was in the northern part of New York state. Most of the houses we played didn't even have doors on the dressing-rooms—we had to pin up sheets—but Mr. Drew went from one to another of them as though he were passing through *salons.* He never lost his charming manner, his wonderful poise. Oh, there have been good times in my life!"

All of which implied that the present time was not so good. Still, it seemed only reasonable to suppose the screen might offer something to the stage actress.

"Primarily it offers a broader audience," said Miss Hayes. "This is true not only of the screen but of the stage. For example, during the New York run of 'Mary of Scotland' I was astonished to find the balcony and gallery sold out weeks ahead. That unusual condition could be put down only to the movies, the fact that I had played in them and become known to more people than had known me before. It seems to be true today that the entire world is not theater-conscious unless it is lured there by something outside the theater. Otherwise people stay away. I don't think they up and go to the theater of their own accord. But they are pretty sure to go and see someone they have seen on the screen."

"Do you think that picture stars who came from the theater should go back to the stage at times?"

"I once got myself into a peck of trouble saying so," Miss Hayes reflected, "but I still believe it. Why not? I think it is up to those who have made a lot of money in pictures to go back and do something for the stage, which gave them their chance on the screen, if only out of gratitude. Once I said as much to John Barrymore. He turned pale—it wasn't imagination on my part, he actually went white—and declared he never again would have the courage to face an audience. Well, I have, for I like audiences."

It was obvious, however, that Helen Hayes did not play for the love of applause, but for the love of what she was doing. And it was the doing of it that now concerned her so deeply.

"I'm afraid," she admitted, "that I'm just a real stodgy old-timer."

When I repeated what Miss Harding had said of her, that she was the greatest actress of both stage and screen, she joked:

(*Please turn to page* 56)





Wide World

Always natural, never a poseuse, Helen Hayes returns to her first field of success, the stage. But rumor has it that she will go to Russia to make a picture with husband Charles McArthur.

The thrill of smooth HANDS goes straight to his HEART!



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A MAN gets a thrill that's as old as Adam—when he touches excitingly smooth hands. Want your hands to thrill a man's heart? Get that smoothness *quickly* and *surely* with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds is a *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates the skin *deeply* with its rich balms. You'll find it works a charm quickly and surely. Hinds does much more than disguise chapped hands with a temporary "slick" finish. It actually *soaks* the skin with its fragrant oils—it soothes dry abused skin—gives a satiny smoothness that is thrilling.

So always use Hinds after you've washed things out—and, of course, at bedtime. Women have preferred Hinds for 60 years, because it does so much real good to the hands. And so economically! Though so rich and fragrant, Hinds costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your drug store, 10¢ at the dime store!

Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream



WHY COOK VEGETABLES FOR BABY?



Heinz retains higher vitamin content than is possible with ordinary home-kitchen methods

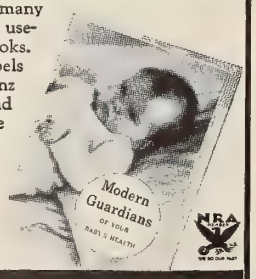
MOST home-cooked, home-strained vegetables cheat baby of vitamins and mineral salts he should have. Often, market vegetables are days old—already having lost precious nutrient content. Ordinary home preparation methods further dissipate these values.

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Try three tins of Heinz Strained Foods. Notice how quickly your child takes to their fresh flavor and color. And *know* that he is getting, day after day, an abundant, even quota of the precious nutrients he needs. Ask your grocer.

•

• BABY'S DIET BOOK.—It shows what each vitamin and mineral salt does for Baby — and what foods each is found in. This new 60-page book, "*Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health*," has been called by many mothers the most useful of baby books. Merely send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents and receive your copy. Address H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. TG203, Pittsburgh, Pa.







Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties



Chatting over the back fence—Bette and Martha Ford. Martha knows about actors; she married one.

BETTE DAVIS from New England

Some say she is willful. Bette thinks she's spoiled; but she is courageously determined to Martha Ford, her old friend and neighbor

BETTE DAVIS has become, virtually overnight, a young lady of some importance. But she's still the same Bette Davis who went early to bed, the night before the now momentous opening of "Of Human Bondage."

And twenty years from now, a little older, a bit less youthfully blonde, but every bit as dynamic, she'll still be Bette Davis. You can change the course of a mountain spring but you can't change the purity of the water. She may have learned to express her opinions a shade more fearlessly in the years between the time she began to develop herself as a person and now, but you can be perfectly certain that those opinions, though dormant, have always been basically the same. Bette's a New Englander. You can dress a New Englander up like the Lilies of the Field. but he remains at bottom a slightly hide-bound, principled, courageous, ambitious, God-fearing, worldly-wise but straight-marching conservative.

Bette and I have known each other a good many years, as friendships go, but, in all that time, I've never known her to be in any way other than herself. I'll admit, and Bette will admit, that she has developed a more "glammy" exterior, but her ideas and ideals—ah, shades of Ruthie, the grandest of all mothers—are today as they were yesterday and as they will be tomorrow.

She has all the determination and "drive," of the creatures on earth, in the sea, in heaven and under the earth. She's stubborn as a mule and sweet as the early dew. You can lead her, with reason and understanding, into any "dark forest"—but try to drive her, even into "Primrose Paths"! There are those who say she's willful—I say she's courageously determined—she says she's spoiled. The result is a young woman of glorious singleness of purpose. Fight she will and weep she can, but turn back, never!

Belying the far-famed New England conscience and fear of witchcraft in all its forms, Betty adores things wild and woolly. A howling wind, a darkened room and Edgar Allen Poe, read under difficulty in the semi-darkness, are her meat. Oh, the fun we've had with spirit writings from "Planchette"! We don't really believe, down in our hearts, but for days, we look fearfully behind us at the sound of Little Footsteps—and the sudden banging of a door has been known to throw us into delicious hysteria. Even smart girls, like us'ns, like to be "spooked" every now and then. I'll never forget the night—but that's beside the point. Sufficient it is to say that our Bette put her conscience in cold-storage and let the "other world" have its way with us!

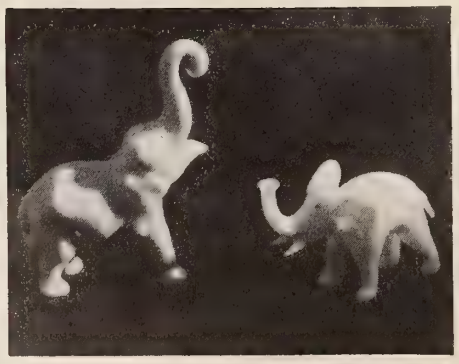
She has lived in two of Charlie Farrell's houses. What's good enough for one New Englander is good enough for another, Boston or Cape Cod notwithstanding. Both houses are as distinctly Bette as they are Charlie—passively English, beautifully complete, with touches of a forgivable "capitalism" here and there in the form of deep, deep rugs and very old "objets d'art."

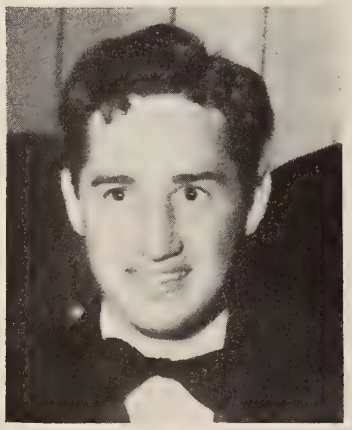
But Bette sleeps in Ham's pajamas, in her taffeta and lace bed, and Ham's pajamas are only just pajamas. They're a size and again too large for Bette and it leaves poor Ham a little short at the end of the week. But those two sublime idiots adore each other. If ever I've seen a really fifty-fifty marriage, theirs is *it*. Ham won't and doesn't have to live on Bette's money and Bette won't and doesn't have to live on Ham's. The answer to the equation being a pooling of interests that has Solomon beat all hollow. They make each other sentimental but crazy little presents.

Ham's a musician, and the other day Bette bought four little men with musical instruments made of wood, for Ham's own private orchestra. But she also bought two tiny elephants filled with phosphorus, that gleamed wickedly in the night. She decided that the pink elephants would make a better show as a surprise on Ham's night-table, so she switched them. Suddenly, in the middle

(*Please turn to page* 61)

Wide World Photos





Bette's husband, Harmon (Ham) O. Nelson, the toy band and the elephants which glowed at night and made him think he had D. T.'s.



NOW NEW POWDER SHADES

make their skin thrilling!



"Your new Natural gives my skin such a delicate blush—I never had such grand times," writes a young New Yorker



"All other Brunette powders made my skin dull. This one makes it sparkle—and me too!" a popular sub-deb says.



A girl writes from the South: "Rose Cream makes dull skin thrilling . . . It's made me the happiest girl in the world."

Over 200 Girls' Skin *"Color Analyzed"*

Six Flattering New Colors Perfected

Is YOUR skin dull? Uninteresting? Are you going along powdering—repowdering—with the same old powder shades that don't do a thing for you?

Now there is a new face powder that is more than smooth and clinging—it actually does exciting things for your skin.

Just film on this new powder—and marvel! Be prepared for admiring glances from ardent eyes, for it gives sparkle. Conceals blemishes. Lends a seductive softness. Creates that same smooth, lustrous fairness you admire in pearls. And your skin holds this new radiant loveliness for hours and hours.

Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to *hidden tints* scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond's.

These *hidden tints* are the actual tones in beautiful skin. Read above the story of their discovery. Then you'll know how Pond's Powder gives your skin that added note of allure—the one needed tone that lifts an ordinary complexion to a glamorous one.

But another surprise! This pure, clinging, flattering powder, made of the finest ingredients, is inexpensive.



How Science discovered hidden Skin Tints

An optical machine which records color in human skin read more than 200 girls' complexions. It showed that blonde skin owed its beauty to hidden notes of *brilliant blue*—brunette skin to hidden tints of *green*. These tints Pond's blends invisibly in their powder to flatter every skin.



10¢
¼ actual size

In glass jars, it's 55¢ and $1.10. In gay boxes, 10¢, 20¢ and 25¢. You can get it everywhere.

Pond's Powder comes in Natural, Rose Cream, Light Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

We want you to try this new Face Powder FREE. Rush this coupon off right now. You will receive 3 different shades absolutely free. But this offer is limited. It ends May 1st. Send now for this entirely new, scientifically blended face powder made by Pond's. It will surely make a more glamorous—more fascinating "You."

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3 shades **FREE!**
Send for them today
(This offer expires May 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept.C-92, Clinton, Conn. . . . Please send free Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐.
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐.

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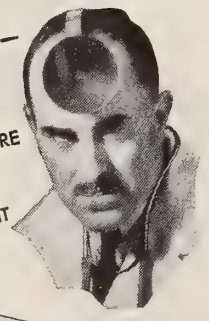
No more dizzy spells now!



● I used to be scared I had such dizzy spells and headaches and biliousness from constipation. I felt so miserable I cried at the least thing. My aunt came on to visit and said I should try FEEN-A-MINT. The very first one showed me it was different from other laxatives. My system got cleared out beautifully and without any of the cramps other things gave me. I can't say enough for FEEN-A-MINT — dizziness, spots before my eyes from biliousness—all the troubles persistent constipation caused have completely cleared up and I enjoy life again.

Right laxative for men, women, and children

Because it is so pleasant and effective we are always getting letters from women about what FEEN-A-MINT does for them and their children. And rugged men find FEEN-A-MINT clears their systems out thoroughly, too. Because you must chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative spreads more evenly through the clogged intestines, works more thoroughly. And so easy and pleasant to take—like your favorite chewing gum. It is the preferred laxative of 15,000,000 people in 61 different countries. Try it yourself. 15¢ and 25¢ at your druggist's.



YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

Picture Stealers?

There is a grand quintet of funsters who come in for very little praise, but rank ace-high in this fan's estimation. They are Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh, Ned Sparks and W. C. Fields.

One of Hugh Herbert's sheepishly innocent looks is enough to panic any audience. Frank McHugh, in addition to being the perfect screen drunk possesses a patented laugh that gets everybody. Ned Sparks is the prince of sarcasm, and this was never better demonstrated than in "Lady for a Day." Guy Kibbee is the perfect "sugar daddy" and portrays the portly old gentlemen whose idea of a good time is to have some "sweet young thing" do him wrong. W. C. Fields, who has recently been elevated to stardom is now coming in for his belated share of praise. His paint mixing scene in "Tillie and Gus," and the billiard scene in "Six of a Kind" was a signal for fans to indulge in side-splitting laughs . . . and we gave them the works.

So I say, praise to you gentlemen of the screen, on whose shoulders often rests the success of a picture, but who seldom get the credit!—Mrs. Howard Cooksey, 2709 Lochmore Avenue, Raleigh, N. C. *Gentlemen, above-mentioned, you can now step up and take a deep bow.*



"Miriam is so alive"; "The simple word 'charm' is Irene's"; "Colbert is a sure cure for your blues," say fans.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Miriam the Charmer

Miriam Hopkins is to me the most charming woman on the screen because she is so alive and doesn't give the impression of hiding her real self behind a mask.

When most actresses appear I look first at their clothes, then at their faces but with Miss Hopkins I am scarcely conscious of what she is wearing; I am so absorbed by her vital, compelling, emotional portrayals. Her voice is delightful, too; smooth, deep-toned and as vibrant as her whole personality.

It gives one a feeling of triumph to watch such fearless, vivid acting!—Mrs. W. C. Tobie, 99 Hancock Street, Cambridge, Mass. *And wait till you see her in the all-color picture, "Becky Sharp."*

Old Friends

It gives us movie fans as much pleasure to see the picture of Henry B. Walthall in the NEW MOVIE as it gave you to print it. For years we have been Walthall fans and it makes us feel great to see him get a chance to act again. We have just come from seeing him play the Rev. Ashby in "Judge Priest," and a finer piece of acting we have never seen. Let us hope he gets the parts he rightfully deserves.

Please let us see more about him in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.—Mr. and Mrs. L. Schneider, 283 S. Ann Street, Baltimore, Md. *You can help him continue in pictures by writing to his studio (Fox), Mr. and Mrs. Schneider.*

(*Please turn to page* 62)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

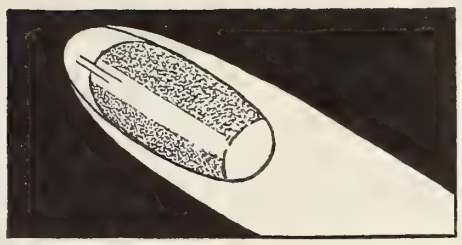
When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name . . . . . Address . . . . .



WRONG!

Harsh, old-fashioned acetone-type polish removers can actually make your nails look like this! If you use them regularly, your cuticle will grow hard. Your nails will break and chip for no apparent reason.



RIGHT!

A smooth, even, perfect cuticle and lovely healthy nails like these follow the regular use of Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Helps keep cuticle soft and unmarred, and nails from growing brittle. And all without leaving a film to dull your manicure!

Don't ruin your nails with dangerous acetone-type Polish Remover



The way you remove polish can make your nails brittle or keep them smooth and strong . . .

THE new soothing Cutex Oily Polish Remover will make all the difference in the world in the looks of your cuticle and nails.

It's simply criminal to ruin their natural smoothness and strength with harsh, old-fashioned acetone-type polish removers! Because they are dangerously drying, they make your cuticle hard and rough, and your nails brittle—easy to break. If you go on using them, you might as well give up all hope of having glamorously lovely finger tips!

Cutex Oily Polish Remover *can't* dry your nails . . . it contains a special, beneficial oil that helps keep your cuticle soft, smooth and perfect, and your nails healthy. It will improve the looks of your nails day by day!

And, *unlike other oily polish removers,* it leaves no film to dim the lustre of your polish and shorten its brilliant life.

Try it. Cutex Oily Polish Remover comes in a 75% larger bottle now, at no increase in price. Its tendency to evaporate in the bottle is 20% less than that of the old-type polish removers. And tests show that it's more effective!

Your favorite store has it . . . go right out now and get a bottle . . . decide to keep your cuticle always beautifully pliant, your nails smooth and strong.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



After using Cutex Oily Polish Remover, put on one of the seven lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—**NATURAL, ROSE, CORAL, MAUVE, CARDINAL, RUBY** or **VERMILION.** Each smart Cutex shade is created by the world's manicure authority to go with the new costume colors from Paris. Each one goes on evenly and smoothly and stays on for days without cracking, peeling or fading.

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A generous sample of Cutex Oily Polish Remover for only 6¢ . . .

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191 Hudson Street, New York

I enclose 6¢ for a generous sample of Cutex Oily Polish Remover.

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CUTEX *Oily* POLISH REMOVER



From wishes



...to kisses

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Is there a very special man whom you long to attract? Don't sigh and cry and look at his photograph...but let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Can Love Last in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 4)

building contractor, romance would be excellent 'staff work' with which to ornament the building, but that is all."

"So many of my friends insist that the romance with their wives is as strong after ten or fifteen years as it was in the beginning! That is foolish. If they would only say they love their wives as much as they did fifteen years ago, I would likely say, 'You probably love her much more.'

"My idea is that, when two people are considering marriage, romance should not enter into it. First they should find what they have in common. What are their aims and what kind of background do they want for life? Surely everybody wishes to build some kind of background. If a man and woman find they have something fine to contribute to this union, and there is no antipathy between them, they have the first plank for their marriage platform.

"In my own case, I know my marriage was the most important step in my entire life, and the fact that Ruth and I agreed before we married that we wanted children was another momentous occasion. When couples have talked over the subject of children—and it should be talked over before marriage, make no mistake about this—and find they agree, they have a good start. Our boy and girl gave us a joy and an incentive that nothing else in the world could replace.

"I was disgusted when I read last week that two-thirds of the children today are biological accidents. Never in the history of the world have as many children been planned for as are being planned for now!

"Why, in the picture industry, if we have no children and are not making preparation for the arrival of the stork, we are as much taboo as if we had never heard of Emily Post. The woman who hasn't a baby now is terrified that all her friends will think she is too old to have one. And we men are all jittery for fear some one may cast a look of condemnation in our direction. Everybody is keeping especially fit, and babies are the order of the day in Hollywood." Many artists of the stage and screen believe that romance—new romance, is absolutely necessary to the life of any creative artist.

NOT Mr. Howard. He believes that this is an adolescent viewpoint. "But," he adds, "the probabilities are that fifty years from now we shall have two kinds of marriage, if we have marriage at all. One, a marriage between two people who want the balance of the world to know that they have chosen each other from all the world, but who have no idea of having children. This would not be unlike Judge Lindsey's companionate marriage.

"The other marriage would have, as its prime reason for being, the purpose of having children, and the marriage would be legalized so all the interests of the offspring might be protected.

"Of course, should the time come when we have two marriage ceremonies, the childless couples would undoubtedly be taxed heavily, as bachelors are now in some localities. Strangely enough, I imagine there would be some sort of stigma attached to that sort of marriage, for unless physically unfitted for parenthood—they would be proclaiming loudly to the world at large their selfishness.

"Fifty years from now," he mused, "my children will have made most of their important decisions about life. My little boy is now fourteen, and my little girl eight. Their children, however, will come under the new regime."

He hesitated a moment, as if making up his mind.

"I suppose I am going to incur the everlasting ridicule of physicians and psychoanalysts when I say that *I do not think that physical compatibility is the most important factor in marriage.* If all of us were as exclusively interested in sex as Dr. Freud would have us believe, before long there would be no human beings left in order to carry on the race!

"Naturally, I can speak more positively about Englishmen. I know they do not select a wife largely for her sex-appeal. An Englishman feels his wife is part of him, just as much as his family into which he was born.

"The attachment for a wife is based on something far more lasting . . . love, tenderness, kindness, nurture . . . the instinct that unites one to some other one as if a part of self, with a desire to benefit and bless. Marriage is like that. It clicks and locks . . . an interlocking of personalities. English wives do not have to be wondering every minute if they are still able to charm their husbands. Some English wives have even been accused of looking 'dowdy' because they give less thought to 'dolling up,' as it were. And Englishmen sometimes appear less chivalrous because it does not occur to them that they must be winning their wives over every day in order to hold them. She is simply the other half of him . . . and his better half. She, too, I believe, takes her marriage more seriously, recognizing the obligation as a partnership.

"DON'T misunderstand me, though. I have no objection to divorce when there is need for one. If neither party attempts, sentimentally or financially, to exploit the other, I don't see any more disgrace in divorce than there is in the dissolution of any other partnership . . . say, like real estate. But every court seems determined that somebody shall sin before that somebody can be freed from the exclusive rights vested in another.

"I can only hope that my children will be ready to meet any conditions that arise. Young people of today are making new evaluations of this lopsided world. They have more knowledge than any previous generation has ever had, yet they are looking for escape. Every advance in learning, I fear, has tended to impress upon them our gnat-like insignificance in the general scheme of things, so they rush headlong into deeper and deeper experiences, always fighting to make their stand intellectually respectable.

"Even now, their attitude is not sentimental. While they may not agree that marriages are made in heaven, neither do they concede that 'Theodore Dreiser's rearranging chemisms are an adequate explanation of the way a man feels about a woman in the springtime.'

"Of course, fifty years from now the world will have moved up immeasurably; science will have contributed so much that it may change habits and dispositions as much as they have changed in the last fifty years. It is not unlikely the physicists will have discovered how to release the energy in the atom, and the results of this will be too far-reaching even for anyone to contemplate.

"And if babies are then produced by chemists in laboratories, as many honestly believe they will be, it will not matter so vitally whether you have followed the advice of a sex exponent or listened to a rather more practical viewpoint as presented by yours truly."

"My 15c CLOPAY New SHADES Surely Gave Me One Big MONEY'S WORTH"



"I'VE found that the amazingly low first cost of Clopay window shades is only part of the saving they make possible. Actually they stay presentable much longer than shades for which I paid 3 and 4 times as much. That's because they are made of tough, heavy weight fibre with a patented creped texture that makes them even stronger. They never crack, ravel or pinhole as ordinary shades do. Besides, they hang and roll straight so that edges don't get scuffed up. Surprisingly easy to put up, too—attach to old rollers with a patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools! And how handsome they are, either in plain colors or those attractive chintz-like patterns. No wonder millions prefer CLOPAYS even when they can afford costlier shades!" Buy Clopays at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1354 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Amazing NEW FABRAY LOOKS WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH . . Costs ⅓ to ½ Less!

"I thought Clopay Shades offered the last word in economy until I found FABRAY. It's simply marvelous! It looks, feels and wears like the best grade of oilcloth, yet I can really use it longer because its smooth, washable top coating never cracks or peels away from its tough fibre backing. Best of all, I can afford to use FABRAY many more ways than I ever did oilcloth because it costs ⅓ to ½ less!"

Fabray is a new and entirely revolutionary product—made on solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. It is amazingly durable, does not chip, peel or crack. New lovely patterns—either in 46-inch width for tables or 12-inch width for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2½ yards of 12-inch shelving. Would cost 25c in oilcloth. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1361 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

DO I LOOK UNPLEASANT?



In "The Life of Vergie Winters" Helen was John Boles' selfish wife.

That is the question which Helen Vinson, weary of playing so many movie "cats," asks herself

By RUTH HARDY

"I'M so weary of playing 'cats'," declared Helen Vinson with emphasis, as we chatted one afternoon. "Sometimes I scrutinize this face of mine in the mirror to find just what it is that inspires this unpleasant casting. Even in "As Husbands Go,"—my biggest lead to date—I played a selfish, self-centered woman. Honestly, do I really look so unpleasant?

"Perhaps I sound ungrateful. I'm not. I think I've had marvelous luck and I would have been tickled to get a foothold in the movies starting out with any kind of parts. But typing is dangerous, and now that I'm 'in', I wish I could get away from vamp roles and be a little human. I'm sure I could be nice if I could only get the chance!"

And I expect Helen will get the chance if her heart's set on it. Luck has played a big part in her career, but determination, grit and the willingness to work hard are outstanding characteristics of the Vinson make-up. She's the type that usually succeeds in anything, once she's set her heart on it—as witness her rapid progress in pictures.

This girl is one of the prettiest newcomers to the screen but, thank heaven, she isn't an exponent of the glamour school of beauty. There is nothing pseudo-Garbo-ish in her appearance, as in that of so many young starlets nowadays. Her blond wavy hair is arranged in a neat, smart coiffure close to her head, rather than in the shoulder-length bob so popular with the glamour girls. And her eyelashes are her own. Her make-up is untheatrical and her grooming perfect. She has a quiet charm and a beautiful speaking voice. This voice of hers is a product of cultivation rather than a gift of nature, too, she confides, and she is proud as punch over it, for it took long months of study to banish the pronounced southern drawl she once had. Studying Italian and French pronunciation did the trick, she explains.

Miss Vinson is a Texas product. Studio publicity has stressed her social background, picturing her as a frivolous pampered debutante of extremely wealthy parents who indulged her every whim. This, to put it mildly, is an exaggeration and amuses Helen as much as it does her Texas friends.

The Rulfs—that's Helen's family name; Vinson was picked out of the air—were of only moderate means when they lived in Houston, Texas. Her father had a good position with an oil company and Helen had pretty clothes and attended dancing school and riding academy, but the family had neither the financial resources nor the inclination for the whirl of high society. Rather than exclusive private schools, as the press-agents have it. Helen attended San Jacinto High in Houston. After graduation, rather than attend a snooty finishing school, she enrolled in the University of Texas, where she was elected by her fellow-students as Beauty Queen of the campus. After two years of college she returned to her home, but, instead of making a brilliant debut, she interested herself in Little Theater work as a hobby. In short, Helen was just a pretty young girl of upper middle-class background like thousands of other girls



Ernest Bachrach

Helen may think this face is unpleasant, but few will agree with her.

in every city and hamlet of the United States. The traditional "silver spoon" of which the press-agents write was not in her mouth at birth; it was presented to her as a wedding present. But we'll get to that later.

As a child, Helen was quite a movie fan and even staged plays in the family garage at five cents admission with the kids of the neighborhood. When she was older, her friends impressed with her unusual beauty and her Little Theater acting, had often advised her, "You ought to be in pictures," but despite all this, Helen had never seriously considered a professional career.

Once or twice during her childhood, her mother thought she recognized talent in her young daughter which might lead to a career. In dancing school she shone with brilliance, practising ardently and then rounding up all the neighbor-

(*Please turn to page* 71)



. . . but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like 'tattle-tale gray'," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its *richer golden soap* and *lots of naptha* get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are *like snow.* They've lost every bit of "tattle-tale gray." Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—*and whiter!*

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—*two* dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good *golden* soap with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!...Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1935

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Nitwit Incomparable

(*Continued from page 32*)

One day, at a Press Club show, he contributed to the general hilarity by doing an original monologue, a parody of a Babbitt's after-dinner speech before a gathering of fellow-Babbitts. His skit proved to be so funny, that he was prevailed upon to give up the printer's ink for grease paint.

He had to begin from the bottom. He played in the sticks for a season or two in small time vaudeville. But the folks in the cowshed circuit did not relish much his peculiar lackadaisical humor.

His stuff, however, went over big in New York, when his fellow-alumnus from Notre Dame, J. P. McEvoy, featured his antiques in his Americana. Charlie was McEvoy's secretary at the time and wrote gags for him. The metropolitan crowd vastly enjoyed his comedy bits, and his subsequent inanities in "Sweet Adeline" made him the premier madcap of Broadway.

HE now pal'd around with the wits of New York; Heywood Broun, Frank Sullivan and Robert Benchley became his close friends, and remain to this day. One of the epigram slingers he parried with was Dorothy Parker. He was especially intimate with Heywood Broun, who saw him in "Sweet Adeline" 24 times. They used to see each other almost every day, and made the rounds together of the night spots in Harlem and the other favorite haunts of the intelligentsia.

One of Charlie's most prized possessions is the following letter from Ring Lardner, written to him while he was cutting-up in "Sweet Adeline."

Hotel Pennsylvania,
New York
September 22, 1929

Dear Mr. Butterworth:

Sometimes it becomes necessary to write a mash note. Your performance is so good that I'm afraid I'll have to see the damned thing three or four more times. Don't take this as final.

I nourish the selfish but forlorn hope that you'll be out of a job the year I write a musical.

Yours sincerely,
Ring Lardner.

Warner Brothers signed him up for two pictures, and he hopped on a train to Los Angeles to garner his share of the big movie coin. He was the life of "The Life of the Party," his first picture. As Col. Joy from Kentucky, a breeder of fine horses, suh, he lent his individual brand of madness to the screen in this Vitaphone production.

He returned to New York for another fling at Broadway, and came back with a pretty wife, the former Ethel Sutherland, to settle here for good. He is now under contract to M-G-M for some time.

Charlie's favorite game is a nice juicy steak. He sets himself at peace with the rest of the world by generous quaffs of light table wines. He has developed a taste for fine cuisine.

"I hate to tell my wife what to get. I let her go ahead and prepare her own menus," he said, with husbandly satisfaction. "An element of surprise is necessary in the enjoyment of good food."

His hobbies are, in the order named, loafing around the house doing nothing, playing tennis, reading, and writing his lines. He ducks the evening doldrums by going to the prize fights, where his quizzical face is a familiar sight in the front rows.

In spite of the bravura he affects as an ex-lawyer and newspaperman, Charlie in reality is a very bashful and retiring man. He feels lost in a crowd. "I am never lonelier than when I am in company," he admitted. "You have to drag me to a party."

He appreciates in others a sense of humor more than anything else. "I can't stand people who take themselves too seriously," he said. His favorite actors are the comedians, notably Charlie Chaplin. He thinks highly also of W. C. Fields and the mad Marx brothers. "The comedians," he said, "have a sense of the ludicrous, which keeps them from making themselves ridiculous." Among what he calls the "legitimates," he prefers Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall. But Charlie is definitely not a picture fan. He surprised me when he said he hadn't seen "Queen Christina."

HE has no definite views on the art of comedy. His is an instinctive and reflective sort of humor. "I must have a comedy twist in my nature," is his explanation of how he secures his comic effects. "In general, I imitate characters I have met, emphasizing their eccentricities. South Bend has had a great influence on my acting career. Early memories are naturally the strongest."

Charlie hasn't had his days of full glory on the screen yet. He may get a chance at stardom, since the character actor is coming into his own in the films.

"What I should like to portray most of all," he said, "is the futility of man. The type I have in mind is a pathetic, constantly blundering fellow who does not fit into our present-day society, and is oppressed with a sense of inferiority, bewilderment, and utter inadequacy to meet the problems of modern life. He goes about under a protective coating of mock dignity and courage, as we all do, more or less."

The sadness of humorists is proverbial, and Charles Butterworth is no exception.

"I ought to be happy," he said, "yet I am not. Like other men I have my high and low moments, but in general I am as blue as indigo, whether I show it or not.

"I often wonder why. I have everything a sensible man can wish for. Perhaps because I am too sensitive. And I can't get excited over things others in the profession are so concerned about. I don't get a terrific kick out of my acting. To be perfectly frank, I don't mind admitting that I don't care if I ever act again.

"I guess acting is too easy for me. I am happier when I have something difficult to do, even if it is writing twelve letters at one sitting. I have been working on a play, and have a number of articles under way which I hope to sell. But I doubt if they will ever be fit for publication. This California sunshine has got me. It has made me the laziest man on earth. I can't bring myself to expend the necessary time and energy required for my writings.

"And yet, once a journalist, always a journalist. I still feel like a reporter, and frequently find myself jotting down notes on things that other actors tell me on the set. I can't help but look upon my former literary ambitions with feelings of regret. I really seem to have lost something precious with them."

Such, in brief, is the interesting career of this melancholy clown, a fugitive wraith of a once lawyer-journalist caught in the mad whirligig of movietown.

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UNTIL YOU DISCOVER THIS SECRET OF MAKE-UP!

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"Wotta woild, wotta woild!" croaks Signor Durante. "Here we are all dressed up—

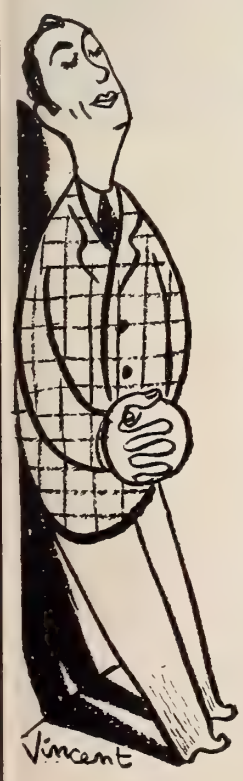
And No Place to Go!

A SCENE that lasts three seconds on the screen may take three hours to shoot. Between takes the stars wait, wait, wait. It nearly drives them crazy. Here's how they all manage to kill time.

Women stars have a better time of it than the men. Joan Blondell knits and sews for the baby. Madge Evans knits. Mary Carlisle makes quilts, Sylvia Sidney crochets. Fay Wray, Doris Kenyon and Bebe Daniels do needle-point or petit-point. Bebe, in fact, has a hairdresser who can do petit-point, too, and can carry on her piece of work while she does a scene. Gloria Stuart's fans send her old neckties, which she works into quilts. If you're missing any neckties around your house lately, someone is probably sending them to Gloria.

Franchot Tone sits by himself and closes his eyes. So do Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel. Jean Muir asks questions of the technicians. Spencer Tracy broods and mumbles his lines. Jimmy Cagney takes notes for a book he means to write some day. Adrienne Ames does fashion sketches. Lyle Talbot reads.

Janet Gaynor and James Dunn play rummy. ZaSu Pitts plays any kind of cards. Claudette Colbert sips milk. Paul Lukas is an ice-water guzzler. Edna May Oliver drinks it not only iced but distilled.



Dick Powell and Big Crosby sing at the top of their lungs. They just love to sing—and, as you can imagine, they always draw a crowd.

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres play pianos. Alice Faye does dance routines. Richard Dix has a three-piece orchestra of his own which plays for him.

Alison Skipworth sleeps. Miriam Hopkins sleeps in her portable dressing-room. Kay Francis ditto. Margaret Sullavan also prefers pictures with lots of beds and couches in them. Gary Cooper can sleep standing up. David Manners sleeps so soundly they frequently use him to focus the cameras on.

Leslie Howard sits outside in the sun, fondling a good-luck charm. Jimmy Durante argues with anybody who'll listen. Also Dick Arlen. Roger Pryor walks round and round, like a caged lion. Warner Baxter not only walks but drinks soda-pop continually while walking. Ralph Morgan hides under old boxes and takes snapshots. This habit of Mr. Morgan's, it may be added, is very disconcerting. Sometimes, you know, two stars fall in love, and like all lovers seek a lonely spot in which to stare into each other's eyes. This is a very bad time to have Mr. Morgan pop out of a man-hole, or from behind a tree, and say with a cheery smile, "Hold it, please!"

Victor McLaglen just sits and worries. The other stars just do all these things to keep from worrying, he says. Well—he'll sit and worry.

You may think you'd like a job where you were forced to take an hour's rest for every five minutes' work that you did. You wouldn't! Kids think they'd love to work in a candy store—but after a week of it you can't look an innocent chocolate cream in the face. It's the same thing. There's no worse strain on the nerves imaginable than just sitting and waiting, and alternating that with waiting and sitting.

Sizing them all up, it looks as though Gary Cooper's method is really the smartest, so far as saving wear and tear on the nerves is concerned. There are some meanies who wonder if he ever wakes up for his scenes at all. Just before he dozes off he puts an intelligent, interested expression on his face, and it stays there. People can come up to him and talk to him for ten minutes at a time without ever catching on to the fact that he's slumbering in his own private beddy-bye.

And Sterling Halloway, the lad with the moth-eaten coiffure, simplifies it still further. McLaglen may sit and worry, but Sterling just sits. "Ah'm the laziest man-n in Hollywood," he drawls. "Ah cum up heah f'm Gawgia foh a va-cation. An' what happens? These heah producers, they jest all get together an' make me wuk. No, Ah don' wear no make-up. Ah, don't do nuthin'. Ah jes sit an' sit." The prize goes to Gawgia!

ON THE SETS IT'S WAIT, WAIT, WAIT





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EVERY day women are writing us so many good uses for S.O.S., we wonder if there's any limit.

How many have *you* tried?

Here are a few suggestions. And, if we thought the list would reach the man of the house, we'd add several more—like shining the golf sticks and de-rusting the tools.

●

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Look for the RED and YELLOW package



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A Friend I Treasure

(*Continued on page 27*)

touchy on the subject of his Knighting. Only once, when Sandra and I were dining with him in the new home he recently purchased at Malibu Lake, did he refer to an injury in service which necessitated his transfer to the Intelligence Department. Naturally we wanted to hear more about that, but he replied, "Dashed secret. Branch of the service no man talks much about. Most interesting two years of my life, I think. Maybe some time . . ."

Speaking of that house at Malibu Lake, he is quite crazy about it in spite of the fact that it is so located that he has to drive about fifty miles to and from the studios, to his weekly hangout, the prize-fights, or that his friends have to drive fifty miles to see him. He jokingly insists that old Mac, the studio gateman, is the only friend he cares to see, anyway, and as long as the drive isn't too difficult for Mac, it is all right with Sir Guy.

He spotted the little white house when we were making "The Lancer" and he couldn't be satisfied until he owned it. It is filled with trophies that would warm the heart of any adventurer, and both Sandra and I are delighted when we are invited to spend an evening with him before the roaring fire. Usually there are just the three of us present, for Sir Guy glories in his present bachelor existence. And it isn't that he is not attractive to the ladies, either. I overheard one pretty and popular star say: "That man is simply fascinating. I wonder what he was like at twenty?" The gossip about the studio is that practically all his mail is from women—a fact which I much prefer writing here than actually saying to him face to face. It would amuse him too much.

There is only one thing about my association with Guy I could gladly skip—and that is the little matter of the .22 Hornet rifle. I'd like to make this as brief as possible (I don't know why I do him the satisfaction of telling it), but, anyway, I told Guy I had sent away to New York for this treasure, and also that I had sent along a check for $375 of my hard-earned ducats to pay for it. The next time Sandra and I dined with him, Sir Guy produced an exact duplicate of my heartthrob, telescopic sight and all, and informed us he had "picked it up" on a little shopping expedition right here in Los Angeles for only $75 of his hard-earned ducats. Did I ever hear the end of that from Sandra . . .? I did not!

I suppose I shall eventually forgive him. He is too grand a friend and too inspiring a person to be banned from my life—even over that treasured .22 Hornet. The last time I saw him, we walked down to the edge of the lake and stood looking at the distant mountains. Sir Guy was in a rare mood. He had some advice for me . . . and when I get this off my chest I think you'll know as much about him and like him as well as I do. He said:

"Live your life to the fullest . . . don't get in any sort of rut . . . and be proud you lived as hard as you could . . . dash it! . . . that's what life's for!"

Do you like to read Herb Howe's humorous comments on Hollywood foibles? Herb has an extra fine article in next month's NEW MOVIE. Watch for it.

Are You Clever With a Needle ?



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ENGLAND'S DeMILLE

By GEORGE LANDY

HOLLYWOOD folk who know him say that Herbert Wilcox, producer of "Nell Gwyn," is more like C. B. DeMille than anybody else in the whole film world. He has a tremendous flair for showmanship, a great capacity for driving his subordinates and making them love it, a genius in discovering and building up stars, which is uncannily like that of "C. B." in his palmiest days. But, unlike DeMille, he's had several ups and downs, although he's never been beaten.

Like DeMille, Wilcox's career is studded with controversy-stirring films. In earliest days—shortly after his discharge from the Royal Air Force at the close of hostilities—he wrote, produced and directed "The Wonderful Story," a pastoral tale with only three characters, featuring Herbert Langley, a Covent Garden Opera star, the first singer to appear in pictures, even though they were still silent.

Another Wilcox production which stirred up the British Empire and reverberated throughout the world was "Dawn," starring Sybil Thorndike as Nurse Cavell, England's greatest war heroine. Germany sent official protests to the British Government; the picture was the subject of long debates in Parliament and aroused terrific controversy



Herbert Wilcox

—all of which helped at the box office.

For Wilcox is not only a DeMille; he is also a Roxy (or a Sid Grauman, for Pacific Coast readers!), the result of his early experience as a salesman and exhibitor. He was the first British producer to show his pictures to royalty, to open them in London's Albert Hall (a combination of New York's Madison Square Garden and Carnegie Hall) and to employ searchlights, special police, closing of street traffic and all other doodads to which we have become accustomed at New York or Hollywood "world premieres."

Like the Horatio Alger heroes our fathers used to revere, Herbert Wilcox is the personification of "pluck and luck." He has known the champagne of success and the dregs of disaster; and this time, he is so fortified through hard experience that he will probably stay on the top.

Women Rule Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 19)

their exaggerations, no matter how ridiculous, there is always that sincere emotionalism that women love.

Chaplin's greatest comedy, "The Kid," is the perfect example of comedy "slanted" for women. The situations were amusing, but always they were actuated by sincere emotion. Every laugh floated on an unshed tear. I would list "The Kid" as one of the ten greatest women's pictures of all time.

What are the other nine?

There have been so many exceedingly fine pictures, rich in feminine appeal, that it is hard to make a choice. At first thought, I should list "Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "Robin Hood," "The Ten Commandments" and "Smilin' Through."

"All Quiet," the most gruesome portrayal of war ever screened, may at first glance seem an amazing choice—yet, if you analyze the picture, the reasons for its tremendous woman appeal are apparent. Through the eyes of its hero, a dreamer and an emotionalist, war was seen from the woman's viewpoint. And the scenes between the boy and his mother, alone, were enough to make "All Quiet" appeal to the average woman. Women, strange as it may seem, like to cry as well, if not better, than they like to laugh.

"The Miracle Man" and "The Ten Commandments" appealed to the deep religious emotionalism which is in almost every woman. "Robin Hood" was romance carried to the *n*th degree. "Stella Dallas" was an immortal drama of mother love. "Broken Blossoms," "Dark Angel" and "Smilin' Through" were among the greatest love stories ever told.

If entirely dependent upon the patronage of men, how many of the ten would have been stand-outs? I would feel confident of only three—"All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Kid" and "Robin Hood."

In still another way, women have made their rule felt in Hollywood—painfully felt at times, yet in the long run the pain is for Hollywood's own good. I refer to censorship. They have been its most active proponents.

There is no denying the fact that women rule Hollywood—or that they will continue to rule as long as they select the screen entertainment for their families, as long as they continue to be the great majority in every theater audience.

Stars of Yesterday

(*Continued from page* 23)

Neal Hart, Elizabeth Henry, Charles Herzinger, Al Heuston, Mrs. Hicks, Jack Hoxie, Gladys Huelette, Frank Ibertson, Lloyd Ingram, Mary Jane Irving, Gladden James, Pat Kelley, Mame Kelso, Ardell Kerr, Bob Kerr, Ed Kimball, Emmett King, Fred Kley, Alice Lake, Dick LaReno, Florence Lawrence, George LaGuere, Ed Le Saint, Edgar Lewis, Eva Lewis, Mason Litson, J. P. Lockney, Harry Lorraine, Viola Lonie, Muriel MacCormack, Francis MacHenry, Mary MacLaren, Jerry Mandy, James Mason, Doris May, Philo McCullough. Francis McDonald, Wallace McDonald, Dorcas McKim, George Meadows, Tony Midgley, Joe Mills, Howard Mitchell, Ralph Mitchell, Rhea Mitchell, Baby Peggy Montgomery, George Morrell, Lew Morrison, Eddie Mortimer, Harry Meyers, Iris Nicholson, Lillian Nicholson, Gertrude Norman, Harry Northrup, Katherine O'Connell, Frank O'Connor, Maude Oggle, Tip O'Neil, Henry Otto, Patricia Palmer, Paul Panzer, Vesta Pegg, George Periolat, Hal Pickson, Snub Pollard, Russ Powell, Herbert Prior, Mrs. Albert Priscoe, Rae Randall, Bobby Ray, Frankie Raymond, Mike Ready, Heidiviga Reicher, Clark Reynolds, Tom Ricketts, Spike Robinson, Joe Ryan, Lou Salter, Chas. Schaefer, Allan Sears, Bernard Seigel, Evelyn Selbie, Clarissa Selwyn, C. L. Smallwood, Antrim Short, Gertrude Short, Leivis Short, Lee Shumway, Mr. and Mrs. Simons, Allen Simpson, Noll Smith, Emily Spencer, Martin Sperzel, John Stanton, Lincoln Steadman, Myrtle Steadman, Lew Stern and Harry Tenbrook, Eva Thatcher, Daisy May Thelby, Charles Thurston, May Trolell, Florence Turner, Alberta Vaughn, Moxie Wolcarys, Ben Walker, Si Wilcox, William Williamson, Jack Wise, Freeman Wood, Wm. Worthington and Clara Kimball Young.

What a list of famous pioneers of the screen!

Miss Young, once the star of the Vitagraph Company.

Harry Meyers of Universal. The glorious Steadmans, Lincoln and his mother, Myrtle, once fixtures with First National and before that with Bosworth. Bessie Eyton of the old Selig Films, Ella Hall, star at Lubin, now asking for "bits."

Florence Lawrence with the old Biograph that gave us so many famous people.

Gladys Huelette a star at Edison.

Flora Finch a Vitagraph fixture, Howard Mitchell with Lubin, Joseph DeGrasse swaggering through two-gun pictures at Pathe Freres. Charles French doing the same at the same lot. Florence Turner charming them all at Vitagraph.

They are a grand crowd of "troupers." They deserve the help of the industry.

But . . . what action the Assistant Directors will get is a problem. Their request in behalf of these glorious people was received by the Academy Board. But at that time the NRA Code was in the making. And there was such a flurry, such a concentrated drive on the part of the successful people of today to safeguard the tremendous salaries of those who are now sitting on top, that the request of the Assistant Directors in behalf of the old-timers was shunted to the background. May they drag it out into the open now and give these courageous people a chance to earn a living.

They are a magnificent group. If you see the names of any of your own former favorites in the list, wouldn't it be a nice thing for you to send them a letter, or write to a producing company asking that the old-timer be given a chance. It would be a grand gesture on your part. It would be appreciated by every one of them, for they only want the chance to preserve their self-respect.

It is jobs that these people want—not alms. They are the sort that continue to struggle bravely on.



NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours — and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (10) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)



● Why let your hair get that harsh, faded, "worn-out" look? To have the true beauty everyone strives for in modern hair grooming, the "Sheen of Youth" is more imperative than ever. For the popular hair dressing demands hair that is soft and smooth, with a color sleekness that is ample in tone value while also entirely natural and youthful.

Put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash and it will put subtle color toning into your hair, and give it a soft, pliant lustrefulness. ColoRinse is harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach. Choose one of the ten shades—a variety of color values complimentary to all types of hair.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo

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MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

The Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 25*)

Grove by her fiance, Charles Irwin, according to the program planned.

But all the same when a dozen people arrived in a group, and others kept on coming, she was actress enough to convince everybody she was genuinely surprised.

Jack Oakie, who was girl-less for once, got rid of the romantic burden on his soul by retreating to the kitchen and reciting poetry to all who would listen. It was Eddie Buzzell's birthday, too, and he dispensed gallantries right and left, evidently as happy as a lark. The only untoward happening was when Kitty Kelly, playing with Helen's pooch, got bitten on her pretty nose. Gail Patrick was there and Robert Cobb, and Anita Louise.

Tom Brown's father and mother were there, and Anita consoled herself by sitting on Tom's mama's lap a good part of the evening. Richard Sanville, back in New York, we hear, was disconsolate when Anita left. But though he was very attentive, Anita didn't forget Tom while she was East.

WE know where Jeanette MacDonald stands about her engagement to Robert Ritchie, her manager.

Miss MacDonald confided to friends: "I shall probably not marry until I have ceased to be an actress. This is understood between Bob and me. He is very tolerant and understanding. He doesn't wish to either be freed from me, nor, under the circumstances, feeling as I do, to be married to me. We have many interwoven interests, and many things in common. I cannot imagine my life without Bob, and I think he feels the same way about me. But I do not think an actress, especially a motion picture actress, should be married.

"I should hate to think I will never wed and have children. But when I do, I want to be sure to make a success of my marriage."

MAYBE it's just to put a muffler on the gossips, but whatever reason it is, the fact remains that more and more guests are arriving at parties without escorts. The escort seems to be quite passé indeed.

Solo arrivals at Anne Shirley's party included Eric Rhodes, Virginia Reed, John Beal, Tom Brown; while those at Henry Armetta's party included Henry Hull, Maria Gambarelli, June Clayworth, and Pat di Cicco.

POOR little Mary Blackford, lying in her hospital bed, all but paralyzed, has taken new hope.

That benefit which her young friends, the juvenile set of Hollywood, gave for her at the Cocoanut Grove, resulted in the raising of many hundreds of dollars. Enough so that she can have that necessary operation which may restore to her the use of her limbs.

And did those young people work! Not only that. When the evening came, and they found the demand for tickets to be more than would be issued with comfortable accommodation in the Grove, they sold their own tickets, and stood all evening!

The standees included Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Pat Lucey, Donald Barry, Junior Durkin, Stanley Davis, Eddie Rubin, Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis, and Grace Durkin.

Will Rogers never has been known to shirk his duty at a benefit. This writer has called him up in the afternoon to officiate at night, and he did it cheerfully, and as everybody knows, more than adequately.

Give that COLD Just 24 Hours

Colds Go Overnight When You Take the Right Thing

A cold doesn't have to run its course and expose you to serious complications.

A cold can be routed overnight if you go about it the right way. First, of all, a cold being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. Secondly, a cold calls for a COLD remedy and not for a "cure-all".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Fourfold in Effect

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system. Anything less than that is taking chances with a cold.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist's.



Listen to Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

The committee of the Blackford benefit hadn't had courage to ask him to be master of ceremonies. They merely asked him to lend his presence.

"What good would my inert presence do?" he demanded.

And then they took heart and asked him to serve. Which he did with his usual brilliant success.

SALLY EILERS is such a good mama that she won't have a party which her baby, nicknamed Pooch, cannot attend.

So on Sunday afternoons she and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, hold a sort of open house at their apartment, where a private showing of the infant is always held.

Pooch's first venture into the great open spaces was last Thanksgiving, when he went to see Grandma Eilers, Sally's mama. Since then he has ventured out at Christmas and other festive days.

Always present at the Sunday afternoons are several other mamas. notably Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher.

BY the time this is printed, it is altogether possible that Dick Powell and Mary Brian may be married.

Dick has been building a house and Mary has been spending a great deal of time superintending some of the details. And now that the non-marriage clause in Dick's Warner contract has expired, there seems no reason why they should not go ahead and do it.

"WON'T you come to our house warming-over?" is the way that jolly Agnes Christine Johnston and husband Frank Dazey, invited us to their home following their long absence in the East.

And what a honey of a place it is—an old English house, with many cosy dormer window retreats, and a complete air of charming hospitality everywhere.

The place simply buzzed with writers and stars.

Claire Adams has come out of obscurity, and, looking lovelier even than when she was a Ben Hampton star, goes about to parties a lot. She is studying singing and has developed a voice, and sang at the party. She has radio plans.

June Collyer and Stu Erwin were there. They say their son may become a traveling man. At any rate, he hollers every morning, wanting to know whether they aren't going on the chu-chu today! He was with them on their eastern personal appearance trip.

HOWARD HUGHES brought Nancy Carroll to the Cocoanut Grove one night not long ago.

And was he surrounded with memories! At a nearby table was Joan Chapman, to whom he has been paying quite a lot of attention; at another table was Jean Harlow, and not far away was Betty Furness, both of whom he has been seeing a lot lately.

HOLLYWOOD is fairly outdoing itself in establishing all sorts of odd bars.

Guests at Bert Kalmar's country home in San Fernando Valley were surprised the other night when Bert revealed the oddest bar of all.

Everybody went into the library. We expected a lot of books not only because it was a library, but because it was Bert's library, and Bert is a great reader. Suddenly the bookcases with their burdens turned inside out, and the highbrow had suddenly gone lowbrow, for behold the bookcases had turned into a bar.

The Stars at Play

LOOKS as though we'll have to establish a society column for the kids of Hollywood.

At least two important parties took place recently.

Dolores Lee Printz, daughter of LeRoy Printz, was tiny hostess at one party, the guests including David Holt, Virginia Weidler, Baby LeRoy, Lois Kent and Billy Lee. Micky Mouse entertained in person.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne gave a party for her little granddaughter, Peggy Kernell, and several children of famous folk were there, including Ottilie Kruger, Otto Kruger's daughter; John Barrymore's child, Dolores Ethel; Peggy Santley, Joe Santley's child, and others. It was a costume party and the guests came suitably dressed.

BOTH Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young were present at the party which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman gave. But not together. Loretta came with a party, and Spencer arrived alone. They greeted each other, but there was no conversation.

Maurice Chevalier, contrary to his custom, arrived alone, but was gallantly paying attention to all the ladies in succession.

THE most brilliant of all the Screen Actors' Guild balls held annually during the past three years was the latest one. The Biltmore Bowl was beautiful, with its tiers of tables, each be-flowered and be-candled, and some thousand guests were present.

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served in the long lounge just outside the Bowl. Kenneth Thomson as president opened proceedings, and Lyle Talbot was m.c. Dancing and entertainment were enjoyed—followed by the grand march.

Jimmy Cagney started a lot of fun by cutting in on Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris, each time he glimpsed one of them dancing with his own wife. Every time that happened Jimmy would hop out on the floor and gleefully take the lady away from her husband.

Chester got even. Cagney and his wife dance beautifully together and enjoy it very much; but Chester gave them no chance, during the first few dances, after Jimmy's coup. He would cut in, each time, and grab Jimmy's lady away from him.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford danced together all the evening, and when the orchestra played the strain from a popular song, Joan and Franchot sang it into each other's ears.

But even there Jimmy Cagney managed to cut in, for he found himself the man nearest Joan when the grand march strains turned themselves into a fox trot, and when, according to the rules of the Guild floor committee, the man and woman finding themselves nearest each other must dance together.

Joan confided to friends that Jimmy is her favorite actor. I don't know what Franchot means to do about that!

THERE is nothing like the friendship of men, say some of the sages, and the friendship of Warner Baxter and his three pals, Bill Powell, Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess seems to prove it. They have been friends for years, and even now they foregather here and there every so often to hobnob together.

Usually they meet on Sunday afternoons on Warner's sunny tennis court to play tennis, and then afterward to sup with Warner and his wife, with Mrs. Barthelmess frequently joining them. Jean Harlow is there once in a while, too. She wields quite a wicked racquet, you know.

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall came over the other evening for supper and a visit.

EDNA MURPHY, who went abroad several months ago, is back in Hollywood, looking prettier than ever. She has been visiting friends in Spain, and let us in on the fact that she was studying Spanish over there. One wonders if there is a handsome caballero somewhere there with a "castle in Spain." She won't tell, in spite of all our efforts to find out.

She is seen about with George Stone a good deal, but both declare it's merely an old friendship.

ONE of the sights these days is Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard with the two Chaplin children, going places and doing things together.

They gave a little party for the boys not long ago, inviting some of their school mates from the Black Foxe Military School to go out on the Chaplin boat with them.

And they took the youngsters up to Lake Arrowhead, where they taught young Charlie and Sidney how to do a little plain and fancy fishing.

THERE was just a touch of the professional to the party which some friends of Joe Morrison gave him on his birthday.

Harry Revel and Max Gordon, who wrote the songs for his next musical, were on hand, and played them for him. Then Joe sang some songs from one of his pictures, "One Hour Late," and Sam Coslow played and warbled one of his compositions, "Little White Gardenia."

HE is by way of being a country squire, these days, is Edward Everett Horton, what with his big Encino estate.

He entertained Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye at an English dinner, Yorkshire puddings and all. Ramon Novarro was there, too, but not a single tamale showed up on the menu.

PATRICIA WHEELER seems to inherit her dad's quick wit.

Down at Palm Springs the other day the seven-year-old was playing with another little girl. Suddenly the girl looked at Pat and laughed.

"What you laughing at?" demanded Patricia.

"Oh, at you," responded the child. "you look so funny with all those freckles!"

"Well," cracked Patricia, "you look funny even without any freckles!"

ROD LA ROCQUE and Vilma Banky going about socially in Hollywood; everybody buying homes at Palm Springs, where they spend week-ends: Bob Woolsey, Louise Fazenda, Rosie Dolly, Samuel Goldwyn, Ann Harding, Jeanette MacDonald; tennis players gathering every Sunday afternoon at Dolores Del Rio's Santa Monica Canyon home for tennis, including Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, King Vidor, Norma Shearer; cocktail frocks aren't called cocktail frocks any more, they are now called bar-room dresses; despite the fact that Fred Keating and Patricia Ellis deny any romance, they are seen about at all the parties and openings together.

I prefer FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
because it's different
says Countess de la Vairir



Among the many lovely women who prefer FAOEN to costlier perfumes is the distinguished Countess Jeanine de la Vairir. An arbiter of fashion and things fashionable, it is significant that FAOEN is found on her dressing fable and in her purse.

"My selection of perfume is not influenced by price," she says. "Naturally, I have used many expensive perfumes, but I am intrigued by the facinating something about FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) which is subtly alluring and different.

FAOEN *is* differerent . . . different in its mysterious power to transform attractiveness into compelling loveliness. Let Faoen send you forth to quicken pulses!

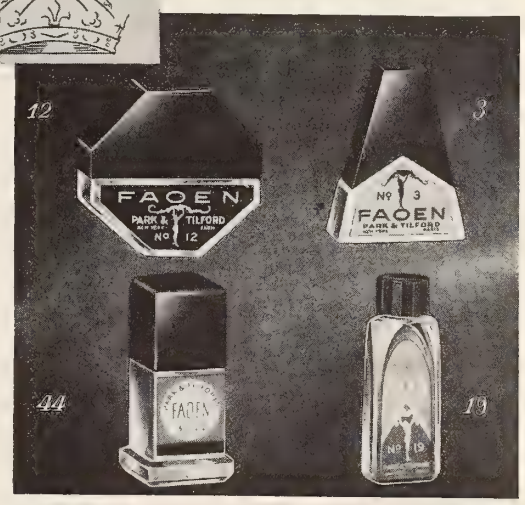
In a tuck away size ten cents (10c) as illustrated below at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

FAOEN No. 12 Floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet.

FAOEN No. 3 is exotic—a clinging, oriental fragrance.

FAOEN No. 44 Warm and Vibrant—our newest floral odeur.

FAOEN No. 19 Fresh yet elusive—excellent for evening.



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Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes



Gives you

MORE POLISH

for your Money

These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night — one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish —applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously— will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured at 25 cents by the country's finest department stores from Saks in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And at your ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

Write for sample

Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the six smart shades.

Moon Glow

Nail Polish

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. T35, Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

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City_____ State_____

I'll Quit Before I Fail

(*Continued from page 42*)

"My Lord, them's big words!"

"But why do you feel as you do about your picture acting?" I asked.

"I must believe in myself," she explained, "and I simply can't do it when I see myself on the screen. I like the work and I like going to the movies, but I don't like myself in them. This isn't any modesty on my part, it's just sincere distaste. I'm not humble and I believe I'm not a fool. But there is something about screen acting that makes it impossible for me to be myself. I can't understand it."

"Is it that you're not allowed to do things in your own way?"

"No, it that isn't it," she was quick to say. "It's nobody's fault but my own. I've been given every opportunity to be myself, but somehow I can't. I don't feel satisfied with myself on the screen any more."

IT is true of all of us that complete satisfaction with our work means the end of progress and the beginning of stagnation. There is no stagnation, you may be sure, in Helen Hayes. She is not merely a lucky star content to follow her luck. Nor is she one of those pictorial exhibitionists who have nothing more than meets the eye. She has built her enduring renown upon fine intelligence, emotional vitality and a thorough equipment in the requirements of acting.

"There are millions," I reminded her, "who will not agree with you in your screen estimate of yourself."

She said nothing to that, but after a moment's silence looked up and went on:

"Most of my stage career has been in comedy, and once you've mastered that the rest is child's play. Yes, I mean I'm essentially a comedienne. On the stage in 'What Every Woman Knows' I was a sharp actress, giving Maggie the edge that Barrie gave her. But when I saw myself at a screen preview playing the part I had played for sixty weeks on the stage I saw a soft actress with no bite. I couldn't stand looking at myself. Instead of the crisp, Scotch Maggie I once had been I was fuzzy and sentimental. Now, you should make an audience feel you are sentimental, but never let it see that you are. On the stage Maggie's brittle, incisive humor always won fond, happy laughter. But that movie audience didn't crack a smile. I was to blame, not the audience. So don't you see I'm right in feeling as I do about myself on the screen?"

Frankly, I didn't. Far be it from me to be a prophet crying in the Hollywood wilderness, but I'll bet that audiences everywhere will delight in the screen Maggie of Helen Hayes.

Whereupon Miss Hayes was minded to have her maid send downstairs for tea. Would I have some? Perhaps a highball? No? No, the natural alcohol in her talk was quite enough for me, thank you.

"I'm getting discouraged with my work on the screen," she resumed. "I'd really feel better to stay out of it. It's all just absolutely nil to me. The screen does something to me, takes something away from me, holds me back. Somehow I don't seem to come through. It's as though a mechanical barrier were raised against me, and I'm not strong enough to break through it. I just can't bear it any more."

"But surely," I argued, "you can't feel this about all your work?"

"I've never had the sense of successful accomplishment in any of my pictures," declared Miss Hayes, "only that of frustration. There were moments in 'Farewell to Arms' and 'Arrowsmith' when I liked the way I did things, but that was all. I've never felt the full, glorious sweep of complete accomplishment, never the satisfaction of knowing I'd carried off the whole thing victoriously."

Any other actress who had done even half what Helen Hayes has done in pictures would no doubt be so thoroughly satisfied with herself that there'd be no living with her (on the screen, of course) and it was this very fact that gave what she said far greater interest than usually is found in the contented utterances of film stars.

"It's just a sense of not getting what I was aiming at," she thoughtfully considered, "not hitting it. I've been able, as I've said, to like myself in brief, fleeting moments, just flashes, but nothing more. And it's a terrible way to go through life—always feeling unhappy."

AFTER all, what do movie stars, I wonder, get out of life? Money, yes. But there seems to be even more worry. If it isn't one thing it's another, a desperate clambering up the ladder of fame, then the fear of taking a header into oblivion. Not that Helen Hayes need bother her head as to where she stands nor her ability to stay there. Yet I knew that what she had just said about going through life unhappy came deep from her heart. But for the life of me I couldn't understand her saying it.

"You really don't feel you've made your last picture?"

"Well," she pondered, as a slice of lemon hung in the balance over her teacup, "I'm not sure I haven't."

"And that, after your tour, nothing can bring you back to Hollywood?"

"If anything can, and anything does," she granted with a smile, "it will be the elegant way of living I've got myself into here. You know, when I first came out I was quite simple in my tastes. Then, somehow, I found myself going in for a private chauffeur and a more or less private pool. I'll have to get along without these wild extravagances for a year, anyway. But shall I be able to change my expensive habits for life? And if I don't shall I have to act in pictures again? Heavens, you've got me asking myself questions!"

For answer, Miss Hayes kicked off a slipper. But by no stretch of the imagination could this seem preliminary to kicking over the Hollywood applecart.

Let's make a new SPREAD!

CANDLEWICK? Monogram? Taffeta? Applique? Chintz? Crochet? Here, in one set, are six diagram patterns with complete directions—each so attractive and easy to make that you won't want to stop until you have all six!



MONOGRAM A handsome daybed spread is made of monks cloth with monogrammed letters worked in silk or cotton to match the binding.

APPLIQUE. Alternating blocks of colored and white muslin make a smart background for a butterfly applique.

CHINTZ. This gay material will give extra color and warmth to a bedroom. You'll want it for variety!



CROCHET. A prized spread for any room—simple or elaborate. It's durable and washable, too.

CANDLEWICK. One of the newer, simpler designs worked in two harmonizing colors.



TAFFETA For more formal use, you must have this handsome spread with its durable row of cording.

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Have you joined the People's Academy? You can do so by sending in your votes on the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year. Read "You Tell Us" on page 46 of this issue for full details regarding the free trip which NEW MOVIE offers its readers.

She Came to Hoot But Stayed to Toot

By CARLISLE JONES

ALINE MacMAHON, whose attitude of world-wise resignation has been capitalized to good advantage in such screen plays as "Big Hearted Herbert," "While the Patient Slept," and "Babbitt," came to Hollywood to poke fun at the film capital from the stage in the leading feminine role of "Once in a Lifetime."

She has remained, if we discount three hurried trips to New York, to prove to her own satisfaction, at least, that Hollywood is not as foolish as it was painted.

Whatever dizzy pace Miss MacMahon has kept since that night more than three years ago when she first appeared before a Hollywood audience, in a play which made almost bitter fun of the vagaries of the hometown industry, has been largely her own fault.

She insisted upon returning to New York each time a new role in pictures was not immediately forthcoming. After Mervyn LeRoy had persuaded Miss MacMahon to stay over in Hollywood for her first picture, "Five-Star Final," in which she played the wise and weary secretary with pronounced success, she went at once to New York. Recalled for roles in "Heart of New York" and "The Mouthpiece," she caught the first train back to Broadway almost before the cameras were cool. But they persuaded her to come back again for other roles and with the screen version of "Once in a Lifetime" for Universal and "Silver Dollar," for Warner Brothers planned ahead, she took a house in Brentwood Heights and admitted frankly that she liked Hollywood and Hollywood's methods pretty well.

"The truth is," she says now, "I've never seen any evidence that 'Once in a Lifetime,' was a fair impression of the industry. Every picture I have been in has started on schedule and finished on time. All the promises which were made to me have been kept—faithfully kept."

This interesting young woman whose nationality is a grand mixture of Scotch-Irish-Russian-Jewish, says she got her first opportunity on the stage by pestering Edgar Selwyn, a family friend. She has played in musical comedy, repertoire and stock as well as in legitimate Broadway productions but until her venture to Hollywood with the play that made fun of the place, she had never appeared on a stage anywhere outside of Greater New York.

SHE has a glorious sense of humor, a way of "throwing her lines away" that endears her to all audiences and a determination not to become stereotyped as a character actress fitted for only one particular kind of role. She is married to a New York architect—and expects to take a long vacation abroad with him soon.

Actually she is a vibrant personality, not at all satiated either with Hollywood or the world in general, who wears picture hats, who neither cooks, nor drives a car nor keeps a pet, and who is frankly sorry if she once hurt Hollywood's feelings.

She came to hoot, she says, but she has stayed on to toot!



DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by
DR. HENRY KATZ

GENERAL moderation, rather than the avoidance of any one particularity of food, is the best way to keep the weight in check, but once having gained excessive pounds, it is often best to cut out high-calorie foods.

"I have always been conscious of my size, writes one of our readers, "by that I mean both my height and weight. Of course, nothing can be done about my height, but I would like advice about my weight. I am five feet six and a half inches tall, head 22½ inches, neck 13½, bust 36, upper arm 10, lower arm 9½, waist 28½, hips 36, thigh 22½, calf 13½, ankle 9. I have quite large bones. However, I know I would be much more attractive if I were slimmer. I believe I weigh 141 pounds. I want to weigh much less.

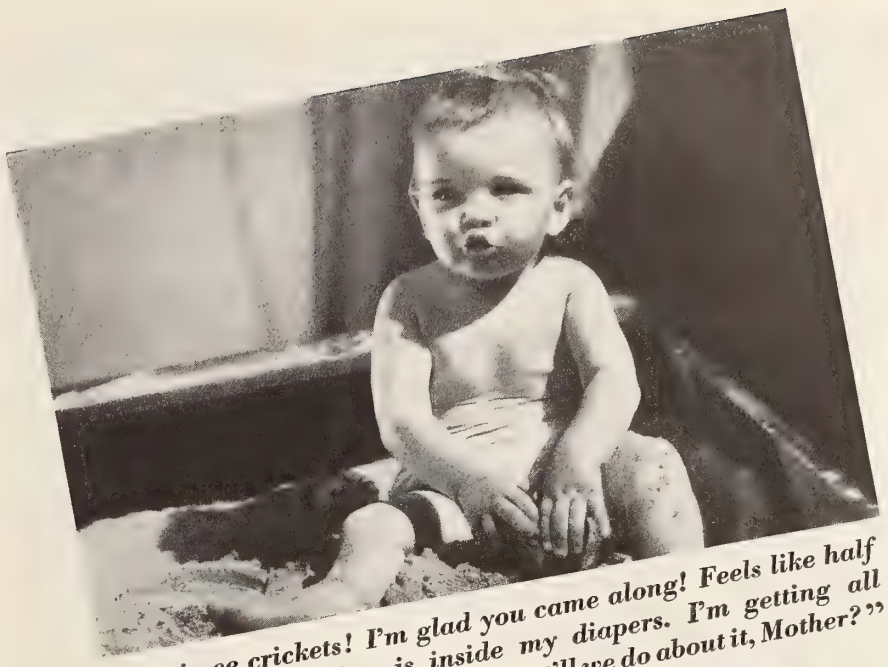
"I wish you would send some information telling my mother how she may lose weight, too. She is about five feet, seven inches tall and weighs about 190 pounds. She refuses to eat many of her meals because of her fear of gaining more pounds. I know that this is not good for her at all. She and I both have quite a bit of excess fat around our ribs and under our breasts."

You cannot reduce fat in one part of the body without reducing all over. For a young lady of your general measurements, your weight corresponds with the ideal weight.

You could reduce some by cutting down on butter and cream and by going without sugar in your coffee. You might reduce to 130 pounds without injury, but it does not seem necessary.

Your mother can reduce considerably and should do so, by avoiding all starchy foods, at least until she gets down to about 150 pounds. Then she should eat to maintain that weight. She should cut out butter, cream and sugar and all starchy foods. If she eats vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbage and spinach, her appetite will be satisfied.

This new department in NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is conducted by Dr. Henry Katz, experienced general practitioner and member of the staff of Fordham Pediatric Clinic, New York. If you would like expert advice about any questions of food or diet, send them to Mary Marshall, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dr. Katz will personally direct the answer to your problem unless it is one that calls for advice of your family physician. Questions and answers of special interest will be published—with senders' names omitted—in this department, except where special request is made not to have the answer used in this way. Letters should enclose stamp, or stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diapers. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"



"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder... here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"



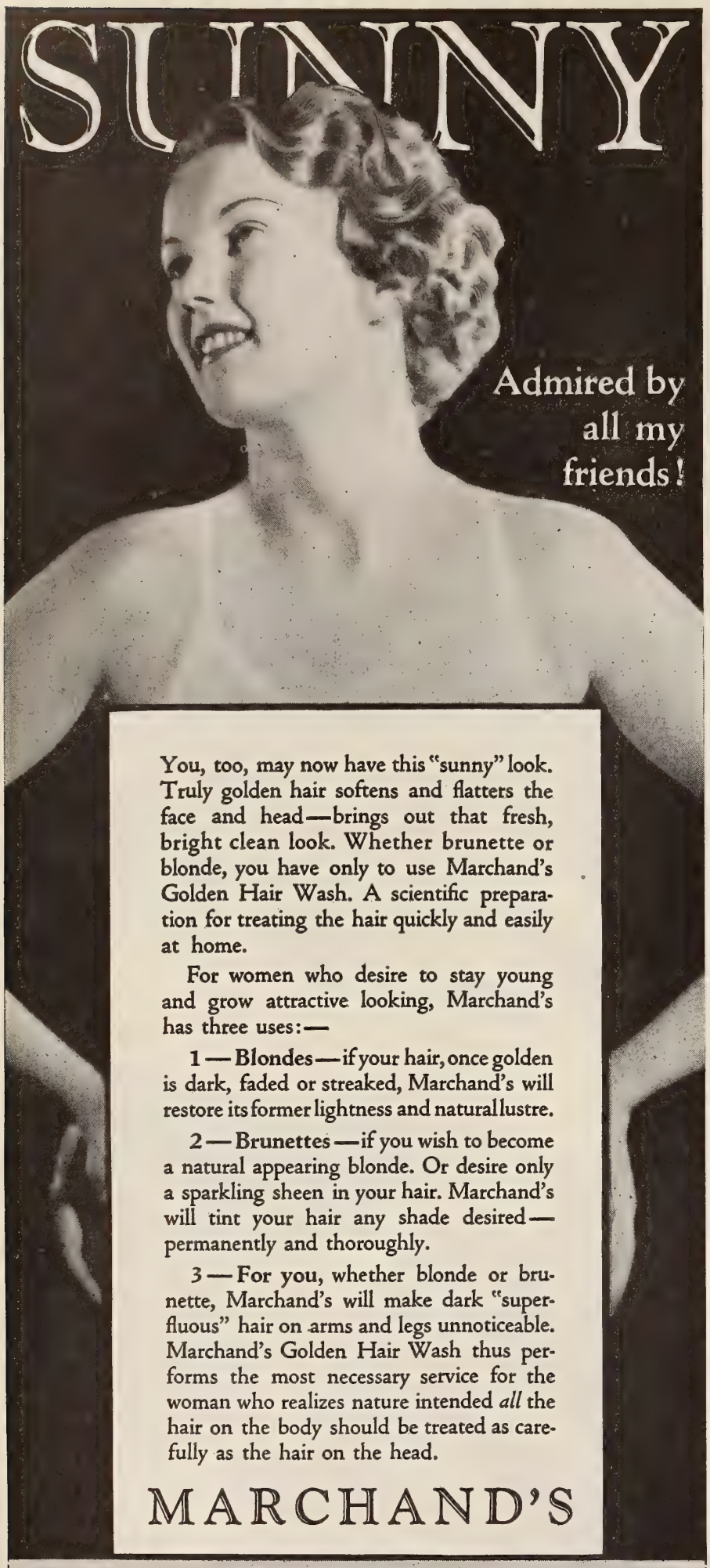
"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby on this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that makes babies happy! I'm made of Italian talc—try me between your thumb and finger...I 'slip' like satin. No gritty particles as in some powders. And no zinc stearate or orris-root...You'll like my pals, Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

SUNNY



You, too, may now have this "sunny" look. Truly golden hair softens and flatters the face and head—brings out that fresh, bright clean look. Whether brunette or blonde, you have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. A scientific preparation for treating the hair quickly and easily at home.

For women who desire to stay young and grow attractive looking, Marchand's has three uses:—

1—Blondes—if your hair, once golden is dark, faded or streaked, Marchand's will restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

2—Brunettes—if you wish to become a natural appearing blonde. Or desire only a sparkling sheen in your hair. Marchand's will tint your hair any shade desired—permanently and thoroughly.

3—For you, whether blonde or brunette, Marchand's will make dark "superfluous" hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash thus performs the most necessary service for the woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body should be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 251 West 19th St., NEW YORK CITY

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. TG334

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Frances Dee
Paramount

A NEW SERVICE FOR YOU

TOWER STAR FASHIONS

Bringing the glamour of Hollywood styles within the reach of readers of Tower Magazines

STARS light the way of modern fashions, and Hollywood rivals Paris as the source of inspiration in dress and beauty. The up-to-date American woman finds greater help in dress from the pictures of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and other outstanding motion picture stars and featured players than she does from the latest creations of Mainbocher, Schiaparelli and other important Paris dressmakers. In fact, a new film from Hollywood, showing lovely clothes convincingly worn, may do more to shape coming fashions than all the spring "openings" and "collections" in Paris put together.



Evelyn Venable
Paramount

How to present these modern Hollywood-inspired fashions so that they would be of the greatest help to the individual American woman?

That was the question.

"Tower Star Fashions" is our answer.



Adrienne Ames
Paramount

This new fashion service, offered by Tower Magazines, will offer clothes—dresses, wraps, hats and important accessories — designed and selected for the various types of American women—types found in your home town and ours, just as much as in the motion picture studios of Hollywood. These new styles will be pictured in the pages of forthcoming issues of this magazine, and to make them yours, in fact, as well as in imagination, these same Tower Style Fashions will be shown in leading department stores throughout the country, at prices you will not hesitate to pay.

Already over two hundred and fifty stores have arranged to display and sell Tower Star Fashions, and a complete list of these stores will be announced next month.

This new fashion presentation will be of enormous practical value to you and countless other alert American women. It will be of greater value to you than the usual sort of "Thou Shalt Wear" and "Thou Shalt Not Wear" fashion feature because it is based on the important fact that women are not all cast in the same mold, and that for each outstanding type there should be especially designed clothes and accessories to best bring out the charms of each one of these types. And this new Tower Star Fashion service will be of greater value to you than the usual "What-They-Wear-In-Hollywood" fashion service, because it will interpret Hollywood fashion trends in terms of clothes that you or any other well dressed woman can and would wear, and not specialized fashions designed only for the screen.



Marian Marsh
Columbia

Few women, we are convinced, would care to carry out a slavish imitation of any star's style of make-up, and dress. The young woman of Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford type does not delude herself into thinking that she is a perfect replica—but the alert young woman, eager to seek the best help available in enhancing her own charm, does realize the value of the Hollywood inspiration and experience. Instead of following any Hollywood fashion that strikes her as attractive, she seeks styles specially created for, and adapted to, charming stars and featured players of the same type.

Dressing to type, rather than following a single ideal of smartness, is the modern American method of enhancing personal charm, and Hollywood is the greatest source of this new interpretation. From Paris and other fashion centers of the world come new ideas of design, new uses of colors, and new manipulations of fabrics, but it is in Hollywood that these new styles are given the real test of suitability to type. Tower Star Fashions has been created to pass this priceless gift on to you.

TOWER STAR FASHIONS

Connolly the Courteous

(*Continued from page 21*)

Co-starring with Courteous Connolly in this new comedy by Sydney Howard is Ernest Truex. Another fine "trouper" who prefers footlights to sunlight. As I watched them rehearsing, I realized what a relief it must be to walk into a role and become part of it with only the soft-voiced suggestions of the author or director. No electricians yelling "Kill 'em!" or "Light 'em!" No sound technicians announcing "O.K." or "N.G." with the identical inflection, after you have given "your all" in a scene which may be the last one of the picture being shot on the first day of production or the first scene being made on the last day. It all depends on the schedule, and for five years now I've been marveling at actors playing death scenes in pictures before they had even started to live. In the theater you die six nights a week and two matinees. Each time there is a new audience for your last gasps. In pictures you just stay there dying and dying until the director, cameraman, sound technician, producer and several authors admit that you did a swell job of kicking off.

Mind you, I'm not speaking from personal experience. The nearest I ever came to dying for the cinema was when I saw myself on the screen for the first time. I'm admitting after a long stubbornness, born of California fever which made me resent any one saying that they could miss anything while in my adopted state, that I quite understood why both Mr. Connolly and Mr. Truex looked so pleased with life at that rehearsal. What they missed in films I had quite forgotten about as a comparative spectator.

Sitting in a ringside seat, watching the successes and failures of Hollywood, I have not missed an audience's applause, probably because I have taken no risk of not receiving it. Still preferring a good film to a play, I shall argue no longer when such artists as Helen Hayes, Maurice Chevalier, Walter Huston, Ramon Novarro, Mr. Connolly and others leave the flickers flat for a dash into direct contact with an audience. More power to them! It's a great thing to have two irons in the fire, no matter how hot the blaze of approval appears to be. Mr. Connolly will return to Hollywood and films. He likes both, but meanwhile he is enjoying big city life, staying up late, sleeping late and meeting a lot of his old friends who do not eat, sleep, talk and think pictures.

After rehearsal we went to his apartment, where Mrs. C. was hostessing a cocktail party. The place was packed with friends welcoming them home from exile. Ernest Truex and Kay Johnson were the only Hollywoodians that I saw, and they have both shaken the gold dust of California for the star dust of New York. It was a gay party, but what I miss most in New York is not being able to slip out quietly from a gaiety-charged room into the cool green of a patio.

As we were on the ninth floor, I did no slipping. I mingled and snooped. Found out that Mr. Connolly was in that certain war, and a Marine at that. Mrs. Connolly is a well-known actress, Nedda Harrigan. Her most satisfactory performance so far took place nine years ago when she shared honors and billing with her husband in producing their little daughter Anne. Learned that "The Captain Hates the Sea," which through a series of bad breaks took months to film and had the heads of Columbia tearing out what hairs their big brains still function under, was a good break for Connolly. The Captain may hate the sea, but he loves it. We've got a date to stalk a swordfish off Catalina next Summer if they ever let him out of the studio, once they get him back.

I've been admiring him in the theater for years, but was unaware that we shared a "Remember When" until he said, "That was a pretty good ball team you had back in 1912!" As I was figuring out that too much work is apt to tell on the mind, after all, he added, "But we trimmed them thoroughly."

NO, dear friends, we were not "a couple of other fellows." I was playing in "The Slim Princess" and the Elsie Janis Ball Team was made up of members of my company. Mr. Connolly was with Sothern and Marlowe. It all came back to me. I remembered how our team were bragging about what they were going to do to the Sothern and Marlowe bunch. That gang of long-haired legits was going to bite the dust of one of Chicago's better ball fields. They forgot that it was Shakespeare who said, "The play's the thing"! In that ball game they proved the Bard of Avon enthusiasts knew about "hits and runs" on the diamond as well as in the theater. Connolly claims that my gang ran into some pro-substitutes. Well, I wasn't playing and he was, so I couldn't argue.

I wouldn't argue with him anyway, because they tell me that during those many months at Columbia he won all his objectives, which causes me to admit I'm wrong again. He can't be anything like "just a nice plain sort of family man." He must be just a nice plain sort of Phenomenon!

Just Let Me Act

(*Continued from page 6*)

became panic-stricken and, crouching down, pulled my coat up over my face and head, refusing to get out. An official notified me it was a rule of the airport that all passengers leave a plane while it is being refueled. 'It's also a rule,' I reminded him, 'that an airport must first be cleared.' So I stayed where I was until he had cleared it. I'd had all the autograph fans I could stand."

From the memory of that sustained onslaught Miss Harding turned to the solace of a cigarette before indulgently resuming:

"The pity is that millions live vicariously, through the lives of others, in their adventures, emotions and imaginations. Not that we don't value intelligent appreciation, prize it dearly. When an actor gets a letter, as occasionally he does, offering helpful suggestions about his work, he is so grateful and so delighted that he will run all over the lot reading it to others. I know how much a letter means to me."

"To be true to yourself?"

"Yes, just that," agreed Miss Harding, "for it helps me to see the faults in my work and perhaps to correct them. But you cannot, and should not, of

(*Please turn to page 60*)

Your EYES CAN HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY AND APPEAL AS *these* . . .



The Approved Mascara

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.

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smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



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Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Hidden in the depths of *your* eyes is the same irresistible allure that makes *this* girl so stunning. Why let it lie there, dormant, useless? Bring it to life! Release it with Maybelline eye make-up.

Instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara. Now use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the size and brilliance of your eyes . . . then Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to smoothly form your brows. To care for your lashes and brows, use Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and there is the Special Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training lashes and brows.

Millions follow the Maybelline method to eye beauty. Your eyes, too, can be taunting, tempting, bewitching pools of loveliness . . . instantly. Purse sizes of Maybelline preparations are obtainable at all leading ten cent stores.

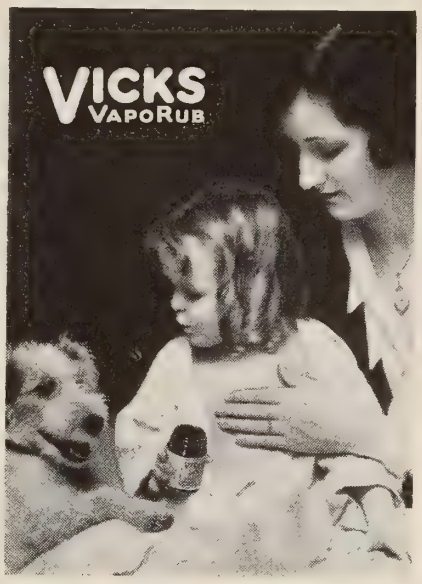
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Dangerous Days for KIDDIES' COLDS

TAKE CARE, mother! March is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don't worry—and don't experiment. Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub, the *proved, external* method. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No "dosing" to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this *double direct* attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.



For Greater Freedom from Colds

VapoRub's ideal companion is Vicks Va-tro-nol, the unique aid in *preventing* colds. (Va-tro-nol is especially designed for nose and upper throat, where most colds start.) These twin aids to *fewer* and *shorter* colds give you the basic medication of the famous Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds—The Plan has been clinically tested by practicing physicians, and further proved in everyday home use by millions.

Full details in each Vicks package

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL of COLDS



Three New OLIVE OIL CREAMS

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A *thorough, complete* facial treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores

If *your* 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Av., St. Louis



Any sewing machine, new or old, picks-up pep and quiets-down when you oil it with 3-in-One. In handy cans and bottles at all good stores.



Blended from 3 oils for better protection

CLEANS-LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST

Just Let Me Act

course, be just yourself in playing a character. There is an ecstasy about action in which you cease to be yourself, but the illusion cannot be sustained—the miracle of actually being someone else—in the making of a motion picture for the reason that its action is necessarily broken up. You can do it only in flashes, and as a rule these are not sufficient. do not come to you frequently enough, to constitute a great performance throughout. To be sure, there are exceptions. When you have been given the completed script beforehand and have had time to think out your part from beginning to end, you may achieve the maximum of characterization, but often you get a bit at a time, making it necessary to do it at a moment's notice.

"And all the time the camera is there waiting to catch your limitations. Somehow it knows, gets inside you, divulges your real self. The machine reads just what you are and puts you down in black and white. Acting for the camera is a series of frustrations—that is, for what I call acting. It relentlessly exposes all your weaknesses. This goes all down the line, even to limited vocal range, and the machine, perhaps more than the actor, has its limitations. For example, it can't take the edge of your anger—like this."

Her eyes blazing, she sprang to her feet like a loosed fury and burst into such a sudden, crashing thunder of rage that I almost jumped out of my chair, not to mention my skin.

"No, it can't be done," she calmly assured me, safely seated again. "You have to know how to imply anger."

That was all right with me.

"You can't take out of yourself all you have to give," Miss Harding now was saying, to my great relief. "It takes me two hours to become a human being after I get home from the studio. Screen acting requires far more technical knowledge than stage acting. Helen Hayes is the greatest actress on the screen or stage today, but she is bound to be greater on the stage because there she hasn't any of the restrictions of machinery. I'm using her as an example, though I think it's true of all of us."

There was a knock at the door. A prop boy came in with a plate of fruitcake, saying Miss Hayes had sent it over and that she had baked it herself. Fair enough, after the plum Ann had just handed Helen!

Eating didn't interfere with talking, so when I asked Miss Harding if she herself preferred the stage to the screen she said:

"No, I do not. This medium fascinates me. But I think its possibilities have not been touched yet. In it, you now have to serve an apprenticeship of drudgery, going through the mistakes others have made, before you can begin to correct any of your own. At last I'm approaching a goal I thought I might reach last year. But it's only now that I've reached a sufficient flowering of freedom to command some respect and get people to listen to me. For a long time I've been interested in creating a form that will work a change in the making of pictures. At any rate, I hope it will be a step in that direction. It has to do with three-dimensional photography and a brand new type of color picture."

"Then you're through with the stage?"

"I don't like the bright lights and I wouldn't go back to the commercial theater," she declared. "So far as the New York stage is concerned, it has come to mean nothing but dollars to me. I don't owe any allegiance to it. But I do owe everything to the little theater, and I want to go back to the Hedgerow Theater, just outside Philadelphia, whenever I can get time off, doing a play when I'm not busy doing a picture. I was so ill in the New York theater I doubt if I could carry through the long run of a play even if I wanted to, and I don't. I had to give up playing in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" the second year of its run. The only place where I was completely happy was the little theater, just as the only reason for putting on a play is because you love it. I don't want wealth, but security."

"Is that all," I was incredulous enough to ask, "that most women want?"

"I don't know," she admitted with a sly smile, "but there's not a woman in the world who doesn't want security."

Any time you think you can catch Ann Harding, you can't. And what she had said was true enough. But could she be true to herself playing a woman like Vergie Winters, who gives up not only wealth but her own child?

"Why not?" she straightway demanded. "I loved Vergie. She broke my heart. What she did was done for her child's sake, to give it everything possible, to place it on its father's social scale, not keep it on her own. She herself didn't suffer at all, for she had just what she wanted—the man she loved. Most women have a very possessive love, squeezing dry what they have. But Vergie wanted to give, not receive. There's the kind of woman who is the mother of men, not merely the mother of a child. Vergie gave her man everything, not only her life and then her child, but his career and whatever happiness he had known. Playing her I felt, for once at least, that I could be true to myself, for Vergie is the most beautiful character I've ever played in pictures."

Feeling that so fine and serious an actress must have chosen acting from a serious motive, I was astonished when she gaily exclaimed:

"I did it for a lark! After leaving the army post where I lived with my father, because I saw nothing ahead of me but marrying a second lieutenant, I went to New York and got a job as reader with a motion picture company. Then I wanted a change from office, subway and boarding house, felt the need of kicking over the traces and doing something wild and woolly and full of fleas, so I went down to Greenwich Village and carried a spear at the Provincetown Theater. I didn't think it would last more than two weeks but—well, here I am!"

"How long have you been in pictures?"

"Five years."

"And how long do you plan to stay in them?"

"As long as this face lasts," she laughingly replied, giving it a playful punch.

Your hands express your personality. If you want to know what yours indicate, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Beauty Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for circular HANDS AND PERSONALITY

Bette Davis from New England

(*Continued from page 44*)

of the night, there they were,—the pink and luminous elephants. And though he knew there wasn't any reason to be seeing them—there they were. He decided to ignore them. They simply *couldn't* exist. And in ignoring them, he spoiled a great joke. Next morning, he sauntered up to Bette and said, "Listen, Davis, wait till I've earned the nocturnal D. T.'s" . . . and Bette, properly crushed but still inventive, pulled out the little orchestra.

Bette and Ham share those domestic kicks under the table that are a true barometer of a companionable and intimate coupling of thoughts. They scold and laugh and weep together . . . if they feel so inclined, and Ham and Bette are like,—well, like ham and eggs,—they somehow just seem to "fit in" together. A lifted eye-brow tells an untold tale—a wide grin holds a joke unshared with any living creature, a sudden cough means, in their secret parlance, "thumbs down." Ham's name is really Nelson and Nelson was, so history has it, the one-armed hero of Trafalgar. Our Nelson may have both his arms, but he is, none the less, the Iron Man of his household. When he says "yes," it's yes. When he says "No,"—well, that often depends on Bette!

Bette is the world's most devoted big sister. Her truly beautiful young sister, Bobbe, has been seriously ill for the past year and Bette has cared for her most tenderly. Bobbe, better now, bless her independent heart, in an attempt to "make up" to Bette for all she's done, has sent her several interesting maps of Hollywood and its environs, sewed in colored threads on a sail-cloth background. She has started a veritable fad in this old town. If Bobbe cared to, she could make a pleasant living with her maps. They'll be worth a lot some day,—more, I think, than the samplers our grandmothers used to make as girls, because they are so infinitely more amusing. Bobbie, in her own way, is as talented as Bette. A little less sure of herself from a commercial standpoint, but I still feel that she'll accomplish a great deal one of these days. And, as for Ruthie—mother of all swell mothers—she'll doubtless have the job of seeing both of her girls riding the crest of the wave, because she has "builded well." Ruthie is a non-possessive mother. As a matter of fact, she doesn't intrude her maternity on her daughters at all. She's far more like a grown sister who cheers the younger ones on to fulfillment, with the dreams of her own aspirations still lingering in her eyes. She's the best friend in the world to have and the most implacable enemy. The whole family, Bette and Ham and Bobbe and Ruthie, seem to have a soldier's agreement to stand shoulder to shoulder, come fire, flood or famine!

Bette is no angel of heavenly disposition. She has a flaring temper and often quick petulance that blossoms, nine times out of ten, into those famous roars of laughter that are noisy enough to wake the dead. She can't manage to stay mad a moment, once you've been able to conjure up those shouts of whole-souled laughter. She's no lady of exotic subtleties, she's herself—laugh and all. She fights anyone's and everyone's battles. She gets sputteringly indignant at injustice and will take on an army in hand-to-hand combat.

Bette has a good deal of vision and courage. She can stand afar off and take stock of herself and when she thinks she needs a good "redding up" Bette can get to work on Bette as though she were someone else entirely. She plans the changes she has made in herself, entirely without suggestions from anyone, but she refuses to experiment. She's sure of the effect she wants to achieve before she starts. But, and this is a most important but, she's never satisfied with her work. She feels if she had *Mildred,* the little cockney waitress in "Bondage," to do over again, there are a hundred and one improvements she could make in her characterization. She thinks she did as well as she could have at the time, but knows that now she could do a better job. That's why Bette will continue to grow artistically—she's eager to learn, willing to work, and never, never satisfied.

She is often, and easily, misquoted, because she thinks so rapidly that, by the time you've caught up with her, your mental notes are sadly garbled. She is so out-and-out frank that she often gives people the wrong impression. Only her friends are capable of judging her. They alone can know and appreciate Bette.

One of the first parts Bette ever played was with my husband, Wallace Ford, in a special engagement of "Broadway," in Rochester, N. Y. As I recall, she hopped into the part of Pearl when the tempestuous lass then playing it suffered a semi-sprained ankle just before the second-act curtain. Bette the Brave, the light of battles shining in her eyes, did as neat a show-saving job as I ever hope to see. She played it so well that when the pseudo-sprained ankle miraculously healed after the matinee, Bette stayed on in the part. Before this Bette trained as a classical dancer, no less! From then on, she left terpsichore to struggle on without her, and turned to the sister art.

BETTE reads all her own fan-mail and answers the greater part of it herself. It's a goodly task, I might add, because I've helped her with it. She saves and re-reads letters of honest and constructive criticism. She's artistically ambitious to a startling degree. If ever a girl loved and respected her work, that girl is Bette Davis. That's the reason for her occasional tiffs with her studio. She feels that once she'd made a definite step ahead, she should be permitted to retain the ground she's won, and not be forced to slide back into stereotyped roles. She's not afraid of hard work, but she is afraid of bad parts.

To change the subject abruptly, Bette and I waited on table at the Assistance League two weeks ago. When you wait on table at the League, you're a Junior Leaguer, a sub-deb or a Somewhat Important Person. We waited on table—I, being none of the above—I'm used to it. But Bette to all intents and purposes a veritable beginner was fully expected to cave in under the strain. But she took to it like the proverbial duck to water. Everyone waited on, and in, the side-lines did a thorough-going gasping job, but Bette didn't let them flounder in admiration long. "For one solid mortal year," she stated flatly, "I waited table to earn my way through school, and I was a he—ck of a good waitress. I ought to be good. . . !"

And there is Bette Davis . . . my friend and your particular joy in life . . . and the best and smartest blonde in all the world, synthetic or otherwise!

Women ARE NATURALLY CAUTIOUS

(GOOD FOR THEM THAT THEY ARE)

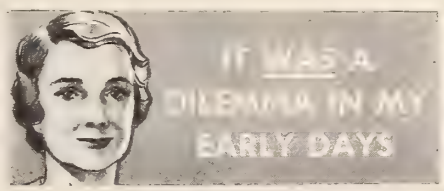
CAUTION is strong in woman. It has grown strong through her instinct to protect her home. In most households, she willingly takes upon herself the final responsibility for the well-being of the family. She is adept in stripping facts from fancies. Weighing values. Making right decisions.

Why, then, are women in so confused a state about a matter of such importance as their own personal, intimate hygiene? If you know the history of feminine hygiene, you can readily understand. Older women keep talking to the younger about feminine hygiene as it used to be practiced—before the days of *Zonite.*



Only a few short years ago, grave discussions were usual between doctor and patient about the *proper antiseptic* for feminine hygiene. The only antiseptics you could *then* buy, which were strong enough for the purpose, were caustic and downright poisonous. Much as the doctor sympathized with the woman's desire for surgical cleanliness, he could not and he would not advise her to use those poisons on sensitive tissues.

But Zonite is not poisonous. Zonite is not caustic. No danger of scar-tissue from Zonite. No membranes desensitized. This remarkable modern antiseptic-germicide is positively gentle in action—and *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.*



Women no longer need make the choice between poisonous antiseptics or nothing at all for feminine hygiene. They can all get Zonite now—Zonite, the only non-poisonous antiseptic comparable in strength to the caustic poisons.

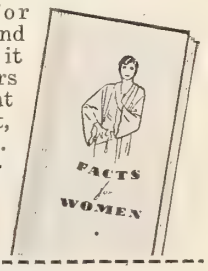
Zonite is famous all over this country as the *powerful* non-poisonous antiseptic. You can get it at your own drug store, even if you live in the smallest village. It comes in bottles: 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.



Ask your druggist, too, about *Zonite Suppositories.* They have the same antiseptic principle as liquid Zonite in a semi-solid form. Each pure, white and *greaseless* Suppository is sealed in its own glass vial. In boxes of a dozen: $1.00. Some women use both forms.



Why don't you send right away, today, for the booklet *"Facts for Women"?* Just mail the coupon below. Women say that "Facts for Women" is so clear and straightforward that it puts certain matters before them in a light that is new, different, and most helpful. Don't wait. Mail coupon now. Every married woman should read this book.



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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name .....
(Please print name)

Address .....

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(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Gay **TABLE** *Dishes . . . yet*



you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece...the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handled French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates...is built to stand oven heat. Their pretty ivory color and green floral design stay bright and fresh, too. They don't "craze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.

Guaranteed To Withstand Changes of Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE- AND TEN-CENT STORES

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 46)

Blues Chaser

I have just seen a picture that will live in my memory forever. It is "Imitation of Life." Claudette Colbert is grand. She is the best and most talented actress on the screen today. The role she played in "Imitation of Life" is just what she does best. Let's have more pictures like this one and let's see more of Claudette Colbert. She is a sure cure for your blues.—Mrs. Virginia Gerbig, 39 W. McMillan, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Watch for her in "The Gilded Lily."*

Thanks to Color

May I express my children's appreciation (as well as my own) for that colorful fantasy bit in "Kid Millions." It is a delight unparalleled in the recent movie panorama.

"La Cucaracha" and the ending of "The Cat and the Fiddle" also add strength to the almost forgotten fact that color is an unlimited asset to the movies. How well I recall the richness of Douglas Fairbanks' colorful "Thief of Bagdad" many years ago.—Mrs. C. Paley, 112 Monroe Street, New York, N. Y. *It is rumored that all pictures will be produced in color soon, Mrs. Paley.*

The New New Movie

I have just purchased your January NEW MOVIE and I want to congratulate you on its size and contents. The size is wonderful. You must keep it up. First, it is good looking. Second, it is different. Third, it is much easier to read. Fourth, it outshines every other movie magazine in looks and information. It is an extremely unique and attention-attracting idea. Another thing—you feel as if you were getting so much for your money (and so you are). I congratulate you. —Jean Rearick, Middlesex Road, Newton Heights, Conn. *Thank you, Jean.*

Complaint

Scanning the "You Tell Us" column of NEW MOVIE from July to December I was perplexed not to find mention of Robert Donat. I considered it an injustice for I thought many observing persons would sing "cum laude." So to appease myself I will say I truly think his "Count of Monte Cristo," is a superlative picture. The story by Dumas is full of marvelous adventure and excitement; and the acting is done in such pure sincerity by Mr. Donat, that it adds greater zest to the story.

Honors go also to Elissa Landi, who in her own inimitable way is lovely.

Hail and crown with laurels, these two people; who bring themselves to offer their best on the screen.—L. M. Volage, 100 Bruen Street, Newark, N. J. *We ran a good story on him in the August issue!*

Charm Personified

After seeing Irene Dunne in "Age of Innocence" I came away feeling about this unusually capable and lovely actress just as I always do when I am fortunate enough to see one of her pictures. I feel that the simple five-letter word, *"c-h-a-r-m"* is hers to a greater degree than any other actress I can think of; indeed, if a young person asked me just what *charm* means, I'd advise her to see Irene Dunne and learn all about a quality more important to the fair sex than mere beauty. There are, I'll admit, several movie stars who are more glamorously beautiful to look upon than is Irene Dunne—but she is more than lovely of face because her good looks plus charm spell much more than skin-deep beauty to—Mrs. Robert Stone, Jr., 67 35th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *And Irene's no ugly duckling either, Mrs. Stone.*

Serve Something New *for breakfast!*

Apple Corn Bread will score a big hit with your family



Apple Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal	2 beaten eggs
2 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons salt	1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups milk	1 cup chopped raw apple
2 tablespoons shortening	

Put corn meal, sugar, salt, milk and shortening in the top of a double boiler and cook for 10 minutes over boiling water. Cool, add soda dissolved in water and the eggs, well beaten. Then stir in the apples. Pour into a shallow, greased pan. Put in a moderate oven (350°F.) and bake until it begins to brown, about 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Serve Apple Corn Bread with broiled bananas and bacon . . . and listen to the praise! You will get dozens of equally good recipes in the interesting food pamphlet "Better Breakfasts": Pineapple Pancakes or Waffles, Prune Break, Omelets, special ways with Cereals, Bacon and Tomato Toast . . . simple menus and hearty menus.

48 delicious recipes and 15 breakfast menus for 10c! Address your request for "Better Breakfasts" to

Rita Calhoun
Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

No Changes Wanted

After seeing "The Count of Monte Cristo" the old question popped into my mind. Why do the Hollywood producers always change their stories? If they must, they should do it to the poplar fiction, but leave great classics stand untouched. It is the story that made them classics, and besides, when they are changed, it is always for the worse.

However, I enjoyed the picture very much, and thought the acting and directing was done to perfection.—Mrs. Charles Ross, 500 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y. *It is hard to confine the action of a long story into a few short reels, Mrs. Ross. The best writing and directing talent that can be procured are engaged for this work. And it is generally good, don't you think?*

And a Suggestion

Just received a copy of the January number and I see NEW MOVIE has grown in size. Please let me congratulate you. The new make-up certainly is in line with your efforts to continue to make NEW MOVIE a better magazine.

You ask for constructive criticism, so I will offer a suggestion that may make the magazine even more helpful to us movie fans. I would like to see you create a "Near Great" column and under that heading carry photographs and write-ups of those actors and actresses we see very often but seldom read about.

I hope you can bring this about as there are so many such actors I would like to read about; the butlers, who are they? I am sure some of these characters are old stage actors and actresses who have a very interesting story of their trouping days, which would probably be even more interesting reading than the present every-day life of some of the so called stars.

So I leave this suggestion with you hoping that it will be in line with similar requests from your readers, knowing that if enough letters are received on any idea, you might endeavor to incorporate the suggestions so that your magazine will continue to be the best of its kind on the stands.—Alfred A. Simon, 3419 Giles Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. *That's good criticism, Alfred.*

Movie Mistake

I suppose it takes a super-crab to find a fault in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." I had to look close but I did spy this: In one of the scenes about the sofa, Flush was lying with head on Ba's lap, the picture of amiable doggishness. A split second later he was sitting rigidly upright behind his mistress, staring solemnly in an opposite direction. This is an instance of that occasional jarring note in a picture when apparently a re-take has been substituted for some fragment of the original filming.—Mrs. Florence D. McKinlay, 9709 47th Avenue, S. W. Seattle, Washington. *But wasn't it a swell picture anyway?*

Too Many "Sobbies"?

I'm aware that pictures run in cycles but can't something be done about it?

Because we loved "Little Women" the producers give us one "heart throb" after another—for example—"Girl of the Limberlost" played here recently and directly across the street was "Anne of Green Gables." Suppose some one will ask "why does she go to see them—

You Tell Us

it's not compulsory." And here's my answer. We've only five theaters here, three of them are "first run" only —so I've not much choice—I average five shows a week.

"Variety is the spice of life" you know—and we don't want to weep all the time.—Mrs. Bessie Toles, 514 N. Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. *The movie kings try to give you what you want, Mrs. Toles.*

Maybe—Not So Dumb?

Why does Hepburn act so silly? She claims she wants her private life and actions kept from the public. In order to avoid photographers and interviewers she does unladylike and childish things, which bring her more publicity than if she acted like a lady. This sitting down on curbs and streets to read her fan mail, and wearing disreputable overalls, climbing over seats, and crawling under edges of the tents! You can't tell me that didn't draw attention, but she goes right on "trying to make herself obscure."—Jeanette Andersen, 1915 Hammond Avenue, Superior, Wisconsin. *But again, maybe she is sincere, Jeanette.*

A New Friend

While looking through some papers and magazines a good friend of mine sent me, was indeed lucky to find a NEW MOVIE among them.

Until then, I was unaware that such an ideal and up-to-date magazine existed. It's great fun in reading every page of it. In fact I read it over twice. From now on I'm a NEW MOVIE fan.

Now for some stars and good pictures. Some of you kind readers will agree with me, I'm sure.

So let's please have some more Harlow, Gaynor, and Farrell pictures.

Hats off to these fine stars of Hollywood and filmdom!

We need stars like these for good and better pictures.

Here's to them and here's also to NEW MOVIE.—Mrs. Alphonse R. Harles, R. No. 2, Fergus Falls, Minn. *Thanks, Mrs. Harles, we hope to be able to please you always.*

A Challenge to You All

Perhaps I'm being too frank but I must have my "say" particularly about these same old worn out stars. They have had their day; why not give up as they should to those much more worthy?

I'm so disgusted with the ridiculously affected Bennett, Shearer, Crawford, Davies, Garbo and innumerable others just as obnoxious not forgetting Novarro, Colman and others of the same class.

I don't mean "new faces" merely but a place for real genius, glamorous and alluring personalities, perhaps only one or maybe three or four.—Mrs. Dorothy Johnson, 851 N. State Street. Chicago, Ill. *You've a right to your opinion, Mrs. Johnson, but wait till you see what others say when they read this.*

Phooey on Us!

I've read your unique column in NEW MOVIE regularly, and now—alas! —Henry Willson, you've insulted me. In the December issue, you let some of the Hollywood young people edit your column, but nary a word was said about editing it to suit the fans, or asking them to help you! Whom do you write for, huh?

For several years I've carried a choice bunch of chips on both shoulders, because these darn editors won't run their magazines to suit me. They West me, Garbo me, and Crawford me until I have bad dreams about *glamour* every night.

The reason I like your column is because it tells about the Hollywood youngsters who haven't already had their five pasts retold in seven languages. Shakespeare and Willson never repeat.

But listen! If you love your dear public, please carry your good work still farther. Tell us about the almost-unknown beginners. Tell us about how they are fighting for notice, and what bits we may see them play. Tell us who they are, where they come from.

I'm always picking out bit players I like, but I can't find out who they are, nor where to reach them. Magazines won't publish the letters I write about them though they publish any drivel I may care to write about the big-name stars. It seems to be a conspiracy.

Has no one discovered any Wampas stars in Hollywood except Jacqueline Wells? I'll admit she's plenty beautiful, but there are others. Ann Hovey looked mighty sweet to me, even in the brief flash in "Kiss and Make Up." Gigi Parish is delightful.

Why don't you give us and them a break by dashing out to interview them? Doubless you, who are on the inside, could discover others whose names and addresses have been carefully obscured from the public.

Please don't be among those "snifty" screen writers. Give at least one article to promising unknowns, and near-unknowns.—Mrs. R. L. Price, Midlothian, Ill. *Whoo!—Are we mortified? But here's your letter, which is something.*

This is the Place

Give the American public a chance to speak for itself.

Good pictures are being ruined between the present movie clean-up drive and the censors.

No one goes to a movie unless he wants to.

We went to see them before this present movie clean-up drive started and liked them!

Let us pick what we want instead of what a few people, who are still back in the 18th century think we should have. E. E. Perry, 57 Buell Street, Burlington, Vt. *In this department we give each and every one of you a chance to make your preferences known. And don't forget, the producers read this column carefully each month just to find what you are thinking.*

Fed Up—But Not with Bela

After having recently seen Bela Lugosi give a very fine performance in "The Black Cat" I wonder why it is that we are not allowed more opportunities of seeing this actor. Why is it that the studios give one star too many pictures until the movie-going public gets fed-up with seeing him or her, and allow another actor who could be just as successful, if not better, to fade away into obscurity by giving them nothing but a mediocre role now and then. Don't the studios believe that variety is the spice of life?

I believe that many other people besides myself would enjoy seeing more of Bela Lugosi. He is the type of actor who helps to make just an ordinary picture good because of his presence in it, and a good picture excellent. —Adriana Leynaar, 6210 Patterson Avenue. Chicago, Ill. *Watch for him next in "The Return of the Terror."*



keep your complexion MIRROR FRESH

THE first time you make up for the evening, your face is clean and sweet. Your skin looks its loveliest. Wouldn't you like it to stay that way—without repowdering?

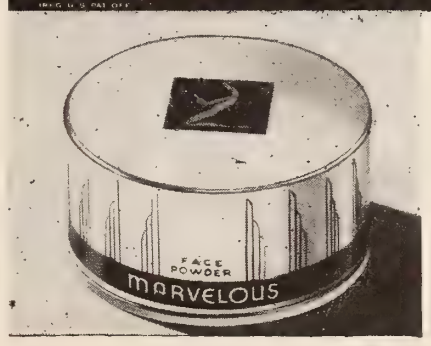
It will—if you use *Marvelous* Face Powder. For Marvelous keeps your complexion MIRROR FRESH all evening long—as smooth and soft as when you left your mirror.

Why? Because Marvelous contains an ingredient that makes it cling longer than any powder you ever tried.

Try it yourself! We'll send you four generous sample boxes in four different shades. They cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing).

Or don't wait. Stop in at your nearest drug or department store. The name is *Marvelous*. The maker is Richard Hudnut. And the price will surprise you—just 55¢ for the full-size box!

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢



Mail this! *FREE*—Marvelous Make-up Guide—and FOUR generous trial *boxes* of four popular shades of Marvelous Face Powder. Mail coupon now!

H-5

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City. I want to try Marvelous. Send me the four trial boxes and Make-Up Guide. Here's 6¢ for packing and postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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Pimples?

HERE'S DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Doctor's tests show you can clear up blemishes in as little as three days. Here's all you do:

Use Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, three times a day. You feel Ambrosia tingle. You know it is cleansing as nothing has done before. A famous skin specialist who made 789 tests of the use of Ambrosia reported:

"Ambrosia cleanses thoroughly and deeply. Is antiseptic, healing and tonic. Prevents the formation of blackheads and blemishes."

If your skin is oily or sallow, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. Particles in this cream are 11 times finer than particles in milk. Thus it penetrates, replenishes oil, ends dryness, smooths lines.

All Ambrosia preparations are 75¢ each at drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBROSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 40, 70 5th Ave., New York

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs get serious. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole stimulates, warms and penetrates to the very seat of the trouble. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists.

RADIO: *"Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.*

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MILD

NRA CODE

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 33*)

"You bet!" Scotty hugged her. "You do that for me and then we play Eskimo!"

After the take, Baby Jane ran to her adored director held up her little face and the two of them rubbed noses like everything! Really, a very touching little scene!

Doris Anderson wrote the story of political intrigue, in which gubernatorial candidates are the helpless victims of Baby Jane's inexplicable impulse to call every man "Daddy!"

When she pulls the "Daddy" business on Roger Pryor's political opponent, Roger makes the most of the situation, plugging the idea that the man's morals are not up to snuff. But, just as it begins to look as though the election were in the bag, little Janie turns around and adopts Roger!

Mary Astor takes care of the love interest in her usual capable manner, while Andy Devine grabs off comedy honors.

And, if that cunning baby doesn't give Shirley Temple a run for her money, we'll push a peanut up the Boulevard with our nose!

RHUMBA
•
PARAMOUNT

Carole Lombard and George Raft might be called runner-uppers for the season's dancing honors. At any rate, the way these two tackle the tricky routine of the popular rhumba is what Aunt Effie would call "a caution!"

On the set, Carole and Raft were taking instructions from a pair of bona-fide Cubans, especially imported by Paramount to execute the complicated terpsichore as it should be executed.

The youthful Cubans are brother and sister, and not more than 17 and 13 years old, respectively. But, boy! do they know their gyrations!

As the two of them worked themselves into a frenzy of acrobatics, Miss Lombard suddenly let out a shriek of merriment.

"Imagine me . . . doing that?" she howled. But you needn't try to imagine it. You'll see the graceful lady really doing it. And a neat job, too. In fact, Carole worked so hard at the strenuous job that, at the end of the first day, a chiropodist had to be called in to do his stuff before the lady could navigate the distance from set to dressing-room!

The story, by Guy Endore, tells of a beautiful society girl who falls, hook, line and sinker, for a handsome dancing man, in a Havana night spot. The h.d.m. is, of course, Mr. Raft. He loves her, too, even enough to teach her the rhumba. But, when he sees that her family is about to disinherit her for associating with a "common entertainer," he does the right thing and breaks up the romance.

To forget, George keeps a date with J. Barleycorn, snapping out of his progressive "stew" only when he learns that Carole has broken her engagement to the man of her family's choice.

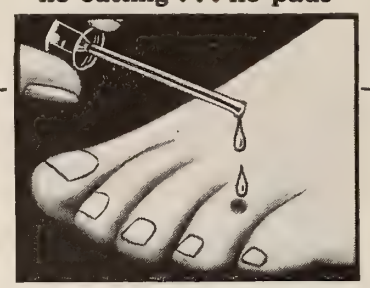
Dashing to New York, Raft finds a dancing engagement ready for him to sign, in which he will have a gala premiere at the Frolics.

The night of the opening, Margo, his partner, gets cold feet. And anybody knows that you can't do the rhumba with cold feet. So, Carole steps into the breach, the two of them put on a dance that fairly tears the house down, and . . . the rest we can leave to your imagination.

Marion Gering directs.

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

the CHORE GIRL

PURE KNITTED COPPER

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS

No more dishwashy hands!

~ ~ *Patented parallel outer layers provide—*

"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

Beautifies!



A skin of luxurious softness . . . a complexion of fascinating charm . . . No "rubbing off" or streaking . . . This refined, ivory-toned beauty will command admiration.

ORIENTAL CREAM

Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan



"Let them know I have GRAY HAIR?

I should say NOT"

Why give anybody a chance to think you are older than you are? It's easy to bring warm, even color to gray streaks. Comb clear, water-white liquid through hair and lustrous color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde . . . Dainty to use. Hair stays soft—takes wave or curl. Washes without fading. Entirely SAFE. Millions know Mary T. Goldman's. Ask for it by name at your drug or department store.

Test it FREE ~ Send for Free Test Outfit. Try on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

973 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Color of your hair? .....

TOWN TALK
•
M-G-M

Well, just to be different, Connie Bennett, wealthy socialite, gets herself a job as reporter on a New York paper. And, because she can't take it, the managing editor, Clark Gable, fires her the very first day.

But, when Clark sees his one-day employe trailing around with Harvey Stevens, society playboy, who is rumored to be the third angle in a society divorce, he figures it might be smart to recall Connie and give her a chance at breaking the nifty scandal.

La Bennett resents the implication that she would be so low as to squeal on her brothers and sisters in crime, and, to put Clark in his place, goes with Stevens to his boat-house.

Stevens' girl friend, the prospective divorcée, tags along, and, when Harvey gives her a push to discourage her, cracks her foolish head against the boat-house.

Scared to death, Stevens hustles Connie back to town, disposes of the body and figures he's all set, until Gable pulls a fast one, shows the boy up and cuts for home, with the acquiescent Connie tucked under his strong right arm.

With Stu Erwin, Henry Armetta, Katherine Alexander and Billie Burke in the cast, it is a good show.

With the capable direction of Bob Leonard, we might name this as one of the Ten Best Bets of the month.

MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
•
UNIVERSAL

Since his undeniable success in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," Claude Rains seems to have "typed" himself as a dispenser of horror. But, as Mary Livingstone says, somebody's got to do it; and what better foil for the Charles Dickens type of creepy mystery than Mr. Rains?

Here is a tale of a Jekyll-and-Hyde choirmaster, who, after cathedral hours, turns fiend because of his love for the girl who is engaged to his nephew.

It so happens that, while the two youngsters (David Manners and Heather Angel) have a deep affection for each other, she is in love with Douglass Montgomery, while Manners loves Doug's sister, Valerie Hobson.

In the cathedral garden, Heather and David confess their true feelings and, in relief that the plans for their ill-matched marriage need not be carried out, they impulsively rush into each other's arms for the first really heart-felt kiss that they have ever exchanged.

Unfortunately, Rains walks on the scene just in time to see the embrace. And, next day, Drood is among the missing.

And, right here, Universal says: "What happened to Drood will not be revealed until the picture is completed and on the screen. Whether he ran away, was murdered or kidnaped, or who might have had anything to do with his disappearance, is the mystery that Dickens left unsolved when he died. . . ."

A solution has been worked out for the picture, but Director Stuart Walker, whom we pinned to the wall, won't tell! So until "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" hits the screen, that's all it can be to you . . . and you . . . and me. Just a mystery.

MISSISSIPPI
•
PARAMOUNT

There was a poker game aboard the show boat, with the hilarious W. C. Fields on the business end of a "cold" deck.

"I'll bet a stack," says the southern gentleman at Fields' left.

On-the-Set Reviews

"I'll stay," says the next chap, pushing in a stack.

"Me, too." The third man adds his chips to the pile on the table.

"Hm-mm-mm"—that's W. C. "Sorry, boys—I'll have to bump that one stack."

And so it goes around. With four aces in his hand, Fields draws one card. It's another ace! What to do about it?

Pointing up the hatch, he yells: "Hey! What's you tryin' to do up there? Kill each other?" And, when the other players turn to see what's going on, he flips his extra ace over his shoulder and grabs another card from the deck. But, alas! that, too, is an ace. And so it goes, with more chuckles per minute than you can easily handle.

Even Eddie Sutherland, the director, gave up trying to control his chuckles, as Fields ad libbed and kept the entire crew in bursts of smothered merriment.

It's Booth Tarkington's story of an old-fashioned show boat working its way along the Mississippi and playing one-night stands at every stop.

Fields is the captain, and, at one of their stops, the entire company is invited to entertain at the engagement party of Bing Crosby and Gail Patrick.

During the course of the evening one of the guests gets excited and challenges Bing to a duel. When Bing declines the honor, Gail orders him out of the house, calling him a coward and other uncomplimentary names.

Joan Bennett, Gail's kid sister, follows Bing and tells him that she thinks he did the right thing. "Duels are so silly," she sighs.

That night, Bing joins the show-boat company and they steam off down the river, with Fields telling everyone that our pet crooner is a tough guy . . . a killer . . . and what-not.

Bing doesn't mind at first, but when Joan denounces him he decides he really will get tough! And from there on it's a picnic!

With a cast like this and a director like Sutherland, we've got to mention this among the Ten Best for the month.

AMBULANCE CALL
•
M-G-M

"White Parade" certainly dragged a lot of good hospital stories off the shelf, and aren't you glad?

Chester Morris, wearing his best bedside manner, takes the lead as head interne in a hospital, and when he operates on a practically dying lad, against the boy's father's wishes, he is unceremoniously fired out of the place, regardless of the fact that he has saved the boy's life.

Billie Burke, a wealthy neurotic, has taken quite a shine to Morris and threatens to take her business elsewhere unless Chet is reinstated at once. She also offers to set our hero up in business for himself, and when his best girl, Virginia Bruce, announces her engagement to Robert Taylor, Chet's best friend, he decides to take Miss Burke's offer.

But before he can get his forceps, biceps and what-have-you out of the place, a gangster, who is visiting his supposedly dying mother, makes a break for freedom. In blocking the forward pass, Chet is seriously wounded. It looks like curtains, with only one chance in a million that a delicate operation will do the trick.

When Taylor sees that Virginia really loves Chet after all, he rolls up his sleeves, Virginia rolls in the gas tank, and Chet is saved for posterity!

George Seitz directs this picture, taken from the play, "The Harbour," by Theodore Reeves.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP
•
PARAMOUNT

If you like to laugh, don't fail to see this one. If you don't like to laugh, see it anyhow!

The combination of Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles is funny enough, but, with Charles Laughton and ZaSu Pitts teamed up for romantic interest . . . and Roland Young and Maude Eburne handing out their own particular brand of nonsense . . . and Baby LeRoy tossing monkey-shines into the ensemble . . .?

After making a pile of dough in Red Gap, Roland and Ruggles cut for London, determined to go social in a Big Way. Enchanted with Charles Laughton's butling, they offer him more money than he's ever heard of to return to Red Gap and act as official door-opener, weskit-buttoner-upper, and such like.

Out in the Golden West, Laughton wearies of the butling business, finding more charm and adventure in dirty bandanas and high-heeled boots. So the austere fellow goes Western with a bang and hilarious consequences.

Most of you must have read the book, written by Harry Leon Wilson some years ago? Or, perhaps you saw the earlier screen version? At any rate, we're betting that you'll join me in picking this as another of the month's Ten Best.

I MURDERED A MAN
•
UNIVERSAL

For the customers who like the unusual in screen plots, here is a unique murder mystery that really isn't a mystery at all. The audience is permitted to watch the fiend perform the dastardly deed and then try and shove the blame onto an innocent bystander.

Charles Bickford, a slick attorney, hates Sidney Blackmer to pieces because Sidney is about to marry Helen Vinson, the woman Bickford loves.

Having successfully alibied guilty criminals out of the hoose-gow, Bickford figures he can murder his rival, build up one of his famous alibis and get away with it, jury systems being what they are and nothing to worry about if you're smart.

So Blackmer dies, and, after sprinkling Helen's personal effects all over the place, Charlie says: "I done it, so help me!" which, of course, leads everyone to believe that he's merely trying to protect the woman in the case.

It works like a charm, until Onslow Stevens, another clever lawyer, gets on the case. And how he brings about Bickford's downfall makes a highly interesting picture of this novel story, by Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson.

Eddie Laemmle directs with a keen eye to emotional intensity and a cracking good climax.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES
•
PARAMOUNT

This story was originally an operetta, "Carlo Rocca," by Laurence Clark and Max Giersberg, and it tells the story of a bored and bearded king, who, after relieving himself of his beard, discovers that he is the image of a famous movie star!

Probably because of the beard, the queen, Mary Ellis, skips out on her royal mate, Carl Brisson, making it pretty plain that she will not return until there have been a few changes made.

With the advent of Brisson, the movie actor, H. R. H. decides he could do with a little vacation, himself. So, installing

(*Please turn to page* 66)



FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

• • •

A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

A MAN'S ADVICE TO GIRLS

Daring, but sincere — taken from a letter to Louise Ross



"This is pretty frank—a girl is a dumb-bell who fails to beautify her eyes. A girl may have lovely features and skin, yet have dull, dreary eyes, with no life, no sparkle. A fellow may admire her figure, but too often when he looks into her eyes, he cools off suddenly.

"I often wonder why so many girls are still asleep at the switch—when it's so easy to give eyes depth, glamour and sparkle by a minute's application of Winx Mascara. Most girls use every other cosmetic yet neglect their eyes—called 'windows of the soul' by poets."

A REPLY BY LOUISE ROSS

Noted Beauty Expert

"My friend, it's unfortunate that too many girls *think* their eyes are lovely and fool themselves. Smarter ones accent their lashes with Winx Mascara and are delighted at the lovely effect and would never give it up. Fortunately, more and more girls are glorifying their lashes with Winx —the superfine mascara, so safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting."

Now a word to girls—why do *you* delay beautifying your eyes? It costs only 10c. to see how Winx transforms your lashes, making them long, lustrous, alluring. Generous sizes for sale at all 10c. counters. Note other Winx eye beautifiers listed below.

To know all the secrets of eye charm, mail the coupon for my free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." If no 10c. counter is handy, send for generous purse size —note offer.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢

EYE BEAUTIFIERS



Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.

Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly



Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour — a fine cream.



Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.



Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many — easy to apply. Waterproof.

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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243 W. 17th St., New York City

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.



Try this latest contribution to foot relief by Dr. Scholl, the famous Foot Specialist. These thin, soothing, healing pads are impregnated with a special medication to relieve pain instantly. They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease, and quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses.







New Features

De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new, soft, flexible, flesh color, waterproof *Skintex* covering. Invisible under sheer hose, won't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included for removing corns or callouses. Sold everywhere. Be sure to get a box today.

NEW De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

See amazing results now and every time you use

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

Your skin quickly becomes line and blemish-free; velvet-smooth; rich in color; youthful; beautiful. Prove this to yourself today. *Approved by Good Housekeeping*

Money Back If Not Satisfied



Illus.

I'm not troubled with **ASTHMA** *any more!*

People who have "tried everything" for asthma report that they have found a way, at last, to obtain effective relief. In many cases, all symptoms gone! Miss Katherine Radford, 2561 Pinkney St., Omaha, Nebraska, wrote on March 29, 1932:

"I had bronchial asthma for 5 years. I was afraid to go to bed—was so weak I couldn't even raise my arms. I started taking Nacor last November. I haven't had a spell since."

Nacor is absolutely safe to use—so safe, in fact, and so effective that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. If you have asthma or bronchial cough, write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users, and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 961 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 65)

Carl as King for a Day, away he flits to pick up a few modern ideas in Vienna

Seeing a picture of her shaven Lord in the newspapers, the queen figures that maybe she's been wrong, and returns, post haste, to the palace to catch up on her royal home work.

Then the fun begins! Carl is on the spot. And, while it might be a very pleasant "spot" if he'd just relax, still the man is a gentleman, in spite of being a movie actor, and frantically sends an S.O.S. for H.R.H. to return immediately.

But, in the meantime, the king has been spotted by some theater men, who insist that he make personal appearances, so it's a grand tangle all the way around, with Edward Everett Horton contributing his usual goodly share of the merriment as the king's faithful watch dog.

On our solemn honor not to divulge the secret of the trick where-by Brisson is able to talk to, and even shake hands with himself, Director Frank Tuttle allowed us one small peek at the photographic phenomenon.

And, being a lady of our word, you can tease all you like . . . we still won't tell. Not even for an apple!

THE WINNING TICKET

•

M-G-M

Robert Hopkins wrote this story of a barber, Leo Carrillo, who invests in a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes and is obliged to hide it because his wife, Louise Fazenda, would tear him limb from limb, if she discovered the colossal extravagance.

Leo hides the ticket in a vase; Louise gives the vase to their youngest child to play with; the kid discovers the bit of pasteboard and slips it into Leo's guitar; and, when it comes out that his ticket has won the sweepstakes, there's a mad scramble to locate it, believe you us!

When Ted Healy, Fazenda's good-for-nothing brother makes a crack about Leo being plenty dumb, Louise grabs the guitar and breaks it over Healy's head. And . . . out flies the lost ticket!

For about five minutes, the family is in the money. But, by the time the Federal Income Tax, the New York State Income Tax, and the New York Anti-Gambling fine have been deducted, there's just about enough of the money left for a spaghetti dinner for the crowd!

Director Chuck Reisner makes the most of the amusing situations in this picture.

LIVING ON VELVET

•

WARNERS

Since his beautiful romance with our Garbo, George Brent is looking better than we've ever seen him and giving better performances. Or so they say. Personally, we've had a Brent complex for many years. A quiet fellow, generally, this picture, by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein, gives George a rare chance to be himself, coupled with a spirit of adventure and daredeviltry that follows closely the man's early life, when he carried messages across the line at the time of the Irish Rebellion.

While flying his parents and his sister to Newport (this is picture), Brent's plane crashes in a fog and all are killed but him.

Embittered by the tragedy, George travels the world over, getting into scrape after scrape, and always being extricated by his one good friend, Warren William.

He falls in love with Kay Francis, but upon discovering that she is the light of Warren's life, Brent goes on a terrific drunk, picks a fight, and lands in jail.

As usual, Warren gets him out, laughs off the idea that he, too, loves Kay, gives the kids his blessing and waits around until he sees them happily married.

But George's reckless nature doesn't take kindly to the peace and quiet of married life, and, while he loves Kay devotedly, still he can't get over his wild ways.

Nursing a hunch that Warren would make a better husband for her, Brent drives his car into a messy wreck, ending his bitter life and leaving Kay to the tender mercies of his pal.

The incomparable Frank Borzage directs.

ONCE A GENTLEMAN

•

COLUMBIA

"After one's twenty-first birthday, love—or anything else—should be taken seriously!"

And that speech, by the super-attractive Tulio Carminati, is the keynote of Bradley King's story of "love on the continent."

Like a busy bee, the fascinating Carminati flits from flower to flower, taking nothing seriously and having a swell time doing it. Tala Birell thinks she has the fickle gentleman pretty well in hand until he meets up with Lilian Harvey and tumbles out of his well-ordered life into nothing short of romantic chaos!

Unwilling to believe that he has really fallen, Tulio makes mad love to the willing Lilian and then ups and leaves her, explaining to her that it is all for the best.

That's until Lilian gets herself engaged to Hugh Williams, who is Carminati's kid brother. Then our hero hauls down his colors, backslides on everything he ever said about life being a bowl of second-hand ice cubes, and the story ends with everybody happy—except maybe Hugh, who seems to be able to take it like a man, nevertheless.

The picture had just gone into production the day we visited the set, and there was very little doing. However, with that old maestro, Victor Schertzinger, at the directorial bat, it looks as though there might be some plain and fancy vocalizing by those of the cast who are inclined to warble.

VANESSA

•

M-G-M

More period. More billowy skirts to trip over. But, with our delightful Helen Hayes doing the honors in antique frills and furbelows, well I guess we'll find that we'll be able to take this one, too, won't we?

In this Hugh Walpole story, Bob Montgomery is a black sheep, who, because of ancestral gypsy blood in his veins, strays long and often from the fold. Even his love for Helen Hayes, a forty-second cousin, cannot keep his roaming boots under the family table.

After a year's absence, he returns to find Helen mad at him.

A mite piqued, Bob stomps out to the village inn, where he proceeds to get roaring drunk, waking up in the morning to find himself married to the innkeeper's sister.

To square matters up, Helen takes her broken heart down the church aisle

(*Please turn to page* 67)



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This* ALL-VEGETABLE *Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere *partial* bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and *think* for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR.** *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 136CY, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy **NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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In order to show you how interesting Astrology really is, Yogi Alpha, noted American philosopher has reduced the price of his 1000-word reading to only 10c. This reading is based upon your sign of the Zodiac and discusses your inclinations in relation to occupation, health, vocation, temperament, partnerships, love emotions, marriage partnerships, etc., as indicated by Astrology. Send your exact birthdate and 10c in coin or stamps, for your zodiac reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

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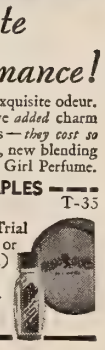
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Send me FREE Regular Size *Radio Girl* Perfume and Trial Size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)



Name _____

Address

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 66*)

with Otto Kruger, another distant cousin who is suffering from a mental ailment.

It's all very sad, and, after a spell of trying to do right by their respective mates, Helen and Bob settle down and make up for lost time in a cozy cottage on the Cumberland estate.

Just crazy enough to be smart, Kruger coaxes his straying bride back home, where she dies of pneumonia, leaving Bob to carry on, confident in the belief that their great love is not ending, but just beginning.

May Robson does her usual beautiful job of playing the aged grandmother, and William K. Howard directs the tragic romance.

CAPRICE ESPAGNOLE
•
PARAMOUNT

For days, we hung around the outside of the stage where Marlene Dietrich was giving her all, dramatically, for "Svengali" Von Sternberg. Here's a tale of a capricious Spanish dancer who adagios herself into men's hearts, breaks up a flock of happy homes, and generally misbehaves herself in a charming and uncensorable manner.

Skippity-hopping along the trail of busted hearts, Marlene all of a sudden meets up with Caesar Romero, and . . . Pop! goes her own emotional generator. And serves her right, too.

Forlornly reviewing her past escapades, Miss Dietrich sadly renounces the one Great Love of her life, feeling that she's not good enough for the Spanish Big Moment. And, to atone further for her past mistakes, she returns to Lionel Atwill, the man to whom she owes plenty. Which isn't so bad, either, because Atwill has enough money to make it more or less interesting for her.

Dietrich never looked better than she does in the colorful Spanish costumes, with hair fancifully arranged and a three-pound comb perched a-top her golden tresses.

ROBERTA
•
RKO

Randolph Scott thinks he is in love with another gal, until he meets Irene Dunne, a princess incognito and head designer in his aunt's gown shop.

When Randy's first romance arrives in Paris, all set to pick up the tangled threads of a beautiful friendship, Fred Astaire, Scott's pal (and a dancing band leader) and Miss Dunne rig the intruding lady up in a backless, frontless creation. Considering the creation indecent, our hero breaks, once and for all, with the erstwhile girl of his dreams, leaving the field clear for his real love, Irene.

Ginger Rogers, an old flame of Astaire's, is dancing at the same night club where Fred's ensemble is "bluing" it, and that, gives the inimitable Mister Astaire a swell chance to repeat on his hot foot-work which thrilled us all in "The Gay Divorcée."

There is a gorgeous fashion display that will probably send more than a few husbands and wives home mad at each other; and Miss Dunne warbles sweetly and pleasingly, as of yore.

William Seiter, who just can't seem to get away long enough to cover Niagara Falls with his brand new bride, Marian Nixon, directs this successful musical play, written by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

We're giving this one four stars, sight unseen.

AND with that, dear patient Public we'll hop off the merry-go-round, peek at a few coming productions, and be back next month to tell you all about it.

With the aid of our New Method circulars you can make these things to brighten up your winter wardrobe

Ma372—Here is a hat of the latest shape that you can easily make from heavy crochet cotton.

Ma373—The scarf is made from three balls of dark crochet cotton with one ball of white for the border.

Ma374—To add a fresh touch to a dark dress, make one of these collars from white crochet cotton.

Ma375—A jaunty beret made from light-weight woolen material or heavy silk. The design can be easily altered to fit any head size.

Ma376—Flower-trimmed collars are a new note for Spring. Here's a simple little silk collar trimmed with artificial gardenias.

Ma377—Make this crocheted purse to match your late winter dress or new spring outfit.

Ma378—A collar ingeniously made entirely of ribbon gives a smart dress-maker touch to one of your late winter dresses.

Ma379—Taffeta silk in two colors was used to make this flattering puff collar, to wear with suit or coat.

Ma380—Here's a smart little blouse you can make from silk or cotton to go with separate skirt or suit.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars or 15 cents for all nine. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



Photo by Doris Day

Your children's health tomorrow *depends upon their food today!*

A STRONG, healthy body helps your children to win games now . . . and to win all through life. Nothing is more important in building good health than good food. So the Home Service Bureau has prepared two pamphlets on feeding children which will prove helpful guides in feeding your boys and girls correctly.

Food for Babies

Milk in the diet and simple milk recipes for young children . . . vegetables and how to serve them . . . fruits for babies . . . the importance of fruit juices . . . cereals . . . meat and eggs . . . menus.

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Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school children . . . height and weight tables . . . high school diet . . . school box lunches . . . breakfast menus . . . dinner menus . . lunch and supper menus . . . favorite dishes of Hollywood school children.

These helpful food pamphlets are 10c *each and contain a great deal of information that mothers want. Send your letter to*

RITA CALHOUN

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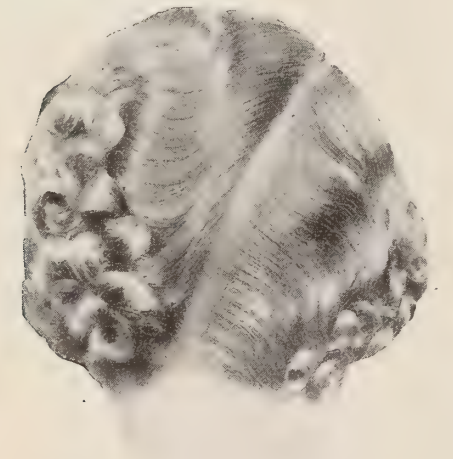
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He *says:*—
"You're Lovely tonight"
He *thinks:*—
"Wish She'd 'Fix up' those GRAY STREAKS"



Now everything in the world contributes to youthfulness in appearance, a woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the harmless, simple means now at her command.

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an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home; harmless as your lip stick, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with curling, leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 31*)

SHEILA paled. "But, Officer," she pleaded, "I couldn't have been going that fast. . . .!"

"Hm-mm-m! Talking back to an officer, huh? . . . Lemme see your license!"

And, while Miss Mannors fumbled nervously for the desired document, Jory yanked off the goggles and howled with laughter!

THERE'S just one thing against being honest, and that's that it sorta hampers your career as a movie actor.

In "Carnival" Sally Eilers asks little Dickie Walters if he's hungry, and, according to the script, Dickie is supposed to answer "Yes."

Ten times out of ten, however, the kid said "No!", on account of, doggone it; he really wasn't hungry!

So the company had to wait until Dickie's lunch time before the desired "Yes!" was forthcoming!

TIM McCOY tells the best cold weather true story on record.

Some time ago, on one of his visits to his cattle ranch in Wyoming, McCoy was obliged to put up at a little country hotel where the business of keeping warm was a proposition not easily solved.

Rising early, Tim hurried downstairs to thaw himself out by the old-fashioned stove in the lobby, while he listened to another disgruntled guest grumble about the cold rooms.

As the other guest talked, a milkman entered the room through a back door. He was clad in a long fur coat, felt boots and a fur cap; and, from his mustache, two-inch icicles dangled.

The disgruntled guest regarded him with surprise. "Well," he said at last, "what room did you have stranger?"

INCIDENTALLY, Tim is the only living white man who really knows the Indian sign language.

On the set, he tried to teach his leading lady a few of the less difficult expressions. But, women being what they are, the only phrase the gal really does well is the one that says: "When do we eat?"

THIS has been done before, but, NEMO is not too old to keep a warm spot in his heart for the gag.

When Frank Capra went to the hospital for an appendix operation Bob Riskin, ace writer, sent him a wire that read:

"Sorry not to be present at your opening!"

POOR Fred Keating, used to the night life of the theater and the right royal legitimate habit of sleeping until noon, can't get on to the idea of rising at six in the morning and getting ready to be on the set by eight o'clock.

Even when he retires at the unholy hour of ten o'clock, the habit of years will not permit him to go sleepy-bye until somewhere around one or two in the morning.

"It isn't the night life that gets me," he complains. "It's the day life!"

AND so . . . Margaret Sullavan and Director William Wyler were married!

This was the real surprise of the year, because the way those two fought all during the making of "The Good Fairy," everyone who worked on the set with them thought it would actually come to murder instead of matrimony!



Hotel Charlotte Harbor

Lowest Rates Ever Offered AT THIS Beautiful Florida Resort

Single $5-$6-$7 a Day
Includes Meals—Private Bath

RATES will be very attractive at beautiful Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida, this season. In nowise will the high standards that have distinguished this fine hotel for many years, be altered.

Hotel Charlotte Harbor rests on the shores of Charlotte Harbor, West Coast of Florida. Own golf course, tennis, trap and skeet shooting—quail shooting—salt and fresh water fishing—bathing in the wonderful swimming pool of warm sulphur water. Large, well furnished rooms with private bath. Table and service of particular excellence.

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THE ELECTRIC BANDING
That makes home wiring easy, safe, sightly and thrifty. LAIZ-FLAT will provide you with an unlimited number of outlets at trifling cost. Lays flat under rugs and carpets; tacks on walls, baseboards, etc. Colors to match woodwork. Always ask for LA IZ-FLAT Electric Banding
Sold in 10c Stores and Electrical Shops
The William Herst Company Chicago



TRY *this pleasant* WEEK-END TEST!

IS YOUR skin pimply, dull, unattractive? Don't despair! Thousands of women have found a quick, simple way to gain and keep a skin that is clear and smooth, a complexion fresh, lovely and alluring. But not by artificial means! Skin troubles usually indicate internal trouble—sluggish elimination, or blood impoverished by lack of calcium. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct *both* of these troubles. Their gentle action rids the system of bodily wastes. Enrich and tone the blood with the calcium you need. Pimples disappear. Dull skin becomes clear and firm—the complexion aglow with health and loveliness. Try this pleasant beauty aid. Often one week-end will show a big improvement! At all drug stores—10c and 60c.

STUART'S Calcium Wafers

LEE TRACY has gone nautical! He's plumb crazy about the new sailboat he recently purchased, but, the schooner has turned over so many times that, now, whenever he goes for a sail, he has a dory that tags along behind, ready to go to the rescue of "Commodore" Tracy, should the occasion arise.

EXCUSE us for repeating ourselves, but, as long as Clark Gable refuses to do anything but go duck-hunting on his days off, then that's our story. And Clark's stuck with the ducks!

BELIEVE it or don't, but Ann Sothern is so crazy about music that she purchased an old-fashioned parlor organ for her desert cottage!

And, if you happen to hear the coyotes howling around Ann's dugout, you'll know they're just harmonizing in time with the mellow tones of "Eadie Was a Lady," as pumped out by the valiant Miss Sothern!

FAME countenances no duplicates, and, consequently, the boys and girls who act as "stand-ins" for famous stars, are destined to oblivion so far as personal success is concerned.

Some of them, however, take it Big. So Big, in fact, that their attitude toward the general public borders on the ridiculous.

One stand-in was sitting aloofly on the set, when a well known publicity woman (who probably earns more in a week than the stand-in can gather in six approached and said kindly:

"My dear, I've been noticing your hair. It's lovely! Tell me . . . how do you arrange it to get that coronet effect?"

Now, if the stand-in had been smart, she might have garnered some personal publicity by cordially breaking down and telling All.

"Why?" she said coldly. "Are you the hair-dresser?"

MARY had a little lamb
It didn't cost a penny—
But Richard Arlen had a boil
That cost its owner plenty!

OH, well . . . we all take a fling at it once in our lives.

Anyhow, Arlen did have a boil. And it did cost plenty. $20,000 to be exact!

Right in the middle of a picture, the pesky pimple decided to put in an appearance, and in such a spot that it couldn't very well be overlooked.

For a week, Dick had a staff of three nurses working on the thing constantly. The doctor bill ran up to $700. And, while they were patiently waiting on the mean old boil, production costs ran along to make up the twenty thousand!

So that puts the lowly boil in the luxury class!

DROPPING some letters into a steel mail-box, at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Cassil, Kathleen Howard climbed into her car and started to drive away.

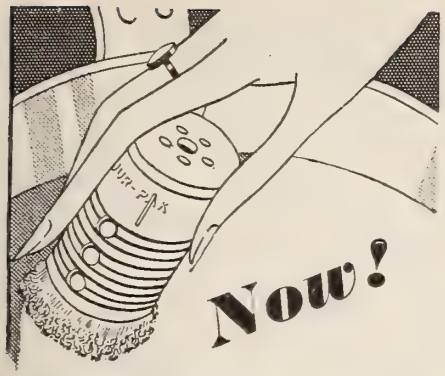
Looking back, she saw two husky men lift the heavy box and start to haul it away.

"A mail robbery!" thought the startled Kathleen. And slamming on the brakes she jumped out of the car and yelled:

"You put that back, or I'll call the police!"

One of the husky gents regarded her laconically. "Quiet, lady," he said. "We got orders from the Post Office to move this thing to another location. But, if you want to call a cop . . . go right ahead."

COMING from England, where such delicacies are a bit out of bounds, Francis Lister developed a passionate affection for our California avocados.



Now!

SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

FREE! JAYNE'S CARD CHART (used with ordinary cards)

Fortune Teller's Cards

Show at a single glance what every card on table means. Makes you a popular expert instantly. Included FREE with order for Jayne's special Fortune Telling Cards at 25c. (Send coin or stamps). 75c value. Write at once to Dr. D. Jayne & Son Inc., 2 Vine St., Phila., Pa. Dept. F-11.

FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card. No Cost, No Obligations. **Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS. Inc., 395 Broadway, Dept.C40, New York City**

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay 51 or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at F. W. Woolworth 5 and 10c stores.

SKIN ROUGHNESS IS HUNDREDS OF TINY CRACKS

"Most lotions only glaze over them"



DAME NATURE CREAM

HEALS them — joins the broken skin into delightful lasting smoothness. It is unusually rich liquid—prevents or removes chap, dryness, redness, cracking or such results of work or exposure. 25c and 50c or 10c at 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 255 W. 19th St., New York.



TWEEZE PAIN STOPPED!

Smile while you tweeze, young lady! No longer need stray hairs cause you anguishing pain. Now, thanks to new, amazing *Easy-Tweez* you can keep your brows forever attractive and smart . . *painlessly!* So easy—just dab on *Easy-Tweez* and pluck. You'll wonder why no one thought of this wonderful *Easy-Tweez* before. Write today for a long-lasting supply and be delighted!

Easy-Tweez 25c JAR

EASY-TWEEZ CO. Dept. C-14, 162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill. Send me a jar of Easy-Tweez. I enclose 25c.

Name_____ State_____

Street_____ City_____

Hollywood Day by Day

Half way through "Clive of India," Lister noticed that his waistline was taking on startling proportions. And, when his doctor discovered that the man had been eating avocados for breakfast, lunch and dinner . . . well, no wonder!

P.S. Mister Lister is on a lettuce and tomato diet for a while!

JUNE KNIGHT, who recently married Paul Ames, has probably one of the most ardent fans in the world.

Not so long ago she received a letter from a youngster who said that, in trying to get one of June's pictures away from his sister, he fell down the cellar steps, breaking his collar bone, breast bone, and two ribs!

June sent him one of the largest and best photos in her collection.

THE garage of Ralph Bellamy's new Palm Springs home is so situated that it's almost impossible to get a car in or out without hitting the house or ramming the car into a sand bank.

After watching the chauffeur try his hand at it, with small success, Ralph confidently undertook to show the man exactly how it should be done. With the result that he swirled the car, speedily and elegantly, into the drive-way, and . . . smack into a sand dune!

Shame-facedly, Ralph turned around, prepared to face the justifiable scorn of his chauffeur . . .

But, the man was already off in search of a couple of shovels, and the next five hours were spent in digging the car out!

HOLLYWOOD folks sort of gave Santa Claus the cold shoulder, on account of the opening of the Arcadia race track on Christmas Day.

John Cromwell, the director, had two horses entered; Gable's erstwhile winner was at the post; Mae West entered a horse; and, of course, Ken Maynard's prize ponies were on hand to do their bit for Master Ken.

SPEAKING of John Cromwell reminds me of his wife, Kay Johnson, whose worst fault is forgetfulness.

Their wedding anniversary is on the fourteenth of October and Kay never has been able to keep track of it. But, this year, she decided to fool her adoring husband.

Coming home on the night of the fourth, John found the entire house fairly quivering with expectancy. The dinner table was beautifully decorated, and Kay herself was running around like mad with a mysterious package concealed behind her back.

As the dinner progressed, Kay slowly became madder and madder, and, finally, with the dessert, she threw the package on the table and wept: "You tell me I don't remember dates and things, and then you forget our anniversary!"

Shaking with laughter, Cromwell pulled his wailing wife down on his knee and told her she was just ten days early.

"But, you did pretty well, honey," he consoled her. "At least, the four part was right!"

BY the time an interviewer finishes luncheon with Nat Pendleton, he's black and blue and a fit subject for the nearest hospital!

In the M-G-M commissary, we watched him entertaining a petite lady of the press who couldn't have weighed

(*Please turn to page* 70)

Difficult Days?

I don't have them any more!



"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for *you*. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is *not* a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drugstore. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don't decline this comfort any longer.



H-1

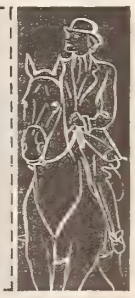
MIDOL

An Invitation

to try it without expense; mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.

Name.....

Address.....





Now looks and feels like a new woman, *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

DON'T let your skin get blotchy — don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years, they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

"The internal cosmetic"

An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in the intestines and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

See and feel how this tested compound of vegetable ingredients can bring back the buoyant joy of health. No griping. Safe and harmless. Non-habit-forming. For listlessness, sallow skin. Nothing better. 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

Entire Block on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City

A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction

Excellent Cuisine
Largest Sundeck on the Walk

MODERATE RATES

American and European Plans.



Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 69*)

more than 104 pounds soaking wet and with a rock in each pocket.

Upon reaching the climax of a funny (to Nat) story . . . Bang! . . . and the hefty gent delivered a slap on the lady's back that fairly knocked her into her plate of soup! And, before the poor girl could come up for the third time . . . BANG! . . . and the lady's schnozzola made a three-point landing in a dish of fruit salad!

It's all very hectic, and, if some of the slighter ladies of the press shy off from the virile Nat . . . it's just a matter of preferring to stay healthy!

THESE crooners are that fickle. . . . After being the most fiendish golfer in the business, Bing Crosby for no reason at all, tossed the love of his life overboard and dived into tennis!

Well, all we can say is Fred Parry had better look to his laurels!

MEN, if you're taking on weight, try Victor Jory's reducing routine.

Every day, for three weeks, Vic walked and ran five miles, played three sets of tennis, rode horseback for three hours, and, in between times, rode a bicycle!

Of course, he weighed in at just as much as he had before he started exercising, but . . . did he have fun?

WE'RE beginning to believe that Garbo has a sense of humor that is second to none!

Dick Cromwell tells this one on the lady, and swears it's true, so help me!

It seems that Our Lady of Silence walked into a nut store on the Boulevard and ordered several pounds of her favorite pecans.

Passing the shop, Dick spied her, and, being as much of a Garbo fan as any of us, stopped to gaze at the elusive lady.

"So she wouldn't see me," Dick says, "I sort of peeked at her under my arm pit!" and raising his arm, he demonstrated just how this might be done.

Noticing the peculiar position of Mr. Cromwell, a curious crowd soon gathered, and, upon discovering that none other than Garbo was the cause of the excitement, stopped to gape and ogle, even as Dick.

Looking around, Garbo saw the motley crowd, mouths open and eyes popping.

"Gott!" she murmured. "Dis iss enough nuts to last me da rest of my life!"

AND, before we forget it, Dick Cromwell has a new Japanese valet whose best attempt at pronouncing his master's name is: "Lich-ee Clom-ee!"

But, then . . . Dick can't pronounce the valet's name, either, so compromises by calling the lad "Togo."

Which ought to make it fairly even, we'd say!

THE prize chickens of W. C. Fields might have come to an untimely end, but for the quick thinking of Mary Brian, Bill's neighbor at Toluca Lake.

While Bill was at the studio, a heavy rain came down from the mountains and washed his chicken coop, prize hens and all, far out into the lake.

From her window, Mary witnessed the near disaster, hopped into her row boat and towed the frightened cacklers to safety.

And now, we might add that W. C. is almost "that way" about the quick-thinking Mary.

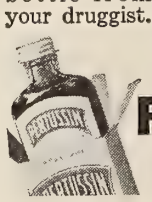


"Both Jackie and I were coughing our heads off," says Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R.I. "Our doctor said 'Pertussin.' By the end of the next day our coughs were gone!"

Extract of a medicinal herb—stimulates throat's moisture glands

NATURE put thousands of lubricating glands in your throat and bronchial tubes. When you catch cold, these glands clog, throat dries, phlegm thickens and sticks . . . tickles . . . you cough! You must stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN. The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised." Relief. Get a bottle from your druggist.





PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely



At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores



THAT NEW WAY

To get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all you iron . . . no trick at all.

Just see and feel the amazing difference in your ironings when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing mixture thousands are talking about. No sticking. No scorching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.

TRY IT FREE



THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 798, Keokuk, Ia.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

LUNCHING at the Brown Derby, we noticed a lot of things: mainly that Francis Lederer is quite in a dither about Mary Anita Loos; Patricia Ellis and Fred Keating are still going strong, despite denials of an engagement; Dick Powell and Mary Brian just can't conceal the love-light in their eyes; and Loretta Young, exhibiting more than a little interest in the good-looking James Cowan!

NEXT time Roger Pryor goes golfing, he's taking a shooting iron with him, and no fooling!

Just as he was about to sink a par putt on the fifteenth green, a flock of weary ducks settled down all around him, and, the way Roger tells it, one of 'em even had the audacity to lay an egg in the hole!

Well, that's one way to make a hole in one?

AND, speaking of birds . . . Douglass Montgomery has gone in for raising peacocks! All of Doug's spare time is spent in building new houses for the haughty birds, and studying their health and habits.

Which just ain't nothing at all. You ought to see James Blakely coaxing his pet turtles out of the water and getting them to sit on his hand, merely by calling them by name?

Back in his home town, Grant Withers swears there's a man named "Rainwater," who runs the public swimming pool!

IT must be the "real thing," my friends. Because Sally Eilers doesn't like to eat in public with her make-up on, friend husband brings lunch to her dressing-room, every day, and the two of them eat it together!

THEY'VE had one heck of a time getting their stars to move into the beautiful new dressing-rooms just erected on the M-G-M lot.

It was a death-struggle, getting Lionel Barrymore to leave his moth-eaten bungalow and take up residence in the ultra-swanky quarters but, eventually, it was accomplished. It took our Lionel only about two days to clutter up the new place and fill it with enough pipe smoke to make him feel at home.

Garbo, upon being urged at least to look at the new place, shook her head and sighed: "I tank I stay where I am!"

And you just know there wasn't any argument!

With bull-dog tenacity, Wallace Beery clung to his little old "dog house" on the back lot.

"I ain't up to that fancy business," he argued. "Leave me be, will ya??"

We'll be seeing you next month.

HOW TO GET NEW MOVIE EVERY MONTH

It's a convenience and a time-saver to have the postman deliver New Movie to your home every month. The coupon below . . . plus $1.00 (Canada $1.60; foreign $2.00) . . . will begin your subscription.

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me New Movie for one year. I am enclosing.....
(check or money-order.)

I wish my subscription to begin with the.....issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



WHY, *haven't* YOU HEARD!

● Surely, if you haven't already ordered a subscription to TINY TOWER for your small children it's simply because you haven't heard! So here's the news. TINY TOWER is bigger! It's better! It's more fun! And it's the only play magazine of its kind for small boys and girls. Children love the games, stories, rhymes, comics and things to do which each issue contains.

● TINY TOWER means good times every month. The very special thing to make in the March issue, now on sale, is a play camera. If your boys and girls have been playing "taking pictures" you know how much fun they'll have. There's a surprise in it, too! Four Valentines to make . . . a story about Tinker and Taffy's Valentine party . . . paper dolls and a February calendar are some of the other things the children will especially like.

● *All this fun for twelve issues costs only $1.00. Olive Reid, TINY TOWER MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., will take care of your subscription if you write her, stating with what issue you want to begin.*



Do I Look Unpleasant?

(*Continued from page* 49)

hood children to teach her new steps to them. In their juvenile efforts at garage dramatics, Helen was always at the head of things. She bullied the other young Thespians into letting her be leading lady, and also insisted upon directing the other actors in their lesser portrayals.

Such managerial ability and histrionic enthusiasm, Mrs. Rulfs was sure, must indicate talent and a sense of the theater.

But when Helen was twelve, she began riding lessons and dramatics were forgotten. Now she would gather together all the kids in the neighborhood and urge them to straddle sofas and chairs in her mother's living-room, and practice equestrienne tricks with her.

Mrs. Rulfs sighed to see her living-room furniture thus handled and decided the acting had been just a passing fancy after all, rather than an indication of special talent. But the stage bug bit the girl again and this time really did lead to a career.

Helen was divorced this last year. She doesn't like to talk about it now, but a story of her life and especially her theatrical background would be incomplete without mention of Harry Dickerman and his very real assistance to her in reaching the goal she at last set for herself.

After Helen left the University, she and her mother went East for a visit with friends. It was then the couple met. Mr. Dickerman, a very wealthy carpet manufacturer of Philadelphia, fell in love at first sight with the beautiful Texas girl. He followed her back to Houston and in March, 1924, six months after their introduction, they were married there, after which they moved to Philadelphia.

It was in Philadelphia that the lucky bridge game occurred. Helen lost the card game, but she really won. Her partner turned out to be a stock company producer in the city who offered the pretty Mrs. Dickerman a part in his next show.

What started as a lark soon became a thrilling adventure. She poured all her enthusiasm into this new work of hers and found she really loved the stage and wanted a try at a real career. Her husband was proud of her and, rather than disapproving of her ambitions, urged her on, with lessons in diction, dancing, singing and everything else that might help her advance.

After a few months in stock, she made a visit to New York with half an idea of getting a job on Broadway. A friend introduced her to an actor's agent who was promptly impressed.

"You probably can't act, but you're certainly pretty enough to be in pictures," the agent declared.

"Well, that's where I'm going to fool you," replied Helen. "If I can't act now, I will before I'm through, or I'll know the reason why."

So Helen landed on Broadway. Then came a hit show, "Death Takes a Holiday." An engagement or two in Broadway is the best entree into the talkies, the agent advised. And sure enough, along came an offer from Hollywood. She's been there ever since. You've probably seen her in "Little Giant," "Two Against the World," "The Power and the Glory," "As Husbands Go," "The Kennel Murder Case," and "The Life of Vergie Winters," in which she has proved to that doubting agent—and the fans as well—that she can act as well as look pretty.



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther*

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin.

There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin *to the depths.*

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

Prove It at My Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**

Lady Esther 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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Grocery Salespeople

The eighty-two prizes are announced below. Prize winning letters for department store experiences will be announced in a subsequent issue

First Prize . . $250.00

MRS. THERESA MONROE . . . ETIWANDA, CALIFORNIA

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MRS. FAY WEINSTEIN . . . . . BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Third Prize . . $50.00

MRS. MARSHALL J. SMITH . . . . . MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fourth Prize . . $25.00

ELLEN M. DIXON	Bradford, Pa.
ELIZABETH MORRISON	Detroit, Mich.
REES DAVIS	Chicago, Ill.
MRS. HENRY F. TUCKER	San Francisco, Calif.

Fifth Prize . . $10.00

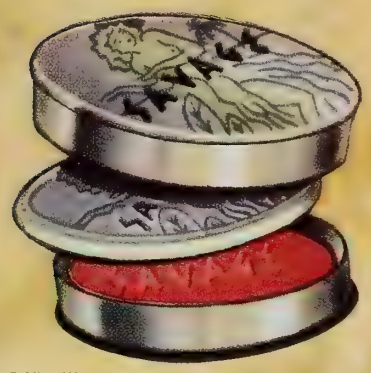
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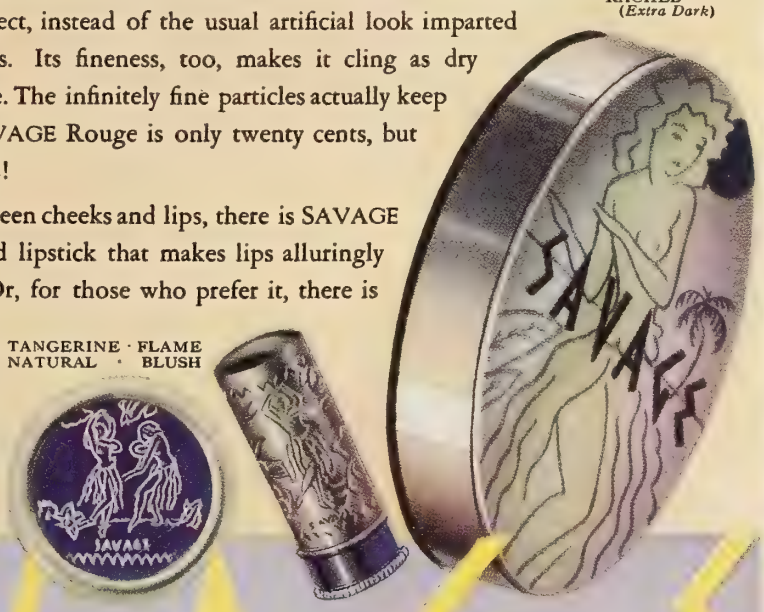
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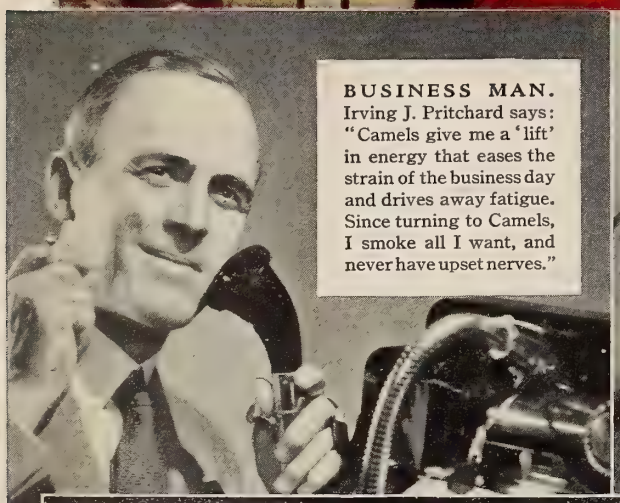


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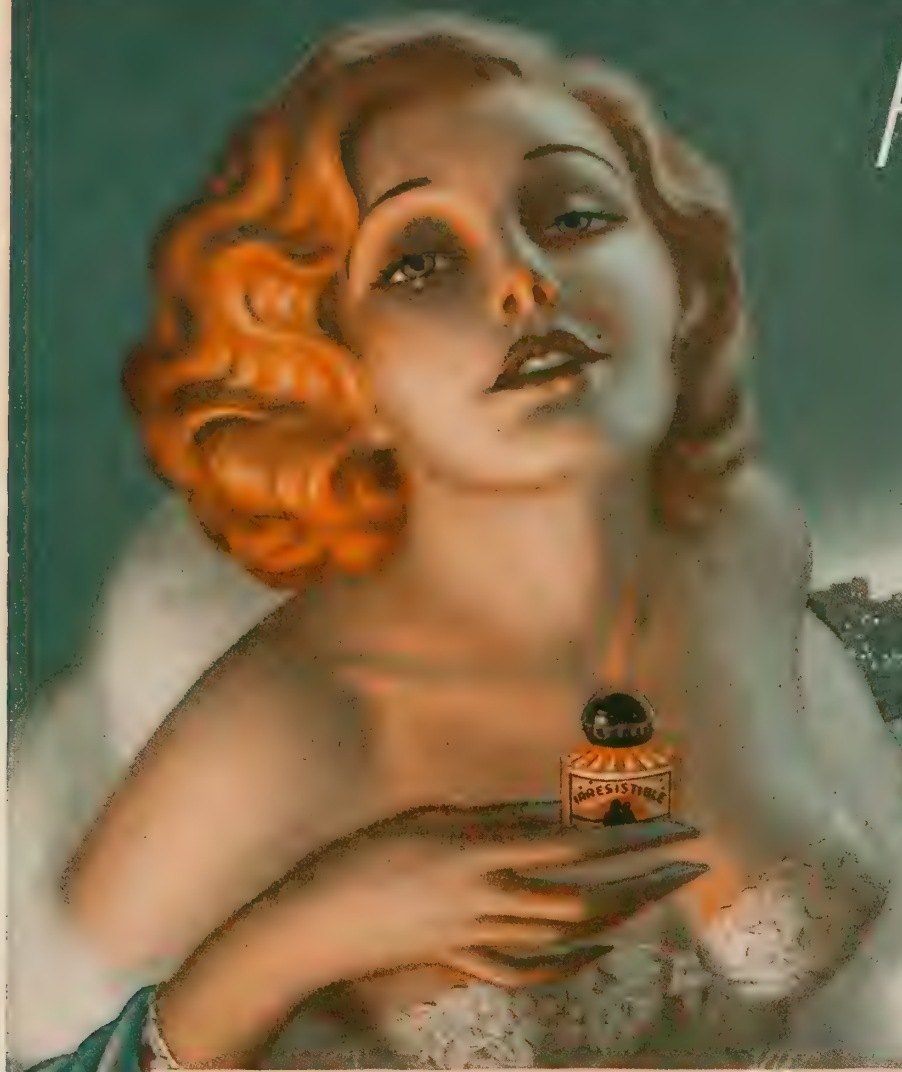
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Be utterly Irresistible





AWAKEN love with the lure men can't resist . . . exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME It stirs senses . . . thrills . . . sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you . . . paying you compliments . . . begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (*UNTIL SHE SMILES*)



EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

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WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

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VOL. XI No. 4 • • • APRIL 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

IF ever an industry could be called American, it is the motion picture industry, more popularly known as "the movies." Nowhere else in the world does such a large army of followers flock week after week to see, hear and be entertained by the vivid and oft-times inspired creations of the producers of the flickering images. The old world has its operas, its pageants and spectacles, and its song festivals, but in America the "movie" holds first place in the hearts of the public.

Something like 120,000,000 persons attend picture shows each year. Nowhere else in the world could such a huge audience be drawn to any kind of entertainment. And these "fans" are not the type to accept anything that comes along. They demand, and get, the kind of pictures they desire. A producer may get by for a time by not heeding the demands of his far-flung audience, but not for long. The "fans" manifest their desires and make their demands in no uncertain terms. They bombard the movie magazines with letters, overwhelm the studios with requests, and most important of all, flock to the motion picture "palaces" or stay away in such huge numbers that no producer can mistake their meaning. And that is the way stars are made and unmade.

And not only do the fans choose the stars who are to entertain them, but they also choose the stories they want to see. Many who complain about the cycles of entertainment forget that the voice and desires of the people are responsible. The movie pendulum swings back and forth; we have had cycles of gangster pictures, war, musical, and costume pictures. At the present moment people are demanding pictures of a semi-operatic nature. This is no doubt due to the tremendous success of "One Night of Love," which starred the songbird, Grace Moore. Another trend is back again to the mystery thriller.

In other ways, too, the fans make known their preferences. An Indianapolis reader, writes in to say: "New Movie can confer a great favor on its readers if it will inaugurate a drive to eliminate or at least shorten the 'coming' trailer in the picture houses. They are a nuisance." It further suggests to the editors, who have had similar requests along this line, to publish an article under the general heading "Are Trailers a Nuisance?" At the present time with so many houses playing double features, together with newsreel, comedy and perhaps a cartoon, it may seem that the trailers are too long. And yet the producer of the trailers naturally tries to get as many scenes as possible of coming pictures into his announcement in order properly to advertise its merit.

Another storm center among the fans is the advertising film that is slipped into the program. While it is true many of these films are cleverly done and have certain entertainment and educational values, do they really belong in the show? Regardless of what an exhibitor may think, the advertising reel is advertising, and patrons know it. And further, they do not like to pay to see something that the theater itself has been paid to run. In the fan's eye that does not constitute entertainment.

With television just around the corner, many farsighted producers are wondering what effect the new devices will have on the movies. Some are viewing the future with alarm, feeling that the vast army of radio fans will adopt the new product immediately. Not so the astute Samuel Goldwyn, one of the pioneers of the movies. Mr. Goldwyn is sponsoring a new device which may pave the way to three-dimensional movies. It is a variation of the old stereoscopic movies. If you remember, these were the movies that gave the impression of looking into a room and seeing all sides and the depth of the room at the same time.

Those who are inclined to scoff and say it isn't possible are under-estimating the Goldwyn reputation as a pioneer. They forget, too, that many experimented on sound films until the brothers Warner went into it whole-heartedly and gave us the talkie. And J. H. Whitney, a newcomer into the motion picture field, is leading the way to a new and finer color picture. You remember the colored short picture, "La Cucaracha," and its tremendous reception. "Becky Sharp," which he is producing now as a full-length feature, will be in color. And it might well be that it will lead the way to a new field of natural color pictures.

Adolph Zukor once said no one corporation could ever control the movies because it was a business of "ideas." New Movie takes the liberty to add that it is also a business of the personalities behind the ideas.

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—*safe for colors—easy on hands!*

IF YOU haven't a washer, all the more reason to use Rinso. No matter how big or how dirty your wash is, Rinso *soaks* away the dirt and gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Colors stay fresh and bright. Rinso saves hours of tiresome hard scrubbing, makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money.

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You need only a little Rinso to get a tubful of rich, lively, long-lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* The makers of 34 famous washers recommend Rinso. And Rinso suds are no end of help in the dishpan. Dishes come bright and clean in a twinkle. And Rinso's creamy suds are easy as can be on your hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG household package. You'll find that it's even *more* economical.

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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

TRYING TO MARRY OFF MARY



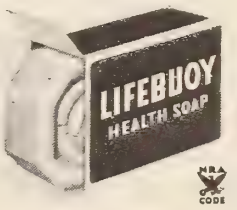


HERE'S the story in two words—*Lifebuoy protects!* Its deep-cleansing lather is wonderfully mild and gentle. Scientific tests that have been made on the skins of hundreds of women show that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

So much lather

Even in hardest water, Lifebuoy gives floods of rich, refreshing, penetrating lather that *purifies* pores, stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its own pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



They're the Tops. WHY?









It may surprise you, but box-office figures never lie. These are the five leading women stars. Each one shares the mysterious secret of success. WHAT IS THAT SECRET?

By JACK JAMISON



IF someone asked you, "which are the five greatest women stars?"—which five would you name?

Box-office figures never lie, even though they sometimes shock you. The five big women stars today are:

First, Janet Gaynor.
Second, Mae West.
Third, Joan Crawford.
Fourth, Norma Shearer.
Fifth, Katharine Hepburn.

Why?

What is the mysterious quality, possessed by these five women, which places forty million fans at their feet? What do they have, what power, what ability, that lifts them out of the ranks even in Hollywood itself, and sets them over other women stars, as ruling empresses? What is it? If you had that secret, wouldn't you have a prize infinitely more valuable to you than the fabled philosopher's stone, which turned everything into pure gold? Yes; for you would have not only gold, but fame, national homage, success in any profession you undertook. Why, you'd have the very secret of success.

You may not be a scientist or psychologist, you may not have a laboratory, but you have seen these five stars on the screen, you have read their lives. You really know them better, in a way, than you know your closest friends. Why shouldn't you, by carefully comparing them, be able to discover a clue to their secret?

JANET GAYNOR was discovered entirely by accident some years ago when a picture called "The Johnstown Flood" needed a girl who looked boyish and could ride a horse. It wasn't until she made "Seventh Heaven," still her best-remembered film, that her box-office personality came through. It jibed with an image that was in the public mind; that of a helpless little waif, half woman and half child, at anybody's mercy. No one has ever pointed out that the character Janet gives us on the screen is identical with the pathetic little tramp played by Charlie Chaplin, psychologically. Both are wistful, frustrated creatures; bewildered, utterly unable to cope with life. Perhaps because all of us are at heart defeated and bewildered and wistful, this is a character with universal appeal.

Oddly enough Janet fights, bitterly and continually, against the very thing which keeps her one of the Big Five! She's a mature woman, who has been married and divorced. She wants to play mature roles, glamorous roles, sophisticated roles—anything but the wistful waif! Again and again she tries to break free, only to have her pictures fail the moment she steps out of the characterization in which people are used to seeing her. Sheer pressure of public demand forces her back, again and again. The ironic spectacle of a woman struggling against the one thing which explains her success! For—don't doubt it—if Janet ever says good-bye to that waif, once and for all, she may be dashed down into obscurity overnight!

IT would be a hard job to imagine any greater contrast than Janet and Mae West.

On Broadway Mae's name used to stand for risqué plays. No one admitted it with more alacrity than Mae herself. She wrote her own little dramas, and the critics joined in jeering at them, dubbing them Hokum for Hicks and Bait for Boobs. Yet even with the rural visitors Mae wasn't a success. She never got rich off her New York stage productions.

Compare this with her unparalleled rise on the screen. Wherein lies the difference? Censorship! For there was censorship long before the Decency Drive was heard of, remember. On the screen, from the start, Mae played risqué plays without actually being risqué. It revealed her true appeal, a compelling, dynamic, sweeping feminine vitality that literally knocked us out of our seats. "It isn't the things she says, it's (*Please turn to page* 44)

But mother! He said he'd write

Heartsick—wondering *why* he had lost interest! Then Ruth learned the reason and NOW . . .





At the office he had seemed to fall hard for Ruth at first. Then he left on a trip, promising to "drop her a line"... but...



One morning she overheard two of the girls whispering . . . she resolved never again to risk second-day underthings.



She stopped at the store on her way home. That very night she started the easy Lux habit of daintiness, and then when



Dan came back, they met again! Dates followed . . . flowers . . . Well, she's taking a new job for life in June—as Mrs. Dan.

AVOID OFFENDING—Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness the easy 4-minute way:

Girls—don't take chances that may ruin your popularity, romance! We can't help perspiring, of course, and underthings constantly absorb perspiration. But Lux removes odor completely if you'll make it a rule to Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing tend to fade and weaken silk. But Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things like new *longer!* You know that anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX for underthings



Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

The Three Sides of JIMMY



Longworth

On the screen Jimmy Cagney is tough, hard-boiled, and pugnacious. This story by his friend Victor Jory, reveals the actor as his Hollywood friends know him best

By VICTOR JORY



Elmer Fryer

NO two human beings could be more radically different than the Jimmy Cagney you know, and the Jimmy Cagney I know. The former, who exists only on the screen, is a cock-sure, hard-boiled, pugnacious—though very likable—little mug; the latter is a soft-spoken, kindly, intellectual gentleman—the finest gentleman it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

Like every dyed-in-the-wool movie fan from Hollywood to Timbuktu, I judge an actor by his roles, and, willy-nilly, form conclusions about his off-screen personality. In Cagney's case, I did just that. Having seen him bombard rival gangsters with bullets and lovely young ladies with grapefruit, I instinctively pictured him as a tough nut from the lower East Side—and of course paid him a compliment in so doing, for it is every actor's ambition to make his roles believable.

I was right in just one particular—he is from the lower East Side. In every other particular, my conception was ridiculously amiss.

Jimmy Cagney, therefore, has been a perpetual surprise to me. And so he is to everyone who knows him, for, like most self-made men, he is a bundle of contradictions, unusual abilities, unexpected interests and original ideas. He is a flesh-and-blood album of "Believe it or Not" items.

I first met him on a location trip, and, by comparison with the other members of the troupe, all of whom were heavily tanned, he was so pale that I concluded he must be suffering from a severe hangover. I said as much to the assistant director, and he regarded me with amusement.

"You've been seeing too many Cagney pictures," he answered. "It may surprise you to know that Jimmy never takes a drop."

It did!

A few days later, I was boxing with an ex-heavyweight pug who had a bit in the picture. Cagney watched a while, then offered to put on the gloves with me. I was reluctant, for Jimmy is a much smaller man than I, and I don't like to pull punches. However, my concern was unwarranted. I've fought hundreds of amateur bouts and once had a brief whirl in the professional ring—but I've never felt such jolting blows from heavy gloves as he dished out. The man's a little giant! And his physical condition is as keen as that of a professional athlete!

Surprise number two!

As we became friends, we were drawn into discussions of this and that, and one day, we happened to hit on philosophy, a subject which has always interested me and which—until then—I rather prided myself on. And Cagney—the East Side boy—left me floundering. He quoted from books which I had heard of but never found time or courage (*Please turn to page* 62)



Longworth

Above: Cagney is fond of horseback riding. Left: His friend Victor Jory; and left, above, a recent studio portrait of the vigorous Jimmy.

HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

. . . for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

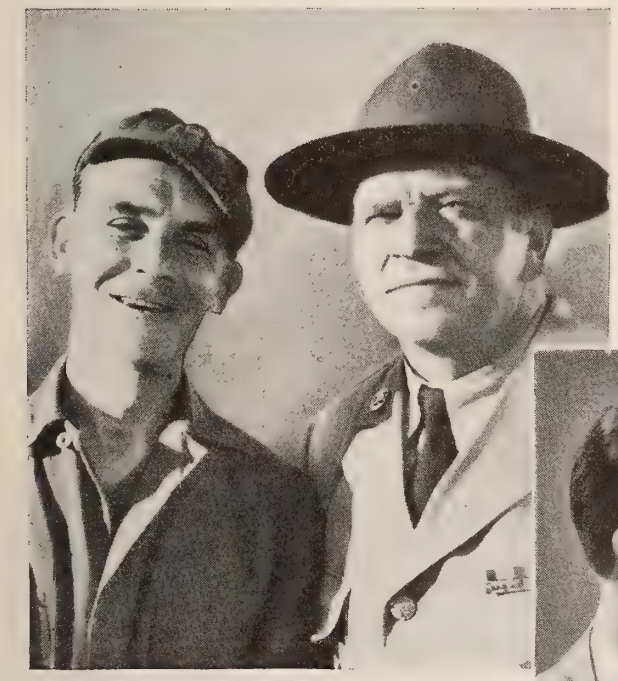
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WEST POINT of the AIR

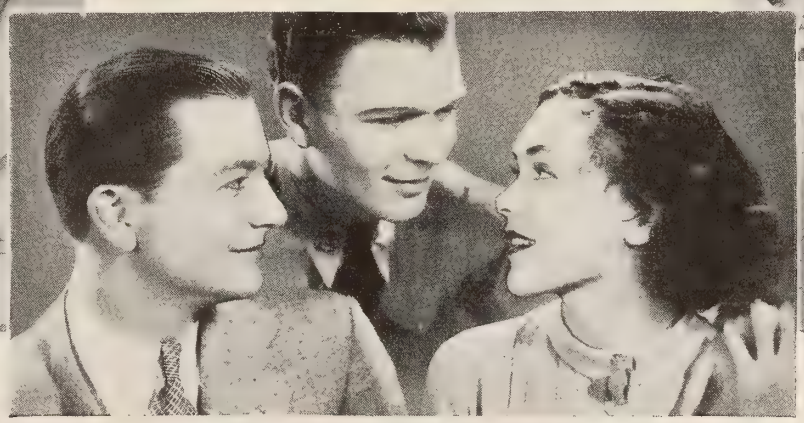
with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The two old-timers who sat around... *and wore out their brains!*



The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived... *dangerously!*





HOLLYWOOD GOES A-PARTYING

With the social season in full swing, Grace Kingsley brings you the parties of the month, from caviar to champagne

Wide World Photos



DOGS are all right and presents are swell, says W. S. Van Dyke, and when you receive twelve Newfoundland pups as a present, all at one pop—that's swell, too. But when those twelve pups go barging right through your house, knocking guests and furniture right and left—well, that's something else again.

It was John Miljan at the bottom of it all, of course. John and Van are always playing tricks on each other, and when Van announced a big party, John just couldn't resist the temptation to send him the pooches.

Then Jack Oakie tried to ride herd on the pups and crowd them all into Van's bedroom! There the pups evidently decided that table scarfs, cushions and such like fluff were all a lot of hooey, and proceeded to make mince-meat of them until Mrs. Laura Van Dyke, Van's mother, rescued the things, called Van and coaxed the puppies into the kennels. Van's going to keep all the dogs, although he already has about ten or twelve.

That wasn't all John did for the party, either. He turned butler—not just an ordinary butler, though, for he borrowed the bugle horn belonging to one of the marines who, when Van throws a party, always appear as escort and guard about his estate, and announced every arriving guest with a blast!

Plenty of romantic interest made its appearance at the party, including Jean Harlow and William Powell, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie, Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. Dolores Del Rio was present with Cedric Gibbons, but had to hurry away because she had a party of her own on at home.

Herbert Marshall was there alone, which created quite a hum of excitement. There were other lone wolves, too, including Charles Butterworth, Jack Oakie and Edwin Earle.

IT was a real hunt breakfast which Frank Lloyd and his wife gave at their Whittier estate, the morning a lot of stars decided to go to the races at Santa Anita. Their lovely old southern mansion was just the spot for it.

There were whole turkeys and hams on the sideboard, together with what other cheer you may imagine. You helped yourself and stood about, eating and drinking, or sat at little tete-a-tete tables. It was all very gay, with much horsey talk and much marking of bet tips.

A highly cheerful feminine guest approached Otto Kruger, exclaiming effusively, "Oh, Mr. Kruger, I never miss a single one of your pictures! I think you are grand! Sometimes I go to see them two or three times!"

"Wh—why!" gasped Otto, overcome, "I don't believe even I get that much of a kick out of my pictures! I guess I'm just not my type!"

Cosily married folk made up most of the guest list, including Mr. and Mrs. Kruger, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Meighan, and others.

YOU couldn't possibly imagine Leon Errol's legs ever folding up if you could have seen him at the party which he and Mrs. Errol gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Fields, on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Fields' wedding. He was the nimblest of the nimble, as he looked after his guests, and climbed up on the bar in the whoopee room, before dinner, to act as master of ceremonies for the earlier doings, which included toasts to everybody.

Those youngsters, Joe Cawthorne, Edmund Breese, Lew Fields and Charles Evans, formed a close-harmony quartette, (*Please turn to page* 47)

Top of Page: The W. S. Van Dyke party. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton, Gertrude Michael and the host. Above: Mr. Van Dyke with Jeanette MacDonald.



Guests at Fred Keating's delightful party included Barbara Blair, Tala Birell, the foreign star who has had bad luck with her American films, Fred himself, Isabel Jewell, who is seen still with Lee Tracy despite talk of a tiff, Pauline Garon, and lovely Nancy Carroll.



Among the stags at Leon Errol's, find Lewis Milestone, Leon, Lew Fields, Joseph Cawthorne, Edmund Breese, Julian Eltinge, Charles Evans and Richard Carle.


"Treasured Flavor"
Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove . . . gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum . . . golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop . . . precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"
Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES
Beech-Nut "Mints" PEPPERMINT
Beech-Nut CANDY COATED GUM 5¢
Beech-Nut LUSTER-MINTS Clear Peppermints
Beech-Nut LEMON DROPS
BeechNut LIME DROPS
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT 5¢ BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM 5¢
Beech-Nut ASSORTED Drops
MINT
SPEAR
ORANGE DROPS
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT
BEECH NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
BEECH-NUT FLAVORED GUM
USE TAB
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TUNE IN ON
"RED DAVIS"
N.B.C. - W.J.Z. Network
MON. WED. & FRI. Nights


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Luckies
LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
—THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.
They Taste Better
Copyright 1935,
The American Tobacco Company





NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

JEANETTE MacDONALD needs no introduction to the lovers of fine pictures and fine music, but can Nelson Eddy, who plays opposite her, fill the roles that once were played by Chevalier and Novarro? In "Naughty Marietta" everyone will have the opportunity to see and hear for himself. Above, Jeanette and Nelson in the "Wishing Well" scene from the picture.

Music HATH Charm



Clark



Hewitt

● **BING CROSBY . . . who fooled the lads and lassies of Hollywood by starting out as a singer and ending up as one of our most talented comedians, fools 'em again as an old-time southern gentleman in "Mississippi," in the days of side-wheelers and whiskers. Don't tell us they had crooners then!**

● **MERLE OBERON . . . who is English and looks Oriental, goes French in her first big American picture, "Folies Bergere de Paris," with Maurice Chevalier. So far as we're concerned, we're going to see it if only to sigh at all that beauty.**

AND HOW MUCH CHARM HAS THE MUSIC, FEATURED IN



● **DICK POWELL . . . who also plays the violin, looks seraphic and tunes up for another romantic singing part in Warner Brothers' "Gold Diggers of 1935." After which, believe it or not, the boy will go into Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."**



● **LILIAN HARVEY . . . who, for some reason, the producers decided was not going over with American audiences. But what a howl of rage went up when the studio finally let her contract lapse! Now Lilian is back, petite, elfin and captivating, in "Let's Live Tonight." Her smile above is to thank you.**

COMING PRODUCTIONS, WITH THESE FOUR SMILING STARS?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND LIONEL BARRYMORE



Can you imagine any sweeter combination than Shirley Temple and gruff, kindly Lionel Barrymore, for "The Little Colonel"? The little colonel herself, who wears what all well-dressed little girls wore in 1875, is proudest of her shoes. The shoes were especially made for her, of orchid faille with pearl buttons. Isn't she cute?

Dyar





Snarling, a leer of defiance on his face, a killer to the heart—will Eddie still be able to play such parts, now there's an Eddie Junior?



To an actor, a home is a nuisance. Edward G. Robinson swore he'd never own one. But then the baby came, and—"Suppose something should happen to me?" Eddie thought.

Fair warning: Only women will understand this story. If you wear trousers, you can just turn the page

By BARBARA ROBBINS

How Fatherhood Softened E. G. (Hard-Guy) ROBINSON

DO you remember "Little Caesar"?—ragged, sodden; trapped yet snarling still. A horrible leer of defiance on his cruel face. Cowering behind a sign-board as a detective ended his life by pumping him full of machine-gun bullets?

From his very first picture—and "Little Caesar" was the picture which brought him fame and started him on his movie career—Edward G. Robinson has carried on the tradition of brutality. Again in his new film for Columbia, "The Whole Town's Talking," he is a gangster—although, this time, merely a timid clerk who is mistaken for one. A racketeer. A killer. A sadist. A maniacal egotist. Well, how would you like to be married to him?

You wouldn't?

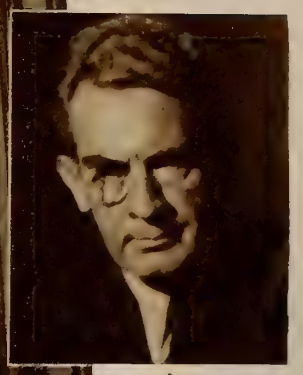
Don't be too sure! You might get the surprise of your life.

For Eddie Robinson, if the truth be told, is one of the finest perambulator-pushers, one of the most notable diaper-folders, in fact the very outstanding nursemaid's helper in all Hollywood! To be sure, he was probably never as bad as he was pictured even in the days before Edward G. Junior was born, two years ago. He might snarl, on the screen, but his most violent pastime at home was listening to Beethoven Symphonies on the phonograph. But now, since the baby has come! It almost breaks our heart to tell you, but nowadays Mr. Robinson spends most of his time crawling around on the floor on his hands and knees, growling: "Gr-r-r-, I'm a big-g bear!"

That's what fatherhood does to you!

"You see," says Eddie—Eddie, Senior, not the baby—"three of my four brothers were married men almost before I was out of college. I was completely surrounded by young nephews and nieces as a very young fellow. They used to bat me in the nose and pull my hair when I tried to play with them. Oh, I used to say 'Goo-goo' to them, now and then, or 'Baby see nice mans?' but secretly I thought they were just a lot of noisy little brats that ought to be spanked.

"And then, two years ago, I found myself with a son of my own. I don't know—I doubt if it's possible to put into words just what that experience means to a man. To have a son! Some- (*Please turn to page* 64)



James Montgomery Flagg





With CONRAD NAGEL . . . ROBERT MONTGOMERY . . . CLARK GABLE . . . CHARLES BICKFORD . . . LEW AYRES

James Montgomery Flagg Reveals

The GARBO YOU NEVER KNEW

Continuing our series, of favorite stars of famous people, James Montgomery Flagg, famous illustrator, says, "Garbo's face has as much character as Abraham Lincoln's has for a man. Fortitude! She's magnificent!"

By DOUGLAS GILBERT

IT is the opinion of James Montgomery Flagg that Greta Garbo is the greatest of the film stars. The silent Swede, says the renowned artist, has everything. He places no crown on her golden head—but a halo. According to Mr. Flagg, Greta is greater than art.

It sounds like a Hollywood rave. Moreover, to your correspondent who laid siege to Mr. Flagg in his New York studio for his selection, it was—at first—a nuisance choice. I had never before contributed so much as a gram to the tons of tripe that weigh down the fabulous Garbo. And I hesitated, in the early stages of our interview, crestfallen at thus being forced to commit a violating act.

But, so help me, the Flagg Garbo is no one you have ever met before. She emerged through his summation, not the pseudo-sphinx shunning the quoted word, but a melancholy Swede, a mystery woman whose screwy reactions, indeed, rudeness, are born of sorrow. And I don't mean a yearning for the dead Stiller. It seems Mr. Flagg knows Garbo. Let us get to his characterization at once.

"She vibrates, does things to you. She has a terrific lot of dignity. She carries around with her a Swedish phonograph record of laughs; no words recorded, no music, just laughs—belly-laughs, hysterical chortles, loud guffaws, laughs that are insane, satiric, happy, derisive, sardonic—every degree of emotional response in laughter. Then she'll play it on her host's or hostess's phonograph and watch the reaction. I don't know what it means. . . ."

Perhaps I should explain that Mr. Flagg is picturing Miss Garbo after an all-afternoon social contact with her at a party given by a director some years ago when he was in Hollywood. She was Garbo in person. She was apparently at ease in his company and spoke, on the word of Mr. Flagg, with earnest freedom.

"We sat together on a sofa. I didn't find her aloof, reticent, or rude, as others are said to have found her. True, she wasn't voluble at the start. But something clicked in me when we met, and I have often wondered if she realized it too. Realized what it was. She certainly gave me the key at the start with an astonishing revelation. She confessed to me that she suffered from melancholia.

"Well, years ago as a youth, studying in England, I had been a victim of melancholia, and I was sympathetically bonded to her at once. This might well be a spiritual affinity, Moreover, she told me that she had experienced melancholy in her youth, so I discounted the stories I had heard of her sorrow for the dead Mauritz Stiller, her first director in Stockholm, and the man she is said to have loved—he who was responsible for her success.

"Success? I wondered just how much it meant to her. I recall how she characterized herself to me during her conversation; it was 'Svenska flicke,' which means, I believe, 'just a little Swedish girl.' While we were talking I asked her if she'd pose that I might sketch her. She agreed, graciously and with charming politeness, and I began to wonder again at the tales I had heard of her rudeness.

"She tilted back her head, revealing her lean neck, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of her features, and I began. I was interested, tremendously interested, and took some pains to make a finished drawing, not just a hasty sketch. I said, 'you are tired?' And she said, 'no, I am not tired. You are the first real artist I have met in America.' It shut me up, for a moment. But she never betrayed the slightest sign of kidding me. She really sounded very sincere. I finished the sketch and gave it to John Gilbert.

"Then I did something unpardonable, and to this day I can't tell you why. I reached down, picked up her tea-cup, and drank from it. She looked at me for a moment, steadily, with just a trace of disdain. Then she said, "Are those American manners?' I would have given an arm not to have had it happen. Yet it was worth seeing her coldness, an indescribable frozen contempt.

"Millions admire her I know. I'm not traveling with the herd; I just think they have good taste. And another thing, she hasn't got big feet, it's all damn nonsense. She's tall, about five feet six inches; if her feet were smaller they'd be disproportionate. And her face to me has as much character as Abraham Lincoln's has for a man. My feeling for her art is best summed up in her final scene in 'Queen Christina.' I shall never forget her bravery as she goes forth, standing there at the prow of her ship—such fortitude, such utter renunciation. She is magnificent."

Says Mr. Flagg. Now let's take a breather and get down to case histories. Frankly, I am at a loss to understand Mr. Flagg's rave. So far as I know he has never committed himself to superlatives with such abandon before. Indeed, as a forthright artist in New York for some forty years, he has always insisted upon calling a spade a spade and not a "garden implement." Now he goes haywire over Garbo.

I suspect that his affection for her artistry is more than "a melancholy affinity." They have more in common than that. Like Garbo, Flagg shuns the multitude. Both run on independent tickets. Both are courageous, Garbo shrewdly silent in her fortitude, Flagg with outspokenness. He once characterized the nation, indignantly commenting upon some mass response, as "the United Sheep of America."

He is really one of the remarkable characters of commercial art, so prolific he was once accused of being a syndicate. His was no beginner's garret. He was in the money almost from the start, earning when sixteen, a stipend for his drawings for *Life, St. Nicholas* and other magazines that would be a fairish figure today.

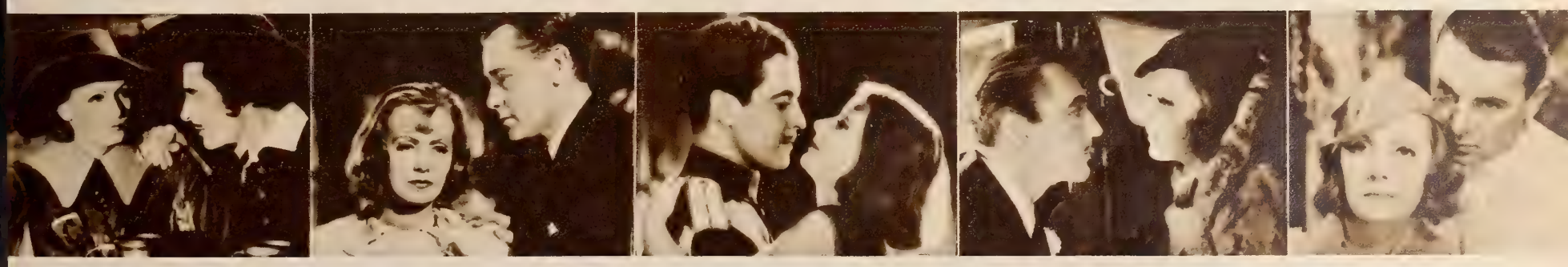
A native of New York born of New England stock, he studied in art schools for six years; all wasted time, he says, "unless I had gone to college in which case the time wasted would have been appalling." There is less nonsense about Flagg than almost any other commercial artist. Is the illustrator's field art or business? Flagg will tell you —business. Says it has to be so in an industrial nation where a man is appraised by what he has or what he earns.

He has no highfalutin' views about art for art's sake. A publisher of educational

(*Please turn to page* 63)



The list of Greta's leading-men is staggering. See the photographs below.



With JOHN GILBERT . . . HERBERT MARSHALL . . . RAMON NOVARRO . . . JOHN BARRYMORE . . . and GEORGE BRENT

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

There had been many lean days for "The Thin Man" but William Powell now rides the crest of the wave of movie popularity

By CHARLES DARNTON

PLAINLY, The Thin Man had outlived his lean days. Not that he himself betrayed any sign of growing obesity. Far from it, he was in his best form, just as advertised and true to his waistline. It was in the spirit, rather than the flesh, he gave the impression of living a full life.

Evidence of it was all about him in his Beverly Hills home. For no sooner had a houseman let me in than a butler popped out, solicitous as to my inner welfare. Could he bring me something? A cocktail? Perhaps tea and toast? Then a cup of coffee and a bun? With each hospitable suggestion I felt myself taking on weight alarmingly.

How, in these plumpish circumstances, did The Thin Man manage to look his weighing scales in the face every morning? Was he, throughout his waking hours, plied with food and drink? Did he set great store by the nourishment at hand? What, then, did he value most of all?

Here you have it in one word: Personality.

"But what is it?" William Powell wanted to know. "It's nothing we can put our hands on. We can't even say anything definite about it. It's that unknown quantity X. Yet somehow, mysteriously, it's there in some cases."

"Yours, for example."

"I don't know about that," he hastened to say. "But I do know that if Greta Garbo and Marconi were appearing in halls on opposite sides of the street and people could see them free of charge one hundred persons would go to Garbo where one went to Marconi."

"You're not doing so badly yourself," I reminded him.

"I feel a bit guilty," he confessed from a pew-like window seat. "God put a silver spoon in my mouth—thank God—but I don't know why He did.

"I think," proposed my resourceful host, "a highball would help."

It did. Scotch, like confession, proved good for the soul. With first aid in his "Here's how" hand and a stained-glass light shining through it he revealed:

"I'll let you in on a shameful secret. I look at myself in the mirror and see a guy looking back at me. Naturally, I want to give him the best of it, but for the life of me I can't see anything unusual in him. And there's one thing, above all others, I can't understand. Forgive me for overworking the personal pronoun, but I know any number of actors who are easier to look at than I am and much more competent, but many of them are not stars and I am a star. Why?"

"Personality." You can't help handing it to a guy so disarmingly on the level about himself.

But Mr. Powell shook his head with: "Looking at that guy in the mirror, I don't know. What makes a star? Whatever it is, it may have something to do with personality—but what the devil *is* personality? Why does anyone come to see me on the screen when he can go and see far better actors? It certainly isn't because good actors are to be found anywhere, for you can't pick 'em out of the bushes. Then why pick me for a star? What have I that those others haven't got?"

Tunefully, George M. Cohan's old song, *"Personality,"* was running through my head, but to save my interlocutor a possibly fatal nervous shock I didn't let it go any further.

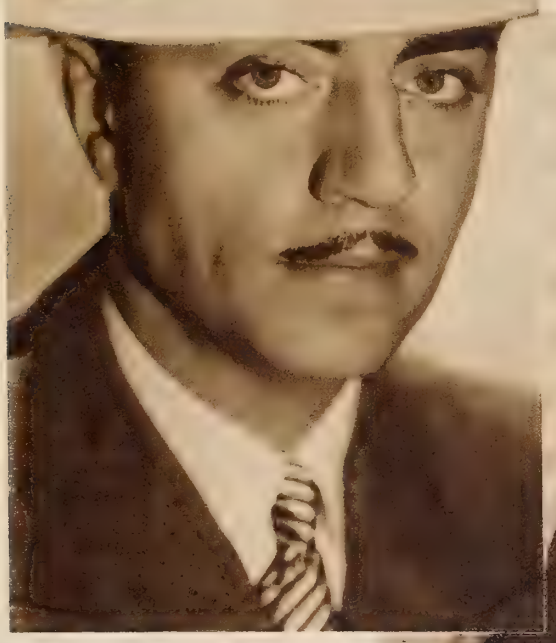
"Would you say," I compromised, "that personality is a star's stock-in-trade?"

"Odd you should bring that up," remarked Mr. Powell. "We were talking about it only the other night, after seeing Fred Astaire in 'The Gay Divorcee.' In five minutes he won me. It was not his marvelous dancing nor his singing, but the man himself, his charm, personality, call it what you will. Now Astaire, as you know, is no Adonis, not irresistibly good-looking, nor is he the accepted romantic type of actor. Before his astonishing triumph in 'The Gay Divorcee' he had been known only as an uncommonly fine dancer. Yet his is the most decided example of personality I have ever seen. That's the amazing part of it. No one, certainly, had considered him to be star picture material. But suddenly, unquestionably, this young man has become the greatest new star motion pictures have known in years. How do you account for it, if not by personality?"

"Maybe by getting his 'break.' When and how did you get yours?" (The trouble was to get this man Powell to talk about himself.)

"In 1920 on the stage in 'Spanish Love,'" was his strictly informative reply. "Before that I had put in four years with (*Please turn to page* 50)





C. S. Bull



Above: A character study of William Powell. Right: With May Robson in a scene from "Reckless" in which he is co-starred with the platinum-haired Jean Harlow.





HARD-TO-GET HEPBURN

You will like this story of an interview that never came about; told as only this writer can tell it

By ELSIE JANIS

FROM the moment I saw her in "Bill of Divorcement" I hit the Hepburn Trail. To say that it has been winding is putting it more mildly than it is my habit to put anything. I had a fairly good start but I got lost in byways which were then and still remain today so lined with press bunk. I read so much about the Elusive Elf, the Screen's Sprite, Kaleidoscopic Katie, Diana in Dungarees and other disturbing descriptions that I said to myself, "What the—Hepburn! There are plenty of stars to write about. Why try to tag around after what appears to be an itinerant comet?" I went to see all of her pictures. Admired, wondered, but did not pursue.

Last week, out of a far from clear sky, Mr. New Movie said to me, just as calmly as if he had been saying Christmas is coming, "Hepburn's in town. What about an article?"

"What about it? I'll bite," I crisped.

"Do you know her?" said Mr. N. M. who somehow thinks I'm a pal of everyone from Diogenes to the Dionne Quintuplets.

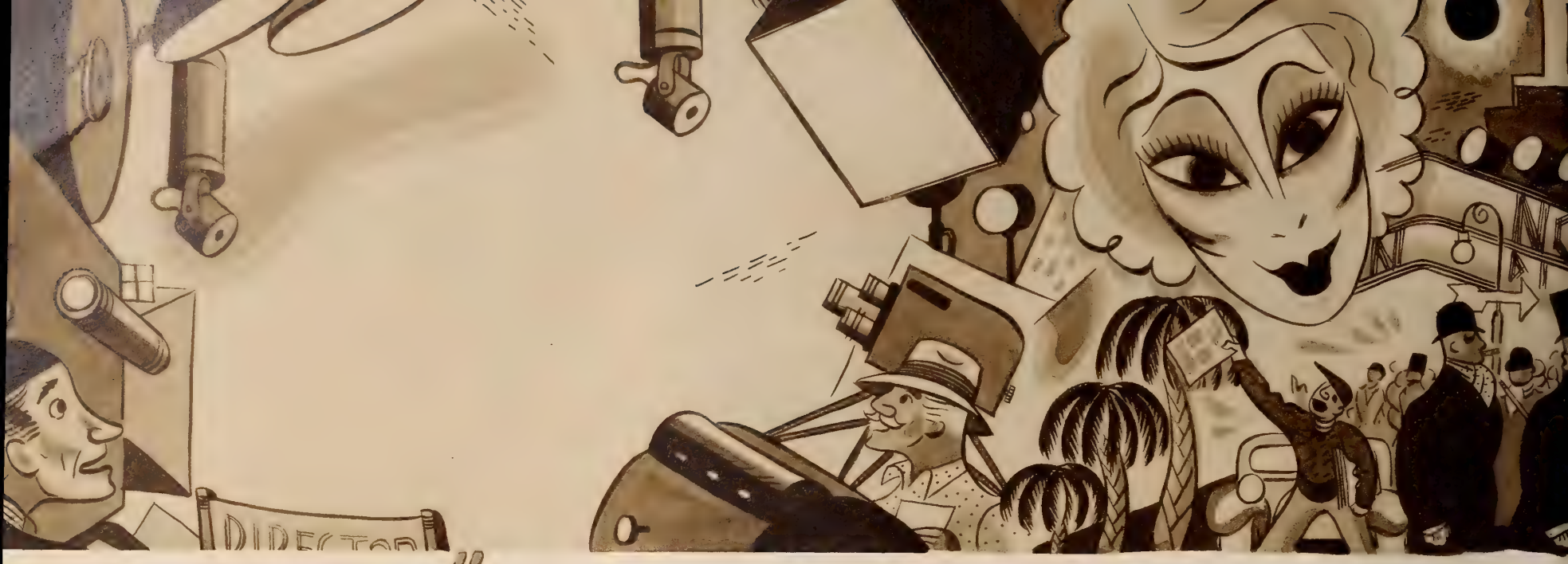
I admitted that I had met and lunched with her, but I added from what I read about her she might have thought I was just another chicken sandwich and she sent the one she ordered back. I'm sure you will be as relieved as I was to learn that she did not think I was a chicken sandwich and she remembers our meeting vividly. She chuckles audibly even when she thinks of it, and well she should, because what at the time seemed to me a very serious situation turned out to be just another of the many Hepburn gags. Without undue conceit I venture to announce that when anyone plays a joke on me and I take it seriously that one goes to the head of the class. Just what class we won't say, but anyway Katie, aided and abetted by the late Lowell Sherman and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., put one over on my sense of humor which I still insist was dazzled by the combination of studio lights and the Hepburn teeth.

This is what happened. I had told Doug Jr. how crazy I was about Hepburn. He had told me what a "swell egg" she was and added in the casual Fairbanks manner, "Why don't you come down on the set? You know Lowell Sherman, don't you?" I admitted that I not only knew the ace director well, but loved him likewise. "I'll leave word at the gate that you are coming," said Doug. That should have been that, but when those three comics, Hepburn, Sherman and Fairbanks were making the very fine screen sensation "Morning Glory," the so-called "set" was one continual "set-up." Practical jokes. Time out for laughs and fierce fun for everyone who was in the know.

I happened to be out of same, so when I walked in holding my breath at the sight of the Hepburn rehearsing a scene, I was somewhat embarrassed to see Mr. Sherman turn his back on the lady's histrionic efforts and hear him call, "Hello, Darling. Come right in. A chair for Miss Janis please." He pulled the chair close to his own and proceeded to talk and laugh as only he could. No introduction to the star who was being interrupted. Doug strolled out of the scene to greet me. I was so fussed and worried over what Miss Hepburn was thinking about this rude procedure that I couldn't listen to the welcome I was receiving.

(*Please turn to page* 72)

Above, left: A recent portrait of the elusive Hepburn and, left, as "Bobbie" in her latest hit picture, "The Little Minister."



IT'S A FAKE

Have you a friend who wants to write screen scenarios? Give him this article to read! He hasn't a chance! Crooked "literary agents" will bleed him of his savings. No other magazine has ever dared to print these facts about a racket so contemptible, and so heart-breakingly unjust that it will make your blood boil—the Vultures of Ambition!



The crooked agent baits his trap for the poor would-be author with alluring tales of big movie money.

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

NEW MOVIE hereby acknowledges its appreciation of the assistance unstintingly rendered in the preparation of this article by the United States Postal Authorities, the Attorney General of the State of California, The District Attorney of Los Angeles County, the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, the Screen Writers' Guild, all of the major producers in Hollywood, individually, the Association of Motion Picture Producers, the City Attorney of Los Angeles.

THIS is not an amusing story.

Rather it is a warning that NEW MOVIE is publishing for the protection of the public against the rapacious men and women lurking in Hollywood, New York and other large cities, whose living is made by victimizing sincere and, in some cases, talented admirers of the screen.

In all likelihood you, too, have left the theater after having seen a mediocre picture feeling that you could write a darned sight better story—if you had the time or if the kids weren't always getting into jams or if, well, a thousand different ifs for as many people. And you've probably also heard how much money is to be made writing for the screen. I know I did. That's why I came out here to Hollywood.

It's a funny thing, but almost everybody thinks he can write. And a large percentage of those people want to write for the movies. Almost before they set pen on paper, however, they are faced with the question, "How can I sell this idea? How can I even get an executive to read it?"

In answer to that question there are carefully worded advertisements in dozens of magazines and newspapers, literally hundreds cluttering up the pages of so-called writers' magazines. For example,

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS NEED STORIES

. . . Producers favor suitable stories for the TALKING SCREEN. . . . It makes little or no difference whether you are KNOWN OR UNKNOWN—THE STORY IS THE THING! . . . Our Studio Representatives are in daily contact and personally submit such stories as are in line with current production needs. . . . We invite the submission of manuscripts in any form for FREE READING and REPORT.

THIS pleasant little effusion is widely broadcast by the racketeers located right in Hollywood and providing the people of the industry with one of their least liked smells.

Their method of operation is simplicity itself. They know that the world is full of ambitious people who ache to find self-expression and some loose change by writing—and that the vast majority of these people have not yet lost their amateur standing by having been sullied with the touch of crass coin for their efforts. Further, they don't even know how to get it.

But these grafters do! Boy, oh, boy! Do they know how to get it! They know so well that at this moment they are being investigated by the United States Postal Inspectors on suspicion of using the mails to defraud.

In their advertisements they tell you, by inference, that Hollywood producers just couldn't get along without them, that they sell stories right and left and that all they want is for you to write in and tell them your idea and then YOU, TOO, CAN CASH IN! It's a cinch!

The sucker (Pardon me! I hope you haven't fallen for this gag, too!) reads and thinks. He thinks about that story he wrote last Spring, when he was down with bronchitis, and never did know what to do with. Eventually he clips the ad and mails both the coupon and the brain-child to Hollywood. Why not? It doesn't cost anything! Says so right here in black and white!

Maybe he bites his finger nails or maybe he just forgets about it, but in the course of time the postman arrives with a nice, long brown envelope straight from Hollywood. And what do you think? They DIDN'T return the manuscript! Instead there's a full page, seemingly-typed letter from the head of the "Manuscript Department" telling the embryo author what a simply ducky story it is and that they "are pleased to inform you that your story is acceptable to us for representation by our Sales Department. The basic idea, plot treatment . . . have been worked out with judgment. In our opinion, you have a story . . . that should attract the attention of Talking Picture Producers."

If the amateur author (who always thought he had it in him, anyway) hasn't swooned at this point, he reads further that before the story can be submitted to studios a United States Government copyright is essential. And (lucky author!) the company will be glad to attend to this by publishing a 750 word synopsis of the story. Their Experts will prepare it for a nominal charge—the charge largely based upon the quality of your stationery and indications of education in your story.

NO. 1 OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN WHICH NEW MOVIE WILL EXPOSE THE



Mind you, they don't say they WILL sell your yarn, or to whom, exactly, they'll show it. In fact, they don't really say anything that you could pin on them except that they think you're great and, in effect, that they'll tell you so again if you'll crack open the cookie jar and divvy up.

I HAVE signed writers' contracts with two major studios and have been a reader in two others. I know a little about the business. I know for example that major studios certainly get their copies of the Scenario Synopsis, as promised in the ads, and that said publication is promptly consigned to the waste basket—usually by the office boy, who is paid to know that executives can't be bothered by such tripe. I know that the unknown, amateur writer can feel darned lucky if he or she has one chance in ten thousand of selling any story to the producers.

The Screen Writers' Guild, an organization to which practically every man earning a living writing for the screen belongs, has estimated that last year 42,000 unsolicited manuscripts were submitted to studios, and someone said four had been bought, but nobody could say for sure by whom.

And yet, according to the ads published by the dozens of literary racketeers, it's easy. They will stuff your correspondence with fillers—clippings from defunct trade papers or irresponsible sheets, all telling the unwary what a great organization it is and how Hollywood needs it and you, and especially your loose change. If you don't fall for it at once they send numerous follow-up letters, begging for a look at your story.

If you were out here, I could show you files a foot thick of nothing but complaints from victims who have been sent to the Better Business Bureau and the various agencies of the law. Dozens of these are absolutely illiterate; some include copies of the stories they sent in and were told were great stuff. If they weren't so sincere and so darned pathetic they would be downright laughable.

Sooner or later these leeches will trip up and be eradicated by the law, but in most cases they are still too shrewd to get the long rap. Their written documents are really masterpieces of insinuating evasion. They don't promise anything but that they'll take your money—but you can't read their letters without a conviction that they can, and will, sell your stuff for fabulous sums.

One outfit alone is making at least a hundred thousand dollars a year in the racket—and I do believe that most of it is coming from poor people who have turned to writing to augment their slender, or non-existent, incomes. They have the effrontery to advertise the names of authors for whom they have sold material and imply that their service had everything to do with it. I have checked one of these lists and found that every author on it was a professional and had not used their revision or so-called copyright at all. Further, I learned that most of these people protested the use of their names. Most of the material thus sold had been published in magazine or book form and had been specifically solicited from perfectly honest eastern literary brokers who did not know of any odoriferous connections the firm might have had. In the instances where this came to light most of the eastern brokers promptly severed any relationships they had.

The editor of one major studio told me quite frankly that he wouldn't let representatives of any of these concerns within throwing distance of his office, and the rest were just as outspoken in their condemnation. All volunteered letters to NEW MOVIE outlining their stand in the matter. They despise this type of chiseling because it preys upon both the gullible and ambitious; because they, too, were writers before graduating into pictures and therefore sympathize with the admittedly hard lot of the beginner.

In case this all sounds a bit wild to you, let me say that, although I believed the tales of the people who came to me with their woes after having been gypped by one of this horde of Literary Racketeers, I still determined to put it to the test myself. I corresponded with all of these parasites, sending the most illiterate letters and story which a fourteen-year-old boy could fabricate . . . just to see what they'd say. In my opinion, the submissions were so bad I was afraid the agents would smell a rat, but we took that chance.

Here is the story, verbatim:

INVESTIGATE FIRST

A good literary agent can help you. A racketeer helps himself.

A good agent can stand investigation. The racketeer can't.

If you believe you can write, try to by all means; but before you place your manuscript in the hands of an agent, look him up by way of the Better Business Bureau or similiar organization in your own town. And above all, remember this, a good agent will pay you money—not you the agent.

TREACHERY ON THE SEA
or
BACK FROM THE DEPTHS
By JOHN MARVIN

Mary Jane Powers lives in a village on the sea. Her father is a captain (old-school) who don't like the boy Mary Jane loves because hes just a sailor not like first mate Pete Johnson, a big Swede. Mary Jane is blonde with brown eyes very pretty.

She loves Bob Masters a sailor regardless that hes only a sailor and she a captains daughter. Pete Johnson wants to marry her but is evil and she feels this. Captain Powers is a rough seaman and thinks Pete is fine just because hes a first mate. Pete comes to him and says "I want to marry Mary Jane." Captain Powers says, "Fine my brave boy. Did you pop the question yet? And all the time he was thinking now my daughter certainly wont waste any more time with a comman sailor such as him. He gloted.

That night Pete came to the house for dinner which Mary Jane cooked though shed rather be sponing with Bob Masters. He asked her to marry him after dinner but Mary Janes brown eyes flashed and she said "No. I could never marry anybody but Bob (*Please turn to page* 59)

Illustrated by Henry Wiener



Only when it's too late does the hopeful author find his "agent" is a criminal, wanted by the law.

RACKETS OF HOLLYWOOD'S UNDERWORLD.





TOWER STAR FASHIONS, a new service for readers of New Movie, presents three outstanding spring ensembles selected for three different Hollywood types, available in department stores

Introducing TOWER STAR FASHIONS

DRESSING to type is perhaps not a new idea, but it is one that has never been made practical or widely available. Some women are definitely not the type to wear strictly tailored clothes, and again there are others who look badly dressed in frilly, feminine garments. This new service, Tower Star Fashions, is to help you select your clothes to suit your type, and it makes Star Type fashions for your selection available for you in conveniently located department stores. First, you must decide on your type—are you the Frances Dee type, the Ann Sothern type, the Fay Wray type? When you have decided which star you resemble most, study her, her make-up, the way she does her hair, her dresses, suits, coats and hats. Visualize yourself in the same clothes she wears and make your own selections accordingly. The value of the new Tower Star Fashion Service to you lies in the fact that the merchandise displayed on these pages, selected according to type, has been chosen by expert stylists who interpret Hollywood fashions in terms of what you or any other woman can wear. It does not present expensive or exotic clothes, but stresses simple, smart ensembles that are within the reach of the average budget, and perhaps most important of all, it definitely helps you to define your own particular type and select your clothes accordingly.

The Hollywood influence on American designed clothes is becoming more and more evident every day. All the beautiful new lines from the famous Paris houses find their most glamorous adaptation in the clothes chosen particularly for the stars.

Tailored tweeds are chosen for Frances Dee, RKO player, soon to appear in "Becky Sharp." Miss Dee is distinctly the sports type, and if you, too, are this type, this tailored tweed suit with simple crepe blouse and smart ascot tie should be your own spring selection.

The highlights of the spring fashion trends can be told in brief and will be helpful to you in selecting your own spring wardrobe. Suits will be the most important day-time feature and black and white, navy and white, gray, blue, "bud" green, raspberry and beige will be the outstanding colors. Gaily colored prints, and plain and plaid taffetas will be features. Details will have untold importance, such as wide collars, berthas, capelets, novelty belts, smocking and shirring.

Trimmings are a feature of the new spring models. Piqué collars, cuffs and jabots, plaid taffetas, plain quilted and embroidered, and delightfully feminine lingerie touches, and ruffles and ruches of net and other dainty sheers.

Flowers again appear on evening dresses. The flaring skirts are voluminous with gathered fullness at the sides or back. The low and square draw-string neckline is new and smart. The outstanding fabrics will be nets, mousselines, sheers, tulle and lace, and the new evening shades are yellow-green, violet-blue, geranium-pink, mango, red, deep blue and prints.

The accessories to go with each ensemble should be chosen with a great deal of care and deliberation. The wrong hat worn with the right suit or dress will often spoil the entire ensemble. Oxfords or other sports type shoes should be chosen for tweeds and woolens while patent or dull leather pumps or strapped slippers are the right selections for dressy garments.

We all know that a woman's charm does not rest entirely on her personality or her beauty; smart and correct grooming at all times and for every occasion is a woman's greatest asset. Tower Star Fashions can help you in this.

Take advantage of this new service and if you are at all in doubt as to which type you belong, write to us and tell us all about yourself and we shall be glad to help you find your own particular type and to advise you on proper make-up and choice of clothes.



A delightfully feminine type is lovely Fay Wray, Columbia star, for whom we chose a dressy little suit of novelty sheer with a printed taffeta blouse which ties in a jaunty butterfly bow at the neckline. A flattering straw "baby bonnet hat" with a tiny turned up veil completes the ensemble. This smart new suit is available in all the new spring color combinations.

TOWER *Star* FASHIONS

Look for the seal of Tower Star Fashions on these dresses



Vivacious blond Ann Sothern, Columbia player, could wear this charming light-weight Matelasse suit with the smart short jacket and frilly cotton blouse which is shown in a variety of color combinations. With this suit is worn a pert little off-the-face wool crepe hat. If you are the Ann Sothern type this ensemble is just what you need to complete your spring wardrobe.

ROMANCE in DUETS and TRIOS

For instance, looking down the left-hand border of this page, you see Kay Francis, Warren William and George Brent, in "Living on Velvet." Genevieve Tobin, Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck constitute another triangle, in the swank "The Woman in Red." And Jack Holt, Florence Rice and Edmund Lowe go to make up still another, in "The Best Man Wins." Then, the romantic duos—Gary Cooper and Anna Sten, in "The Wedding Night"; and, in the large photo, Clark Gable and Constance Bennett, in "After Office Hours."















Movies comb the world for plots and stories to bring you Romance. And on this page are still other examples of the relentless search. From Great Britain comes the story of "Vanessa," bringing you Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes as lovers. Spain furnishes the background of "Caprice Espagnole" (right, above) with Lionel Atwill and the provocative Marlene Dietrich. North to Britain, again, goes "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Merle Oberon and the gallant Leslie Howard. In what far lands shall we find ourselves next month?

A GIRL AND A MAN—OR TWO!—AND THE CAMERAS GRIND ON







Coburn

Honorable Mention

First, on the left, Allen Jenkins. A picture-stealer, he often outshines the big stars. . . . Mary Ellis, in the center, is a comer. Watch for her in "All the King's Horses," with Carl Brisson. And on the right: Do you know this one? No? Well, it's Robert Montgomery in "Vanessa."



Autrey



Apger



Coburn

Faces in the News and Stars of Tomorrow

The lead in Charlie Chaplin's mysterious "Production No. 5," will Paulette Goddard drop out of sight afterward or become Mrs. Chaplin? . . . Nelson Eddy wins the coveted "Naughty Marietta" lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Anne Shirley is climbing fast.





Fryer



Apger

John Beal, a newcomer, created an appealing "Little Minister" . . . It was sheer ability that won the lead in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" for Jean Muir . . . and watch Robert Taylor, of M-G-M. Directors say he's got that Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery stuff.

The New Queen of FASHION in Hollywood

Verree Teasdale's flair for smart clothes has made her one of the best dressed women in the world. And she designs her own clothing—too

By
WHITNEY WILLIAMS



ADOLPHE MENJOU once described Verree Teasdale as the best dressed woman on the screen. This, coming from the outstanding exponent of male attire in Hollywood, and himself judged one of the ten best dressed men in the world, was a rare and discerning compliment . . . and at once established the actress as an interesting and important personality.

It is quite fitting, too, that Miss Teasdale became the bride of the suave portrayer of men of the world roles, for she, too, is as polished and finished an actress as Menjou is an actor. Both represent the perfect epitome of sophistication, a combination that for *savoir faire* knows no equal now in the world's screen capital.

Such actresses as Kay Francis, Adrienne Ames, Constance Bennett, Hedda Hopper have, in the past, held the center of the stage as leading the Hollywood parade in style. They still attract for their taste in dress, and for their startling creations





Left: Verree Teasdale with her husband, Adolphe Menjou. Above and right: Two recent studies of Verree.

. . . but standing now, a bit ahead, is Verree Teasdale, beautiful, magnetic, charming and a woman to whom even famous designers turn for advice and new ideas in costuming.

You've seen her in such pictures as "Roman Scandals," "Fashions of 1934," "Payment Deferred," and, more recently, "Du Barry." In each, she appeared stately, regal, smooth, and, particularly in "Du Barry," with Dolores Del Rio, glamorous. One immediately singles her out as an actress of extraordinary poise and ability.

When she left New York for Hollywood two years ago, Verree had no intention of remaining away from that center of culture and color for more than six months. She had devoted a large part of her life to preparation for the theater, and she didn't care to turn from the course she had set for herself and enter, for a long period, a new and strange medium, motion pictures. After six months in pictures, she thought she would forget Hollywood and return to Broadway, where already she had made a name for herself.

Those first six months in Hollywood will ever remain the darkest hours of her existence, she reflects in reminiscence. The parts she played did not meet with her expectations, and when the studio loaned her to another company for a picture she did not like, she looked forward with only one purpose in mind . . . to get back to New York. Only thoughts of the future buoyed her through these unhappy days.

During the latter weeks of this period, however, she met Adolphe Menjou, to whom she was (*Please turn to page* 70)

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

Day by day Hollywood adds to the zest and gaiety of the news. Here's the very latest, served with salt and spice by Nemo



Water-soaked and mussed, after a scene for "Reckless," Jean Harlow still can smile at Director Fleming.



Wide World

Gene Raymond entertains his rarely-seen mother and kid brother, who are visiting him in Hollywood.

UP betimes—whenever that is—and mixing with ye twinkling stars and starlets as only Old Man NEMO can mix. And, if you haven't tasted one of our extra special Martinis, you really have no idea of what a mixer the old boy is!

To start off with a laugh—we'd love to divulge the name of the famous blond star, who, during a discussion on the merits of a certain well known writer, cracked: "He writes witty dialogue, all right—but, he doesn't know how us people talk!"



Which is a rare sample of what we have to put up with!

THE way that Laughton guy hangs clothes on himself is like unto nothing we have ever seen!

A beret perches carelessly atop his heavy eye-brows; red slippers sporting huge red pompons adorn his feet; and, in between . . . oh, well . . . name it and you can have it!

But, in spite of all, "Buster" is the most adored man on the Paramount lot.

GINGER ROGERS had the scare of her life when she discovered that one of the diamonds in her brand new wedding ring had shaken loose from its moorings and bounced into nowhere!

Frantically, the entire crew pitched in and turned the studio upside down. Sweepings were sifted, cracks poked into . . . but with no luck.

At the end of the day, our forlorn Ginger made her way home, and there, on her dressing table, lay the lost gem, twinkling like anything! Wherever it had been, it certainly came home to roost!



THE Fox lot has been a bedlam of strange noises since Hank Bell moved in and opened up his hog-calling class, for the benefit of Will Rogers' new picture, "Life Begins at Forty!"

"I've been in pictures for twenty years," Slim Summerville said mournfully, "but never have I taken part in such goings-on!"

"Don't let it get you," Rogers consoled him. "Didn't I play second fiddle to a prize hog, in "State Fair"? You shouldn't kick about callin' a few shoats for a picture. In this business, you meet almost everybody!"

IS it illegal for a governor to wear a moustache?

Anyhow, if Frank Morgan catches pneumonia in his upper lip, he ought to sue M-G-M for alienation of something or other. Because, for seventeen years, Frank has loved, honored and cherished that snappy moustache of his. And, now . . . just because he happened to be cast as a governor, in "Naughty Marietta," the studio duchess yelled: "Off with it!" And there was nothing to do but mind teacher or stand in a corner and no recess!



WITH his master away on location, Sir Guy Standing's dachshund, "Buster," just sat himself down and pined away.

By the time Guy returned, "Buster" was in such a condition that his anxious owner hurried him off to a dog hospital where everything in the world was done to revive the heartbroken animal.

Every day, Sir Guy visited him, but "Buster" was either too sick to care, or had forgotten what he was pining for, because he merely looked at his master with mournful eyes and turned his head away.

And then, one day, when everyone had given up hope entirely, something happened. At the sound of Standing's voice, "Buster" pricked up his ears, raised his head and, in a split second, had leaped into his master's arms, licking his face and whimpering like a lost child!

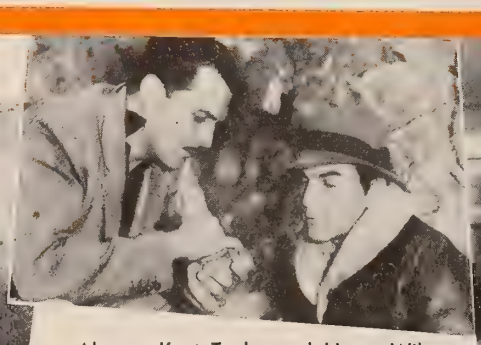
OUT of season, but still amusing, was the predicament of Wallace Beery last Christmas-time.

After taking his little daughter down town to confide her wishes to Santa Claus, little Carol Ann changed her mind about what she wanted and requested another conference with old Santa.

Wally offered to tell Mister Claus of the change in her plans, but Carol set her tiny foot down and insisted on delivering the talk in person! And there was nothing for Wally to do but drive back to town and wait around while little Miss Beery whispered things into Santa's ear!



Jimmie Cagney and Frank McHugh rest from "Devil Dogs of the Air."





Above: Kent Taylor and Henry Wilcoxon prospect California valleys for gold. Right: "Life Begins At Forty." Dick Cromwell watches Will Rogers play a joke on Slim Summerville.



W. C. Fields, making "Mississippi," takes some time off to have a little chat with another world famed comedian, Irving S. Cobb.

Below: Katherine DeMille gets into make-up for "All The King's Horses." Right: Mary Brian and Dick Powell are stepping again, and Dick has bought a house. Hm-m!







June Knight, so the publicity man tells us, wears this modernistic hat of film. We don't believe a word of it.

IT reminded us of the old pioneer movie days, as we watched Director Scotty Beal chase the setting sun across the Universal lot to complete his day's shooting schedule before sunset!

ONE little sneeze out of Director Victor Schertzinger started the whole thing!

Lilian Harvey cried: "Gesundheit!"; Hugh Williams said: "Cheerio!"; Tullio Carminati offered: "Salute!"; Tala Birell came through with a Polish "Na Zdrowie!"; Peter Lorre made it "A Votre Sante!"; and Janet Beecher gave the sneezer an All-American "God Bless You!"

THE cat that moved onto the Columbia lot acts as if it might be the reincarnation of a Shakespeare, or something.

Every day he visits the offices where the scenario writers hold forth, and, after jumping up on several desks and sniffing at the typewriters, he curls himself up next to a copy of Roget's "Thesaurus" and takes a nap!

Mary McCarthy calls the feline "Brian Boru"; Robert Riskin has dubbed him "Broadway Bill"; and the janitor, who sets out milk for the cat, calls him just plain "Kitty!"

But "Brian Boru-Bill" is no fool. Much as he likes to bask in the admiration of his literary pals, just let the janitor call "Kitty!" and that smart little cat is off like a shot to do some plain and fancy refueling!

GINGER ROGERS has been having no end of fun trying to get places in the ultra-extreme gowns, created for her by Bernard Newman, the famous fashion designer who is doing his stuff (and, some stuff, eh, kid?) for "Roberta."



The other day, Ginger was hobbling across the lot in a gown so tight that the gal's knees were calloused from trying to put one foot in front of the other!

"Lissen . . ." we argued, "suppose a mad dog came galloping down the pike? Where do you go from here?"

Ginger turned pale. "Remind me to put some ground glass in your next bowl of spinach!" she glared. "Make it a mouse and I'll think of an answer!"

ROSCOE KARNS has an answer for everything. The other day he was regaling the boys with a few wild and wooly tales of his prowess as a Nimrod. Roscoe was going good (and if all the bears, coyotes, mountain lions and such, that he claimed to have bagged, were laid end to end, we'd still have our doubts), when one of the boys said: "Maybe so . . . maybe so, but what would you do if one of those poor helpless critters grabbed a gun and took a shot at you?"

"Well . . ." Karns declared, "if I was out of season, I'd have him arrested!"



A STRING of decomposed garlic to some of the Master Minds who guide the destiny of this here movie business!

The other day, the head of the story department in one of our studios returned a cracking good scenario to its creator with the memo attached:

"I have given this very *carefully* consideration and I'm sorry but I don't think I could arouse any interest in it here . . ."

Which is probably just as well, for another studio snapped the tale up at an even larger figure than the author had expected.

But it puts the rejector in a class with the new-rich daddy who carted home a fried egg sunset, done in oil, remarking: "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like!"

IN spite of the fact that he plays hard-boiled gangsters almost exclusively, Eddie Robinson isn't nearly so well versed in crime routine as you might believe.



He met his come-uppance the other day, when a role called for him to shoot a regulation machine gun, something Eddie had never done before.

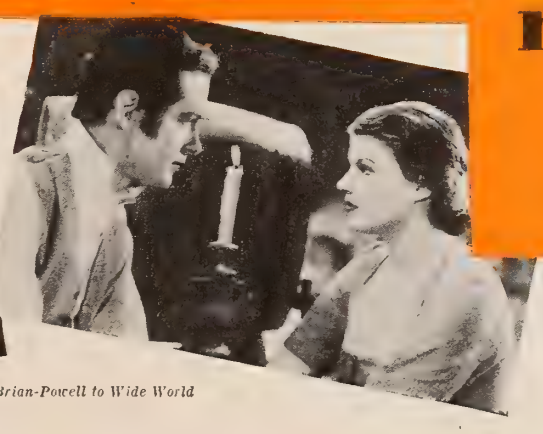
The director called "Action!"; the cameras clicked; Eddie pulled back on the trigger, and . . . Bang! Bang!! . . . here come the British, with Eddie nearly thrown for a loss by the bucking, spitting machine gun!

He hung on though, wrestling with the thing, until fifty shells had been fired and the take was completed. But Eddie swears he'll never be the same again!

(Please turn to page 56)

reported by NEMO





Brian-Powell to Wide World

At extreme left: Sally Eilers and Lee Tracy borrowed time from "Carnival" to go on the radio as a team. Left: The studio promises a real future for Agnes Anderson, a talented newcomer who does fine work in "Vanessa."



Pinchot

Henry Hull once swore he could play a child's part in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—and did it! How completely he can lose himself in a characterization is shown by the large photograph at the right.

Actors Are Nobodies

It takes a great actor to say that—and that is what Henry Hull is, for all his modesty

By HAL HALL

ACTORS are nobodies. They do not exist. Only as the characters they portray do they count.

This vehement outburst, delivered with an accompaniment of a bony fist crashing down on a table in Universal's lunch room; spoken in a tone that rang with honesty and sincerity, while his flashing brown eyes fairly bored through the interviewer, best tells the story of Henry Hull, one of America's most outstanding character actors, a man who has Hollywood gasping because he is modest enough to reveal that he thinks he still has a lot to learn about acting.

But Hull is like that. He tells you frankly that he was born in 1890, and doesn't try to make you believe that he is in his early thirties, as is the usual Hollywood custom.

"Why not tell my age?" he asked. "An actor of forty-four should be a better actor than one of thirty—that is, if he takes his work seriously and makes a study of his profession. Acting is no different from engineering and an engineer becomes more valuable as the years of experience roll by."

Hull, incidentally, knows something about engineering, for he was educated to follow that profession but gave it up to follow in the footsteps of his two illustrious brothers, Shelley, now dead, and Howard.

It was in Louisville, Kentucky, that Hull first saw the light of day. His father was a newspaperman on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He named Henry after his boss, Colonel Henry Watterson, the famous newspaper figure for half a century. Hull's father wanted his boys to be something. So he gave them the benefit of excellent educations. Henry attended the grammar schools of Louisville followed with four years at DeWitt Clinton and Commerce high schools in New York. Then studied in turn at the College of the City of New York, Cooper Union and Columbia University.

While his brothers went on the stage, he became an engineer, going into the Cobalt mines at Halisbury, New Liskeard and Ungava. He was doing well when he went to Chicago to attend the wedding of his brother, Shelley. There he conceived the idea of becoming an actor. He told his brother who promised to find him a chance. Three months later he left the Cobalt mines and signed on to do three small "bits" with Guy Bates Post's company in New York. This was in 1911. It was his start, and all that Henry Hull needs in anything is an opportunity.

"I realized that I needed experience," he said, "so when I finished with that company in June, 1912, I went to Syracuse where I joined a stock company. Raoul Walsh, now a director, was a member of the company. All that Summer I studied and watched the more experienced players, and in the Fall I was signed for Margaret Anglin's Greek repertory company and played with her for two and a half years. That was training, for I played every type of role from comedy to tragedy."

It was not until 1916 that Hull really began to arrive. It was then he created the role of Henry Parker in "The Man Who Came Back," one of his most famous characterizations. He played it for thirty months. In 1918 and 1919 he played the male lead in Rachel Crother's "39 East," and then created the leading role in "The Cat and the Canary," which ran at the National Theater for forty-two weeks. This was followed in turn by "Roger Bloomer," "In Love With Love" and "The Naked Man."

Then Henry Hull really stepped into the leading ranks of the character actors when he created the famous character of the negro barber in the Belasco production, "Lulu Belle." That role meant stardom for Hull, and when he finished the run of two years he was starred in A. A. Milne's "Ivory Door." He followed this with "The Grey Fox" and "Michael and Mary," which he says was his finest performance. Later he played Baron von Gaigen in Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel." Next came "Springtime for Henry."

His latest Broadway play was "Tobacco Road," a difficult play depicting the life of the uneducated backwoods settlers of Georgia. It was while playing in (*Please turn to page* 70)



Freulich

Have you seen "Great Expectations"? Would you ever know the snarling "Magwitch" was the handsome man above?

Vedettes, garcons, snails and onion soup. New York has gone Parisian in a big way, says Herb. Every restaurant is a "Chez" Something-or-Other, Chez Marianne, Chez Dinty Moore. The old town is just a One-Horse Chez.



DRAWINGS BY D. B. HOLCOMB

ALL THE WORLD'S A SCREEN

And what isn't, looks like a movie set, says Herb Howe. Writing this month's column from New York, Herb forgets his English entirely and uses some of the worst French we've ever seen. *Sacre Bleu!*

Out of My Mind—Francis Lederer is one actor who can wear a costume without looking like a participant in a Marion Davies' homecoming....

Gloria Swanson's clothes are smart but her comedy dated. (Sennet period.)

George Arliss affects me as a magician rather than an actor in that I'm always aware he is pulling tricks.

Gary Cooper, on the point of sewing up feminine fans when he suddenly decided to bag lionesses in Africa, is moving in on Gable—and gaining subtlety with each picture.

Barbara Stanwyck, superior as an actress to many a star, lacks the fillip of distinction that makes a star.

Nomination for Best Undressed Woman: Sally Rand, Wampas Baby, who after fanning the nation to a white heat is now dancing in a bubble behind a fire-screen (protection against visiting firemen with lighted cigarettes).



Sally Rand is the Best Undressed Woman, and Wallie Beery is Min-and-Bill

Once Bacon got the credit for Shakespeare's plays but now it's Max Reinhardt.

Wally Beery seems laboring at times to play both Min-and-Bill.

Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn would like to play Joan of Arc but my choice is Elisabeth Bergner; she has the mysticism. Close second, Hepburn.

Add to collection of marquee signs:
THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA & MRS. WIGGS.
UP POPS THE DEVIL WITH CAROLE LOMBARD.
CALL IT LUCK—SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS.

Stars in the Sky—Leonardo da Vinci thought men would be as gods when they could fly but I could name several Hollywood deities who are not up to it in bumpy weather. The Boulevardier freely admits he gets as air-sick as Lupe and her two chihuahuas. With the four of us howling in a plane even Will Rogers might lose enthusiasm for aviation.

My impulse for New York was a tip the Revolution would start here this season. Instead, everyone decided to get drunky. People have to do something to pass the time while waiting for Jean Harlow's book.

Street Sisters—Broadway may now boast of being the Hollywood Boulevard of the East. They are street sisters in the skin game. No one need go abroad any more to be gypped. All Paris has moved over. Vedettes, garcons, can-can dancers, snails and onion soup. Restaurants have all turned chez—Chez Marianne, Chez Folies, Chez Dinty Moore. An American could guzzle around Paris without knowing French but he'd feel pretty *fou* trying it in New York these days. When Wally Beery as The Mighty Barnum mispronounced maitre d'hotel the Rivoli audiences rolled in the aisles. "Tres drole!" we screamed, nudging one another, "ne c'est pas?"

Miss Terry's Dilemma—At the Cow on the Roof (Boeuf sur le Toit, a vous) where you may sip Pernod under plane-trees as on the grand boulevardes and gaze into sunlit Parisian vistas cunningly contrived through walls, I found Billy Arnold leading his orchestra. Billy took the first American jazz band to Europe in 1920 and has just returned. He told me of singing a farewell gala at Juan les Pins with Alice Terry guest of honor. Prizes were offered patrons for the best impersonations of film stars. Alice acted as judge and awarded first trophy to a German version of Joan Crawford. Since that time I have had a letter from Elysian Terry. She was being shot at in Barcelona amidst a Spanish revolution. On the way to a night club she was compelled to flatten herself in a gutter. "But I had the satisfaction of knowing," she adds philosophically, "that it took a revolution to land me there."

Meet Lupe Harlow—I told Mr. Arnold he wouldn't have to offer prizes to induce American dolls to imitate the marionettes. Au contraire, I am thinking of offering a gold tooth pick for the discovery of one who doesn't. At the moment I'm in the toils of a cocktail partner who simulates Gloria Swanson so effectively she has me behaving like Bart Marshall, almost. A very genteel couple we make, no doubt, but hardly cozy. On the boat back from Europe I was hexed by another who made up like Harlow and acted like Lupe. It was a pretty rough passage, as I recall.



What Gloria Swanson is to clothes, Francis Lederer is to tights.

Grapefruit Putsch—Shakespeare thought art held the mirror up to nature. Wilde said nature ended by imitating art. Oscar was prophetic of screen art and female nature. Everyone of us has had near and dear ones who have passed into Garbos, Crawfords, Shearers, Harlows or Lombards. In view of the expense attending such transformations into star elegantes it is little wonder that impoverished males fanatically applaud the corpuscular Cagney and pray fervently on bended knee for the guts to push the pomelo.

(*Please turn to page* 40)

By HERB HOWE, THE BOULEVARDIER



NO TITLE
(United Artists)
Charlie Chaplin's new picture is finished, so we're giving you this advance notice, but absolutely nothing is known of the picture itself. They say it's silent, and so is Charlie.



CALL OF THE WILD
(Twentieth Century)
Jack London's thriller of the Gold Rush. Clark Gable and Loretta Young, with Jack Oakie thrown in for good measure. No subtleties. Just plain, out-door he-man adventure.



NAUGHTY MARIETTA
(M-G-M)
For addicts of light opera. Victor Herbert's well-remembered, lilting music, as a background for the romancing of Jeanette MacDonald and her handsome new leading man, Nelson Eddy.



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
(Warners')
Not only Ruby Keeler, but hubby Al Jolson as well, in one of the Warner musicals played before a back-drop of hard-bitten gangsters, murder, and footlight atmosphere.



FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS
(Twentieth Century)
Maurice Chevalier looks like a famous Baron. The Baron, entangled in a business deal, coaxes him to take his place. Complications with the gorgeous Baroness, Merle Oberon.



LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY
(Fox)
This is the picture they made out of a professor's book of health rules. Oddly enough, it's very funny with Sterling Holloway, Slim Summerville and Will Rogers cutting up in a sleepy village.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

From studio showings and private previews we bring you news of the coming films. A glance at this page will help you get your money's worth—By BARBARA BARRY

SINCE Max Reinhardt knocked all Hollywood on its good ear with his Bowl presentation of this Shakespeare classic, there have been plenty of skinned knees among ambitious producers who would have liked to be first in putting the Puckish fantasy on the screen.

Warner Brothers won the scuffle, and, if Mickey Rooney (one of the up-and-comingest youngsters of all time) makes as good a job of the screen version as he did in the Bowl . . . well, it should be good.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
•
WARNERS'

Of course, you must know the tale of the little imp who goes around waving a sprig of asafetida, or something, and changing everyone he meets into something utterly silly and quite foreign to their natural selves?

That's about all there is to it, except for the hilarious action which you all will enjoy much more if you get around to see it for yourselves.

The cast is something, with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Frank McHugh, Ian Hunter, Hugh Herbert, Anita Louise, Victor Jory, Eugene Pallette, Verree Teasdale, Hobart Cavanaugh, Grant Mitchell, and others, adding to the amusing activity.

Jimmy Cagney is giving a grand premiere of his manly knees, and not liking it a little bit.

The minute we put foot on the set, Jimmy ducked behind a tree, his ears a flaming red!

"Come out!" we insisted. "Don't be that-a way . . . what are knees, anyway?"

"My gosh . . ." he wailed. "Can't a guy have any privacy?"

"So . . . they knock, eh?" we jibed.

"They do *not* knock!"

"Bow-legged, huh?"

"Oh, for crying out loud . . . NO!"

But, by that time, he'd edged out into the open, and, we're here to state that Cagney under-pinnings are as good as any you'll see on anybody's beach!

Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle handle the direction.

FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS
•
20th CENTURY

CLEANED up considerably, this French delight, by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler, should still be some fun.

Maurice Chevalier plays a dual role; a popular impersonator in the "Folies Bergere," and an insolvent Baron, who is, naturally, one of Chevalier's more famous impersonations.

Maurice and his partner, Ann Sothern, scrap continually, but you just know it's true love, not running smoothly, as usual.

Called away on a secret mission that may serve to recoup his over-drawn bank account, the Baron hires Chevalier to impersonate him, (*Please turn to page* 65)

BARBARA BARRY'S SELECTIONS

1—"Folies Bergere" with Chevalier.
2—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and many others.
3—"Dante's Inferno," with Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Henry Walthall.
4—"Life Begins at Forty," with Will Rogers.
5—"George White's Scandals," with Lyda Roberti, Jimmy Dunn, Stu Edwin.
6—"Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Frank Morgan.
7—"The Wedding Night," with Anna Sten, Gary Cooper.
8—"Go Into Your Dance," with Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Helen Morgan.
9—"Captain Hurricane," with James Barton, Helen Westley, Helen Mack.
10—"Call of the Wild," with Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE
Philadelphia

MISS MARY BYRD
Richmond

MRS. POWELL CABOT
Boston

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.
New York

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
Boston

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York

MRS. HENRY FIELD
Chicago

MISS ANNE GOULD
New York

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago

MRS. LANGDON POST
New York

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE
New York



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Winston-Salem, North Carolina



With its full printed-crepe skirt and big flopping sleeves, Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired at times, you can always get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves — which is nice to know.

Camels are Milder!

MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

WHO'D EVER THINK YOU COULD USE THESE LOVELY DISHES IN THE OVEN

. . . *but you can!*

YES, you can actually bake in the oven with these hand-painted, ivory color table dishes. Bowls, platters, serving dishes . . . every single piece of OvenServe, even to the cups, saucers and plates, is built to stand full oven heat. That's something new in table dishes. There's never been anything like them before.

You can, for instance, bake a meat loaf on its serving platter, delight the family with a juicy fruit pie baked in the pie plate, or individual custards made in the custard cups, or any one of a hundred other things. And all of them come direct to the table from the oven. Think of the fussing around that saves in serving . . . and how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

You'll notice, too, the clever design and sizes of the various pieces . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Expensive? Not a bit of it! A fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes are not kitchen ware but table dishes! Buy them by the piece. And fill in as you wish.

FISH FILLETS BAKED ON OVENSERVE FISH PLATTER

1 pound fish fillets (any kind)	⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. flour	¾ cup water
½ tsp. salt	¾ cup evaporated milk

Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

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FIVE AND TEN
CENT STORES

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To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
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Newell, W. Va.



Shirley's Birthday Party

Here are special recipes, endorsed by little Miss Temple's mother

By RITA CALHOUN

Creamed chicken on toast
Surprise potatoes
Cocoa Bread and butter sandwiches
Vanilla ice cream
Birthday cake with frosting

DON'T tell Shirley, but that, briefly, is the bill of fare for her birthday supper to be given when she reaches the age of six on April twenty-third. The menu has been approved by Shirley's mother, Mrs. George F. Temple, who at all times keeps a careful watch over the child star's diet. Because this year Shirley's birthday comes the Tuesday after Easter Sunday, bunnies and Easter eggs will be included in the table decorations.

Shirley's everyday fare is of the simplest and the dishes prepared for the birthday spread will be made from recipes suitable to youngsters of her age.

Creamed Chicken on Toast

2 cups diced cooked chicken
3 level tablespoons flour
3 level tablespoons butter
1½ cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt

The chicken should be simmered in a covered kettle until quite tender, with just enough water to cover. When done, cool and drain off the stock and set in the refrigerator. On the following day remove the fat and serve as clear chicken broth. Remove the good meat from the chicken, both dark and white meat. Little girls of Shirley's age shouldn't have fussy ideas about eating only the white meat. Carefully remove any gristle and cut the meat into pieces about half an inch long.

Make a medium thick white sauce from the flour, butter and milk. The best way to do this for young children is as follows: Melt the butter in the top of a double-boiler, add flour and stir with a spoon until perfectly blended. Heat the milk in another pan, without boiling and add, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Let it continue cooking for ten minutes stirring once in a while, and then cover the double boiler top and let continue to cook for ten minutes more. Fifteen minutes before serving put the chicken in the double boiler with the white sauce, mix, cover and let heat through. This will make enough for eight servings.

Cut the crusts from eight pieces of white bread and toast, first on one side and then on the other. Place a slice of toast on a slightly warmed serving plate, cover the toast with the creamed chicken and serve at once, with the surprise potatoes:



Fox Films' baby star, Shirley Temple, usually has simple puddings, stewed fruit or gelatine desserts. Ice cream and cake are reserved for special occasions.



The birthday table will be decorated with crepe paper cover, napkins, baskets, snappers and a Jack Horner Pie in the center, presided over by a large Easter bunny.

Surprise Potatoes

8 medium size potatoes
6 small carrots
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
½ cup hot milk
¾ teaspoon baking powder
Flour

Pare and boil the potatoes, scrape the carrots and boil until tender. Put the potatoes through a ricer. You will need about four cups measured after they have been riced. Add salt and butter to the potatoes, sprinkle in the baking powder and add just enough hot milk to hold together and mix well. Drain the carrots and chop in a chopping bowl. Now sprinkle a little flour on a pan or board, place a generous tablespoon of the potato mixture on the floured surface, flatten down with a spoon evenly, put a small spoonful of carrots in the center of the potato, bring up the sides of the potato, shape to form an egg. Place these potato eggs in a slightly greased baking pan. Dip the end of a paper napkin in the remaining milk and brush the tops of the eggs and put in a moderate oven and let heat for ten or fifteen minutes, taking them out before they begin to brown.

The fact is that the one thing that little Shirley doesn't like to eat is carrots, but prepared in this way, who knows but she may decide to like them?

Sandwiches are made from thin slices of whole-wheat bread and butter and the cocoa from milk, slightly sweetened and served without whipped cream. The cake is a chocolate layer cake covered with white icing. Shirley herself, likes nothing better than ice cream with gravy, but for the party the gravy—known to adults as chocolate sauce, will be omitted, as a little too much of a good thing in view of the cocoa and the chocolate cake filling.

Here are some sound ideas on juvenile birthday parties from Shirley Temple's mother.

Arrange the party so the refreshments will take the place of a regular meal in order not to interrupt the wholesome routine of regular diet. Shirley's party will begin at half-past three with the refreshment-supper served shortly before six.

If there are younger children present, have ready hot cooked cereal and milk to serve instead of the creamed chicken and vegetables and cocoa.

Explain to the mothers of the invited youngsters before hand that the little hostess will not be receiving gifts. Instead have gifts for each of the guests. At Shirley's party these tokens will be hidden in Easter baskets, filled with bunnies.



It's all so glamorous when you get there, but there are many obstacles in the way.

A MILLION to ONE You'll Never Be a Star

You may think it's easy to crash into the movies but don't let them fool you. Read this frank article and you will realize that the road to stardom is not the easy path some folks would have you believe

By JOHN T. CASEY

IT'S a million to one you'll never be a star!

You're going to hate me for telling this but it's much better for you to have your heartache at home than in New York or Hollywood. Somehow heartache on an empty stomach without a friendly shoulder to weep on is not the most pleasant way of passing time. If you've never tried it, don't experiment! Take my word for it that New York is tough and Hollywood is twice as tough. You can't crash the movies unless you're a combination of Garbo and One-Eyed Connolly and then you'll probably need an introduction from President Roosevelt with an okay from Will Hays.

You who have had legitimate stage experience will find it easier to get in the movies. The figures for 1934 show that one out of every 100 stage people given screen tests were signed to a movie contract. If you're harboring screen ambitions with the odds a million to one against you, the stage should be your first goal.

Until recently, fake movie schools were scattered all over the country. Racketeers in the role of school teachers traded in youthful ambition, luring unsuspecting girls from out of town on the pretense of making them stars and even procuring screen contracts at fabulous salaries. The youngsters came in large numbers, only to be robbed of their hopes and bankrolls.

Hollywood still has a few of these fake movie schools but a crusade by the newspapers and the district attorney in New York was too much for the screen-school gangsters. They folded up and disappeared but like all such rackets, are sure to pop up again!

If you want to be fooled by these specialists in the most glamorous form of embezzlement, don't take any notice of these figures given me by the movie companies. If you would like to avoid the traps offered by fake movie schools and fake agents, just memorize these figures of the major screen companies for the first months of 1935:

Fox . . . 485 tests . . . 0 signed; 20th Century . . . 425 tests . . . 22 signed; Columbia . . . 96 tests . . . 17 signed: RKO . . . 12 tests on Coast . . . 0 signed; M-G-M . . . 485 tests in Hollywood, 67 tests in New York, 43 tests in London, 9 signed.

These figures show just what chance the trained players have of reaching riches and stardom. These figures show just what chance comely Gertie Gloom, the Pride of Podunk, had when she gave up her job and came to New York to become a movie star under the (*Please turn to page* 42)

Company	*Number of Tests*	*Number Signed*
Fox	485	0
20th Century	425	22
Columbia	96	17
RKO	12	0
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	485 (in Hollywood)	
	67 (in New York)	9
	43 (in London)	

And don't forget, these were all experienced players!

Figures from Warner Brothers and Paramount were not available as we went to press.

Illustrated by Henri Weiner



Fight Tuberculosis
with modern methods



If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that "consumption" could be arrested, untold thousands have been restored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.



Physicians, today, have at their command another ally—pneumothorax or lung-collapsing treatment which is proving of great value in many cases, though not suitable for all. The expert can, if he thinks wise, collapse an infected lung as long as is necessary and let the other lung do the breathing. The infected lung heals more quickly during its enforced rest. This treatment, under competent and continued medical care, is speeding a steadily increasing number of recoveries in sanatoria and homes.

Tuberculosis, recognized and treated in its early stages, can be arrested and controlled in most cases. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 435-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Your Eyes... LIKE A PICTURE... Need a Frame

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Eyes are like a picture without a frame . . . dull and uninteresting . . . if lashes are pale and scanty . . . if lids are colorless or if brows are scraggly.



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BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

So . . . transform your eyelashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, instantly and harmlessly with the famous Maybelline mascara. Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows and lashes with the specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. Maybelline preparations are approved by leading authorities for absolute harmlessness. Their sixteen-year reputation for highest quality is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty preparations can be had at any leading 10c store.



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



BLACK AND BROWN



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



COLORLESS

Maybelline

. . EYE BEAUTY AIDS . .

All the World's a Screen

(*Continued from page* 31)

Saved From Ubangis:

The heroines of Hollywood carry an awful responsibility. They can change the face of the feminine world and its anatomy. For that reason I urge parishioners to offer thanks for Joan Crawford's labial reformation. At the rate mouths were expanding, in emulation, we soon would have been kissing Ubangis. As Miss Crawford goes, so goes a large proportion of wenchdom. Nor does it stop there; it's spreading to the males. At least one lad is reaping honors by impersonating Joan at Harry Richman's club. He says he is working his way through college. I asked what he was studying to be. He said, "Greta Garbo." I'm afraid he hasn't the voice. Once I listened with closed eyes to Miss Garbo from the screen and was reminded of the sepulchral tones of John the Baptist down the well in "Salome."

Leave Your Face Home:

Darryl Zanuck urges the screen aspirant to bring her own face to Hollywood. My advice is to leave it home. That is, if she wants to keep it. The body, too, for that matter. Mr. Zanuck is no doubt sincere in his cry for individuality. You have noted the squirmy walk of screen maidens, suggesting angleworms toddling on end. I'm told they acquire this by waddling about with pots on their heads in the manner of slaves and peasant serfs who are supposed to have the ideal carriage. My observation is the most graceful woman is the freest—the flamenco, so free she still wears shawls and full skirts, refusing to be sheathed by fashion and hobbled to high heels. Perhaps the thieving activities of these gypsies contribute to their nimbleness. My recommendation, then, is to put the little actresses in something loose and let them scamper about barefooted, picking pockets.

On with the New

Things are happening faster in Hollywood than a prophet can predict. New faces appear with every film and old ones are acquiring new expressions. My current shock is Joan Crawford. I never thought I'd be weaving a leis of gardenias, but here I am. Holding naturalness the requisite of an actress, I was not persuaded by the stylized, enameled, haughty extravagances of the gardenia lady. There were films in which she seemed to be impersonating an actress, with stress on affectation of manner, make-up and wardrobe. Self-conscious and Hollywood. Eventually I could no longer endure the agony of it all and yielded my place in the line that always forms for her features. I decided we would each have to go on our own way. Nothing personal. Just incompatibility. She was hell-bent for culture, whereas I am all for the collapse of civilization and amounting to nothing on a sunny beach. Came the Yuletide and "Forsaking All Others" to the Capitol on Broadway. Mellowed by a round at *Le Boeuf sur leToit* and wreathed in Christmas sentiment, I trickled around to see if there was any chance of reconciliation and also to see how good old Gable was getting on. In less time than it took to trample over the toes of my neighbors, I was devastated by the screen apparition. What once had seemed a bold and brutal beauty, though sculpturally superb, now had the radiance of nobility. With humor and grace and intelligence Miss Crawford made credible an artificial role. Trifling though it was, it served to reveal a thinking actress. Fearing lest I be in a Martini transport I reserved judgment until next day, when I sought out "Chained" at a neighborhood theater. Again sincerity, free of all rococo chichi. During my absence from her features she has become a charming mental actress. I abjectly hope it wasn't my presence that made her self-conscious, for I shall be there with a gardenia for her next.

Swami's Sins:

"Dear Swami," writes Miss Josephs of North Vassalboro, Maine, "in the January issue you picked out your thirteen best actors and actresses and those who are going up. Don't you think you omitted some? However, I happen to like all you listed, so no argument."

Plenty of argument. In fact, consider the Swami unfrocked for sins of omission. How did I come to neglect Margaret Sullavan? I swear she was on the list when it left this sanctum. Perhaps she flew off en route to editor; you know how flighty Peg is. Anna Sten is another contender.

The list of 13 Best Actors should somehow have embraced Frank Morgan, Roland Young, Spencer Tracy, Claude Rains, Lee Tracy, Conrad Veidt, Alan Hale. Evidently 13 is my unlucky number; it should have been 20 at least.

Margo was absent from the Going Up numbers because I was remiss in catching "Crime Without Passion." Most natural of the screen debutantes, Margo has the facial sensitiveness of Nazimova.

Loretta Young did not came to town with "The White Parade" until after I had come out of the trance. I predict she will be leading the star parade within a couple of years.

Others Going Up: Rosalind Russell, Merle Oberon, Tullio Carminati, Kitty Carlisle, Isabel Jewell, Helen Mack, Frances Drake, Katherine DeMille, Charles Boyer, Ross Alexander.

King Vidor, W. S. Van Dyke and Robert Flaherty are directors deserving belated boutonnieres.

Hollywood Histrionism:

I don't want to seem a dour old schoolmaster, but I should like to ask what all the giggling is about on the screen. Miss Shearer ends nearly every speech on a ripple and giggles when others are speaking. Miss Colbert chortles at everything that is said and even to herself, as if privy to a joke all her own. Even my new love, Miss Crawford, forces laughs at Mr. Montgomery's clowning, for which I suppose she may be pardoned—someone ought to laugh. Males, too, go about chuckling or smiling broadly. They seem afraid to be still. When compelled to listen they either grin or bat their eyes vigorously, or both. Hollywood's idea of a romantic scene is for two people to bat eyelashes and show each other their teeth. They're horribly gum-conscious. As one of the many admirers of Miss Bergner, may I suggest our scholars of Hollywood study her and master the art of doing nothing? Or should I say the art of thinking?

Bootleg Pictures:

The League Against Indecency seems to have stirred up a lot of young rebels. One child writes from a girls' school bearing a saint's name that she is not going to be made good in spite of herself. "I'll stay home with a book," she says. "They as yet have not boycotted the classics." Tut, tut. Ministers know best. Some suspect that their drive is for picture prohibition to replace the Eighteenth Amendment they gave us. It would be sort of fun at that . . . Psst! Come on over to Tony's—he's showing "Peck's Bad Boy" tonight.



Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

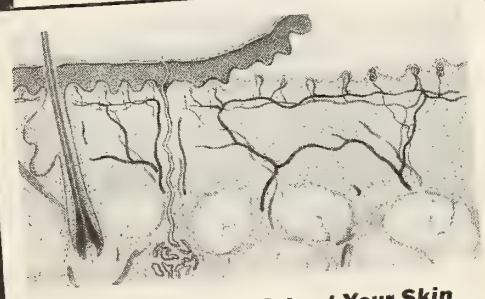
COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

SAGGING TISSUE, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of muscles. All occur in *underskin*.



Little known facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, called *epidermis*, and the underskin, or *corium* . . . In this underskin are myriads of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands . . . When these grow sluggish, expect blackheads, blemishes, coarseness, lines, wrinkles.

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Beauty lies... where Lines Wrinkles Blemishes first develop

Skin Authorities say

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "*The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that.*"

Yet most women keep trying one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help deep *underneath* where all the tiny nerves and glands are that make skin beautiful.

How skin faults develop

Here, expressed in simple everyday language, is the way dermatologists explain it:—

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose its vigor. Its circulation slows. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of disfiguring blackheads . . . aging lines . . . coarseness . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? *By invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
Princess René de Bourbon de Parme
"Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or crepiness"—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm." Her Royal Highness says.

Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Never let a single night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough, germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly, generously and you will feel your skin roused. All the day's dust, grime and make-up will float right out of the pores. Your skin feels wonderfully refreshed, invigorated. It actually feels softer—looks smoother—and ever so much clearer!

Every morning—and during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and your powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for a special tube of this cream. Use it daily. Soon you will see skin faults fade. Little aging lines soften. Blackheads and blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look clearer — finer — smoother. Until it glows once more with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail coupon today for 9-Treatment Supply

POND'S, Dept. D48, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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When a girl needs a girl friend



"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."





(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *at once.*

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe *every day.* Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

It's a Million to One You'll Never Be a Star

(*Continued from page* 38)

guidance of Starmaker School of the Screen, one of the average fakes. Gertie would, of course, bring her bank balance along and in almost no time, the canny agent would have relieved her of any such encumbrance as money.

One of the strange things about these schools was the sliding tuition scale. If Gertie had $500, somehow that just paid for everything. If however, she had only $200, that also was just the right amount. Shortly after the payment came graduation and Gertie was pronounced another Garbo and quite ready to play a lead opposite Leslie Howard or Charles Laughton. Then a fake talent scout would interview Gertie, maybe give her a fake screen test, and the next thing Gertie knew, she would be wiring home for return fare.

Fake schools are gone in New York and pretty well cleaned out in Hollywood but still thousands of girls from all over the country gamble everything they own on a trip to New York or Hollywood on the mere hope of being seen and signed on the spot by a talent scout. If you are contemplating any such trip, don't do it, because that is not the way talent scouts work. You can't crash their gate and even if you did, it wouldn't mean a thing, because they don't sign people on looks any more—its on how they can act.

Billy Grady, head of the talent scouting for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the East saw over 3500 players in 300 legitimate shows during the first ten months of last year. He travelled 7500 miles and viewed summer theaters, little theaters, amateur theatricals, school plays, and of course stock and Broadway productions. From the 3500 players he found 15 who warranted screen tests and of that group, only six were signed to movie contracts. Those signed were George Walcott, Gladys George, Gene Lockhart, Mady Christians, Richard Waring, and Lee Sullivan.

While watching a college show at Yale, Billy saw a student in the audience who interested him enough to interview and eventually test. The student, William Deering, made the grade and was signed, along with Frank Shields, famous Davis Cup tennis star, and the only other non-legitimate experienced person to receive a contract from Grady in the whole year.

Warner Brothers or Universal or any of the other big companies all have the same story. They look for their new talent on the legitimate stage. They want people grounded in the fundamentals and naturally they look in places like the Hedgerow little theater in Philadelphia where Ann Harding and several other screen names received their early training. If you live in Atlanta or Spokane, the Hedgerow is a little bit far for commuting but your local amateur theater groups will give you just as much training and prestige. You can take the most important step to stardom right in your own home town!

Talent scouts all agree that the naturalness of a Katharine Hepburn or the personality of a Claudette Colbert are the most important assets in making a success on the screen. Reputations made in sports or business are just about as unimportant as is beauty. Red Grange and a host of other All-American football stars have been given screen chances and missed. Hundreds of beauty contest winners have been tried and found wanting. Without experience on the legitimate stage, the only chance Miss Unknown has is to win with personality and naturalness. And she has to have plenty of each and be willing to work mighty hard.

If you are selected for a screen test today, it costs the movie company upwards of $1,000 and takes about three weeks of preparation, including rehearsals, interviews, and sometimes the writing of special dialogue in order to get the best possible results from your work. The same care is taken with the actual shooting, as with a feature.

The almost complete unimportance and insignificance of so-called screen tests given as contest prizes is proved by the expense and care to which the movie companies go when really giving an actual screen test. The mere contest stunt of standing in front of a couple of Kleig lights while somebody grinds a few feet of movie film is far from a screen test. If you will stop to think of how few Carole Lombards and Robert Montgomerys have come out of such stunts, you'll realize that most screen contests are just good commercial promotions.

You don't make big salaries in the movies! It's a fact. Most of the people in Hollywood live on just about the same kind of budget you do. Of course, a few big names make big money but then so do a few big names in your home town. Beginners in the movies are placed under contract and usually have to pay the agent who "placed" them. The beginner's contract is usually from $43 to $75 a week. That lasts for six months and then it may be raised or the person may be dropped. And of course many more are dropped than raised.

It may be disheartening for you to realize that only seventy-three people were signed by the major movie companies in nearly a year. It may be even more disheartening when you realize that few of the people signed were without legitimate experience. You'll probably think I'm an old meanie but I'm sure those million-to-one odds are wrong. I'm sure that it is three or maybe even five million to one you'll never be a star!

ENJOY NEW MOVIE EVERY MONTH

You won't miss any of the fascinating stories, the beautiful pictures in New Movie if you have a year's subscription. Use the coupon below. A year's subscription in the United States is $1.00. In Canada $1.60. Foreign, $2.00.

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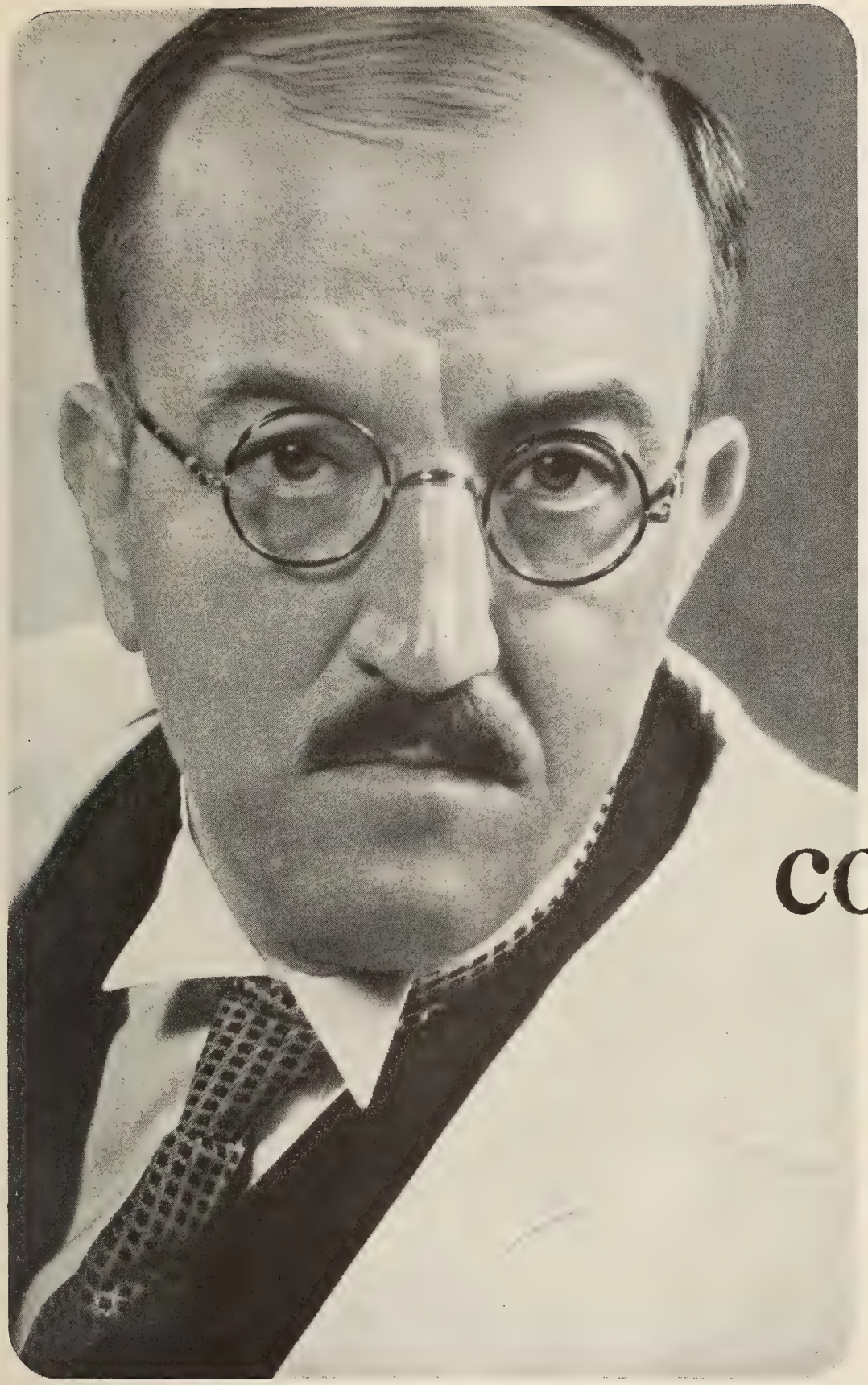
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XR Yeast is "definitely beneficial in most cases of constipation"

SAY WORLD—

FAMOUS MEDICAL MEN WHO TESTED IT!

DR. HENRI GAEHLINGER (left), specialist in the treatment of constipation, co-author of the important medical volume, "Constipation." His tests on the new yeast reveal: "It is astonishingly stronger. Best remedy for constipation I have encountered!"

"Also acts far faster than the former yeast on Indigestion, Skin Troubles, Lack of Energy, Headaches," noted intestinal specialist explains . . .

TODAY the usual treatment of constipation has been revolutionized!

For a new discovery has been made . . . called by doctors "a really great advance against the ills of constipation!"

It is an entirely different *kind* of yeast developed by a great American medical scientist!

As Dr. Gaehlinger says: "It is astonishingly stronger . . . works with extra speed!"

This new XR Yeast stimulates digestive juices and muscles! Unlike harsh cathartics which act only on your bowels, it first acts in your *stomach* where most constipation *starts!*

Thus your food is digested better . . . kept *softer* . . . so it moves easily through your body.

Soon you become "regular," and can stop taking those harmful laxatives. Soon you don't feel that terrible distress after meals.

As poisons are cleared from your system, you have more energy, more cheerful spirits. Your skin is quickly freed of those horrid pimples. It takes on new color. Also, you don't have those headaches day after day!

You have fewer colds, too, because of the new Vitamin A now in Fleischmann's XR Yeast. It supplies *four* vitamins we all need—A, B, D and G—plus healthful minerals!

Order some Fleischmann's XR Yeast *now* from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain.

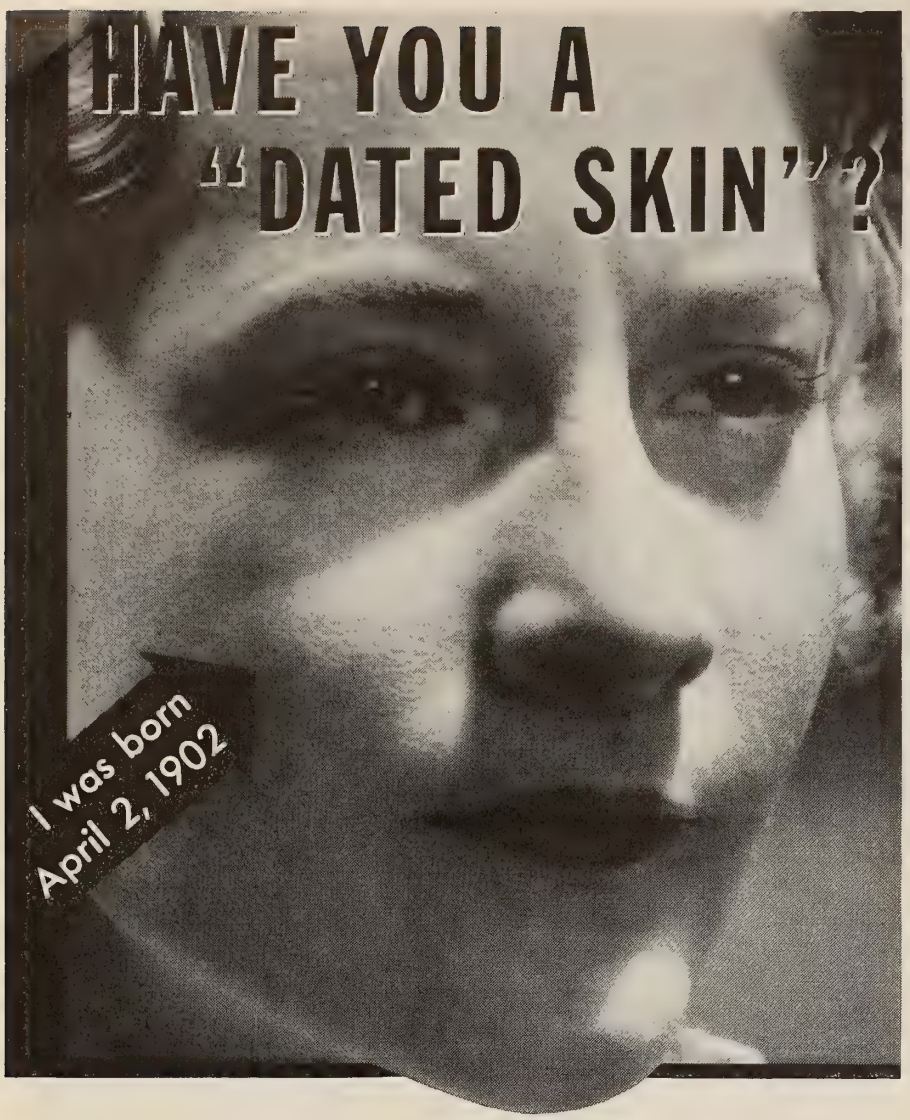
Over 3 millions now eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast



Just eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before every meal! But eat it *regularly*!

(As good as ever for baking, too!)

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THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER WILL GIVE YOUR AGE AWAY EVERY TIME!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (11) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

They're the Tops

(*Continued from page* 4)

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There were Mae Wests in ancient Greece. There were Mae Wests living in sod huts on the Kansas prairies a hundred years ago. There were Mae Wests in the days when men lived like wild animals in caves. Hearty wenches, broad in the waist and deep in the chest, who fought beside their men in war, were excellent mothers to incredible batches of kids; who lived, loved and died passionately. They had just what our Mae has today—sheer animal strength. The irresistibility of healthy, pagan, dynamic human fleshliness.

Wiser than Janet Gaynor in the ways of the world, Mae knows what she has and turns it loose to run wild. She doesn't fight herself, she lets herself go. To the *n*th degree, she is herself. That this self happens to be one that is attractive and interesting is just plain good luck.

JOAN CRAWFORD, on the other hand, is caught in much the same trap that grips Janet in such a vicious pressure. No one who knows her, questions Joan's sincerity. She longs passionately to be a great actress, to take whatever roles may come her way and lose herself utterly in them. It is her staggering value as a star name, in terms of sheer dollars and cents, which keeps her from doing it. The business office and her fans, together, force her cruelly to go on playing parts which, after the manner of Horatio Alger heroes, let her rise from rags to riches.

When she tries another pattern box-office receipts and fan letters fall off.

It isn't the money. Joan, despite her new contract, is rich enough now to do whatever she pleases. It is her loyalty that stops her. Loyalty to the studio that took her out of the ranks. Loyalty to her fans.

But others have loyalty. The thing which Joan alone does, which makes her one of the Big Five, is symbolize Youth. In the jazz age she was a dancing daughter. Today, the jazz age gone, she still typifies the modern girl's hopes and dreams. She is the little nobody who becomes a grand lady. Granted that she has verve, beauty, chic, all the rest of it. Others have them, too. But Joan, and only Joan stands for the spirit of our ever-changing younger generation. It is a symbol which will never lose its glamour. Yet—and what bitterness!—she is chained to it!

EXPLANATIONS of Norma Shearer's prominence have been crueller than those suffered by any other star. People react to Norma in no uncertain terms. Either they adore her or they loathe her. There seems to be no middle ground.

Proof, in itself, of an exceptionally powerful personality!

But—"She's a success because she's Irving Thalberg's wife." "She gets people to go see her pictures by playing in polite bedroom comedies flirting with the theme of adultery." An ugly word, adultery. And ugly accusations.

Irving Thalberg is a powerful man in Hollywood. True. If he so wishes, he can give his wife the best stories, the best technicians, an elaborate and costly production. But nothing that Thalberg can do in this world—nothing —can make people pay their good money at the box office unless they want to see Shearer. As for the other accusation, if all Norma has to offer are bedroom farces, then why were "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Smiling Through" so successful?

No, Norma's appeal lies within herself. It is not the fact that she is beautiful in face and figure. But she is beautiful inside. You sense it. An ordinary Canadian girl, she has lifted herself to social position, financial security, joy in her husband and her child. Given only her own bravery and she has won out in life's battle. The words "ordinary girl" crept into this paragraph, you'll notice. They tell the whole story. Norma—wise, serene, lovely, mature—is Everywoman. Everywoman, that is, plus Everywoman's hopes, aspirations and ideals. Janet Gaynor cannot change her parts. Mae West is too shrewd to think of it. But Norma Shearer could play a Janet Gaynor part one day, and a Mae West part the next, and not lose any of her popularity. She can be any woman because she is—every woman!

WHERE the fifth actress on the list is concerned, prophecies are dangerous. Katharine Hepburn's personality is not yet completely formed. In comparison to the others she is still a newcomer. The others have lasted. Whether Katharine will last it is still too soon to say.

But our concern is to analyze her vogue. Why has she shot up to stardom like the proverbial skyrocket?

First of all, because she is completely unique—an actress who looks different, behaves differently, talks differently.

The clue is in her appearance. Any observant person has seen that same taut, twitching nervous skin in nervous little girls. Little girls, usually, with high foreheads, spectacles, freckles and skinned-back hair. School teachers often call them "problem children." Their brains are years and years ahead of their immature bodies. They are too sensitive. They shrink from rough games, from the antics of their schoolmaster. Quite often they are hysterical, so highly strung are their nerves. Katharine, both on the screen and off, is the problem child grown up. Erratic, unconventional, rude, egotistical, living so thoroughly in an unreal world of her own that she can tell reporters "I have never been married" and really believe it, though everybody knows it isn't true. No wonder she's called wild. Whoever cast her for the part of a half savage, mountain girl, as "Trigger," knew what he was doing!

Katharine Hepburn is one of the Big Five because she is a bad case of nerves.

Thousands of others fail. These five have risen to glory. Notice this—

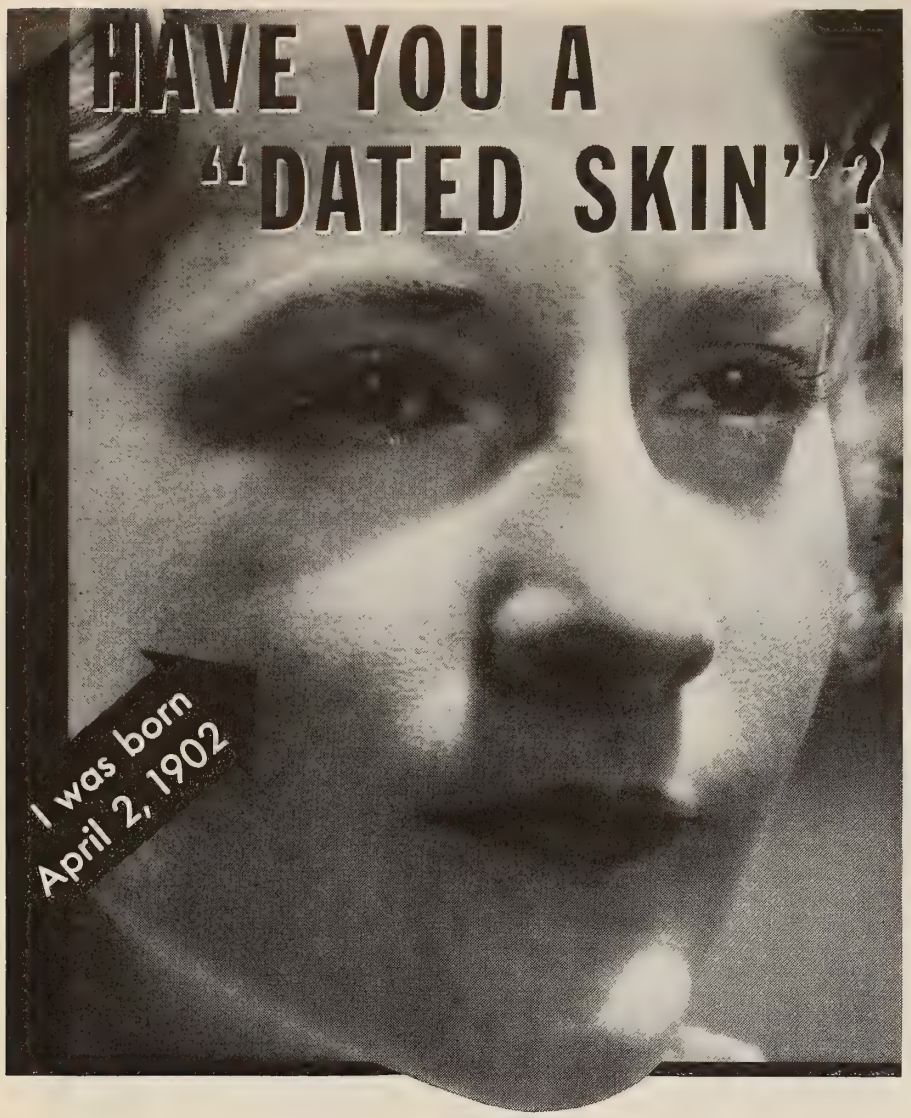
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For beauty of lips
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Double-Mint gum.
Every day! wherever
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It's a natural
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Every day! Wherever
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WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
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PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
DOUBLE.
DISTILLED
PEPPERMINT
FIVE
STICKS
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Lorraine

Hair Nets • Water Wave Nets • Combs • Switches



Lorraine Hair Nets come in single and double mesh, cap and fringe shapes, regular and bob sizes. Made of fine human hair, strong and long wearing. All shades including, grey and white.



Lorraine Water Wave Sleeping Caps fit snugly and are made of heavy silk thread, with wide band and tie strap. In all natural hair shades; also pastels: pink, orchid, blue, rose, tangerine, green, jade.





SAVE THAT WAVE! Lorraine Water Wave Nets hold your wave firmly in place while you sleep. Strong meshes assure long wear, and the elastic chin strap, illustrated at left, keeps the net from shifting. Also a valuable aid when you set your hair after a shampoo.



Lorraine Triangle Veil Nets serve many purposes in keeping your wave lovely. Easy to put on after a finger wave. Excellent protection in motoring and sports. In all hair shades. Illustrated at right.

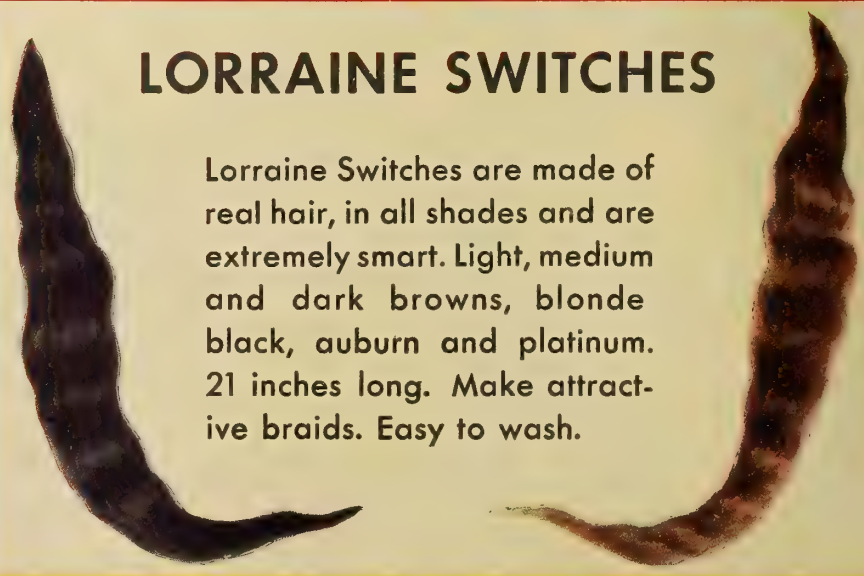


LORRAINE COMBS



Strong combs of fine quality hard rubber: Bobby, pocket and dressing combs. Black and mahogany. Also combs of acetate in ivory, coral, green, blue, pink, red, maize, orchid. Solid color or pearl effect.

LORRAINE SWITCHES



Lorraine Switches are made of real hair, in all shades and are extremely smart. Light, medium and dark browns, blonde black, auburn and platinum. 21 inches long. Make attractive braids. Easy to wash.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES

Hollywood Goes A-partying

(*Continued from page 8*)

and what they did with "Sweet Adeline" and "Little Annie Rooney" was just nobody's business.

Charles Evans was the famous minstrel, you know, and the day chanced also to be the anniversary of Evans' first public appearance. He was thirteen and he sang in a saloon in New York. They paid him in sherry, and he never did quite make his bed, but fell asleep on his front porch.

There was lively impromptu entertainment, with Queenie Cawthorne reviving memories of Broadway and the days when she was Queenie Vassar by singing and dancing delightfully; and a real feature of the proceedings was the sight of Mrs. Leon Errol dancing the Merry Widow Waltz with Edmund Breese, and doing it better than we've seen it done in many a day.

Robert Young and his wife represented the younger Hollywood set.

THE old woman who lived in a shoe was just a lonely soul on a desert isle compared to Fred Keating, on the occasion of his house-warming, when he could have easily paraphrased Mother Goose by saying "he had so many guests he didn't know what to do." Guests packed the living-room, overflowed the dining-room, and one fell over them even in the kitchen. There wasn't a thought of anybody sitting down, even on the floor. There was no room.

"Gala Premiere of 'The Captain Hates the Sea' tomorrow night, by courtesy of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital!" was the way a sign on the wall read. It meant that four of the picture's cast, Victor McLaglen, John Gilbert, Florence Rice and Keating, had all been sent to the hospital while the film was being made.

The bird which Fred uses in his magic act was another feature of the party. The canary's name is Tallulah, in honor of Tallulah Bankhead, when Fred was her leading man back in New York.

"So you see Fred doesn't kill a canary every time he does his magic bird act!" Irene declared. "Tallulah has been on the job a long time."

Fred of course was gallant to all the ladies, but we hear that his attentions have lately been divided between Patricia Ellis and Barbara Blair.

Nancy Carrol arrived with Howard Hughes, the producer, who, by the way, still looks as though he were twenty-one years old, despite all his picture worries. Howard on his part has been faithful to Nancy through at least four Hollywood social functions.

Alison Skipworth, against her rule not to go to parties, was there, and Harry Houdini's widow, too, who also eschews parties for the most part.

In fact a lot of recluses were present, including Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, and Tala Birell, just back from New York, who seldom goes out.

OPEN house on Sunday afternoons and holidays for baby! That's the new Hollywood idea with Sally Eilers, Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) and June Collyer (Mrs. Stuart Erwin) sponsoring it. Clara Bow, we hear, intends adopting the idea, too.

We found Sally, who is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown in private life, all rumpled up the other Sunday. She didn't care. Her small son had done the rumpling, and it was all right with her. She tells us that she and Harry Joe are going to buy a home to put the Baby Bunting in, especially as Baby Bunting has a penchant for falling off places, and their penthouse outdoor breakfast room furnishes a long fall either for man or boy.

As for the small Harry Joe, he is always demurely polite to visitors even when awakened out of a sound sleep, which he often is, so proud are papa and mama of him.

A large apartment in the mansion all to himself is what little Wesley Ruggles, Jr., boasts, at the Ruggles home. He even has his own cedar closets, kitchenette and bathroom.

Helen Twelvetrees and her husband, Frank Woody, together with their small son, Jackie, were there, and June Collyer and Stuart Erwin. Marian Nixon and William Seiter admired the Twelvetrees and Ruggles youngsters, and Marian declared with a blush that she'd "love to have a baby if she were sure of having one as nice as little Wesley." We believe her, for you know she adopted one when she was married to Eddie Hillman, but regretfully returned it, because the law made her do so, when she was divorced. However, she saw to it that the little one was re-adopted by a fine family.

Helen and Arline have been chums for years. Both tell the story about Arline, and how, when she telephoned Helen from the hospital two hours after her baby was born, Helen's butler took the message and Helen fired him as a liar.

"What woman could talk over the phone two hours after having a baby?" she demanded scornfully.

Little Jackie Woody and small Wesley are pals, too; but Jackie had slapped Wesley on a Wednesday, and Wesley had barely forgiven him the Sunday we were there.

AN ORIGINAL feature of the new Ruggles home is a "complaint box," such as is installed in certain hotels for guests. The idea is that if you don't like the way the Ruggles family entertains, you can drop your written complaint into the box, which hangs on the living-room wall.

Another feature of the house is the breakfast room right off Arline's and Wesley's bedrooms. Isn't that just too cosy?

Russian Parties

Spanish parties, Hawaiian parties, German pancake parties—all are in the discard now-a-days for Russian parties.

And if you could have just seen Anna Sten and husband Dr. Eugene Frenke and their guests eating their borscht from wooden spoons such as Russian peasants use, and the feminine guests sniffing at their corsages of Continental field flowers, not to mention all sipping their vodka, you would have loved it. Flaming swords of *shashlick* were brought in for the diners, and if a good time wasn't had by all it was no fault of the hosts.

Entertainment, too, was Russian, Anna appearing in a Russian playlet, and bringing in Russian street singers.

Cawthornes Entertain

"John's big game hunting—hunting everything!" smiled Dolores Costello Barrymore as we chatted at the party which the Joe Cawthornes were giving. "And he writes to us every day."

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli had driven up in their cute little English Alvis, which they had shipped from Europe, and from which they get twenty-two miles a gallon!

"We had no automobile accidents, though we drove all over Europe," reported Virginia.

(*Please turn to page 48*)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray look?* She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer...





The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

To me, FAOEN (FAY-ON)

is the essence of romance





says Anne C. Parke

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARKE of New York and a descendent of DUNCAN PHYFE.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use — she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

"To me," she says, "perfume must express romance. FAOEN suggests it so subtly and yet so definitely that I really prefer it to more costly scents."

Miss Parke is right — FAOEN's bewitching fragrance makes every occasion rife with romantic possibilities. There's sheer magic in the way it transforms comeliness into irresistible glamour. Let FAOEN show you the way to enchantment!

In a ten cent (10c) tuckaway size as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

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FAOEN (FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • COLD CREAM

CLEANSING CREAM • ROUGES • PERFUMES

Hollywood Goes A-partying

(*Continued from page 47*)

Merle Oberon's Skid

Hollywood folk at the last Mayfair dance are having a little smile. All about Merle Oberon. Merle didn't take a single drink—she believes Hollywood is a bit too convivial. And she thinks we all sit up too late.

Merle started home early, but in walking across the dance floor, which was empty at the moment, she took a lively little skid and tumble.

WHETHER Doris Kenyon intends to wed again, nobody knows. She is keeping her own counsel.

But a little bird tells us—and not one of those unreliable Hollywood birds, either—that she may marry that charming young professional man Dr. Howard Mulvey.

We met him at Doris's musical and tea where he was a quiet figure, sipping his tea in a corner, and talking football rather than music with all comers. But he watched in huge admiration our hostess, as, a graceful figure in her black taffeta afternoon gown, she flitted about among her guests.

Joe E. Brown, Spencer Tracy and Alan Hale seemed to be imbibing a bit of musical culture, but after the concert made up for the strain by getting off in a corner and telling stories.

That affair between Mary Carlisle and James Blakely begins to look serious, although you never can tell with Mary.

At any rate, James has named his pet turtle after her. Only the name Mary, which the turtle really has borne for sometime, used to mean a certain Mary whom James knew in Germany.

When Miss Carlisle found that out, she insisted that James carve the name, Mary II., on the turtle's back. And he did it, by heck!

Dick May Adopt a Baby

Whether Dick Powell and Mary Brian decide to get married or not, the fact remains, according to the word of intimate friends of Dick, that he means to adopt a child.

"Father and Mother are here now, I have a new home, and I want to adopt a child," said Dick.

Lyle Talbot's Doings

Echoes of Lyle Talbot's old stock days were heard in the Woolworth party which he gave. All the presents, as the name implies, were from the five-and-ten.

But laugh as they might over the gifts, it was discovered at the end, when J. E. Henderson, Lyle's dad, tried to collect them to give away to some charity or other, that nobody wanted to give up his present!

Maybe it was only for sentimental reasons that Peggy Watters, Lyle's girlfriend of these days, refused to give up the tambourine she had received, and with which she was supposed to accompany herself in her dancing; but the fact remains. And Lyle wouldn't part with the little airplane and automobile which Peggy gave him.

Lyle gave Joe E. Brown a baseball inscribed with the names of a number of comedians, including Wheeler and Woolsey, Joe Penner and others.

Picture Parties

Picture parties are another new social wrinkle in Hollywood. You give them in the whoopee room or the bar, and the walls of the room are covered with pictures of the guests.

Ralph Bellamy and his wife gave one of the nicest of these picture parties in their new bar. Some of the pictures were cartoons, others caricatures, and still others merely old stills. Mae West and Johnny Mack Brown provided a still that was a wow.

Helen Blushes

Helen Morgan is telling a good one on herself.

"I had never met W. S. Van Dyke, the director, when I was taken to one of his parties," said Helen. "You know what crushes they are. Photographers came around for the newsreels before I had a chance to meet my host. I found myself being photographed with a strange man.

"'I don't see why we have to have our pictures taken at parties,' I said to the man. 'Neither do I,' he answered. Then I was introduced. He was Mr. Van Dyke, my host!"

Arline Judge thinks it is good luck to let her feminine friends wear any article of jewelry she owns which she prizes herself. Naturally the friends think that is grand.

At a recent party Arline insisted on Marian Nixon, June Collyer, Helen Twelvetrees and Sally Eilers wearing the gorgeous star-sapphire ring which her husband, Wesley Ruggles, had given her for Christmas.

Here and There

Alice Faye and Jack Donahue were together at the Club Continental, so interested in each other they hardly spoke to the rest of the party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Mervyn and Doris LeRoy, Jimmy Dunn and Patsy Lee. Glen Boles and Louise Siddell are valentining; Gracie Allen and George Burns declare their five-months-old adopted baby sings "The Object of My Affections"; the Marquis de Polignac outstayed his intended visit in Los Angeles in order to meet Greta Garbo—but never did; John Lodge is wondering why some actors are worried about not having their names in the Blue Book. "I'd rather be in the Standard Casting Directory," he said. But maybe that's because he rather takes the Blue Book as a matter-of-course, since he belongs there without question. Carl Brisson's Danish dinners are famous. The rice pudding ceremony was a feature at one of these affairs. The pudding is served in a bowl, brought to the table red hot. One almond is in the pudding, and whichever guest finds it in his dish is given a prize.

Can We Make New Movie Better?

We want you to like us. We want to please you. To do this, we must give you the stories you want, and never print the stories you DON'T want. To help us serve you better, will you fill out the blank on page 34 and mail it to us? Please do! We will be very grateful to you. Notice, especially, questions in small type at foot of blank. Our address is NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.



To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually *5 times* more absorbent than cotton.



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex *is* much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly—avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and in the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

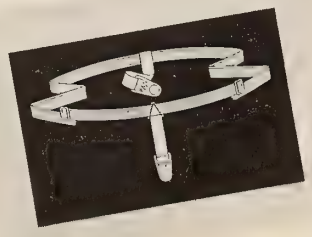
5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellucotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals. In fact, hospitals alone last year used 18 million Kotex pads.

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



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Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold.
Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

Read this

Glorious News about Gray Hair!



A Startling New Development **now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre...** ***We invite you to*** **TEST IT FREE** ***in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair... Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.***

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it SAFE—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

No matter what the natural color of your hair, (black, brown, auburn, reddish, or blonde) Mary T. Goldman's new method blends with natural shade so evenly that detection need never be feared. It will not wash out, fade, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

This new method was developed by a leading scientist after special research. His results place gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, nor to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

Send us the coupon below. We will supply you FREE with a sufficient quantity in an unmarked package to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You can judge the results for yourself.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle for complete treatment. Money-back guarantee.

Mail the coupon now. The day you receive your FREE Single Lock Test Package, you will realize that your gray hair problem is ended for good.

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Please send me your FREE Single Lock Test Package as checked below.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓ ✓ ☐ Black ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn and Reddish ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Blonde

The Man in the Mirror

(*Continued from page* 18)

stock companies, then more years in plays which were tried out in dog towns, but never got to New York. We'd rehearse, then flop. But finally my luck turned at Maxine Elliott's Theater. In 'Spanish Love' I died of love and a stab-wound, a magnificent death—the actor's delight. That brought movie offers, and I had my first picture experience a year later in 'Sherlock Holmes' with John Barrymore."

"When did you become an actor?"

"I believe," he thoughtfully considered, "it was at the ripe age of one, possibly two years. It seems I stood up in my high-hair and delivered a stirring declamation, perhaps inspired by a pin in my nervous center. Then and there it was decided I was to be not an actor but a lawyer. The question was, what is Willie going to be? Not why is Willie going to be it? High school found me going in strongly for public speaking and knowing as much about law as I did about pearl fishing in the South Seas. Then in a school play, 'The Rivals,' I had the part of Captain Absolute. That settled it. I was seized by a burning, even seething, desire to be an actor. But my ambition needed financing, so I went to work as a clerk in the Kansas City telephone office. There, sitting with my back to the chief auditor, I developed marked ability as a left-handed eater. My boss could see what my right hand was doing—writing—but I didn't let him know what my left hand was up to. It was, from time to time, up to my mouth from a partly opened drawer with bits of a sandwich and streamline delicatessen. In short, I managed to eat my lunch in office hours so that I would have the whole noon hour in which to go to a movie.

"I'd planned," he explained, "to earn enough to pay my way through the Sargent dramatic school, but I had a devil of a time getting the necessary money to take me to New York. After working from September to December for fifty dollars a month I owed my father thirty-five dollars. Something more productive had to be done, so I wrote my great-aunt that unless she sent me seven hundred dollars she would be depriving the world of a great dramatic genius. The money arrived and with it my great moment. I did what every man-Jack of us probably has wanted to do at one time or another—walked up to my boss and proudly announced, 'I'm quitting!' My aunt, bless her—but wait a minute," he broke off, jumping up, "I've something upstairs that may amuse you."

Back with a scrapbook, Mr. Powell read me a vaguely familiar "notice" of the opening New York performance of "Spanish Love" which gave him first place among the actors and thoroughly approved of his dramatic behavior.

"I sent that review to my aunt," he added, then handed me the book with a whimsical smile and the suggestion, "The writer's name may interest you."

"Then it pays to be an actor—that is, a good actor?"

"Well," he granted, "it pays to be a successful actor—I don't know that the two are synonymous. There's no question about motion picture acting being a highly paid profession, but it's not so highly paid as the public is led to believe. For example, Constance Bennett is said to get thirty thousand dollars a week. People reading that report jump to the conclusion that if she stayed on the screen for twenty years she would make over thirty millions. Of course, that's ridiculous. The actual fact is that Miss Bennett had a contract to do two pictures of five weeks each at thirty thousand a week. But sixty, anyway forty, per cent of that goes to the government. Then there are her personal expenses. That's the way it is with all of us. By the time a year rolls around those huge salaries you hear about aren't nearly so big as they seem. For one thing, there's the upkeep of the star's position. Now I could live in a hall bedroom. I could live as a miser, but if I did it wouldn't help me. People would say I was stingy, and that would hurt me professionally. If you don't live like a success and look like a success the whispering public soon has word going round that you're the kind of tight-fisted star who'd choke a nickel to death. All the world comes to Hollywood, it comes to our door, and so it is necessary to have a place to receive that world. I'm compelled to have a decent sort of house where I can decently receive people. This isn't swank, it's business. I have to keep up a front because of various things connected with my business. What's more, a picture star has to live up to the figure he becomes in the public eye."

In my mind's eye I saw one of the very few American screen figures that can look at home in a top-hat and at the same time keep under it a lot of good, sound common sense.

"You know," gravely reflected Mr. Powell, "an actor's life is no sinecure. In fact, it's rather pitiful. This is particularly true of the stage actor, continually facing uncertainty and realizing that only the rare few can become financially independent stars. I often used to think about it when I was sitting around the Lambs Club. Once I got over being stage-struck there were other things more important to me—comforts and the ability to take care of myself. I saw what happened to actors and began casting about for something that would give me more security, to wit, motion pictures. And inasmuch as they've been pretty kind to me I feel kindly toward them."

Out of them he had just built a fine house in the higher and more spacious reaches of Beverly Hills. Somehow, I imagined it to be a bride-trap.

"No," he smiled, "just another investment, and this time, I hope, a good one. And I'm looking for returns. If there's any place in the world to which retired wealth will come—granting there's any retired wealth left—it's Hollywood. But if I don't sell it, I'll live in the house myself."

"Alone?"

"Well," he admitted, "I've no violent objection to beautiful women. If one should happen along I won't, of course, hang out the 'forbidden' sign."

We drank to her, the unknown beauty, and let the real estate go dry.

"Meanwhile," he added, "I'm going to keep on working as hard as I can."

"Going to do another 'Thin Man'?"

"They're writing one now. Of course, we're sticking our chins out. You never can tell about a sequel. But the first was delightful and easy to do—it just rolled out in forty days. The second may not be so easy, and the only thing I can be sure about is that it is an individual vehicle."

"Carrying personality?"

"Let's hope so," begged Mr. Powell. "As I said, I don't know what personality is, but I do know what it does—it makes all the difference between a feature player and a star."

As definitions go, that's telling it!

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *does more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *cream in liquid form.* Hinds is penetrating —as you smooth it in, it *soaks the skin* with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

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Hinds
Honey and
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FREE The most complete book ever written on *how to powder* properly. Mail coupon today. Note generous offer of two weeks' package.



SHE LOOKED EIGHTEEN

Ten Feet Away

But close up! . . . what a disappointment

THE easiest way to age the face is to use the wrong powder. What a mistake! How men shy away from the over-powdered, artificial girl. To carelessly add years is a risk to happiness . . . a harsh look is always a handicap.

And it's all so needless. Thanks to a new discovery, there's one face powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered*, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. At all the smart places in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, you see the chic effect of SOFT-TONE Mello-glo. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection — flat and shineless — as your mirror will agree.

The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed. 50c and $1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: *To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you* must *ask for the gold box with the* blue edge, *which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in a gold box with* white edge.

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☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.



Lovely Madge Evans, M-G-M star, believes that beauty of face should be set off by graceful handling of neck and arms.



Watch Your Neck and Arms

Says MADGE EVANS

They should receive just as careful attention as the hands, face and hair

MADGE EVANS is one of those radiant blondes to whom beauty and loveliness seem to have come with the least possible effort. If she had lived before the benefit of present day beauty experts, she would have been almost, if not quite as lovely as she is. And that is something that can be said of very few women in Hollywood or anywhere else. And yet, starting in her career as an actress at the age of six, she has much good advice to give on the subject of looking one's best, and in her opinion most girls give too little thought to their necks and arms. They use creams and lotions on their hands and wrists—and forget that their arms need the same treatment. They are never so painstaking about keeping their nails well manicured and forget that in any dress not possessing long sleeves, elbows are just as obvious. And they do dozens of things to their faces and forget that their necks may be just as greatly in need of cosmetics.

Special neck excercises to keep the neck and arms well-rounded and supple have always interested Miss Evans. Maybe sometime she will have time to carry them out, but in her own busy life she finds swimming much more satisfactory. The fact is that swimming, unless done to excess, is a form of exercise that develops arm and neck muscles beautifully without making them too muscular.

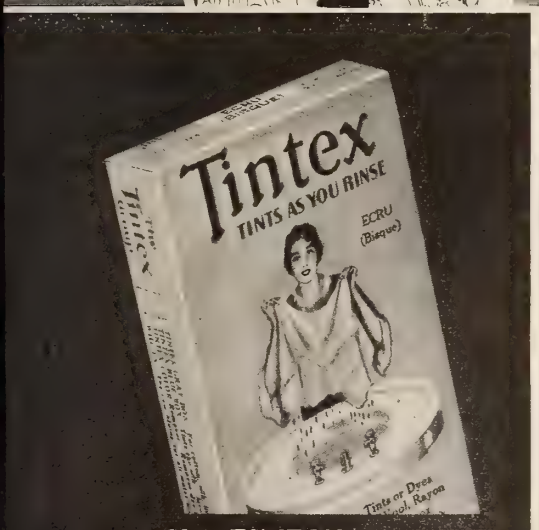
Much, too, she believes, can be done by any girl to make the neck and arms lovely by getting into the habit of graceful posture. Whatever your occupation may be you can take pains to handle your neck and hands in a graceful way. And at the end of the day when your head just naturally feels like drooping you can hold up your chin and keep away the sagging lines that are so detrimental to youth and beauty.

To keep her arms and neck smooth and soft, Miss Evans advises the plentiful use of creams—special creams if you like—or just the creams you find beneficial to hands and face. Few women, Miss Evans finds, give enough attention to their elbows. To keep them from becoming darker than the rest of the arms she advises rubbing them with a lemon, and after that with cream.

In New York and other northern cities Miss Evans approves the use of special neck and arm cosmetics for evening dress. Liquid powder of the sort that clings to the skin and does not rub off is a great help to many women whose arm and neck skin is not perfectly smooth and even in tone. It adds greatly to the glamour of one's appearance in a low cut evening gown, but for Hollywood residents who can swim almost all the year round, Miss Evans prefers the plan of keeping a nice even coat of tan. Being a blonde with fair skin that might burn easily and severely she believes in making use of the various powders and creams and oils designed to counteract excessive sunburn.

This has an added advantage, to those of you whose swimming comes only with the Summer. After the lovely, long days of basking in the sun and being continually in the water, your skin is likely to be leathery and dried up when Winter comes. But if you will take a few minutes each day to pat these lotions and creams into your skin you will welcome Spring with a lovely, soft, smooth complexion.





Use TINTEX to Give Color to

Negligees · Underthings · Dresses
Sweaters · Scarfs · Stockings · Slips
Blouses · Curtains · Drapes
Bed Spreads · Luncheon Sets · Doilies
Slip Covers · Children's Clothes · Men's Shirts · and hundreds of other articles of apparel and home decorations

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IS THERE any wonder that millions of smart women insist on Tintex? They know that only Tintex can give them such swift, sure, professional tinting and dyeing results. They know, too, that Tintex never fails . . . that, although it costs only a few pennies, Tintex saves many dollars. And then Tintex is *so* easy. Simply "tint as you rinse". *No* muss, *no* fuss, *no* bother. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Be a Color-Magician with Tintex!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

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INSIST ON TINTEX

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The World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES

The Years

HAVE PROVED THIS TRUTH



a Laxative for women must be gentle as well as thorough

HER hair is a silver frame for her lovely face. She's happy, she's healthy—and she looks it. Years ago when she was very young she learned a health lesson she's never forgotten.

Part of the lesson was "keep regular". The rest... and equally vital part of the lesson... was *how* to keep regular.

She never would dream of taking a harsh, violent laxative. The delicate feminine system need not be subjected to such a shock.

For 28 years her laxative has been Ex-Lax.

Why women, especially, find Ex-Lax their ideal laxative

Harsh, violent laxatives are bad for anyone. But for women they are particularly undesirable. They upset you, they give you stomach pains, they leave you feeling weak. They are liable to be habit-forming, forcing you to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And they're so nasty to take that your feminine instinct rebels at the very thought of them.

Now Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you could take. But... it's gentle. *So gentle!* No stomach pains, no upset feeling, no after-weakness. Except for the results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative. Ex-Lax won't form a habit... the same dose accomplishes the purpose each time.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take... like eating a piece of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. Guard against them this way: Get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and KEEP REGULAR... with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

Address .....

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

Through Blinding Tears?

After Mrs. Joe Miller who, in the February issue of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, so grandly eulogized the achievement of Norma Shearer as Elizabeth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," may I too strew flowers at the feet of this magnificent actress?

A finer picture was never filmed, and the characterization of Elizabeth Barrett by Norma Shearer marks an epoch in drama.

Expressing herself in the language of Beethoven's Symphonies Norma Shearer conveyed ecstatic and poetic things about the communion of man and woman, and her adoring public beholding through blinding tears were carried above all things carnal.—Mrs. William L. Stanaway, 126 E. Case Street, Negaunee, Michigan. *There is little question of Miss Shearer's artistry, Mrs. Stanaway.*



Give Otto Kruger a good role as a lover, asks Mrs. Andrews; Ann Harding hurt us, reports Mrs. Carson; Congratulations Anne Shirley, says Gran'dad Hamilton.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

More for Norma

Let's have more of Norma Shearer, the actress who really and truly knows how to act. Her performance as "Elizabeth Barrett" in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was superb. It was lovely, she was the living heroine of long ago. She is just as sweet and dear off the screen, I know, because she's sent me three entirely different photographs in the past year. Miss Shearer is beautiful, dresses stunningly and is a wonderful mother to her baby son. She is very well liked on the Metro lot.

Norma holds her public at all times. Let's see more of her.—Mrs. Chas. Roehm, 27 S. Ann St., Lancaster, Pa. *You are indeed fortunate Mrs. Roehm—and she is a grand person—too.*

Seventy-Six Years Young

I am a hard boiled seventy-six-year-old movie fan who saw the first moving pictures that came out. I am mighty hard to please nowadays. The only real comedian who would instantly give me the smile that would not come off was John Bunny and I may hope again to see his smile in the next world, and that would be heaven itself.

My wife loved the face of Francis X. Bushman, Sr. I never got mad about it, as he deserved it; I would watch for that beautiful smile of Mary Pickford. Well I'm sick of looking at most of the pictures they put out lately. Anyhow this old bird took his grandchildren to see "Anne of Green Gables" and they were so delighted and pleased over the play that this old gran'daddy in their behalf and for the first time in his life is sending a magazine a praise for the girl who played the part and who is called Anne Shirley. She is certainly a real artistic treat for (*Please turn to page* 75)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name ..... Address .....

APRIL

SURPASSING ON THE SCREEN ITS GLITTERING STAGE SUCCESS!

The Queen of musical comedies . . . with JEROME KERN'S wonderful music and THREE NEW melody hits by the same composer!!



Heart-breaking beauties in gasping gowns! Scenes of ravishing splendor. It's lovetime in Paris

IRENE DUNNE

The Golden Girl with the Silver Song

FRED ASTAIRE · GINGER ROGERS

America's Favorite Dancing Stars in

"ROBERTA"

So Beautiful you can't Believe It!...with

RANDOLPH SCOTT · HELEN WESTLEY
VICTOR VARCONI · CLAIRE DODD

An RKO-RADIO Picture

Directed by Wm. Seiter · Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach
A Pandro S. Berman Production

YOUR BABY NEEDS THESE VITAMINS!



But infants fed vegetables cooked and strained by ordinary home methods receive a lower vitamin content than do those fed Heinz Strained Foods

SO-CALLED fresh market vegetables, cooked and strained at home for baby's diet, are not always so fully vitamin-laden as you think.

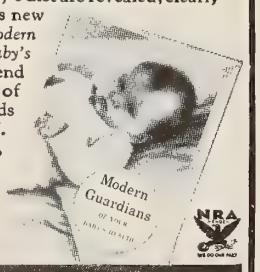
Actually far higher vitamin and mineral retention than those of most home-prepared vegetables is now assured in Heinz Strained Foods.

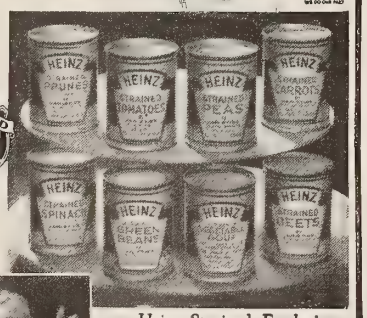
Heinz cooks them for you, strains them finer, vacuum-packs them into enamel-lined tins—all without exposure to vitamin-destroying air. Prize vegetables, harvested at the minute of perfection, go into the steam cookers a few hours from the garden. Thus, in many ways the precious nutrients are retained.

Try three tins of Heinz Strained Foods. And *know* that your baby is receiving an abundant, even quota of vitamins and minerals. Ask your grocer.

•

NEW BOOK—The latest facts of vitamins and minerals in baby's diet are revealed, clearly and simply, in this new 60-page book, "*Modern Guardians of your Baby's Health*". Merely send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG 204, Pittsburgh, Pa.







Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes.

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 29*)

WANNA buy a chicken?

Wallace Ford has up and bought himself a nice little chicken ranch and has gone into the business of raising broilers, fryers, roasters and what'll-you-have?

Hearing several of his friends complain about getting stuck with tough chickens on more occasions than one, Wally conceived the idea of playing Good Samaritan to his chicken-eating pals, and, at the same time having lots of fun doing it.

Instead of buying sight-unseen, the folks can drive out to the Ford ranch, pick out a chicken on the hoof, and be assured that the one they picked will be the one they'll have on their Sunday dinner table . . . and *that* tender!

COLLECTING material for a scribe pal of ours, we approached Charles Laughton and demanded to know the nature of his pet hate. Leaning toward us confidentially, he hissed one: "Supervisors!" and walked away!

"Wait a minute!" we argued, following along behind the deliberate gentleman. "We can't print that! And, besides, you're fooling. What is your pet hate now?"

Turning slowly, he favored us with a baleful glance, and said "Supervisors!"

And that's all we could get out of him, even though we knew good and well that at least three of his closest friends are of the ilk he pretends to dislike.

AT COLUMBIA, the props, grips, electricians, etc., held a popularity contest to determine what male star, who had worked on that particular lot, was the most popular.

Now, if the boys on the crew like you, you are indeed blessed, because working with the high and mighty all day, every day, those lads are pretty hard to please.

So....who do you think came out ahead? None other than Clark Gable and Tullio Carminati!

Take a bow, boys. You surely deserve it.

RIGHT in the middle of a picture, Bob Armstrong decided to see if he couldn't fix the new hot water heater in his home.

Innocent of such things, Bob tinkered with this gadget and that, until . . . BAM! . . . and the pesky thing went to town, blowing most of the skin off his hand!

With all due consideration to production schedule and such things, the studio scrammed around and re-wrote the script so that a bandaged hand would not be incongruous, and Bob went right along with the business, regardless of pain and discomfort.

'TAIN'T beholden, it ain't . . . the way the Bing Crosbys carry on about them thar twins!

The missus named the firstborn twin "Phillip Lang," and Bing monickered the other mite "Denis Michael," so the crooner refers to "Dinny" as "my boy" while Dixie calls Phillip "her boy."

That leaves Dinny with no mother to speak of, and Phillip with practically no father!

BECAUSE of insomnia, W. C. Fields always took a midnight stroll around his Encino ranch, sniffing the fragrant breezes and preparing his battered soul for rest. But . . . no more! And has he got reasons?

Last week, while taking one of his midnight constitutionals, Fields stopped to chat with the ranch watchman. From the too-near-for-comfort distance came the wailing howl of a wild animal.

"Drat them coyotes!" W. C. growled.

"Coyotes?" grunted the watchman. "Them's mountain lions!"

Fields has gone in for midnight solitaire.



Nestle COLORINSE

GLORIFIES THE HAIR

● Would you give your hair natural color lustre and that soft "Sheen of Youth" every woman cherishes above all else? No matter what your "type", you can select one of the ten ColoRinse shades, use it in the shampoo wash, and never worry again about dull, faded, lifeless hair. ColoRinse neither dyes nor bleaches, for it's just harmless vegetable compound. Try it? . . . of course you will!

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

MARLENE DIETRICH was so fascinated with the colorful fiesta scene from her latest picture, "Caprice Espagnole," that, even after her part was finished, she haunted the Von Sternberg set daily sitting quietly on the side lines or standing close in to help the prop boys throw confetti and serpentine over the ensemble.

THERE'S been a lot of grief in our town these last few weeks, what with Claudette Colbert and Gracie Allen laid low with the flu, and Kay Francis out of the picture for a while on account of make-up infection.

THAT deep hole they were digging in Dolores Del Rio's back yard was not *for old razor blades, as we first suspected.*

Instead, it has turned out to be a six-foot pit with steps leading down to a bed of fine, imported sand, upon which Miss Del Rio takes her daily sun bath!

The sand, imported twice a year from a particular Monterey beach is said to contain a certain crystal element which sustains great heat value, making for an even, healthy and more permanent tan.

IS JIMMY CAGNEY chagrined? Warners have him all dressed up in bare knees and a Tarzan haircut for his role of "Bottom," in the screen version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Jimmy swears it gives him the same feeling as he gets when one of those well known nightmares finds him in the middle of the Boulevard, sans pants!

GARBO is hibernating again. But with the racing season in full swing, the photographers are laying traps all around the track in hopes of snaring the horse-loving but elusive Swede, who just might take in the show with the attentive Mister Brent.

BECAUSE she didn't want to miss any of the London highlights, Fay Wray rented a car and drove all over town, determined to see all there was to see and take her own sweet time about it.

Engrossed in the charming surroundings, Fay suddenly woke to a realization that everyone but herself was driving on the wrong side of the street! A London "bobby" made the same observation and started to open up an "h"-less reprimand when he recognized Miss Wray as an American movie queen.

Gallantly the "bobby" offered to escort her safely home, and so entranced was he that, half an hour later, the two of them landed in another "bobby's" arms . . . for driving on the wrong side of the street!

MAYBE it's professional jealousy .... or maybe it's just because . . . but you rarely find a movie star picking his bosom friends from the rank and file of his own profession.

Clark Gable's off-stage pal is a Culver City policeman. They're both crazy about guns and hunting and, when they aren't spending week-ends taking pot-shots at ducks and drakes, you'll find them doing their stuff at the studio revolver range.

Otto Kruger's constant companion is a young man whose father was a checker champion. When it comes to a wild game of checkers, the fellow, a champion

(*Please turn to page 58*)

Life was leaving this girl BEHIND

A TRUE STORY OF A MODERN CINDERELLA

YESTERDAY··· *dull and drab*



TODAY··· *glamorous and desirable*



Yes, it's the same girl!

Photographer's Affidavit: I, Frederick Bradley, do hereby affirm that I have taken both these pictures, *that they have not been retouched*, and that they represent the actual change in the appearance of Miss N. B. before and after her use of Marvelous Beauty Aids, as outlined in the FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide.

Frederick Bradley

SHE was one of the girls that men passed by—unnoticed, unremembered. But that was yesterday.

Today she is alluring, magnetic. And her secret is simple. "Do what I did," she'd tell you.

"First you must discover your type. Pick out a girl you admire, perhaps a movie star, a girl whose hair and coloring are like yours. That's a good way to begin. Study her good points—how she makes the most of them; her weak points—how she subdues them. That's what *you* have to do."

Perhaps you too, need a new curl to your hair, a new lift to your head? Or new make-up to bring sparkle to your eyes, vivid aliveness to your skin, glowing appeal to your lips?

Then give Marvelous Beauty Aids a chance to transform you—make you over in a day.

Marvelous is more than just another line of cosmetics—it's a scientific skin treatment, prescribed by trained skin specialists in the Richard Hudnut laboratories. That name, Richard Hudnut, is your assurance of purity and high quality, as it has been for more than 50 years.

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW: And the Marvelous Make-up Guide tells you just what to do—how to make your skin look years younger with Marvelous Liquefying Cleansing Cream, how to soften its contours with Marvelous Tissue Cream, how to bring it to a youthful, glowing aliveness with Marvelous Freshener.

Tells you other secrets, too—how to keep your complexion *mirror-fresh* with Marvelous Face Powder—soft, lovely, of a gardenia petal smoothness; how to select the rouge, lipstick and powder your coloring deserves, how to accent the magic in your eyes.

The Marvelous Make-up Guide is FREE—free to every girl who wants to hurry up and be the girl she's dreamed of being. Just mail the coupon.

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MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS *by Richard Hudnut*



Mail this! This coupon brings you FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide to help you find your type. Mail it today.

RICHARD HUDNUT, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Yes, you may send me—

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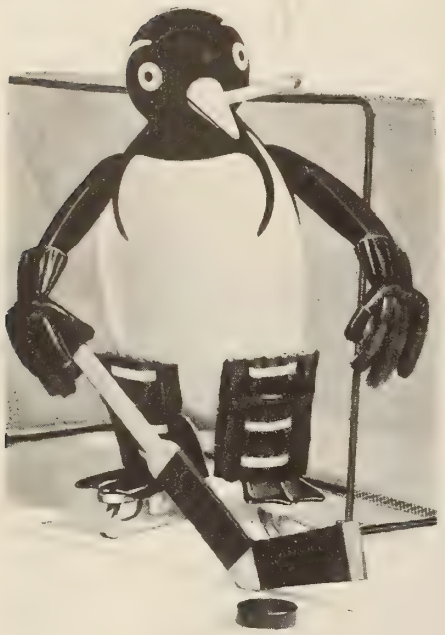
☐ In addition I would like four purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder in the four most popular shades. I enclose 6 cents in stamps for packing.

Name_____

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THE BEST THROAT GUARD...



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

CORK-TIPPED

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 56*)

himself, gives the wily Kruger real competition. And when the game goes stale, he entertains Otto with a nifty demonstration of high class legerdemain.

William Powell pals around with Jackie Fields, one-time boxing champion; Bob Montgomery enjoys a beautiful friendship with Red Berger, a former big league baseball player, who retired when his arm went bad.

The Marx Brothers had a pal in the janitor who was official sweeper-upper at the M-G-M studios. I say HAD, because one night the lads left about fifty gags, written on scraps of paper, in their dressing room. Next morning they were gone . . . swept out by their over-zealous pal, the janitor!

CAROLE LOMBARD'S pooch passed on to its Great Reward, and to assuage the grief of our favorite blonde, Paramount chipped in and presented the lady with a snooty looking Pekingese.

Barging into the Lombard modernistic dressing room, we got a bang out of finding the high class canine, all wrapped up in a baby blue blanket, occupying the swellest chair in the place!

THERE must be something about Palm Springs, outside of colossal cover charges and general expense that runs into what looks like telephone numbers. Or the war debt.

After every picture, Connie Bennett grabs a toothbrush and takes off for the fancy watering place (spa, to the gang!) there to rest, or do any old thing she pleases, until the studio calls her back to the eternal grind.

And while waiting to keep her date with Old Man Stork, Norma Shearer finds Palm Springs one of the nicest places in the world in which to rest.

STANDING in the wings of the mammoth Shrine Auditorium here, awaiting his turn to appear before the huge benefit audience, Fred Keating eyed the long distance from where he stood to the center of the stage.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Get me a bicycle!...If I walk it, my gags will have whiskers by the time I get out there!"

INCIDENTALLY, Fred threw a colossal cocktail party not so long ago, and it's our guess that everybody in town was there, with the possible exception of Peter the Hermit!

"This started out to be a house-warming," said Irene Franklin, who acted as hostess, "but the way things are going it looks more like the burning of Rome!"

Curious to know the duties of a hostess, we sort of suggested how's about it, and stuff.

"Don't ask me!" the irrepressible Irene declared. "All I've been doing is standing in the middle of the floor and letting folks walk up my back and down the other side! I think it's something like mountain climbing, only without the yodels!"

BABIES . . . bless 'em! . . . are cute to see on the screen, but the very heck to work with. Martyred directors have been figuring ways and means to curb infantile temperament for, lo, these many moons, but Pete Smith, who turns out those delightful short subjects, gets the non-skid bath mat for the most original of schemes.

Working with twelve babies, in his subject "Care of the Baby," Pete proved himself more than equal to the nerve-wracking task.

"Whenever they'd cry," he told us, "I'd gaze up at the ceiling and start bawling at the top of my voice. Either they couldn't stand competition, or I looked pretty funny, because they'd all stop crying and start laughing! After a week of it though, my tonsils were worn down to nothing and I couldn't speak above a whisper!"

MAYBE it's old stuff to you, but the Freddie Marches got such a yen for a taste of real winter that they parked the babies and went to Arrowhead.

Freddie dunked himself in the deepest snow bank he could find, tossed a few snowballs at his protesting Missus, and declared it was the most fun he'd had in years!

TOOK our current gal friend to the horse races (Hollywood's favorite sport at the moment) and dropped a ten spot on Head Play to win. In view of the fact that he'd won last year's Preakness, it seemed the logical, sure money thing to do.

Well, Head Play went into a tail spin and our ten bucks went the way of all the others we've ever invested in races.

But the girl friend, who'd bet two dollars on a funny looking filly, just because she like the colors the jockey was wearing, collected $69.50 when her "hunch" slid in first and at plenty of nice odds, too!

Life. . . *my* life . . . seems to be full of those things . . .

MAYBE it was plain ordinary horse chagrin, but Head Play was so put out over not even "showing" that he was in the mood to chew nails. Anybody's nails.

Crazy about horses, Marian Marsh enthusiastically raised her hand to pet the last year's favorite, and . . . crunch . . . Mister Head Play, who is no lady, set his teeth into the Marsh arm and nipped off about two square inches of feminine epidermis!

Marian is now classing horses in the category of animals that are to be avoided!

JOAN CRAWFORD made the mistake of going shopping in the Ambassador on the very day that about a thousand girls of the Catholic schools were attending a meeting there.

Joan was tripping across the lobby just as the meeting let out, when one of the girls recognized her and . . . the rush was on! But good scout that she is, Joan sat right down in the middle of the gang and autographed everything they handed her!

Beau geste, lady!

CHESTER MORRIS brought his young son a swell electric train for Christmas. But by the time Chet and Bob Montgomery finished playing with it themselves, it was a complete wreck and Chet was obliged to invest in another one, or duck around corners when Sonny came home from school!

THEY'LL be transferring us to the cooking page if we don't watch our step, but that midnight snack, served by Ann Sothern, was so doggone tasty that we'd like to pass it along to any of you hostesses who might be stumped when unexpected company arrives.

Just make a sandwich of cheese and sliced dill pickle, shut it up in a hot waffle iron and let Nature and the electric company take its course.



GERBER Announces a new process

SHAKER-COOKING

. . its greatest improvement in Strained Vegetables FOR BABY



Stirring distributes heat evenly.

All Gerber Strained Vegetables are now vigorously *stirred* as they steam-cook in their cans . . a revolutionary new process that shortens cooking time 40% to 50% . . gives fresher, finer flavor and brighter color . . cooks every particle more uniformly . . and insures thorough sterilization without overcooking.

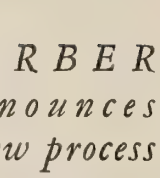
This costly process, for which Gerber has applied for patents, has never before been attempted in canning. We adopted it, just as we did the glass-lined retorts, the air-excluding equipment, the moisture-reduction in vacuum, the monel screens, because this extra care gives your baby finer, more nourishing foods than you could get in any other way.

Every Product Specially Prepared for Baby

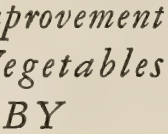
Gerber's Strained Vegetables are especially grown for Baby, from selected seed, in selected gardens. Our own field supervisors name the very day and hour for picking. We rush the vegetables crispy-fresh to the cannery. That preserves vitamins.

To conserve still more vitamins, we put them through every process with air excluded . . pre-cooking in glass-lined containers . . moisture regulating to save the minerals . . straining through monel metal screens, five times as fine as your kitchen sieve, to make them safe for Baby's digestive system . . sealing in steam-washed cans . . cooking in the cans by steam.

Forgetting the time and work they save you, don't you think Gerber's Strained Vegetables are more *scientifically* prepared—the minerals and vitamins better conserved—than is possible with home equipment? And better than just ordinary cans of seasoned vegetables which have been opened, strained and resealed in baby-size cans? Ask your doctor. See what he thinks.



In ordinary canning, food nearest the heat is cooked more completely than that in the center of the can.



Gerber Shaker-Cookers shake the can 140 times a minute, so that every particle comes in close contact with the heat.

Gerber's Strained Products are unseasoned, so that you may serve them as they are, or slightly seasoned as taste or your doctor directs.

Your Store's Baby Department

When you go shopping look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes . . Green Beans . . Beets . . Vegetable Soup . . Carrots . . Prunes . . Peas . . Spinach . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . 10¼-oz. cans. *Ask Your Doctor*

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby

TM-4a



Mothers! Here is help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information . . . practical suggestions . . . telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby ready for framing.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

It's a Fake!

(*Continued from page* 21)

Masters. He is my ideal. I love him truley."

Pete Johnson saw she meant what she said and left the house very mad thinking black thoughts of Bob Masters his rival. They went on a fishing trip next morning (Captain Powers boat was a fishing boat). Mary Jane came down to the dock to see them off and bring some cake for Bob Masters. From behind something Pete saw them and swore fowlly. When Mary Jane waved good by little did she know shed never see her boy friend again for many years.

That night the boat passed near a little island but Pete did not know this so he sneaked up behind Bob who wasnt looking and pushed him over and went away smiling. When Captain Powers heard the crys he hurried on deck and said 'What was that' Oh that? Some birds kawing I guess said Pete grinning to himself.

The next day when they could not find Bob Captain Powers said a prayer for him as he was gentle at heart and guessed Bob had fallen overboard.

When they came home Mary Jane was greef stricken at her lovers demize even when her father the Captain tried to cheer her up. Next month she said shed marry Pete who was being nice like a sheep in wolfs clothing so he could get the boat when Captain Powers died who was very old now. She sais what did her body mena now that Bob had Passed Away and she would if her father wanted her to.

Meanwhile Bob Masters was a very good swimmer and he swum to the island I told you about which was a desert one. He was very tired but the long swim made him hongry so he looked for something to eat. Mary Janes cake being allwet with salt water. While he was looking he saw something bright in the sand and saw that it was a gold ring. He was surprised because this was a desert island. He kepp it for good omen and looked for more. In the sand he found a big chest of pirat gold and said O, if I could only get home now Captain Powers would want me to marry Mary Jane insted of discurraging me!"

Next month a boat chansed on the island and took Bob and his chest home. He told them it was just his clothes. He got home just in time because Mary Jane and smerking Pete were just getting married because she thought he was dead in a wattery grave.

He busted in an said 'Stop. You can not marry him. He is a viper he tried to drown me but Im a pretty good swimmer and I got away safe and sound'. Mary said O Bob Im so glad your home I thought you were in the spirit world!

In the confusion Pete slipped away to a bitter fate shuhnned by men everywhere but Bob made the minister stary and said 'Here Captain Powers is some money for your boat. You are old and I will be Captain and Mary Jane and I will take care of you in your declineing years.'

Mary Jane smiled through her tears of joy and put her head on his chest and murmured 'MY HERO' over and over again. Next year they had a baby boy to bless their home and Captain Powers made a funny, rough granpaw but they were all happy together.

* * * * *

Now, that's the story I wrote and sent to the "agent."

Smell a rat? I should say not. Apparently they are used to receiving just this type of stuff from many of their "clients." Here is a typical, stereotyped acceptance received by those "lucky" enough to get representation.

"We thank you for the opportunity of reviewing your scenario and are pleased to inform you that your story is acceptable to us for representation by our Sales Department. The basic idea, plot treatment and characters in your story have been worked out with judgement, the climax is well developed and the interest sustained thruout. Incidents and situations appear logical and the continuity properly balanced. In our opinion, you have a story sufficiently well developed that it should attract the attention of Talking Picture Producers.

"Before it can be submitted to the studios, however, United States Government Copyright is essential. This can only be obtained through publication, for which purpose a brief synopsis covering the basic plot of the story will be published by us. A sufficiently comprehensive synopsis will be prepared by our experts in 750 words.

"As explained in our booklet, the only cost to you is two cents a word for the number of words in the published synopsis. This constitutes your total and only expense, and covers the cost of preparing, publishing, copyrighting and distributing your synopsis simultaneously to all Hollywood Studios. Furthermore, it automatically places your detailed script in our Sales Service Department from where it is submitted personally by our Studio Representative to those Producers whose current production demands call for this particular type of story. Then if a sale is effected, we deduct the standard commission of 10% from the price at which it is sold.

"We are enclosing herewith our regular application and agreement blank and would suggest that you return it promptly with your remittance. We will then prepare the synopsis and forward it for your inspection and approval. As soon as returned to us it will be sent directly to the print shop for publication in the forthcoming issue, and your original story will be listed in the active files of our sales department.

"We are quite certain the value of this service will appeal to your good judgment and prompt you to take immediate advantage of this splendid opportunity, in order that your story may be ready for submission to the markets.

"Anticipating your immediate reply, we are,

"Very truly yours,
"Etc."

NOTICE that in the first paragraph they cunningly absolve themselves from all comebacks by the first phrase in the last sentence, *"In our opinion,* etc., etc." In other words, they just *think*—and you can't stop a man from thinking . . .

Do YOU honestly believe that the characters in this story of mine were "worked out with judgement, the climax well developed and interest sustained throughout"? Do the "incidents and situations appear logical and the continuity properly balanced" to *you?* A grammar school child would condemn that story as utterly without merit! Written in a barely legible scrawl, a note accompanied the manuscript hinting that I had saved a little money. They're still after me, at the moment of writing, to get my precious yarn!

A strange thing about this cancerous growth on the industry is that it has been exposed time and time again. Many of the practitioners have been run out of business, only to reappear again un-

(*Please turn to page* 60)

New Powder Makes Blonde Skin *Dazzling*....gives Brunette Skin *a Glow*

Hidden tints in new shades bring out real beauty of Every Type



Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color-Analyzed"

When an optical machine which reads the skin "color-analyzed" over 200 girls' skin, it showed that blonde skin has a note of bright blue—brunette skin has a tone of brilliant green! These same tints Pond's blends invisibly in their new powder. It flatters the dull skin to a glowing perfection!

MRS. ALLEN WHITNEY, *exquisitely fair*
MISS MARY WELD; *vivacious brunette*

THAT faded, dingy tone which skin so often acquires is really caused by lack of certain color notes in it.

What these lacking color notes are has now been found out, and scientifically recorded! Now these magic tints are blended in entirely new and different powder shades by Pond's.

That is why this new powder brings life to your skin—instantly! Blonde skin is immediately brightened until it appears positively radiant. Brunette skin gains at once a new sparkle—a vibrant glow. Every skin texture looks suave, velvety.

And this scientifically blended powder clings so closely, spreads so evenly, it never shows up, it never cakes, or blotches. Your skin actually looks enchantingly fresh, with that naturally bright, young look.

We want you to try this new powder, to discover for yourself, at our expense, just how glamorous it really is. Rush this coupon off today. Try the different shades till you find the one that glorifies *you!* You'll see your own skin become smoother—finer—more thrilling than you ever dared hope it might be.

FREE! ***5 Different Shades***
SEND FOR YOURS TODAY
(*This offer expires June 1, 1935*)

POND'S, Dept. D92, Clinton, Conn.
Please send me free samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a full five-day test.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl"... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious... there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

It's a Fake!

(*Continued from page 59*)

der another pseudonym and start raking in the gullibles' shekels.

I TALKED at some length to the veteran, in the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle. While on active duty in the Philippines he contracted a disease that resulted in his being disabled and sent to the pulmonary ward of the Government Hospital. There he had labored and brought forth the story of the courtship of his wife. It meant a lot to him —a whale of a lot, as he sat there by the window in the ward. It brought a measure of life's heat and throb back to him. He knew he was no great shakes as a writer, and he wanted this job polished up by a sympathetic professional. Painstakingly he saved out of his meagre pension a matter of $150 —the amount the representative required to revise and type a manuscript . . . Well, that revision was a joke. There were actually more mistakes in the typed copy than there had been in the original.

Complaints against this man have been numerous and he, too, is under Postal Department investigation. You ask why something can't be done about these men? The answer is that the letter of the law, if not its intent, befriends them. They are careful to make no *actual* representations of selling your stories, either in print or before witnesses. They trade on your imagination and the carefully indicated assumptions they lead you to make for yourself. Run into a corner, their answer is pat and straight from their lawyer's office, "Oh, no! We didn't say that! That's what you thought we said. How stupid of you!" And there you are.

TO another promising lad we sent a similar and completely illiterate letter. He answered that "the wording of the letter makes me believe that you are a good story writer and I would be happy to examine any material you may care to submit." Further, he clearly states that he can guarantee to sell my material, if suitable, *and if I'm willing to ante up for the publicity.* Also, to show good faith on my part, he would appreciate a matter of ten dollars in advance—assuring me, however, that if the story is *not* suitable the ten will be returned. Anybody want to make any bets on *that* case?

In one sense it seems a bit unfair to leave unmentioned the veritable horde who are consistently mulcting the public of hard-earned dollars. If we started to publish a list of these phony outfits, it would wear out half a dozen typewriters.

One thing that must be remembered by the uninitiate is that they haven't the chance of a snow-ball in the well-known hot-house of ever getting their money back, once they are stuck by any of these easy-living gentry. They live up to the letter of their promises. That's right where they get you. The promises are like the old shell game. Just where and what are they when you stop to analyze them? In the first place, it would take a trained legal mind to see the holes, and in the second place, though they lead you to believe there's a good chance of selling your stuff, all they actually say they'll do is to revise and copyright . . a worthless service, as we will demonstrate for you later.

One company advertised the sale of a manuscript to a publication It was an early job of writing and was sent to them for revision and sale. Fifty dollars was charged for the revision. It must have been worth something, because they actually did sell it—to a juvenile religious magazine for the staggering sum of $20. That represents a net loss of $32 to the author for the privilege of seeing his effort barely published. You see, the agent's commission for sale is 10 per cent in addition to the revision fee. They netted $52 on the transaction, the author lost $32. Is that a system, or should I go back to the ribbon counter and begin life anew?

It's a bad idea to be totally destructive. In conclusion let's point out a few simple rules to the amateur—far simpler than throwing cash away.

First—If you want to write for pictures, don't do it. There are seven hundred experienced screen writers here right now—and half of them starving. For every picture produced in a year there are two men on the spot to write it. If, in spite of this, you feel that you can't sleep nights till M-G-M has snapped you up, start writing—at the beginning. The beginning is usually space-rate news stories for the papers and so on. Five years of this and the average amateur is about ready to think of turning out some sort of stuff salable to pictures after it has been published or produced elsewhere. That sounds tough, but, remember, writing is just as tough as the cynics paint it, only a little bit worse.

Second—No really good agent is advertising for inexperienced writers. Granted that there are honest and sincere ones in the business, but most of them are just after your cash. You usually can't weed the good ones by yourself, so abide by the caution of the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, "Investigate Before You Invest." Merely write to them, asking about the reputation of the concern you have in mind, and they will answer honestly and without charge. They are supported by the business men of the community for just that service to the public.

Third—Material does *not* have to be copyrighted for submission to publications or studios. To make that point clear, let us say that you should protect yourself against theft, but you *don't* need a copyright. To do this, simply make a carbon copy of your story, wrap and seal it and then send it registered mail to yourself for a nominal charge. Then *do not open the package.* In case of a law-suit, the unopened, registered and dated package will suffice to establish your priority. If you are not satisfied with this, send the carbon copy to the Authors' League of America, New York City, with one dollar and request registration of the manuscript.

The only protection copyrighting gives you is to prove priority of authorship. The above methods do that. Except in the case of a play, the Government does not issue copyrights to *unpublished* material. Publication does give you a copyright, but why pay exorbitant fees for a totally unnecessary protection that can be had just as well through less expensive and certainly more reputable channels?

Finally—remember this. No studio *ever* buys *any* stories from outside writers who are unknown to them. If only to keep from being sued for plagiarization, most of them return unsolicited manuscripts in unopened envelopes. There is *only one way* to get stories accepted for the screen, and that is to get them printed first in a reputable magazine or in a book issued by one of the big publishing houses in New York City. Why should a studio buy a story from an unknown when it can buy better ones—and they are better, as the would-be authors would admit if they weren't so pitifully egotistical—from authors who have been writing for twenty years and can really write?

If you think you can write for the screen, if you are tempted to answer one of those wonderful ads that promise to help you—DON'T. It's a fake!

I felt sick half the time

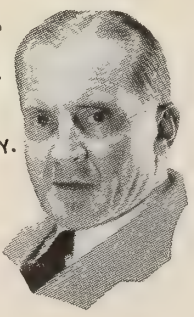


● I just had to drag myself to work most of the time because I had such trouble with constipation. It made me feel heavy and my stomach got upset all the time. Everything I took for it seemed to exhaust me or give me cramps. Then my sister-in-law suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. It certainly has made a difference in the way I feel. Nothing ever gave me such a good clearing out, with no bad after-effects. And it's so wonderfully pleasant and easy to take.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you must chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing flavor. Try it yourself. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The Make-Up Box

ALL FOR BEAUTY AND BEAUTY FOR ALL

THAT LUMINOUS LOOK: Even the most exotic Hollywood movie stars are now striving for a more natural effect in make-up. Gone for the most part are the washboard-ridged "permanent," the butterfly-antennae plucked brows, the painted cupid's bow. The vogue of a thick mask of make-up has disappeared and not only movie stars but chic women everywhere seem to prefer an almost "shiny" look . . . a dewy radiant freshness. You can't achieve



that faintly luminous skin tone unless you thoroughly cleanse your face each and every time you renew your make-up. One of the newest products for frequent cleansings is a fragrant rose-colored cleansing oil. Pour a few drops on a bit of cotton and pass lightly over the face. Dust, dirt, and make-up are instantly transferred to the bit of cotton. Remove surplus oil with a fresh bit of cotton and follow with a dash of cold water. Your skin is soft and lubricated and ready once again for a brand new make-up. Mind you, I don't suggest you substitute this for your usual soap-and-water and cold cream cleansings, but a bottle of this cleansing oil is just the thing to keep in your desk drawer or medicine chest for frequent and hurried cleansings during the day.



NEW FACES UNDER NEW HATS: How is your face going to look under your new Easter bonnet? Clear, fresh, bright and sparkling, or dull, sluggish and marred by coarse pores and blackheads? Better get busy and give your face a thorough going over before buying your spring clothes. Whip up your lazy circulation and rid yourself of the telling effects of steam heat, and March winds. There are three important beauty steps to bear in mind . . . cleanse, lubricate, and stimulate. You know all about cleansing your face with soap-and-water and a good cleansing cream, about lubricating it with more cream, but what about facial stimulation? One of my favorite skin invigorators is a clear, cool green liquid with a spicy pungent odor. Saturate a small pad of cotton and start at the throat with a brisk gentle patting movement working upward to the chin, the wings at the nostrils, the frown lines at the forehead. Its exhilarating tonic effect closes the pores and tones the skin. And, by the way, men have been quietly using this skin invigorator as an after-shaving lotion. It wasn't really meant for them, but you know how men are . . . the minute they discover something that's soothing to their oh-so-sensitive shaven faces, they cling to it. Your spouse will probably be unwilling to release his bottle, so buy one for your own use.

NAIL-GNAWERS' NOTE: When your little daughter persists in biting her fingernails or appears at the dining table with grubby hands and nails and all your motherly threats are of no avail, take a tip from the child psychologists . . . appeal to her femininity. Few little girls could resist a manicure set all their own. Two diminutive doll-shaped bottles, one containing palest pink polish and the other the remover come in this set for a little girl. No doubt she has already experimented with



your cosmetics, daubing her chubby face with powder or coating her nails with your most vivid nail lacquer. Here's your chance to gratify your young hope's childish instincts for beauty. Present her with this set and note the immediate improvement. She'll stop biting her nails and will probably use her little orangewood stick every day without much maternal prodding.

NEAT TRICKS: A bit of cold cream smoothed over mascara for a starry gaze. . . . Elbows scrubbed with a stiff brush, rubbed with lemon peel and softened with lotion is a thought now before donning short-sleeved dresses this spring. . . . A light application of the new complexion balm gives a porcelain overtone to neck, arms, shoulders and back, just the thing for fragile loveliness with your new black evening gown. More exciting details in this month's beauty circular written by your

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I'M REALLY ASHAMED OF THE WAY I'M ACTING



Are married women afraid to face facts?

DISPLAYS of nervousness and nervous irritability may lead the unthinking to believe that women are wanting in courage and stamina. Don't be quick to say that women as a a class are not brave. Most of them are realists. They *are* strong when they meet dangers they see and recognize. Can you blame anyone who falters before the unknown?

To married women, the matter of feminine hygiene is a special problem. They want to know the real facts about this matter. They will not be afraid when they know the facts. And *here* they will learn these facts—also why their friends are so vague and confused about this subject—and why their mothers talk the way they do.

Confusion due to an old situation

Even not long ago, feminine hygiene was a cause of grave discussions between doctors and their patients. The women insisted upon surgical cleanliness. But their doctors objected to the use of the caustic and poisonous antiseptics which, at the time, were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

That was before the days of *Zonite*. There was no disagreement after Zonite was available in drug stores. Zonite has never hurt any woman. The old idea of possible harm should have died with the coming of Zonite. For this marvelous antiseptic-germicide is as safe as pure water. It is also *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid*, for example, that can be safely applied to the human body.

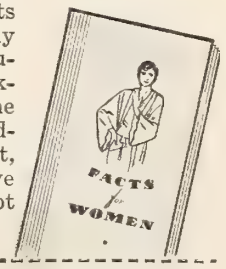
Zonite combines strength with safety

The pity is that all women do not know this modern antiseptic which combines great strength with safety. Zonite cannot harm delicate tissues. It cannot desensitize them. Or cause areas of scar-tissue. Zonite cannot harm when used for feminine hygiene because, despite its power, it is gentle in its action. Remember these facts about Zonite and tell them to other women. Zonite is *not* poisonous. Zonite is *not* caustic. Zonite is the most powerful *safe* antiseptic made. You will find Zonite at your own drug store. In bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

You can also get Zonite Suppositories

Zonite also comes in a semi-solid suppository form. Some women prefer the Suppositories; others use both forms. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Sealed in glass vials, twelve in a box, at $1.00.

Any woman who wants further information about feminine hygiene can get it in the pages of a booklet called "Facts for Women," merely by mailing the coupon below. This booklet is well worth the slight trouble in sending for it. At least, many women have found it so. Why not do it now?



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION TM-54
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

City..... State.....

(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

"IMPOSSIBLE!.."
My Friends Exclaimed
"SUCH SMART WINDOW SHADES
Only 15¢!"



"LITTLE wonder visitors could hardly believe my handsome Clopay Shades cost but 15c each. They're so remarkably good looking—both in plain colors and those distinctive chintz-like patterns." Amazingly durable, too—extra-heavy fibre with patented creped texture will not crack, ravel, or pinhole; actually outwear far costlier shades. Easily attached to old rollers without tacks or tools. See these amazing values at your nearest "5 and 10," or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to **CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1368 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

. . BESIDES
Look What I Save Using FABRAY For All My Oilcloth Needs



New FABRAY Looks *and* WEARS LIKE BEST OILCLOTH

. . Resists Cracking and Peeling

"YES, I save amazingly on Clopay Shades but I've found another CLOPAY product that saves me even more. Now I'm using FABRAY, the fibre-backed oilcloth, wherever I used oilcloth before—at a saving of ⅓ to ½. And that's real economy!" Fabray is the same in looks and wear as oilcloth but has a tough fibre backing instead of *flimsy* scrim. It can be creased without cracking. Does not peel or chip. Cleans as easily as tile. Comes in 46-inch width for table—9½- and 12-inch widths for shelves—wide variety of delightful new patterns. See FABRAY at 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1375 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

The Three Sides of Jimmy

(*Continued from page 6*)

to read, propounded questions which left me befuddled, and drew conclusions so shrewd that I was soon adrift and hopelessly floundering.

Surprise number three—and since then they have come in such rapid-fire succession that I've lost all count!

He uses the pronoun, I, less often than any actor I have ever known. Unquestionably, he dislikes to talk about himself—and that dislike, alone, is sufficient to make him an oddity in this maelstrom of egotism called Hollywood. And neither will he be a party to the scandal-mongering small talk that usually dominates any Hollywood conversation. By way of experiment, I have tried, on several occasions, to draw him into conversation of that kind—only to have him deftly turn the subject.

And yet he is an ardent—and, incidentally, a very brilliant—conversationalist. I have spent some of the happiest days of my life aboard his boat, lazing around Santa Catalina Island, just talking—talking about everything under the sun—except Hollywood trivialities and James Cagney.

YOU have probably noticed that most self-educated men are inclined toward decided, despotic opinions. Having read only one side of a question, they see only that side and will not tolerate their convictions being challenged. Cagney is not like that. On the contrary, he is the most open-minded student I have ever encountered. He is almost humble in his intense desire for additional knowledge on any subject which interests him.

And this screen "mug" from the East Side is a student, an insatiable glutton in his appetite for knowledge. Your average man studies—if at all—for one of two reasons; either to enable him to make more money, or to acquire better social equipment. Cagney, on the contrary, wants knowledge for the love of the knowledge, itself. He wants to know for the sake of knowing. He is an eternal question mark, never satisfied until he has dug down to the very roots of every subject that intrigues him.

He is particularly interested in sociology, political science, human relationships. Hollywood, smug, money-mad and, I think, instinctively afraid of any social change, calls him a "Red," a "Radical," a "Bolshevist." As a matter of fact, he is neither; nor is he a socialist, in the ordinary sense of the word. In the term's grander and truer meaning, yes, most decidedly, he is a socialist.

He believes, passionately, that there is fundamental injustice in the fact that millions of willing workers are poverty-stricken and hungry in the midst of plenty. He bitterly resents the fact that children of equal abilities and equal desires must face the world with unequal opportunities. He is a socialist because he sees need and extravagance rubbing elbows in a super-productive civilization where only comfort should exist, and because he concludes that greed and selfishness are responsible for the conditions which he sees.

Cagney, at heart, is a crusader. His nature demands that he always must be fighting for some cause, and, characteristically, he invariably sides with the "under-dog."

Having been born in the poverty-stricken slums of New York, having seen—and experienced—the misery which flourishes there, it is not surprising that Jimmy, the constant crusader, sympathizes with the under-dogs in our own scheme of things.

He cares little for money, for money's own sake. He wants financial security, but he is not at all interested in possessing great wealth. He was not dissatisfied with his salary—as long as he received a "fair break." If he couldn't have a fair break, he'd quit the screen before submitting! It's always the principle of the thing that counts most with Cagney.

I HAVE never known anyone so instinctively kind, who, at the same time, possessed such qualities as a fighter And there is, in that contradictory statement, no paradox, for Jimmy will fight only in self-defense, only when the principle of the thing is threatened, only when he feels an injustice is being done.

We are unusually close friends and we talk with the familiarity of friends, yet I have never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone! Invariably, before speaking about anyone, he pauses and asks himself these three questions: 1. "Is it true?" 2. "Is it kind?" 3. "Is it necessary?" And, unless he can answer each of the three with an unhesitating "yes," he keeps silent.

One of his revealing characteristics is the horror with which he regards the infliction of unnecessary suffering on animals. Killing, in the name of sport, is to his way of thinking, plain, unvarnished murder. And that reminds me of one of our rare disagreements.

I happen to be an avid hunter and fisherman, and, at the time of this incident, I had never heard Jimmy express himself on any favorite sports. Consequently, one day when we were cruising near Catalina Island on Jimmy's boat, and I noticed that the flying fish were running in almost unbelievable numbers, I took advantage of a few moments ashore to buy a fish spear. Jimmy saw it when I came aboard.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" he demanded.

"I'm going to spear some flying fish!"

"Not on this boat," he answered emphatically—and of course, I put the spear away—but not without an illuminating argument.

"But you're no vegetarian," I urged. "Be reasonable—you eat meat and fish . . ."

"Perfectly true," he interrupted. "I eat meat and fish because I need the food ingredients—but killing for food and killing for the mere sport of killing are two entirely different things. We don't want to eat these flying fish, consequently, it's wrong to kill them."

Again, you see, the principle of the thing!

I have never known anyone more generous than Jimmy Cagney—in fact, he is generous to a fault, generous to the point of being frequently victimized by moochers. If he hears of someone in distress, his first impulse is to go to that someone's aid. Remonstrate with him, and he shrugs:

"Maybe I am being played for a sap," he answers, "but maybe—just maybe—the poor devil needs it. He hasn't had the breaks that have come my way."

But no one ever makes a sap of Jimmy twice. Once convinced that his generosity is misplaced and he becomes adamant. He has progressed far from his beginnings, but he still has the East Sider's contempt for, and aversion to being, a sucker.

He is a remarkably fine artist. His pen sketches, his etchings and his oils would do credit to a professional of high rank. His work has been offered for sale in many exhibits—and I distinctly remember the time, in San Francisco, when I bid for one of his drawings and had to pay considerably more than

Herbert Marshall PICKS LOVELIEST LIPS IN UNUSUAL TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS HERBERT MARSHALL SAW



Movie Star tells why Tangee Lips are most appealing



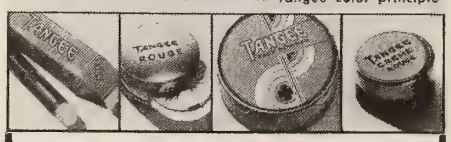
Mr. Marshall makes lipstick test between scenes of the new **Universal Picture, "The Good Fairy,"** in which he is co-starred with Margaret Sullavan.

● Herbert Marshall, whose quiet, effective manner has made him one of the screen's most compelling actors, talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty—to me, at least," he said. "Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red."

Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

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I could afford before I took it home.

He is an accomplished musician—a fine pianist and a better than average baritone. His tastes run to semi-classical music, and he has little patience with jazz. Visit his home and the chances are that you will find him dreaming over the keyboard of his piano.

He is one of the best tap and rhythm dancers living—but you probably surmized that accomplishment if you saw "Footlight Parade."

One of his incidental accomplishments provided Hollywood with a hearty laugh. It seems that, during a rather heated conference with certain studio executives, they suddenly started arguing among themselves in Yiddish. And were properly astonished and embarrassed when Jimmy suddenly interrupted in better Yiddish than their own. A quick-minded youngster becomes multi-lingual on the crowded East Side.

He cares nothing for Hollywood's social life. His idea of a truly enjoyable evening is to gather a group of his friends, in his home or in one of theirs, and talk—talk intelligently about intelligent subjects. It is a rare event when he appears in one of Hollywood's night spots. And, fortunately, Mrs. Cagney shares his tastes.

Theirs is one of the most perfect marriages imaginable. They are such good friends that even their closest associates, when with them, cannot help but feel just a bit like outsiders. In every glance that passes between them, there is perfect understanding. They have gone through some pretty trying times together and every hardship seems to have drawn them just that much closer.

If I have painted Jimmy as a dreamer, I have not succeeded in giving a true picture of the man. If I have pictured him as a logician . . . or as a "go-getter" type . . . I have missed my mark by just as wide a margin. He is a combination of the three!

And what more can you ask of any man than that he should dream a dream, think out the means to make it real, and translate his thoughts into action?

The Garbo You Never Knew

(*Continued from page* 17)

books once asked him to write him a thesis on art schools. "I will, but you won't print it," said Flagg. They didn't. He gave them a kick in the pants with such ideas as "art schools exist only for teachers and to keep students out of the rain. Nobody can teach a man to be an artist. All good artists should be subsidized; all bad artists shot." . . . And so on until the publisher, the Flagg script too hot to hold in his hand, dropped it and fled.

It must have been a circus when the NBC asked him to broadcast, along with John La Gatta and a model, his views on types of beauty. The Nice Nellies at the station carefully looked over his script and found this:

"I like a woman with full breasts, wide shoulders and long legs." . . . And promptly cut it out. Then Flagg go home.

You should hear his cathedral-like studio in the Parc Vendome, an un-Bohemian sanctuary, meet almost for a Bishop's study, echo with his gibing guffaws. (Garbo should have had a recording of that.)

"Why can't a woman's body be discussed over the air?" he snorted. "What is it that's so lewd, so disgusting, so obscene about a woman's body?"

Flagg had a taste of Hollywood in the silent days. It must have been a riot. He made twenty-six two-reel comedies for Edison and Famous Players.

"Comedies they made me call them. They were really satires, and so I labeled them. But the executives were a little puzzled by the word. They thought 'satire' was an evil person, half man, half horned-goat, and made me change the title to 'comedy.'"

He had a taste of Hollywood, when he saw Garbo, and later when he went back there not long ago, when he didn't see Garbo. "They are out there," he said, "just charming children. Most of them stem from humble beginnings. Then they make a lot of dough and go crazy."

This, then, is the brief expose of Mr. Flagg. Catch on? It might well be Garbo, suddenly voluble, citing her own views in a similar vein. What a story she must have.

But would the Swedish sphinx talk? A recluse of the films, the Unapproachable One it seems can be had for publicity. For if her wild ride to Kingman, Ariz., with Director Rouben Mamoulian last Summer—on the eve of the release of "Queen Christina"—wasn't a stunt, then Hollywood is a quaint little university town viewing the world from the cloister of its vine-clad towers.

Even her farewells have been as frequent—and as phony—as Patti's. Always she tank she go home; and always she tank she come back. She could easily quell the conflicting reports about her—reports she is said to hoot at, yet never takes the trouble to set right. Less than two years ago a swindler was sentenced to prison in New York for obtaining money from persons on the promise of getting their biographies printed in British publications. Garbo was on his list. Truly, Greta, the mysterious.

She wasn't always the hermit hiding from the vulgar gaze, but honest in her public appeal. In her early days, when Stiller insisted Louis B. Mayer take her over with him at $400 a week, she posed for publicity photos—in running pants with the University of Southern California track team, with a lion cub, etc.—the usual hooey.

But there can be little question of her art. A cold, Nordic type, she has the utmost in repression on the screen, getting over a subtlety as terrific in its power as it is understandable to even the most moronic mind. Her appeal has something of the saintly in it: indeed, something of the religious. I suspect that it is this faith, a sort of "follow me" faith, that claws at her public's vitals.

For she has, as Mr. Flagg says, the astonishing quality of renunciation carried almost to biblical poignancy. There is no scorn like hers; no bravery to match that of her art. Hers is the acme of assurance. It is a pity that almost every one of her vehicles is virtually the same character. She has enough pathos to play light comedy.

Yet no one knows, because of her casting, that she hasn't the versatility of Helen Hayes. What a blessing, an enlightenment, if her employers would take her just once out of studio drama and set her up on location in the sunlight. Until this is done, to me she will be, in the words of a Hollywood producer, "only a little colossal."

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A TRUE STORY



about

JOHN ROY REID

Awarded highest score out of 600 babies competing in Oklahoma State Fair's "Health Clinic" . . . Simple health aid he uses regularly described by mother.

Any parent can easily imagine how thrilled a mother is when her child earns the highest score for health in competition with over 600 babies. In the case of John Roy Reid, the winning of a health award at 23 months of age must have been especially gratifying to his mother, Mrs. J. R. Reid, 1441 West 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Only fourteen months before entering the State Fair "Health Clinic" competition, John Roy was subject to habitual constipation, an ailment certainly not conducive to glowing health then or in the future. Mrs. Reid made a simple decision, one that proved of immediate and lasting benefit to her child.

Now very active and over two years old, John Roy still uses the simple health aid mentioned by his mother in her letter below:

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"Am enclosing a picture of him. He is now 26 months old and although very active, still finds Nujol to be one of his greatest aids to perfect health."

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How Fatherhood Softened E. G. Robinson

(*Continued from page* 15)

how, it completes your existence. It gives a different meaning to everything. You see life unfolding right before your eyes, in that tiny little body. Why, in a single year, what was a squalling, pink bundle in a blanket has developed into a person—a personality! You see yourself, born again as a child and growing toward maturity. Development goes on at such a terrific pace during those first two years! 'Maybe I was that cute, when I was his age,' you say to yourself."

DO you know Eddie's love story? It's unusual. By tradition, in his family, the sons stay at home until they marry. Well after the age when most boys leave home, Eddie lived on with his father and mother. He was trying to make a name for himself on the stage in New York. He was well into his thirties when, feeling that it was unfair to his parents to be away for months at a time and then drop in on them like a traveling salesman, he finally took a small bachelor apartment for himself.

"A bachelor apartment! They're dangerous things to have, these bachelor apartments," warned his friends smiling. "The first thing you know, Eddie, you're going to find yourself married."

Instead of getting himself a wife, though, Eddie got himself a piano and began to study music. That would take care of that risk—or so he thought. But no sooner had he gotten expert enough, in his musical accomplishment, to finger his way through a piece called "Grandma's Minuet," than in walked his future wife!

It was evening. He had asked a few of his friends in. They came, and with them a girl wearing what Eddie still calls "a heavenly white evening gown." The gown had flowers painted on it, and the girl was Gladys Lloyd, an actress. It was love at first sight; he knew that. "I knew I was interested in her above every other person in the world," he says. As the evening progressed, he tried to tell himself that he just liked her because she was so gay, so wholesome, so fresh. But he knew. He was in love. He couldn't work up his courage to the point of telephoning her for four days. Then he called her.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I was just picking up the phone to call you."

She came to see a matinee of his play, "The Firebrand," in which he wore tights. His face might not win any beauty prizes, she decided, but he had the best-looking pair of legs she had ever seen on a man. (She told him so, embarrassing him nearly to death.) Then she insisted upon dropping in at his apartment every now and then and cleaning out his ice box. Sweeping up and getting down on her hands and knees with a brush, soap, and scalding hot water. "Maids can't clean them the way I can!" she said grimly. She had been married and divorced as a very young woman, and she introduced him to her daughter Jean. Eddie was stunned. He had a Dresden china billikan—remember them?—and she made a satin cushion for the little statue to sit on. Then she began to drop in and cook dinner for him, when he had his friends in. In his complete bewilderment, about all Eddie knew was that she was ten times as wonderful as he had thought. She was much, much too good for him. Of that he was sure.

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And the next thing he knew one afternoon he found himself on a train with Gladys and a lawyer friend, and they were eloping. It simply seemed the natural thing to do. Everyone was saying, "You two people are simply made for each other. Why in heaven's name don't you get married?" So they were married. That was all there was to it. They eloped because they didn't know how their parents might feel about it, and they weren't taking any chances. To this day only four people in the world, including themselves and the lawyer friend who stood up for them, know the name of the town in which the ceremony was performed.

"For six years," Eddie says, "we didn't let ourselves consider the possibility of a baby. We felt we had no right to have a child until we knew that we could provide for it, and give it a fair chance in life." They waited. Meanwhile, Eddie's career was developing rapidly. He was a success on the stage, and he had his first experience with the movies. They saved their money.

And one day Mrs. Robinson made the decision. The way she told Eddie of it is one of the sweetest things you have ever heard. He was sitting reading. She came into the room and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "Eddie—" she said tremulously.

"Yes, dear?" He looked up.

"I—I'm going to give you a present."

"A present?" he asked. "What is it, Gladys?"

"A son."

And it was a son, too. Call it feminine intuition, if you like, but a son it was.

The baby's advent was anything but easy. Eddie could afford the finest doctors, the best of attention, but something went wrong, and none of the doctors could say what it was. The x-ray, usually so infallible, gave conflicting reports. "Risky or not, we'll have to wait ten more days," they said. The ten days passed. "We still don't know," the doctor told Eddie then. "We're afraid we're going to have to operate."

"You still don't think the child is well developed?" asked Eddie.

"No."

"How much do you think it will weigh when it's born?"

"Possibly five or six pounds. Closer to five."

When they wheeled Gladys into the operating room, with its gleaming white walls and its steaming sterilizers full of shining instruments, the bottom fell out of the world for Eddie. "Save her," he gasped, his voice hoarse. "I don't care what else happens, but save her!"

"But no matter what you have to go through," Mrs. Robinson says, today—"no matter what the risk, it's worth it. To any woman who may have the slightest doubt remaining in her mind, as to whether she wants a baby or not, I say, 'Go ahead. You will never regret it, no matter what happens!'"

And of course it was then—then, in that first rapturous moment when the nurse said, "Here is your son, Mr. Robinson," and handed him the pink, squirming bundle wrapped in a blanket—that Little Cæsar was tamed. He had always sworn he would never have a home. A home to anybody in the theater was only a handicap. What with constant traveling, and the ever-present chance of being out of work, it was an actual danger, a hostage to fortune.... Hardly a week after the baby was born, he bought a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills. He was a father now. Babies weren't meant to live in apartments. A baby had to have a home.

Eddie is still a little shy about speaking of this house which he has bought for the baby. "It was fun to fix it up," he says. But the real reason shines out of his eyes when he adds: "And then,

if anything should happen to me—"

So—the guy from the Big City putters around the garden. He knows the names of flowers. The sight of a caterpillar throws him into horrors. "I can tell you all about eight different kinds of fertilizer. And I've invented a little sort of clapper thing, that I go out at night and kill snails with, because the snails eat the young plants," he grins shyly.

The leading menace of the screen has a movie camera, used exclusively for taking pictures of the baby. After two years, there are reels and reels of film—"Baby's First Tooth," "Baby Takes His First Step." Every time Eddie goes back to New York he takes all the film, and a projector, and shows the pictures to young Eddie Junior's proud grandpa and grandma, and all the uncles and aunts. Two months ago, unable to wait any longer, he took Eddie Junior himself east and showed him off. (Incidentally, he won't let anybody call him Junior. The baby's nickname is "Manny," and you call him "Manny" or else.)

"Sometimes I wonder why Mr. Robinson ever hired me," wails Ada Tyler, the baby's nurse. "Why, he's the nurse, not me! When Manny was little, we gave him his bottle at five in the morning, again at ten, and then at two o'clock and six o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Robinson was up all hours of the night to warm the bottle in the kitchen, and he always gave the baby his six-o'clock feeding himself. And always cooing at him in his crib! 'You're a big man. You're not a baby, are you? You're Daddy's great big man! Woozums—Woozums!"

"Oh, now really, Nanny," protests Mrs. Robinson, "he wasn't that bad."

"He wasn't? Coming home every lunch-time, an hour's drive from Burbank to Beverly Hills, just to get a glimpse of Manny? Why, many's the time he went without his lunch, to my certain knowledge, just so he could come home and see the baby at noon, Mrs. Robinson. And how about those rides he used to take him on, in the car, when he was too little to sit up. Singing to him all the way, too! Sousa's marches, you know, Pom-te-pom-te-pom. Why, the baby was singing Sousa's marches back at me before he could talk!"

Somewhere, at about this point, Eddie Senior sneaks out of the room, his face a ripe, red beet color.

And then there are "Gr-r-r, I'm a bear" games that go on in the garden. And Horsey-Horsey. Eddie Senior can blush all he likes, but the truth will out.

How about all those times you've bathed the young man, Eddie?—almost bursting with pride because he could stand up and grab hold of the edge of the tub.

How about all that talcum powder you've sprinkled where it would do the most good?

How about all the hundreds of times you've refused to let Mrs. Robinson or the nurse put him into his nightie, because you wanted to do it all yourself?

How about Nanny's night out, when you go in and sit by the crib and sing the baby to sleep? You're still doing that, right to this day, you know. No wonder they don't see you at the Hollywood night spots very often!

How about that game he plays with you every morning, now that he's two years old? Coming into the bathroom with you, lathering his face with your shaving brush, and making believe he's Papa—shaving himself with your razor after you take out the blade?

So now you know the awful truth about Edward G. Robinson at last. He isn't the tough guy of the screen, at all. Ladies, the victory is yours. You've won. He's just One More Husband.

He isn't even that.

He's just the adoring, timid soul who takes orders from Edward G. Robinson. Junior, aged two.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 32*)

even leaving instructions that he fool the Baroness (Merle Oberon) if possible!

And right here, kiddies, is where they have used a bit of scrubbing powder on the original plot. Because, while Miss Oberon is inclined to be plenty fickle where other men are concerned, she does, for some weird reason, resist the charming Chevalier.

The ensuing complications are delightful. The Baron and Ann think their respective mates have been unfaithful and there is some tall explaining done on both sides. Chevalier, in the Baron's absence, has innocently promoted a deal whereby the worried Baron can jump out of the red and back on the right side of the ledger.

So-oo-o . . . Graham, it's all very silly, but I love it. And, if you have a yen for *one* Chevalier, think what a kick you should get out of a *pair* of 'em!

They are doing two versions, with Roy del Ruth directing the Yankee end of it, and Marcel Achard the French.

HOW AM I DOING?
•
PARAMOUNT

Still worrying about gangsters, kidnapers and such, Mae West isn't taking any chances. She wouldn't even let us on the set.

Anyhow, Mae has practically finger-printed everybody on the set, and, if the popcorn man goes for a drink of water, he has to be finger-printed all over, the print checked with the original, and then, if it's a tie, he can come in, and no questions asked!

You all know that Mae writes her own stories, and this one has to do with a gal who can take care of herself, and does, entertaining in a dance hall in a small, but tough, cattle town.

Because it looks like a good thing, Mae marries Fred Kohler, a wealthy rustler, who obligingly gets himself bumped off on their wedding day, leaving his wife (in name only) enough money to go places without hitch-hiking.

Paul Cavanaugh, representing an English oil company, discovers oil on Mae's property; and Mae discovers that, if she had a bit of that thing called *savoir faire*, she might get to first base with Paul.

Following him to Buenos Aires, Mae meets up with Monroe Owsley, a busted socialite, and marries him, hoping to acquire some of the above mentioned s. f., thereby making herself worthy of Mister Cavanaugh. Sort of a preparatory course, or something.

Well, Owsley's high class family tries to snoot our voluptuous heroine, but Mae out-snoots them in a manner that will do your hard hearts a lot of good. And, when Owsley conveniently dies, Mae goes to her true love, Cavanaugh.

Al Hall directed.

(*Please turn to page 66*)

Good News FOR EVERY THOUGHTFUL PARENT

Announcing the Publication of

A Real Newspaper for Children

AMERICA'S first real newspaper for boys and girls! The Parents' Magazine Affiliated Press, Inc., now makes this important announcement to the fathers and mothers of America. Thousands of parents have not only been waiting eagerly for this boys' and girls' newspaper but they have been *demanding* it for years. It has been recognized as an urgent need wherever there are growing children. Children *want* a newspaper, they *need* one, and they *will read* one. If the only newspaper available is an adult paper unsuitable for a child, a great and harmful influence is unavoidable. Now a good influence can supplant the harmful influence for at last the boys' and girls' own newspaper is here—a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in tabloid size edited for children, giving them everything they want in a newspaper.

President Roosevelt Writes:

"I am delighted to hear that a Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is to be launched in America. I have heard of 'The Children's Newspaper' which has been successfully published for years in England. A somewhat similar publication in America should be helpful in the education and development of our boys and girls. I hope 'The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper' will fill a real need and will be welcomed by the young people of this country. I wish you success."

Angelo Patri Writes:

"I am delighted to welcome America's first boys' and girls' newspaper. All of us concerned with the needs and interests of children have long recognized the serious need for such a paper. Its publication could not be in better hands."



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER

Now for the first time you can satisfy your child's natural] curiosity about the news without exposing him to sensational stories and unsuitable features. This newspaper will present all of the worthwhile news of our nation and foreign lands, profusely illustrated and breezily edited for the young folks. Plenty of exciting features, too! Short stories; serials by the world's most famous authors; funnies; puzzles; sports; pages that tell how to make things. Plenty of pictures. And stories about radio and movie stars and other celebrities, with reviews of movies that are appropriate for children and a schedule of the most suitable radio programs. Science, invention, and the wonders of industry; and a host of other features.

Edited by Outstanding Child Authorities

CONTRIBUTIONS BY LEADING WRITERS

Many of the leading authorities on child life are active in the planning and making of The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper. Every editor and contributor will be a man or woman of standing, sympathy, and experience. Well-known writers will contribute to the interesting and wholesome contents. This Boys' and Girls' Newspaper will first of all be made *so interesting* to young folks and so complete that they will not require adult newspapers. Its contents will be so varied that the interest of children of both sexes from 7 to 17 will be held and satisfied.

Let Your Child Be a CHARTER SUBSCRIBER

and Get an Engraved Certificate and a Charter Subscribers' Bronze Button

We are still enrolling the CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS. Your child will get a big thrill out of being a member of this group. To every child now enrolled we shall present a beautiful engraved Charter Member's Certificate suitable for framing and a handsome Bronze Button. In years to come this Certificate as well as the **first** issue of America's **first** children's newspaper will be a treasured possession and may even have a large intrinsic value. We are now offering to Charter Subscribers a Special Introductory Subscription plan. See below.

THE PUBLISHERS. The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper will be published by an organization closely affiliated and sharing the offices of The Parents' Magazine. Their resources, experience, organization, and close association with all leaders in the field of child education, training, and entertainment qualify them preeminently to make The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper everything it should be.

20 FEATURES offered in EVERY ISSUE

The News of the Week in Word and Picture.
Pictorial-News Map Showing Events of the Week All Over the World.
A Picture Page of Boys and Girls in the Limelight.
Illustrated News of the Sport World.
A Fascinating Short Story.
A Serial Story by a Well-Known Author.
The Selected Best Humor from School Publications.
A Home Making Page for Girls.
Radio Personalities and a Schedule of Broadcasts for Young Folks.
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Selected Cartoons of the Week.
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The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is now being published. Charter Subscriber's Certificates and Buttons will be mailed promptly to all subscribers. You may enroll your child for a 15 weeks' Subscription for only $1.00. Send no money now. A bill for $1.00 will be sent you when the first issue is mailed. Then, if after you have seen the paper, you or the boy or girl for whom it is intended, are not thoroughly satisfied, say so and we shall cheerfully cancel all obligations. The Charter Subscriber's Roll will soon be closed. Don't let your child miss this opportunity.

The Parents' Magazine Affiliated Press, Inc.
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SO EASY NOW! Why mask your features under a film of dull, weather-darkened surface skin—when it's so easy to bring out a whiteness as soft and alluring as the whiteness of your body? An utterly natural way, too, with dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, to speed nature's own action. Just smooth this dainty creme on your skin for five nights. So quickly, it rolls away the dull, beauty-marring film. It brings out that smooth whiteness that gives queenly charm even to women whose features are poor. Almost like growing a new skin, free from disfiguring blemishes and external pimples.

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but SHE NEEDS THIS NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Face Powder*

THAT constant powdering does look shallow and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of fear of powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know?

Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. First, it is really moisture-proof! Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging blackheads.

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But more, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any powder we know! Blends with skin perfectly. No more "powdered-up" look; instead, skin presents that natural peachbloom look of dewy youth.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. Fifty-cent size at any drug or department store; the generous purse size is only 10 cents at 5-and-10-cent stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for 3-weeks' trial box. Please specify shade.

Tested and Approved — 5820 — Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine



At Drug and Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All 5-and-10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 65*)

CALL OF THE WILD • **20th CENTURY**

This tale, probably one of Jack London's best, gives you Clark Gable, in the sort of he-man role that should start you gals sighing and swooning in the aisles all over again.

While the twentieth century gave us Mae West, blended whiskey and "The Object of My Affections," the nineteenth century beat it all hollow for excitement with the Alaskan gold rush and "The Shooting of Dan Magrew."

Them were the days when men were men!

On the trail of a lost claim, Gable and Jack Oakie meet up with Loretta Young, whose husband, knowing the location of the lost claim, has got himself lost in the icy wastes of Alaska and is given up for dead.

Figuring that the lads may as well have the claim, Loretta sets out to lead them to the spot. And you can't imagine the trouble they have.

While Gable and Miss Young are busy falling in love, a nasty prospector and his gang mess up the works, kill Oakie, steal Gable's honest gold, and generally make nuisances of themselves. And, to make matters worse, Loretta's a.w.o.l. better half turns up, and, because she meant it when she said "for better . . . for worse," the little lady kisses Gable good-bye and goes away from there with the guy what brung her!

Director William Wellman's finishing touch, however, leaves you with the feeling that all will be quite well with everybody after you go home and put the kiddies to bed.

RECKLESS • **M-G-M**

In dutch again, but really a good girl at heart, Jean Harlow plays a famous dancer who marries the wrong man and lets herself in for a load of scandal, not realizing that her true affection is for Bill Powell, the strong, silent man who stands in the background, protecting her as best he can and waiting patiently for her to get around the big task of making up her mind.

Harlow thinks she loves Franchot Tone, millionaire playboy, who offers her a pent-house love nest, but nothing more. With tears in her baby blue eyes, Jean says: "Oh-hh-h, how *could* you . . . ?" and, after a bit too much elbow-bending, Tone wakes up to find himself actually married to the gal, willy nilly!

On the receiving end of some high-powered glares from Tone's uppity family, Jean still tries to make a go of it, but, when the All-American tank she married commits suicide because he really loves Rosalind Russell, she relinquishes all claim to her rightful widow's dole.

And right here is where Mister Powell uses his head, puts the gal back on her feet, and wins her heart and hand for being such a nice patient lad.

Harlow is one of the hardest working gals in the business. Fifty-nine times she ran up a flight of stairs, for a dance routine; and, fifty-nine times, Director Victor Fleming shook his head . . . not at Jean, but at the crane that was not following the action just exactly as he wanted it.

At the end of the 60th take, Jean dropped down on the top step, breathless, but still smiling! "That's one way to keep my girlish figure!" she panted.

"Better than sticky Hand Lotions" SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: **"Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry. And it has an immediate softening and whitening effect."**



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: **"Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure, the skin absorbs it at once, and I don't have to wait for it to dry."**



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: **"Naturally, I want my hands attractive—an artist husband notices every detail. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands—and doesn't leave any sticky film at all."**

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands.

Pacquin's *Hand Cream*

GO INTO YOUR DANCE • **WARNERS**

Here we have Al Jolson and his adored wife, Ruby Keeler, in just the kind of show that should spell Box Office with a capital B. O.

It has the old lump-in-the-throat finish that Al does so well, and, for the first time in an age, our original Mammy singer wins the girl of his heart.

Famous on Broadway, Al is barred by the Actors' Equity League because he can't keep his mind on his business for following the horses and playing the title role in the "Drunkard's Song."

Producers turn him down, right and left, until one smart promoter promises to give the guy one more chance if he'll annex a partner.

Enter, Miss Keeler!

The act goes over big, and Helen Morgan's husband, a twelve-cylinder gangster, agrees to back Al, financially, in opening a smart night club.

Knowing Al from way back, the Equity League demands a $30,000 bond to insure payment of the cast. So mister gangster digs down once more and turns the roll over to Jolson.

Well, sir . . . the show is ready to go on, when Al gets word that his sister, Glenda Farrell, is peeking through the bars of the local hoosegow for murdering a man! If they'd just let her out, says she, she could get the man who really did the dirty work. So, Al turns over the $30,000 and returns to the club to take his medicine.

No bond, no show, says Equity firmly. And, that's that, until Glenda dashes in, just in the nick of time, with the real bad man owning a ninety-nine year lease on her cell and the $30,000 in her pocket!

The finish will tear you apart, and we'll let Papa Warner tell you all about it.

Bradford Ropes wrote the story and Archie Mayo handles the expert direction.

CAPTAIN HURRICANE • **RKO**

This story, from the novel, "Taming of Zenas Henry," by Sara Ware Bassett, has all the homey qualities that should endear it to the hearts of our picture-going public.

The cast could hardly be called colossal, but it is our personal opinion that the performance of James Barton, fresh from the New York stage, and practically unknown to you movie fans, will boost the gentleman to Fame and Fortune.

As Zenas Henry, a crochety old sea captain who has a hard time choosing between the woman he loves and two shiftless old cronies, Mr. Barton is both lovable and convincing.

The old salt has a hefty temper, which is another reason why Abbie (played by Helen Westley) has steadfastly refused to marry him all these years. Compromising, Miss Westley says she'll come and keep house for him, *providing* he agrees to keep the two shiftless old sea captains off the premises. And, figuring that he'd rather have Abbie without the captains than the captains without Abbie, Zenas agrees.

Determined to recoup his lost fortunes, Zenas invests his last cent in a worthless cranberry bog, which turns out to be nothing but a no-good salt marsh.

Disgusted with himself, Zenas ships as second mate on an unseaworthy old tub that catches fire off the coast of Mexico. Saving the lives of the crew, at the risk of his own, Zenas lands in a hospital and a newsreel, almost simultaneously.

Disconsolately returning home, he is met by the entire town and presented with a loving cup, in which he finds a check from the government, in payment for his land, which is to be used for a lighthouse and a canal.

Because one of the old sea captains has rheumatism, Abbie relents, takes them both in, and it looks like a happy ending for everybody.

Helen Mack, Henry Travers, Nydia Westman, Creighton Chaney, and others supplement the excellent cast, and John Robertson directs the Cape Cod goings-on as they should be directed.

TRANSIENT LADY
•
UNIVERSAL

Early morning. A sleepy southern town just waking to greet a new day . . . and plenty of excitement.

On a specially constructed track in the middle of the street, the camera precedes Henry Hull as he walks along stopping now and then before a store and signaling a relative to join him.

By the time Hull and his followers reach the courthouse, the gang has taken on the proportions of an Elks' convention!

Universal has spread itself to make the scene authentic in every detail. Old Civil War cannons and statues of Confederate soldiers sprinkle the lawn of the Square; the colored people have that air, typical of the southern negro.

Hull, political ruler of the town, and his crooked followers just about run things to suit themselves. When Clark Williams and Edward Ellis are obliged to throw several of Hull's roughnecks out of their skating rink for insulting Frances Drake, exhibition skater, the toughs get plastered and follow Ellis home, determined to get him.

In self-defense, Ellis shoots one of the gang and then, frightened, runs away, leaving Clark to take the blame.

Hull, who is the brother of the slain man, packs the jury with his crooked stooges, instructing them that, no matter what the evidence, they must find Clark guilty.

But Gene Raymond, defense attorney, gets the principal witness so crossed up that, in desperation, the fellow whips out a gun and fires, point blank, at the lawyer. And, even the fixed jury can't convict Clark in the face of such a damaging demonstration.

Foiled, Hull plans a lynching party, but before they can carry out their nasty plans. Ellis returns and gives himself up to Hull.

Seeing a chance to make a grandstand play, Hull rushes to the jail, gives the lynching crew an impassioned plea for law and order, and his own mob, wondering what it is all about, goes away from there, puzzled, but docile.

It's an Octavus Roy Cohen story and Eddie Buzzell directs.

DEVIL'S CARGO
•
COLUMBIA

Personally, we can't see too much of that Wallace Ford fellow so, when Columbia announced that he was to star in this Anthony Coldeway story, we swung from the chandelier and let loose our hefty elephant call!

Injured in a dirt track auto race, Wally is warned by his doctor that, because his heart has gone pf-ff-ft, there must be no more racing. No more excitement of any kind!

So, Wally takes a truck job, driving dynamite to a construction camp in the mountains!

Of course, there's a villain, Arthur Hohl, who does things to our hero's brakes, tries to asphyxiate him with carbon monoxide from his own truck, and generally conducts himself in the accepted villainous manner, all because Marian Marsh has given Wally an option on her affections!

There is a smash climax, with Wally rolling merrily down the mountain road, dynamite all around him and no more brakes than a rabbit! And, how he gets out of *that* one, is something Director Lambert Hillyer wouldn't even tell Wally himself!

CAR 99
•
PARAMOUNT

It looks as if Paramount has cornered all the handsome six-footers in town for this story of the perils of the Michigan State Police. They had to chloroform us to get us off the set!

Fred MacMurray is down on his knees, shooting craps when Dean Jagger enters and stands behind him.

"Don't you know that's against regulations?" Dean says sternly.

"Come on, eight! . . . Oh, boy! . . . that's it!!" Fred ignores him.

Dropping down on one knee beside him, Dean watches the rolling bones for a minute. Then, "It's all set," he grins. "You're coming along with the outfit. We leave in the morning . . ."

"No!" Fred gasps, dropping the dice! "No foolin'!" And, at Dean's nod of assurance, he throws his arm around his pal and howls for joy.

"O. K.!" Director Charles Barton announced. "But, let's have another take, just to be sure."

Karl Detzer wrote the story, and it's packed with everything that goes to make good pictures.

MacMurray wants to be transferred to the Pine River State Police Division, so as to be near Ann Sheridan. And that's the cause of the excitement in the above-mentioned craps-shooting sequence.

Sir Guy Standing, vacationing in Pine River, takes a hefty interest in the mechanics of police broadcasting, and, because he is a judge and apparently trustworthy, the police let him hang around the big central radio station while they send out instructions to police cars.

Which only goes to prove that you can fool some of the people some of the time, etc., because Sir Guy is head of a notorious gang of bank-holder-uppers!! And anybody knows that it certainly helps a lot to know just what territory to stay out of when the police are on your trail!

Suspicious of the man, Fred investigates one of Standing's cars, which is fully equipped with police radio, "flop-over" license plates, sawed-off shotguns and such like! But, do you know, the sheriff is so impressed with the bogus judge that he refuses to arrest him, and, while waiting for authority from headquarters, Sir Guy and his daughter make as neat a get-away as you've ever seen!

Then comes the chase, with, of course, the handsome coppers winning hands down! And, coming from Michigan, ourself (stop me if you've heard it) we're stating that Karl Detzer sure knows the ins and outs of our bloodhounds of the law!

NAUGHTY MARIETTA
•
M-G-M

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, romancing (vocally) to the incomparable melodies of our beloved Victor Herbert!

The plot is of operetta formula, with the beautiful princess running away from an unpleasant marriage of state to find her true love in forbidden fields, and live happily ever after. But, what's a plot, anyhow? Jeanette and Nelson could sing "Three Blind Mice," and we'd still love it.

(*Please turn to page* 68)



Nature loves blondes. Not everybody wants light hair, but every brunette envies that fresh, bright clean look so natural to blondes. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is best with soft golden hair. But Marchand's *also* imparts a fascinating radiance to dark hair as well.

In fact, Marchand's, used quietly, safely, simply —and secretly, if desired—tints your hair any desired shade from a rich auburn brown to a lively golden sheen.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash belongs in the boudoir of every woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

Start, if you prefer, on your arms and legs to make unnoticeable dark "superfluous" hair. And gain that charm that belongs to fair, silky smooth arms and legs.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed is 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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"It's the perfume I never can forget"



Says CARY GRANT

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There's glorious fragrance —*the perfume of youth*—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing touch. *No wonder April Showers is the world's most famous, best-loved talc!*

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CHERAMY PARIS



Your hands should be as intriguing as your complexion. Split, ragged, uneven nails belie the impression of daintiness which your lovely skin suggests. For perfect grooming, use Wigder Manicure Aids. These well balanced, keen-edged, quality made instruments make manicuring a pleasant duty. Get yourself a complete set today at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Look for the Improved Cleaner Point and Arrow trade mark.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 67*)

With her wedding day at hand, Jeanette changes places with her maid, who is being shipped (along with others) to Louisiana, there to marry a Colonist, sight unseen.

Pirates seize the ship, and it looks like a "fate worse than death" for the runway princess, until Mister Eddy and his band of Boy Scouts dash to the rescue (just in the nick of time, too!) and, right there is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

When Miss MacDonald sings, Director Van Dyke sits back with closed eyes, making the most of every single "mi-ni-ni," because, he says, when that lady vocalizes, a director is as *de trop* as a mustache cup!

We admit that MacDonald is tops; but, that Mr. Eddy is no slouch, either. This should be a feast for you music lovers.

KING OF THE RITZ
•
WARNERS

From our seat in the balcony (14th row!) this sounds pretty silly. Don't let on I said so, though, because the authors, Bob Shannon and Al Cohen, are sitting right behind me, and we've had one new hat squashed over our ears already this month!

It seems that William Gargan, director of exploitation for a big hotel, has an ear for music and soothes it by dropping in on a local music store, two or three times a week, and playing records . . . gratis.

Patricia Ellis, keeper of the discs, thinks Bill looks as though he could use some nice home cooking, and takes him to her two-room penthouse for an epicurean work-out.

After wrapping himself around a meal that would knock Ghandi off a fast, Bill says, who's the artist, and I'll give him a job? And, because Pat's brother, Erik Rhodes, needs the plug, she points an accusing finger and says, he done it!

Well, Bill installs Erik at the Ritz, only to discover, on the night of a bankers' convention, that the lad can't even boil eggs! And, while he's flying around, trying to find a substitute, the 300 bankers flood the Ritz dining-room and . . . surprise! are served the kind of dinner that starving Armenians dream about!

And, what do you think? Erik didn't have anything to do with it, naturally. For, when his adoring mama, Bodil Rosing, saw what a pickle her baby boy was in, what did she do but jump into a Mother Hubbard and save the day.

Mammy! And didn't I say it was silly? But, Director William McGann has so much faith in the story as a howling farce, that we'll take his word for it!

THE WEDDING NIGHT
•
GOLDWYN

You may have laughed when somebody sat down at the piano, but you'd have rolled in the aisle, watching that strapping Ralph Bellamy trying to master a Russian folk dance for his role in this Edwin Knopf story!

Engaged to marry Anna Sten, imagine Ralph's annoyance when the lady of his dreams goes into a tail-spin over Gary Cooper, a struggling young author with one best seller to his credit.

It wouldn't be so bad, but, Gary is married to Helen Vinson, who is merely sticking with him in the hope that he'll sell another book and take her to a life of luxury in the city.

Tired of it all, Helen takes things in her own hands and departs for New York, leaving Gary to darn his own socks. And, when Anna visits the forlorn Gary to give him a hand with the housework . . . Pop! goes her heart! And nobody to pick up the pieces!

Marooned by a blizzard, Anna is forced to spend the night in the Cooper domicile, and, with the dawn, her Pop arrives, post haste, mad as hops and determined that his daughter's marriage to Bellamy shall go through, at once!

The wedding comes off as planned, but, when Gary appears and dances with the bride, Ralph, in a drunken frenzy gets all set to kill him.

Anna succeeds in saving Gary's life, but the ending, according to Papa Goldwyn, is too exciting to tell.

LOVE IN BLOOM
•
PARAMOUNT

Stepping on the set, amidst the "sh-hh-h-es!" of his entire cast, we saw Joe Morrison playing an imaginary piano, while the cameraman took a close-up of his sweetheart, Dixie Lee.

According to the story, by Frank Adams, Joe is a country boy who has come to the city to write music, probably influenced by some of the stuff he'd tuned in on his radio set!

The first break he gets is to meet up with Dixie Lee, a dancer who has run away from her daddy's small-time carnival to catch up with some of the finer things of life.

The two of them get jobs in a dinky little music store and proceed to modernize the place, nearly throwing the old-fashioned owner of the joint into 100-proof hysterics!

J. C. Nugent, Dixie's father (and, incidentally, the real father of the director, Elliott Nugent) sends Burns and Allen, two of his performers, after the girl, because business hasn't been so good since Dixie went scouting for the finer things.

Well, the kids are all tied up in knots, seeing as how they've come to care for each other in the meantime. But, you'd better believe that Love Triumphs, as usual, with Joe and Dixie in a swell clinch, for the finale.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON
•
RKO

For the first time in its life, Catalina Island is playing a part, straight, without benefit of make-up to fool you into believing that it's Alaska, or the Fiji Islands, or something!

The whole thing starts when the key witness in a gangster trial dies in a seaplane while flying from Los Angeles to Catalina Island. And, to make matters more complicated, the body is stolen while waiting for an autopsy!

A passenger on the death plane, Edna May Oliver, scents a black boy in the woodpile and sends for James Gleason, New York inspector. And, with these two comedians united in a common cause, murder or no murder, it's bound to be some fun!

It turns out that the murdered man is NOT the murdered man, at all, but the bodyguard, who had changed places with his employer when the latter sensed that something was wrong. Furthermore, while scouting for the first body, Edna May and Gleason stumble upon another young man, shot dead, and his bride in hysterics beside him!

Far be it from me to spoil one of the real good mysteries of the year by



Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears, *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For one week take one or two each night. Ask for Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets at any drug store, know them by their olive color. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

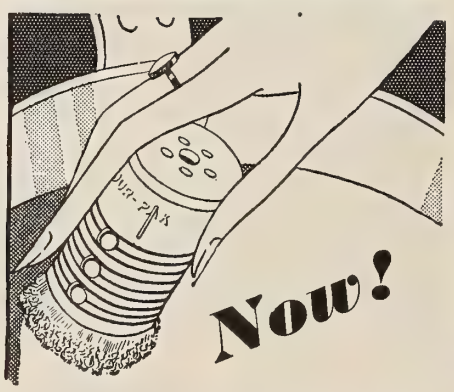
Simple Home Treatment Brings Amazingly Quick Results

Radiantly lovely skin isn't something to envy in others. It's something to get for yourself as quickly as possible.

You can get this thrill today with

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

Your skin quickly becomes line and blemish free; velvet-smooth; rich in color; youthful; beautiful. *Approved by Good Housekeeping. Money Back if Not Satisfied.*



Now!

SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- **Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!**
- **Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!**
- **Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.**
- **The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.**

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RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

A popular movie star is very enthusiastic about patronizing the semi-annual furniture sales

By BETTY LENAHAN





One end of the living-room showing the comfortable fireplace grouping.

JOHN BOLES' HOLLYWOOD HOME

JOHN BOLES, Fox Films player, who will next appear in the musical comedy, "Redheads on Parade," and his wife spent a great deal of time and thought in furnishing and decorating their lovely Hollywood home, and a great many of the pieces in the house are genuine antiques.

The living-room arrangement is interesting and comfortable. The fireplace grouping is particularly inviting with the deep, comfortable couch and cosy barrel chair drawn up to it. The window treatment in this room is simple and most attractive. The floor is completely covered by carpeting, the monotony of which is relieved by the small, gaily colored hooked rug in front of the fireplace. An old girandole mirror, prints and family portraits decorate the walls. Crystal candelabra, hobnail glass and old china vases filled with garden flowers, little figurines and pewter and pottery lamps with tailored shades complete the accessories used in the room. The color scheme of this room is as follows:
Walls and woodwork—Painted white
Carpet—Green
Furniture—Mahogany
Upholstery—Figured chintz in shades of yellow, green and rose
Draperies—Same chintz as used for upholstery

The dining-room in Mr. Boles' house is as formal as the living-room is informal. The table is a two-pedestal Duncan Phyfe and the chair, buffet and serving table are Sheraton. Here is the color scheme for this room:
Walls—Papered; Toile design in mahogany tones
Woodwork—Ivory
Carpet—Light green
Furniture—Mahogany
Upholstery—Green brocaded velvet
Draperies—Dark green

In the bedroom is a lovely old-fashioned canopy bed. This is covered with a quaint old patchwork quilt and draped with dotted Swiss edged with wool ball fringes. Convenient to the bed is a small round night table on which is placed a lamp with a Dresden figure base and a dotted Swiss shade. A little kidney-shaped desk, a Victorian chair, a dressing table, a chest of drawers and a comfortable *chaise longue* complete the furnishings of this room. The color scheme carried out in this room is cool and cheerful:
Walls and woodwork—Painted green
Carpet—Soft rose
Furniture—Mahogany
Bedspread—White with tones of rose and green
Draperies—White background with floral design in rose and green.



The dining-room though rather formal in design, is most attractive and inviting.



The large old-fashioned canopy bed is covered with a quaint patch-work quilt.

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance.

The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

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Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points.
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
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4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

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Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

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ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

Send This Coupon Today

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding,—Vacation.

OR

The French Woman's Technique of Make-up. Enclose $1.00 and *this coupon* for either answer—$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below.

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Correspondence
No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

*Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers. T

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AMAZING CLEANER FOR WHITE KID SHOES! *IRENE MARCHANT*

I mean **Amazing!** ColorShine White Kid Cleaner (10c) actually dissolves dirt from shoes—instead of scrubbing it off with a white abrasive. It preserves the **original** kid finish, polishes beautifully, **(or leave dull if you prefer)** and "won't rub off."



For other white shoes, I use the Special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

No. 11—Special Cleaner for White Kid Shoes

No. 12—Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

A LARGER CAN OF BETTER WALL PAPER CLEANER for 10¢



BIG CAN 10¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN THE 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, and $1.00 STORES

Actors Are Nobodies

(*Continued from page 70*)

lieve you must first understand what the author, whether it be for stage or screen, desires. The story or play is his brain-child. And the first thing a player should learn is to interpret what the author has written, and not try to change the lines or the character in anyway. An actor is an actor, not an author; and he should stick to his acting.

"I played a role once in a play in which I, the husband, was told that my child was really not mine, but was the daughter of another man . . . that my wife had been unfaithful. In the play I was supposed to laugh uproariously at this. Personally, I thought I should show horror, anger and perhaps strike my wife. But I followed the author's instructions, and the result was an astounding success. The author knew what he wanted.

"I studied the 'white trash' of the South for three months before I started rehearsing in "Tobacco Road." I had to in order to know what they were like; what I was supposed to be like in the play. I read twenty-five books about those people. I studied the negro the same way before playing the negro barber in "Lulu Belle." I have reread Dickens for weeks before starting in "Great Expectations." I believe that an actor can never achieve success unless he constantly studies. And if I ever become what I call a success I know it will be the result of years of constant study."

This last, mind you, coming from a man acclaimed by all of the New York dramatic critics as the foremost interpretative actor of our theater.

But that is Henry Hull. Big, rawboned, handsomely homely, overly frank, fired with ambition to do something that will go down in history as a real contribution to his profession and to his country.

Hull abhors the type of publicity which is common to many motion picture stars. And your writer predicts that before long there will be a number of Hollywood magazine writers who will go away from him with red faces, for his answers to the ordinary run of questions are unprintable.

"Can you imagine what it must do to a player if some fan has just read an interview in which he says a man and his wife should live apart six months of the year in order to keep sex interest alive, and then that fan goes to the theater and sees him playing the part of an old-fashioned husband who shoots his wife because she wants to leave him?

"Self must be pushed aside. Your own personality must be left at home. It must never be brought in public. And you must study your characters study them some more, and then keep on studying them if you expect any measure of permanent success. And you must never forget that no matter how much you know, you can always learn more."

Hull has never stopped studying. He speaks English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, dabbles in architectural designing in his spare time, and as he makes his way across the studio lot, dressed in dirty breeches and a sweat shirt, his reddish brown hair blowing in the wind, the ordinary man would never recognize him as one of the greatest character actors of today. But that's Henry Hull. He hides himself.

WHY YOU HAVE *acid* INDIGESTION



New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

A New, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because hasty eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause *over*-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt 36DNN, St. Louis, Mo.

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Excellent Cuisine
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It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a *"counter-irritant"!* And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the pain and congestion when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

NRA CODE

Hard-to-Get Hepburn

(*Continued from page 19*)

"O.K.! Run through it again," Lowell shouted at Miss H. She ran through it, not only again, but again and again. Each time she would forget her lines and fly into what appeared to be a terrible rage.

"This is all my fault," I whispered to Lowell.

"Don't pay any attention to her," that cut-up replied. Miss H. waxed shrilly hysterical and tossed a chair across the set. "Quiet, dearie!" said Mr. Sherman. "You're not in the Harmon stock company now."

"If I were, I would have a director who knew what he was doing," said Miss H. undressing her faultless teeth completely.

"Now, take it easy!" Doug Jr. reasoned, patting the abused heroine's slim shoulder. "Let's try it once more." They tried it. This time Mr. Fairbanks went up in his lines and proceeded to follow them in a leap which even his father would have envied.

"Cut!" called the wag Sherman. There was nothing to cut, because nothing had been done so far.

"My tea, please!" said Miss H.

"Mine, too," said Junior.

"Oh, Elsie, have you met Miss Hepburn?" said Lowell as that lovely long lady walked toward me, hand outstretched. "Now we'll shoot the scene, please," said Mr. Sherman, after we had chatted a bit, and shoot it they did, beautifully. All the nerves and line muffing had been staged for a new victim.

I felt like a very old one as we all walked toward the commissary, but no one mentioned the tragic scene, so I just trailed along. Incidentally, that's the only thing anyone does who tries to walk beside Katie. She doesn't walk. She "Nijinskys," which in case you have never been a Russian Ballet booster means that something seems to lift her through space and yet you can plainly see her slim feet touch the ground. At lunch she was like a very bad little boy. The six men who lunched with us didn't seem to notice it.

I said before that she sent her chicken sandwich back. She practically threw it back, then winked at me with an "I'll show 'em what temperament is" expression.

"I must go and try that damned false hair I have to pin on for the balcony scene," she said as she downed the last swig of milk. "Just why Juliet has to have long hair only God and Sherman know. I'll see you on the set." She leapt out of the door. An hour later she appeared on Juliet's balcony looking like a cross between Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt at the age of seventeen. In the place of that bad little boy stood a serious actress reading the famous "Swear not by the moon" speech as Mr. Shakespeare himself must have dreamed it would some day be read.

I watched and listened, fascinated. It didn't seem possible that one slight body could house the three distinct personalities I had already seen. The first, what appeared to be an ultra-temperamental star tossing off a display of fireworks. Second, an alluring gamin kidding all comers, and now this exquisitely feminine creature lighting and shading the great Bard's lines with a tender understanding of the maiden, Juliet, that was breath taking.

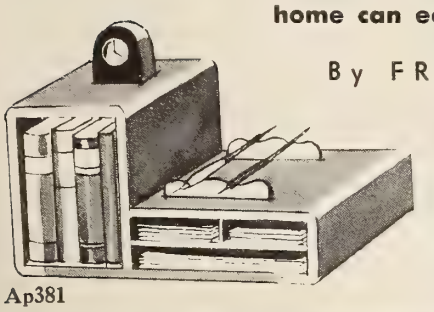
Having already missed two appoint-

(*Please turn to page 74*)

Wood Accessories

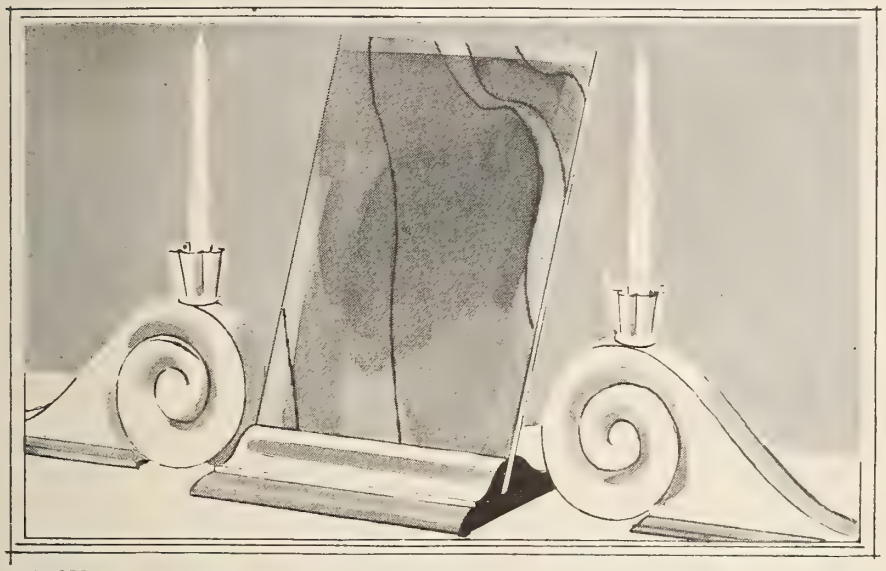
Attractive accessories to brighten up your home can easily be made from wood.

By FRANCES COWLES



Ap381

Ap381—For the top of your desk a stand with compartments to hold stationery and books and a convenient rack pens and pencils.



Ap382

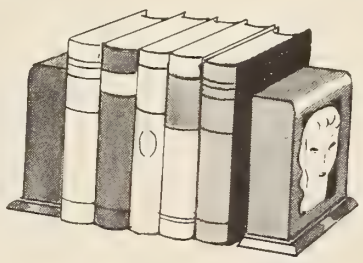
Ap382—A mirror stand and a pair of snail candle-holders for your dressing table.

Ap383—Here are a pair of bookends with designs carved out in relief.

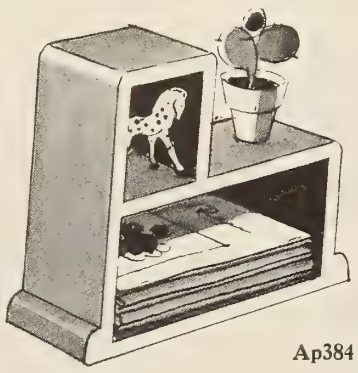
Ap384—A combination bookcase end table and plant stand.

Ap385—Make this attractive tray from a piece of wood and some picture molding.

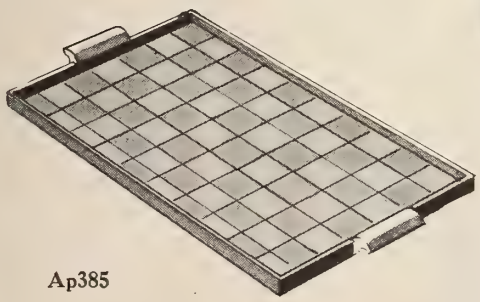
Ap386—Here is an unusual modern candelabra which is quite simple to make.



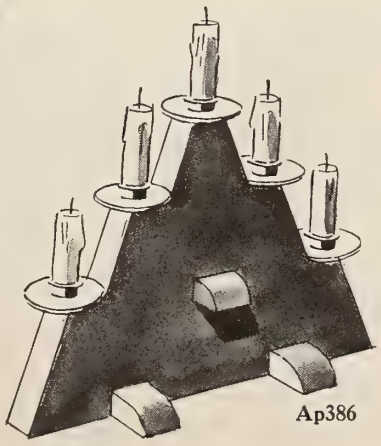
Ap383



Ap384



Ap385



Ap386

If you would like patterns and directions for making any or all of these gifts, please turn to page 77



Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

THE next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—*where most colds start*—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real* medication—yet is *absolutely safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.



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The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "*Va-tro-nol*" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for
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Three New **OLIVE OIL CREAMS**

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A *thorough, complete* facial treatment for a few cents.

Sold at the better 10c stores

If *your* 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.

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SEE THE TOWER STAR FASHIONS, an important new feature in this magazine which offers smart Spring styles designed for individual types represented by famous stars of the screen.

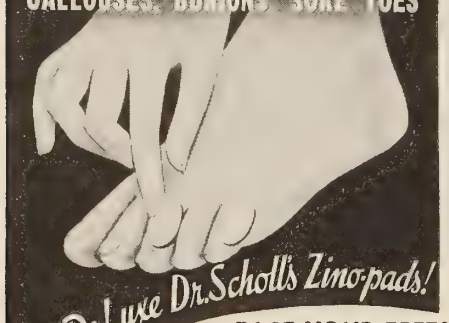
Every day



Enjoy **Beeman's** *Gum*

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EASE YOUR FEET!

You get relief *one minute* after you apply the New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Separate Medicated Disks are included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.



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De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new flesh color, waterproof *Skintex* covering, soft and flexible. Invisible under sheer hose, can't stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.

NEW De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
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DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS



At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

Hard-to-Get Hepburn

(*Continued from page 72*)

ments, I started to sneak out. It wouldn't do to disturb her when she was so completely lost in characterization. She saw me. "Good-bye!" she called briskly. "I'll see you when I get back to New York." (She was flying East the next day).

"I hope so!" I said, very much upset over having cut in on the mood of the scene. "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" she was saying softly as I closed the door of the sound stage behind me. Truly that girl is a great actress, I thought, and I still think so.

I did not see her when she got back from New York. I did not see her in California, so you can imagine my excitement when told that Miss Hepburn not only remembered me but would like to see me again— When? Well, Miss Hepburn was on her farm near Hartford, but she would be back in New York the first of the week, and then— "As soon as we can get in touch with her, we will get in touch with you." The minute I heard the old familiar "get in touch with" I became suspicious. I tried to conjure up a vision of anyone getting in touch with Katie, if by chance she was feeling in an "untouchable" frame of mind.

"Perhaps," I suggested shyly, "if you would give me Miss Hepburn's phone number, I might get in touch with her myself." There was a momentous pause. If I had asked for Hitler's latch-key it couldn't have been more out of order. I relieved the tension quickly. "When you get in touch with Miss Hepburn, you find out if it's O. K.," I said, "and call me."

Inside of an hour I was given the number which I'm sure I could sell to the perspiring press for enough to buy Katie a new car. (The poor girl drives around Hollywood in a small truck.) I was told just when Miss Hepburn would be at home, and was I proud? There I was with inside information that would make the New York Intelligence Squad admit it was just a Boy Scout Company.

When the great "getting in touch" moment finally dragged around, I contacted a busy signal that continued for what seemed like an hour and was in reality just ten minutes, just ten minutes too long. Miss Hepburn had been in and gone out again. Compared to Katie's maid, the Sphinx was a society news columnist. At least that's what I thought the first time I called. Now she thinks I'm Mrs. Tel-and-Tel herself, and we have a great deal in common. Namely Miss Hepburn. For two days, at thirty cents a call from Tarrytown to New York, I burned wires, money and stubborn energy. Then came the dawn! And with it Katie's unmistakable voice saying, "I'm so sorry."

If I sign off right now I've made history. I've not only heard the Wild Fawn of Filmdom say "I'm sorry," but I've listened enthralled while she explained what she had been doing between leaps in and out of her New York domicile. Seeing shows. Shopping. The family was down from Hartford and "you know what it is," said Katie. I didn't know, but I'll be a yes-woman any time she uses that "You're so understanding" inflection on me.

"Now look," she continued, "We will get together the first of the week. I'm leaving for Hartford now."

"Couldn't you come by Tarrytown," I put in mildly.

"I'd love to," she said, "but you see I've got the whole bunch with me. Funny I had never dreamed that she could be anything but an only child, and it seems that the Hepburns of Hartford run into quite a goodly sized total. "Shall I call you or will you call me?"

"I'll call you," I answered. I knew a moment afterward I had been a sap. It was too late. Kate was en route to Hartford again.

On Monday it started all over again. I called her and missed her. She called me and missed me. Meanwhile, the fact that she was as much "in the air" as I was busy trying to get on it, was cluttering up both of our lives and more. I had no family in Hartford. Mine was right with me at Ye Old Manor House in Tarrytown, which has been waggling along since 1863 (the house, not my family). The telephone was getting on the nerves of my entourage, who like Miss Hepburn very much, but think people should telephone me. Nevertheless and despite their groans, I phoned Miss H. again three days later. She had just gone to Hartford. As a youthful star I played Hartford often, but I don't seem to remember its fatal fascination.

"What about the Hepburn article?" said Mr. New Movie jauntily a few days later.

"What about the Japanese naval pact?" I countered. "Your guess is better than mine. What is my dead line?" I added. Deadline having nothing to do with when I was to die from sheer fatigue in pursuit of Katie, but meaning when must the article be in.

"Ten days at the latest." He is not usually so stern. I imagine he has been on one of these Hepburn treasure hunts before.

"You'll have it," I said, "and this time, to quote my radio pet, Ed Wynn, 'the show's goin' to be different.' This one is going to be telephonic, if not psychopathic." I reached for my current twin soul, the telephone, and got my pal, Katie's maid. Miss Hepburn had been in town Wednesday and had tried to get me on the phone.

As it happened on Wednesday I was embarking on a completely new career. I was becoming the first official woman radio announcer on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company. Of course, if I had known that Katie was going to dash in from Hartford and phone me, I should have informed the NBC that I couldn't possibly give up my real life's work, but that's the way she is. She has no sense of forewarning. Almost in tears I explained to the Sphinx's sister that I had to "get in touch" with the heartbreaker of Hartford within the next week. She was all sympathy. Miss Hepburn would be telephoning her from Hartford and she would explain everything.

Disconsolately and half "Hartfordly," I turned my attention to Radio City. I've got a day off from announcing and I've been rattling away for several hundred words. The "deadline" is imbedded between my eyebrows. The phone rings. Talk about drama. It's the one and only Katie back from Hartford and asking me to come to lunch tomorrow. No party, just a nice chummy lunch.

You can't believe it. Such things don't happen. Tomorrow my assignments as an announceress include one broadcast at twelve-thirty and one at one-fifteen. When do I lunch? That is not important, but the terrible thing is that I cannot lunch with Katie. Well, I said the show was going to be different. I'll say it is. Usually I exit laughingly, but tomorrow I will probably be sobbing into the microphone at one-fifteen as I announce: "This program comes to you through the 'cruelty' of the National Broadcasting Company."

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GRAY HAIR
and Look
10 YEARS YOUNGER



Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

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The gentle bleaching action eliminates muddy skins, dull complexions, freckles, tan and discolorations, as your appearance instantly assumes an irresistible beauty.

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Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

SKIN ROUGHNESS IS HUNDREDS OF TINY CRACKS

"Most lotions only glaze over them"

DAME NATURE CREAM



HEALS them — joins the broken skin into delightful lasting smoothness. It is unusually rich liquid—prevents or removes chap, dryness, redness, cracking or such results of work or exposure. 25c and 50c or 10c at 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 205 W. 19th St., New York.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 40, 70 5th Ave., New York

I SUFFERED WITH
asthma
FOR 22 YEARS
Suddenly I found Amazing Relief



After suffering from Asthma for 22 years and getting relief through Nacor, I am glad to add my testimonial about this fine medicine. I had been extremely weak, but my strength came back. The Asthma has now left me entirely.—Mrs. John Scudera, 3155 E. 130th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, September 28, 1934.

Nacor is so effective and safe that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. Write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Co., 965 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 54*)

old or young.—A. Hamilton, Sr., 539 E. Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California. *And New Movie is pleased to print your letter, Gran'dad.*

That Certain Charm

What has become of that splendid actor, Otto Kruger?

So many of his parts were not good enough for him. He was excellent in "The Crime Doctor" and he really is an engaging lover. There is a certain charm about him.

Won't they please bring him back soon as the hero in a good love role? I sincerely hope so as everyone I know seems to like him.—Mrs. O. C. Andrews, 3325 Halloway Court, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Watch for him in Warner Brothers' picture, The Casino Murder Case.*

Team Jimmy and Shirley Again?

I have just seen that marvelous picture, "Bright Eyes," the latest Shirley Temple picture. Shirley was as sweet as ever but I think credit should go to James Dunn for such a convincing performance as Shirley's aviator friend. The way he handled his role was simply marvelous. He was grand in "Baby Take a Bow," and "Stand Up and Cheer." I think Shirley Temple and James Dunn make a swell team and should go on being teamed.—Mrs. Peggy Corcoran, 22 E. 106th St., New York, N. Y. *Watch for Shirley in "The Little Colonel" and Jimmy in George White's "Scandals."*

Producers Please Notice!

Producers, why not give Joan Crawford a break? Her loyal fans have suffered through a series of meaningless pictures such as "Sadie McKee" and "Chained," hoping against hope that she would eventually be given an opportunity to do a real characterization. The greatest talent in Hollywood is being wasted in trite stories, wrapped up in Adrian gowns.

Why not give Joan a chance to reveal the reach and depth of her marvelous talents? Who else could do "Joan of Arc" as well as she?

Joan Crawford symbolizes courage, and even resembles physically the famous Maid of Orleans. I can think of no greater treat for the new year than "Joan of Arc" portrayed by her prototype, the incomparable Crawford!—Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 2709 Lochmore Ave., Raleigh, N. C. *Good for you, Mrs. Cooksey. We were worried about Joan too. Read our story "They're the tops."*

Thanks to Hal Roach

Hats off and three cheers for Laurel and Hardy! At last little Bill, age seven, was allowed to see a picture. In fact, we all went to see "Babes in Toyland."

And if you think children don't respond to suitable and well made pictures, you should have been in the audience watching this picture. Mouths open, eyes wide, and many wide grins, all attested a most appreciative audience. Each and every fantastic character was greeted with delight and recognition. The children lived, for a time, with Tom Thumb, the bogyman, and the villainous landlord.

Laurel and Hardy gave my child a fanciful but convincing afternoon. Furthermore, I know mothers appreciate a picture like this that is suitable and enjoyable for their children.—Mrs. F. R. Warner, 894 18th Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. *Mrs. Warner, what would you think of special pictures for the kiddies alone? It has been suggested.*



New indeed—and the color is actually *in advance* of the season—thanks to a new RIT service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer—and RIT "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 Rit colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dyeing!

Instant Rit (not a soap) soaks in deeper—sets faster—and lasts longer than ordinary "surface" dyes. Insist on Rit and Rit only!



NOT A SOAP!

RIT

TINTS and DYES

Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

FREE Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your FREE folder C-73 of Rit Color Recipes with actual silk samples of leading Paris shades for Spring and Summer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

(*If more convenient, paste on penny post card*)

Dear Jeanette:

I know that Jeanette MacDonald has so many fans that I will not count for much, but "little drops of water and little grains of sand," you know the rest. You see I never cared very much for her. I don't know just why. Well I saw "The Merry Widow" and heard Jeanette sing "Vilia." That song was so exquisitely sung that I almost swooned. It's the truth. I love a beautiful singing voice, but if there is no feeling put into the song it is out with me and that is that. Let me say this to Jeanette MacDonald: Please sing all of your songs as beautifully as you did "Vilia." "Music hath charms" and Miss MacDonald is lacking in neither of the above.—Mrs. Jean Auer, 1210 N. Van Buren Street, Milwaukee, Wis. *Jeanette will read your plea here, Mrs. Auer.*

Fans and Friendliness

Quite a few months ago it was announced over our local radio station that Ann Harding would stop here in a plane for a few minutes. Now Miss Harding had many fans here and those who were lucky enough to hear the message rushed out to the airport hoping to get a glance of the lovely Ann. The plane came and what a disappointment we had, for our beloved movie star wouldn't even glance out the window. One or two fans did get a little peep in the door but I do think she could have said hello for we small town folks don't often have the opportunity to see our beloved movie stars in person.

I am sure if Miss Harding knew how hurt we were she would have been a wee bit friendly.—Mrs. Thelma Carson, General Delivery, Monroe, La. *Did you read "Just Let Me Act" in our March issue? Ann wasn't unfriendly, she was just shy and scared.*

Notes on Voices

A very large bouquet for Ann Harding, the essence of beauty, charm, femininity and culture. And her voice! That alone would draw me.

How I should like to see her play opposite Ronald Colman, even in that old picture, "Dark Angel," that he made with Vilma Banky a long time ago.

Then a tribute to Kay Johnson with her fine speaking voice.

Wasn't she splendid in "This Man Is Mine" (she really stole that picture) and "Eight Girls in a Boat"?

I am pleased that such good material, as "Anne of Green Gables," etc., is being used for pictures. We grown-ups enjoy them every bit as much as the children, maybe more.—Elsie S. Gould, Londonville, N. Y. *Part of the charm of both Anne and Kay is in their lovely voices, Elsie.*

Welcome Back, Gloria

After an absence of two years Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in "Music in the Air." Gloria will astonish her most ardent fans. She sings beautifully, she makes love and plays comedy with a very deft touch. Teemed with her is John Boles who also sings and performs comedy as though he were having the time of his life. Both turn in grand characterizations.

"Music in the Air" is a real success achievement with a beautiful musical score. Welcome back, Gloria!—Mrs. Alice J. Barry, 514 Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. *Old friends are good friends, Mrs. Barry.*

(*Please turn to page 76*)



Why not?

S.O.S made her blackened, greasy pan shine like new....

Try the tea towel test yourself! Take a stove-blackened pan. Scour it with S.O.S.—rinse—then wipe it dry on a clean towel. There'll be no more spots on the pan. None on the towel, either.

We'll even supply the towel for the test. (See coupon below.) The S.O.S. you'll find at your grocer's, or at any department, hardware or five and ten cent store.



Free tea towel

FOR TWO PACKAGE TOPS

Genuine *Cannon* tea towel for two regular S.O.S. package tops mailed to The S.O.S. Company, 6204 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois. Make the "tea towel test" and see for yourself how truly *clean* S.O.S. cleans all pots and pans. This tea towel offer expires June 1, 1935. Only one towel to a family. © 1935—S.O.S. Co.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ H



Awake the

SLEEPING BEAUTY

in Your Hair

BRING out the lovely natural lustre that slumbers in YOUR hair—the soft natural beauty that waits to be wakened by THE SHAMPOO that Cleanses Perfectly, then Rinses Completely—Marchand's Castile Shampoo!

This wonderful beauty-awakening shampoo leaves the hair shining clean, aglow with little natural highlights. The texture of the hair is made soft, caressable—because THIS shampoo CLEANSES PERFECTLY, RINSES COMPLETELY.

Easy to Re-Arrange your Hair

After shampooing with the New Marchand's Castile Shampoo—hair is left exceptionally manageable. A pat here and there—and your hair is nicely arranged again!

Use Marchand's Castile Shampoo to cleanse all shades of hair. It has no lightening effect, it does not change the color of the hair.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is made with selected high-grade olive oils. Remember, olive oil is good for scalp and hair—particularly for those who suffer from dryness and dandruff. Men should avoid using ordinary soaps on their hair—and change to this fine product—made to benefit hair as well as to cleanse it.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

To Cleanse All Shades of Hair Does Not Lighten Hair

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—OR GET BY MAIL

TG4-35

Fill out this coupon, send with 35c in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

35c enclosed—Please send SHAMPOO to

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State.....

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 75*)

Anne as Anne

"Anne of Green Gables" is a worthy successor to "Little Women."

Anne Shirley in the title role will win your heart—she is sweet, fiery-tempered and imaginative as her red hair denotes. She will take you back to your golden days of innocent childhood and believing love. The way "Anne" penetrates the shell-like exterior of the middle-aged spinster and wins a permanent home will bring tears to your eyes. Helen Westley as "Marilla," the spinster, and O. P. Heggie as "Mathew" give outstanding performances.

And may I add a word of praise for the director, George A. Nichols, Jr. His skilfull touch has brought out the full beauty of the story. I really believe I enjoyed it more than "Little Women."—Mrs. Charles Toles, 514 N. Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. *We take it that you really liked the picture, Mrs. Toles?*

Devotion to Ann

I want to thank you, Mrs. Stanaway, for your lovely tribute to Ann Harding. I am with you every step of the way as I know are thousands of others.

Ann has not only greatness of mind but greatness of spirit and the courage of her own convictions. They make a grand combination.

We admire the work of many other actresses, we like most of them but we love our Ann. We wouldn't want anything ever to take her away from us. So let's get together on this and declare Ann Harding "First Lady of the Screen" and long may she reign!—Mrs. L. N. Kemp, 333 E. 27th Street, Erie, Pa. *What do the rest of you think?*

The Newsreel Close-Up

I believe that I am expressing a widespread popular sentiment in repudiating a prevalent newsreel nuisance; namely, the custom of inflicting upon a plaintive public full-sized close-ups of men and women currently in the public eye.

These close-ups occupying every available inch of space on the screen, so thoroughly exaggerate facial contours and imperfections that the innocent victim of the "exposure" invariably resembles the hero of an Ed Wynn opera. And when the photographic subject reveals his or her bridgework in a wide range smile—but you doubtlessly get the idea by now.

Now, in practically every case the monstrosities we see in newsreels are healthy and reasonably good-looking individuals in private life. But when they pose impromptu, au naturel, self-conscious and sans make-up the merciless lens records their floundering features with about the same degree of fidelity with which a radio of the vintage of '21 would reproduce the voice of today's radio stars.

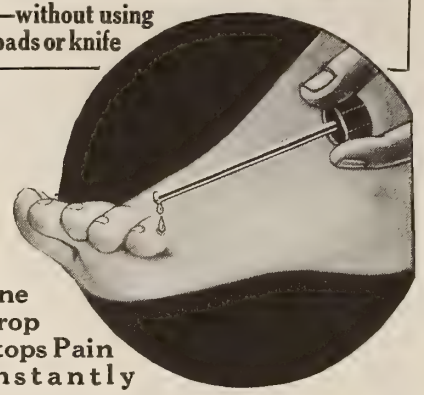
To make matters worse, the close-ups are sustained at times for as long as two minutes or more while the news commentator explains the particular reason for the aforementioned victim's movie debut.

It seems to me that a self-respecting adult when he sees a close-up of himself on the screen must be so humiliated that he goes through the rest of his life with an incurable inferiority complex or something worse.

The solution, obviously is that the close-ups be eliminated entirely or that the patron slumber blissfully during the execution.—Emanuel Barton, 226 N. Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. *New Movie would like comment from all of its readers on this subject.*

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS AT 10¢ STORES



NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP



KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c. At WOOLWORTH'S

the PURE KNITTED COPPER **CHORE GIRL**

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS

No more dishwashy hands!

Patented parallel outer layers provide—

"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

YOU CAN DO A REAL WIRING JOB WITH LAIZ-FLAT

THE ELECTRIC BANDING

That makes home wiring easy, safe, sightly and thrifty. LAIZ-FLAT will provide you with an unlimited number of outlets at trifling cost. Lays flat under rugs and carpets; tacks on walls, baseboards, etc. Colors to match woodwork. Always ask for LA IZ-FLAT Electric Banding

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The Secret of a New Enchantment



RADIO GIRL PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Few can resist the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL PERFUME. And *you* can enjoy this exquisite French *odeur* because domestic manufacture reduces the cost. You'll want RADIO GIRL FACE POWDER, too—its skin blend tones and its soft texture, are *so* flattering.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-4

Name.....

Address.....

Sheer Sweetness?

There being no words adequate to express the sheer sweetness of "One Night of Love" I merely say that for me it never will grow old. I know for I have seen it forty times and am still going strong, literally lost in the amazing beauty of it all; scarcely able to believe that such an opportunity came my way.

Charming personality, gorgeous voice, perfect actress—Grace Moore, please give her to us often, and marvelous Tullio Carminati! We are hoping to see him in many more pictures.

Thank you, Columbia, for the finest treat of my whole life.—Mrs. Leonard Fogan, 33 Nicholson Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. *That's a new definition of sweetness for us, Mrs. Fogan, but we like it!*

Fine and Clean

I want to send in my praise of Frank Capra's direction of such pictures as "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," which I think are two of the finest and cleanest pictures I have ever seen. We, the public (and I am sure I speak for more than myself), really enjoy such interesting stories as these. May we have many more like them in the year 1935 and for all time.—Mrs. G. L. Kaminski, 1518 Monroe Street, N. E., Minneapolis, Minn. *It takes good acting, good story and good direction to make the grade these days, Mrs. Kaminski.*

Improving Make-Up

Let's have more natural and life-like stars like Anne Shirley. She is fresh and youthful, not all rouged lips, false eyelashes and painted nails. We can find those on any street corner. To see an actresses' real face is a treat after so much false make-up.

Anne in "Anne of Green Gables" is an inspiration to anyone. She is my idea of a natural young girl. Please don't go sophisticated or "false facey" on us, Anne. You have a warm place in our hearts just as you are.—Mrs. Wm. Thurwanger, 549 Tenny Street, Kewanee, Ill. *There's little danger of Anne's disappointing you.*

The Incredible Brat

I know I shouldn't write this letter. But after seeing the movie, "Bright Eyes," I couldn't pass up the opportunity of writing. It may arouse Shirley Temple fans, but when leaving the movie house I was against everything she represented.

It seems a little brat in the picture known as Jane Withers made this most incredible thing happen to me. Just a day before seeing "Bright Eyes," I had scolded my own little girl and also asked why she couldn't be like Shirley Temple. But now I've fallen in love with the biggest brat of them all. And I'm saying to my little girl, "Stay as mischievous as you are," and that goes doubly for little Jane Withers.—Mrs. A. Zimmerman, 228 E. Broadway, New York, N. Y. *There is a special story being written for Jane, Mrs. Zimmerman.*

An Old Question

Why don't the movie producers give their films more appropriate titles? Lately I missed seeing "Imitation of Life," because I didn't know that that was the name they had given to Fannie Hurst's "Sugar-House."

This is not a case of whether "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but whether more representative movie titles would not bring in more box-office receipts.—Elizabeth Gates, 634 Boone Street, Piqua, Ohio. *Time and time again, we wonder about this, Elizabeth. Of course the studios want titles that will make money, but lots of them do seem silly.*

Hooray!

Humor is all right in its place. I hereby take exception to the wise-cracking, punning news-commentators who infest the newsreels. I like a laugh with anyone, but some of these grim buzzards would pun, I believe, at their own funerals. Compare them for instance, with the keen incisive comments of the newsreel of Edwin C. Hill.—Anthony March, 297 Union, San Francisco, California. *Good for you, Anthony. Many a fine newsreel has been spoiled by a yapping commentator. Maybe something will be done about it before long.*

About Marie Dressler and Pauline Lord

Can Pauline Lord take Marie Dressler's place? I had just read this in my November NEW MOVIE not so long ago. Marie was my favorite star, and I would have gone any place to see a picture that she played in, so this article interested me very much. No, I decided, Miss Lord could never take Marie's place in the hearts of the people. Marie always seemed like a mothering old soul. Miss Lord is far too young to be that. Besides, she acts her parts, she isn't her very own self on the screen, as Marie was. Really, no one could actually take her place.

Who, then, was to be the one? I had seen May Robson and decided she was about the next best, although she didn't quite fill the bill. She is a grand actress too, but she seems a bit sharp at times, not always quite as sweet and good natured as Marie. But she was my choice until several days ago. Now, I think I have the one, who is my estimation, should be the second Marie. I just saw Loretta Young in "The White Parade," and my vote now goes to the very charming and natural acting person who played the part of "Sailor" in that picture. Her name I don't know, as I didn't pay a whole lot of attention when the cast of characters was shown on the screen, as I went particularly to see Miss Young. Perhaps you will know her name. She completely stole the picture from the heroine and hero, and if anyone can do Miss Dressler's parts, I am sure she is the one. Let's hope the casting directors give "Sailor" a chance. I for one am betting on her.—D. Rissmiller, 2902 Kildaire Drive, Baltimore, Md. *"Sailor" was played by Jane Darwell. You have fine taste, as she's an excellent actress and we feel sure we shall all be seeing her again and enjoying her, too.*

We Bow

I have been buying NEW MOVIE for the last four months and I am convinced that it is the best movie magazine published. I have noticed a great difference in the January and February issues. Of course the larger size is of great advantage but the contents really count for most. The articles are most interesting, the pictures are of the best and the departments always have something for everybody.

At present it is more convenient for me to buy NEW MOVIE by the month but as soon as I am in a position to do so I will take a year's subscription.

Am wishing you the best of luck in your work.—Clifford Sterns, Erie, Michigan. *Thank you, Clifford. We're really working hard to try to please. Soon we'll give you an even better magazine and we hope you'll like it better, too.*

The Johnsons Agree

I agree with my namesake, Edna Johnson, in what she says about Josephine Hutchinson. In my opinion she stole everything but the scenery in the production, "Happiness Ahead."

I for one am pleased to see her on the screen, as I would never have the opportunity to witness her stage performance. I am eagerly awaiting her next picture.—Edward Johnson, 17 Bristol Street, Cuba, N. Y. *It will be, "Oil for the Lamps of China," Edward.*

Negro Performers

It surprised me a great deal to find out that the motion picture "Imitation of Life" was not included in the local polls as one of the ten best pictures of 1934. But, if I had my way I'd pin the medal on the shoulders of Louise Beavers of the picture for the finest female performance on the 1934 screen. And incidentally the honor of producing the first cinema negro drama goes to the Universal studio.

I fervently hope NEW MOVIE recognizes the dramatic power of Louise Beavers and obliges us NEW MOVIE fans with a personality story of the screen's premier colored actress.—Ben Cohen, 12 Monroe Street, New York, N. Y. *Did you read what Herb Howe said about her in the March issue?*

A Justified Criticism

Theaters, when they are showing a picture that "packs 'em in," after having advertised it far and wide, sometimes have the customers lined up out to the curb when the last show of the evening starts. Perhaps, and often, the feature has been partially run before everyone is seated, or have even reached a place to see the screen where they stand. Such has been my experience. At the end of the regular scheduled run, the lights come on and "Goodnight!" is flashed on the screen. Since they did so well with the picture, they could pay the help for overtime and run it again. Run it till the auditorium is empty, at least. How about it, theater managers?—C. E. Gilstrap, Route 1, Neosho, Mo. *Some states have laws that the projection-machine must keep turning as long as there's one person left in the theater. We suggest you write a letter direct to the theater manager, Mr. Gilstrap.*

Whew!

I'd also put opera on the screen. I'd get Gladys Swarthout, who is not only a very, very good singer but also a nice looking person. I'd abolish the filming of second-rate stories and would use more of Dickens' stories.—Adlay Talisman, 280 Riverside Drive, New York City. *Gee, maybe it's a good thing you aren't a dictator, Adlay.*



And the thing both of them wanted most of all was Tiny Tower, the magazine that is their very own. The little girl got a year's subscription—twelve issues for her dollar. And the little boy went right out and bought his copy, "Just like I do every month," he says.

● Tiny Tower is the greatest play magazine that children have ever had. Every page is written for the child—stories they love to hear again and again, Jack and Jill in thrilling new picture-adventures, amusing cut-outs, comics, games, puzzles, jokes, things to do and make.

● Perhaps you are like the little girl who wanted a year's subscription so she would be sure to get every single issue. Then use the coupon below. But whatever you do, don't let the children miss the fun in Tiny Tower. Ten cents will get the current copy, in its new big size, at the nearest newsstand or F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send a year's subscription to Tiny Tower to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing $1.00 (check or money-order.)

Child's Name.....
Address.....
City.....**State**.....
Begin with the.....**issue**
Your name and address.....

With the aid of our New Method circulars you can make these things from wood:

Ap381—For the top of your desk, a stand with compartments to hold stationery and books, and a convenient rack for pens.

Ap382—A mirror stand and a pair of snail candleholders for your dressing table.

Ap383—Here are a pair of bookends with a ship design carved out in relief.

Ap384—A combination book-case and table and plant stand.

Ap385—Make this attractive tray from a piece of wood and some picture molding.

Ap386—Here is an unusual modern candelabra which is quite simple to make.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON?



NO DOUBT about it . . . it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids. For each of these lovely preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil* . . . an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.



OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They *protect* it, too! OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is as light and airy as thistle-down. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores. And it is absolutely grit-free!

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. They flatter the living tints of the skin. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.



Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you will find an OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick of the *same tonal quality* . . . to blend naturally with your individual skin-coloring and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 87-D
Willis Avenue, New York City
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

*Name*_____
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These stores carry Tower STAR Fashions

Consult This List When You Go Shopping

Tower Star Fashions . . . selected by Tower Magazines' Fashion Department and sold in the retail stores listed below will help you to buy clothes which are really becoming. Ask to see Tower Star Fashions and also the other nationally advertised products in this issue the very next time you are in one of these stores. Address any further questions to Tower's Star Fashion Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Pictures of Tower Star Fashions appear on page 22 of this issue.

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Dothan, Van Ritch Co., Inc.
Jasper, Chas. E. Tweedy & Co.

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Wichita, Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY
Ashland, The Smart Shop
Louisville, Kaufman Straus Co.

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New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

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Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, Unobskey's New York Store
Lewiston, B. Peck Co.

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Cumberland, Lazarus
Hagerstown, Fashionland

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Lowell, Cherry & Webb Co.
New Bedford, C. F. Wing Co.
Revere, Rose Cornell
Springfield,
Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

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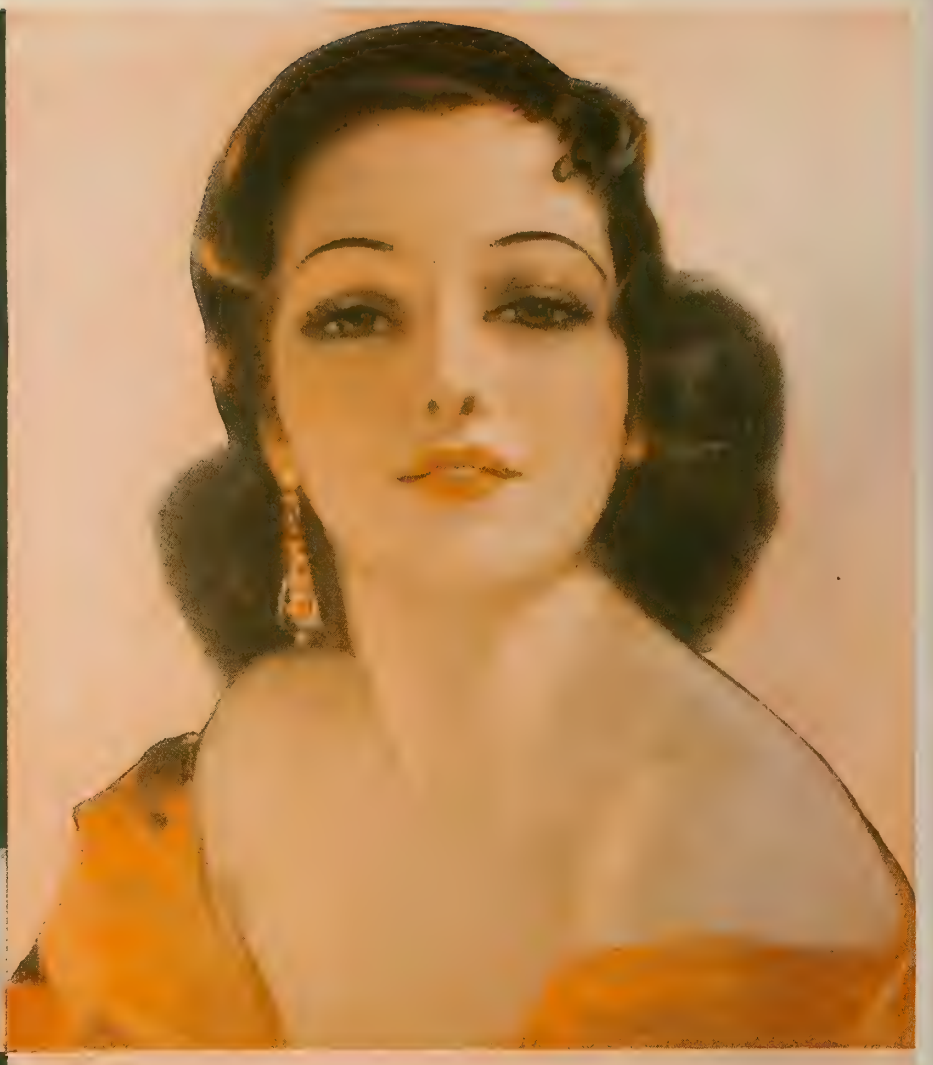
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JANET GAYNOR'S SECRET HIDEAWAY

A TOWER MAGAZINE

ARE HANDSOME MEN SAFE IN HOLLYWOOD?





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Be utterly Irresistible

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 5 • • • MAY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

AT a colorful banquet in Hollywood a little over a month ago, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made its seventh annual awards for the best screen performances of the year.

The actress and actor chosen were Claudette Colbert, charming star of French descent, and Clark Gable, American. The picture for which they won the award was the Columbia production, "It Happened One Night," directed by Frank Capra, of Italian parentage, who won the award for the best direction of the year.

A third award for performance was given to little Shirley Temple, Fox starlet, whom toastmaster Irvin Cobb, characterized as an "artist among artists, a giant among troupers." Little more need be said of this charming child player, whose engaging simplicity and appeal have won for her a place in the hearts of the American public.

The foregoing is not news to you, for you have read it in your papers, and heard it over your radio. Neither is it news to the immense following of Miss Colbert, Mr. Gable and Mr. Capra and Miss Temple, who are firmly convinced that the award is not only rightful and proper, but should be made annually.

The real news in this award is the emergence of a young and relatively small picture producing organization into the company of the elect, the many starred and all-powerful companies such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, Warner Brothers, RKO-Radio and others.

Under the able direction of Harry Cohn, on the Coast, and Jack Cohn, in the East, this energetic and youthful concern has forged ahead rapidly. It has upset many of the established precedents of movie-making, and has attacked each new problem with a fervor that speaks in the highest terms of the ability of the Cohn brothers and the loyalty of their trusted organization. It has produced a series of box-office pictures that have set the fans of the nation clamoring for more, and has made the producers and directors of other companies more alert, and more desirous of making finer pictures. All of this means better and better pictures for you who are the final consumers.

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ANOTHER newcomer in the film industry is the youthful and socially prominent John Hay Whitney, who is building a company to produce nothing but color pictures. This company will produce in color the famous Thackeray novel Vanity Fair, under the title of "Becky Sharp." Miriam Hopkins, colorful and brilliant blonde star, will play the title role.

When Mr. Whitney decided to go into the picture-producing business, he sought out his friend Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage director and impressario, to take care of the many problems of color photography. Their first picture, an experimental two-reel production, "La Cucaracha," was received and welcomed by the fans of the country with open arms. It is interesting to note, at this point, that this picture also won the Motion Picture Academy award for the best short subject in the comedy class. Heartened by the immense success of the venture, Mr. Whitney became more and more positive of the future of color pictures, and if the reception of "La Cucaracha" is any criterion, we may be prepared for an entirely new kind of talking picture, within a short time.

• • •

WHILE Mr. Whitney is experimenting with color pictures, and Samuel Goldwyn is experimenting with a new three-dimensional picture, Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of RKO, has announced that television in a perfected form, is ready for the country. He adds, however, that at the present time it is very expensive and that each set will be beyond the means of the average radio listener. There is little question that television is close, for we have had a number of experimental broadcasting stations, and on the Coast, the Brothers Warner, astute business men, have been conducting a series of tests to see if motion pictures can be broadcast through the newer medium.

All of which causes us to wonder what the future of the stage and screen will be. Will everybody stay at home and watch news events, motion pictures and stage plays enacted on the screen of their home television set? Or will the lure of the crowd, the attraction of seeing, close-up, the players on a stage be stronger? Only time can tell. But come what may, we can be sure that the producers of motion pictures, and the producers of stage plays, and the directors of radio programs will continue to improve their media until the time has come when a newer cycle of entertainment has succeeded the old.

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Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin? Better begin to use Lux Toilet Soap, the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich, ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "THE WOMAN IN RED"

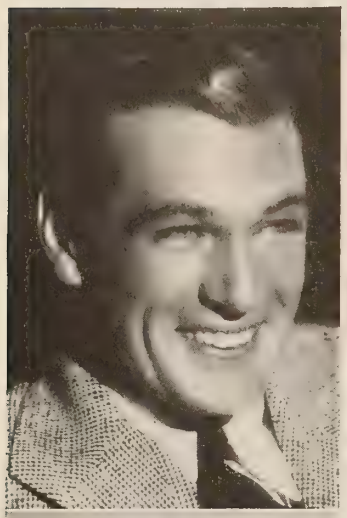
NRA CODE



Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?

"No," says this writer, "for the very good reason that there aren't enough handsome men there to shake a stick at!"

By RICHARD ENGLISH









Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, John Boles and Charles Farrell. Are they really handsome or aren't they?

GENTLE Reader, lend us thine ear—— Lend us thine ear and consider the awful plight of the handsome men in Hollywood. Awful? Yes! *Why* awful? For precisely the reason that there aren't enough of them (the really handsome ones) to go around.

What could be more sad—or splendid—than the sorry situation of any eligible male, with no mother to guide him, being pursued by a dozen of the luscious cinema ladies?

Hollywood's consistent about everything: if a bathtub is needed in a picture, executives will promptly buy gold-plated ones; if new cuties are needed to gladden the screen the same moguls will import them in carload quantities of curves and charm. Yet for the past five years there has been a dearth of men in cinemaland and actresses have moaned, "What good is success without a man to share it with?" Consistent to the last, there just aren't enough men to go around!

And have those executives done anything about satisfying the need for eligible men? A thousand times no! Maybe the boys are being selfish. Or maybe I'm being personal. But just the same the lack of presentable males has been one of the major reasons for the abuse now being heaped on Hollywood's hapless head! When titled husbands, handsome spouses and desirable fiancés have been around and around in the dizzy circle of movieland's matrimonial merry-go-round, married to one star and then another, engaged reputedly to this one and that one, reformers have pointed out that "those screen people" lacked scruples. They don't lack scruples—they just lack men!

Dick Powell is admittedly a nice guy and I'll go on record for that. Equally admittable is the fact that he's not the least bit handsome. The same goes for Jack Oakie. And Lyle Talbot. Dick might be popular in his home town of Little Rock, but in Hollywood he's more than popular, he's pursued! Jack Oakie's jokes are as old as his sweat shirt—which is plenty—and yet this perennial clown in clover has a phone book that I'll gladly swap my typewriter for. Lyle Talbot, in his home town, is a nice fellow, but in maleless Hollywood he's considered a 1935 reincarnation of Romeo!

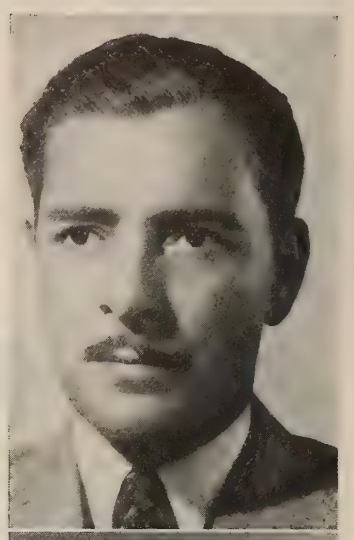
How come, you say? There are but two answers and they're both right. Those lads would be popular—but hardly harassed—in any town. Secondly, they are eligibles in the cinema bluebook; the unattached possessors of personality, prestige and popularity. The lack of handsome men is partially nullified by the screen's abundance of good eggs such as the above. But if these lads are hares in the local game of hounds and hares, think of the sorry plight of handsome men who, in some cases, have found that marriage is hardly a protection against feminine wiles. Beautiful women can no more help appreciating a handsome man than vice versa, and if he's married that's a problem they must solve individually—yet still please everyone and offend no one! Lovely spot to be in, isn't it?

Consider John Boles, Charlie Farrell and Robert Montgomery, actors of accomplishment and happily married men. At various times all have been reputed to be on the verge of breaking up their homes, leaving their wives for some suspect, name unknown, but always referred to as "a prominent movie star." Now, now, don't get alarmed. It's always been a good story, one that's been going the rounds for years and years. Today it may be Montgomery or Boles or Farrell or any handsome married actor, the names seeming to be interchangeable at the teller's preference.

Yet, despite the very apparent untruth, the way those stories start is quite understandable if you know your Hollywood. The fact that these men are married shouldn't spoil a good yarn in a town where a scarcity of males can drive a gal to her only other recreation—gossip. One hears that "Soandso was seen lunching with that too divine Follies girl Colossal just brought out! Of course, he's supposed to be happily married, my dear, but I've seen his wife and she's nothing but a little wren!" The fact that the little wren may be as beautiful, as charming and talented as her more famous mate, is too conveniently forgotten. Or the fact that the little wren aided the man to success is disregarded. The old answer is always the same, "Of course, he's much too handsome for any one woman to hold!"

So the story starts. It grows and the Apollos of the screen must pay tribute for Mother Nature's generosity in handing out good looks! There'll be little bits of gossip here and there, eventually wending their way into being regarded as the gospel truth. (Robert Montgomery once sued a paper and forced a retraction.) And thus it may cause a genuine break. I've actually known of screen marriages that ended in divorce courts because of circumstances as trivial as the above!

It is usually agreed that Lew Ayres has a wistful appeal but is by no means handsome. Bruce Cabot gives an impression of restrained violence, his underlip denoting an iron will that is both frightening and fascinating to the ladies. Yet both of them, prior to their marriages, were in the upper five, ranking about fourth and fifth, respectively, after Powell, Oakie and Talbot, as Hollywood's better-off screen heart-accelerators. And they were never (*Please turn to page* 42)







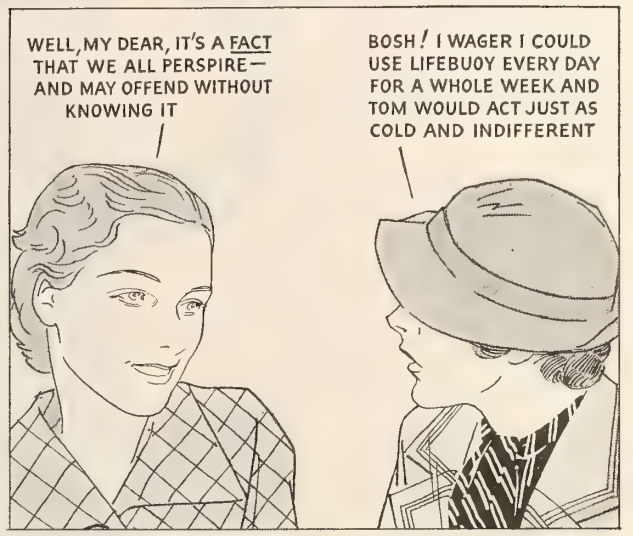


Ronald Colman, Lyle Talbot, Jack Oakie and Dick Powell. They're pursued, yes, but are they truly handsome?

AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY



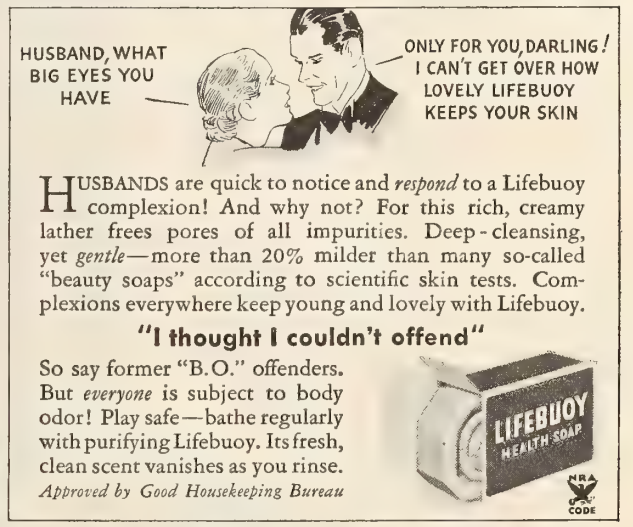










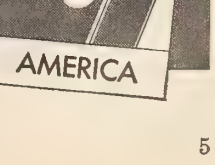


HUSBANDS are quick to notice and *respond* to a Lifebuoy complexion! And why not? For this rich, creamy lather frees pores of all impurities. Deep-cleansing, yet *gentle*—more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" according to scientific skin tests. Complexions everywhere keep young and lovely with Lifebuoy.

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So say former "B.O." offenders. But *everyone* is subject to body odor! Play safe—bathe regularly with purifying Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

THE TALKIES ARE WALKIES

Legs lack lies, toes tell tales, gaits give glamour, there are sermons in shoes. Watch how the movie stars walk!

By
JANET GRAVES



THIS isn't exactly anything you'd want to lose your sleep worrying over, but—if you've got a moment to spare—have you ever noticed the way your favorite palsy-walsy among the stars uses his legs? Of course legs are also useful to hang trousers and skirts on, but that's not what we mean. (They are also useful for kicking.) We mean, the way a star walks.

Phrenologists can tell about your personality from the bumps on your head, graphologists can tell what kind of person you are from the way you dot your *i's*—if you don't dot them at all, for instance, they can tell that you weren't a very bright boy at school—and palmists can read the secrets of your character in the lines of your palm. But the science of walk-ology has been sadly neglected. And it makes us very sad, and we mean to do something drastic about it right away.

For instance—

"Clean up the Mae West picture!" was the censor's cry.

They laundered the dialogue. They sapolioed the plot. They hove buckets of whitewash on the heroine's character.

Then Mae West walked across the screen. She walked, magnificent shoulders proudly poised, opulent bosom thrust well forward, luxuriant hips syncopating to the rhythmic jiggle of each high-heeled step.

She walked, and her walk said everything she was forbidden to say.

West's younger counterpart was the next item. The new Jean Harlow must announce, with innocence, "Believe it or not, beneath this exuberantly billowing white satin beats a heart of gold."

Then Harlow walked, and her straight-shouldered, hip-flouncing, free-and-easy stroll gave the lie to her virtuous words.

The distinctive walks of West and Harlow have trademarked these ladies. But these two aren't the only players who have walked to stardom.

What's your clearest picture of Wallace Beery? Likely it's one of his formidable rapscallions ambling disreputably along, hiking up sloppy trousers.

We remember Marie Dressler most tenderly as Min, trundling along the wharves in shapeless sweater and sagging skirt—like a clumsy old ship, battered by the weather, but sailing stubbornly on.

In Joan Crawford's gallant, chesty stride we read a story of ambition. Her walk is a feminine version of John Gilbert's bouncing, dashing step—as he walked in the halcyon days of the silent "Merry Widow."

The extravagance of John Barrymore's acting is carried out in the conscious drama of his motions—the commanding walk, the profile poses. Fredric March, who caricatured Jawn in "The Royal Family," surges impulsively about Hollywood sets, still under the influence.

And even Greta Garbo, in "Queen Christina," strode along the palace corridors and struck noble attitudes with a Barrymoreish gusto.

But not all important actors betray their profession so completely.

Gary Cooper's lean figure moves awkwardly, long arms swinging lank from his shoulders. Yet in that very awkwardness there is a certain natural grace, a romantic reminiscence of coon-skin caps, rail-splitters, covered wagons, the lone prairie.

Katharine Hepburn alternates her youthful, shyly tentative tread with a tomboyish lope.

Ann Harding departs from the (*Please turn to page* 63)



A contrast in carriage—the walks of Victor McLaglen, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and Marlene Dietrich.

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST— BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MacDONALD • Nelson EDDY

NAUGHTY MARIETTA



a W. S. VAN DYKE PRODUCTION

Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young

with

FRANK MORGAN

Douglas Dumbrille

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

Music in the Movies



"The Folies Bergere" brings not only tunes but the spirit of gay Paris itself.

The current crop of new pictures brings us a lot of grand new tunes. Orchestra and dance fans will want these recordings

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

AGLANCE at the musical productions released this month reveals Bing Crosby in the starring role of Paramount's "Mississippi." To launch Bing into this picture, which promises to be one of the year's best, Paramount selected the famed song writing team of Rodgers and Hart to write the musical score. In "Mississippi" you will hear Bing sing, among others, "Soon," "Down by the River," and "Easy to Remember." The first two named, which show promise of being the biggest hits, are reviewed in this issue.

Then, too, M-G-M presents "Reckless," a production which brings together for the first time the beauteous Jean Harlow and William Powell. This film provides two songs entitled "Everything's Been Done Before" and "I'm Going Down to Dance at Clancy's," which is a sort of Continental rhumba. We include these songs in our review.

"Love in Bloom," another Paramount picture which received its name from last year's biggest song hit, also provides an outstanding musical score by Gordon and Revel who gave us such hits as "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and more recently "Stay As Sweet As You Are." The new songs in "Love in Bloom" are "Got Me Doin' Things," "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky" and "My Heart Is an Open Book."

"Let's Live Tonight" is Columbia's contribution to this month's new musicals, and features the voice of Tullio Carminati, one of the screens foremost singers, recently with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love." The production features two major songs—"Love Passes By," a dreamy waltz which plays a prominent part, and "After All."

In the selection of records for review you will note the numbers, for the most part, are of the melodic fox-trot type. However, there is one selection in waltz time which bids for favor.

The outstanding record of the month is, in our opinion, Ray Noble's recording of "Soon" from the Crosby picture "Mississippi." This number is given first place because of the inherent beauty of its melody and Ray Noble's excellent rendition.

"Soon" from "Mississippi"—played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. This very melodic fox trot is ideally suited to the smooth, suave style of Noble's band. The saxophone section, which comprises four instruments, lends distinctive charm and brings out the beauty of this melody. Four brasses and three fiddles also combine to produce an unusual arrangement.

The other side presents "Down by the River," from "Mississippi," and is also played by Ray Noble's orchestra. This one is a typical Mississippi tune reminiscent of "River, Stay 'Way from My Door" and Noble treats it accordingly. The rhythm of the orchestra is decidedly different and a classy trumpet section adds lustre to a pleasing recording. (Victor.)

"Love Passes By," from "Let's Live Tonight," is played by Eddie Duchin and his society orchestra. The selection is a waltz of the better type, such as "One Night of Love," and Duchin's treatment produces that dreamy, gliding effect that calls for the spotlights on the dance floor. Of course Eddie's famed velvet fingers enhance this recording with a timely piano interlude. Lee Sherwood sings an alluring vocal chorus.

In contrast, the reverse side offers the melody ballad, "After All," from the same picture, also played by the Duchin band. This is a lilting, unpretentious little tune treated most interestingly by the piano-playing maestro, who again provides some scintillating piano bits. Lee Sherwood returns with an equally fine vocal. (Victor.)

"Got Me Doin' Things," from the picture "Love in Bloom," is played by Ted Fiorito and his band. This is a very rhythmic, danceable tune and the large Fiorito orchestra gets plenty of color into a smart dance arrangement. A muted brass interlude and Ted's piano tricks stand out. Howard Phillips sings a splendid vocal refrain which you'll like.

The reverse side brings "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky," another very swingy dance tune from the same picture. The Fiorito tunicians get everything out of a most modern dance arrangement. A muffled trumpet is heard with complete satisfaction as is a sizzling clarinet bit. The band trio turns in a grand vocal with a cute lyric. (Brunswick.)

"Everything's Been Done Before," from "Reckless," is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. A beautiful melody tune, beautifully played, by the Himber band. A unique harp introduction launches the boys into a brilliant arrangement. A sub-tone is featured against a string ensemble and the result is very effective. Joey Nash of radio fame sings the vocal in a captivating manner.

The opposite side offers "I'm Going Down to Dance at Clancy's" also played by Richard Himber. This is a kind of Continental rhumba and the orchestra shows its versatility in its complete mastery of this type of rhythm. The string section of four violins, is heard throughout the record and Joey Nash turns in another of his famous vocals. (Victor.)

"Lullaby of Broadway" from "The Gold Diggers" is played by the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra; a grand song whose melody and lyric musically describes The Great White Way. Jimmy Dorsey's clarinet and sax work, for which he is widely known, stands out in this record. Unusual harmonic effects from three trombones also pleases. Bob Crosby, accompanied by a male quartette, sings the vocal chorus.

On the other side the Dorseys play "The Words Are in My Heart" from the same picture. A seductive little tune in waltz time. The muted harmonies from the brass section plus Tommy Dorsey's mellow trombone interlude are the highlights of the recording. Kay Webber's lovely voice is heard in the vocal refrain. (Decca.)

"My Heart is an Open Book" also from the picture, "Love in Bloom." Ted Fiorito returns with another smart arrangement of a fox trot in the slow tempo. Again this large orchestra produces a generous amount of tonal color by skilfully maneuvering the instrumentation. A baritone sax interlude falls easy on the ears as does Howard Phillip's vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

Hal Kemp's famous orchestra, which musicians contend is the smartest and most modern in the business, is heard in a very desirable recording of "I'm Going Shopping With You" from the "Gold Diggers" score. The tune is rhythmic and made to measure for the Kemp style. The peculiar tonal effects of the clarinet are accomplished by the use of a megaphone contraption around the instrument. A right smart record, in which Skinny Ennis does the vocal. (Brunswick.)

One of the best waltzes of the season is "When I Grow Too Old to Dream" from "The Night Is Young." Freddy Martin and his orchestra give us this recording, and whether you are a waltz enthusiast or not, you are bound to admit that Freddy's presentation is away above par. Beautifully handled throughout, with some fine vocal work.

On the other side Freddy Martin plays the title number, "The Night Is Young." This time a fox trot, and quite entertaining too. (Brunswick.)

And speaking of well-sung vocals, here is one that is exceedingly well sung. "Me Without You" is the title, the song being from the production "One Hour Late." Joe Morrison is our recording artist, and is one who needs no introduction at this late hour. Joe seems to be doing very well for himself out Hollywood way, and we think this success is well earned. It's hard to find a more pleasing vocal artist than young Joe Morrison.

On the reverse side, Joe sings another song from the same show. This time it's the selection, "A Little Angel Told Me So." Again we have no fault to find but we almost forgot to tell you that in both these selections Joe is given very substantial assistance by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra, California's pride and joy. (Brunswick.)

HITS OF THE MONTH

Best

"SOON." Played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Recommended

"WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM." Played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"I'M GOING SHOPPING WITH YOU." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"ME WITHOUT YOU." Played by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LOVE PASSES BY." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK." Played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LULLABY OF BROADWAY." Played by Dorsey Brothers and their orchestra. (Decca)

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



When, each month, we fill our gallery with pictures of such charming and talented and beautiful people, it is only fitting that we should start off the list with three such charming people as Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy and Anna Sten. You will see them together in "The Wedding Night," Anna's first picture in an American setting.

LOVE IN 1815



IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON many a gallant soldier met his Waterloo in the eyes of a lovely blond girl with lips that were meant to be kissed. Thus, Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray, the soldier and the lady of "Becky Sharp." "No one else has loved as we love," they said.

LOVE IN 1935



AND TODAY, TOO, STRANGELY ENOUGH, many a gallant gentleman finds his fate in the same kind of eyes, the same kind of girl, and the same kind of lips. And William Powell and Jean Harlow, in "Reckless"—they, too, think as the others thought: "No one else has loved as we love."

MEN OF STEEL







Hewitt

● **Far left: The strong man of the mountain, Clark Gable takes to frost and furs for the virile drama of "The Call of the Wild." Center: Charles Laughton, as Javert, the most ruthless detective in literature, brings a new kind of menace to "Les Miserables." Directly above: To the part of Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," Fredric March imparts a dynamic, dramatic power.**

GIRLS OF GOLD





Bachrach



Lobben

● **Above: Lyda Roberti, a siren who hides behind a disarming screen of gaiety, colors Fox's "Scandals" with her own brand of lure. Center: In a gown that is a sheath of cloth-of-gold, piquant Ginger Rogers floods "Roberta" with her most dazzling glitter. Right: In sequins and black paradise feathers, Mae West goes thoroughly modern as her svelte self in "How Am I Doin'?"**



A Hope Of Twenty Years Comes True. For The First Time You Will See Shakespeare On The Screen, With The Presentation Of

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAME

Written by = WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

As *it* hatH beene sundry times publickely acted, by the right *honorable*, the *LORD CHAMBERLAINE* his servaNt.

Persons Represented

I. James Cagney as *Bottom*, Joe E. Brown as *Flute*, Hugh Herbert as *Quince*, Arthur Treacher as *Ninny's Tomb*, Dewey Robinson as *Snug*, Otis Harlan as *Starveling*, and Frank McHugh as *Snout*.

II. A gnome.

III. James Cagney, as *Bottom*, with Joe E. Brown, *Flute*.

IV. James Cagney, his heade become a donkey's, with Anita Louise, who is *Titania*, *Queen of the Fairies*.

V. Fairies, Gnomes, and Sundry Other Players in the Forest.

VI. Mickey Rooney, as *Puck*.

VII. Margaret Westberg, as a lovely *Birch-Tree*.

VIII. Dick Powell, as *Lysander*, with Olivia de Haviland, *Hermia*.

IX. A dancing girl.

X. Jean Muir, as *Helena*.

XI. Victor Jory, as *Oberon*.

XII. James Cagney, *Bottom*, with Hugh Herbert, *Quince*.

And *divers* other Players of the Company.

I

II

III

IV

JANET GAYNOR'S SECRET HIDEAWAY

The best story about Janet Gaynor in five years! Here is the mystery that has long baffled her own best friends. You'll know Janet better than ever when you read about it



When they made "Paddy the Next Best Thing," 'way back there, the cameramen wondered where Janet had learned to ride so well. We know where!

THIS is a story we never expected to print.

After all these years Janet Gaynor has been a reigning star, we never thought we'd discover a secret about her. But we have! And it's a secret which tells you more about her sweetness, more about that natural, unspoiled quality which she has kept, than all the hundreds of stories that have ever been printed about her!

Have you ever read a story telling how Janet spends her Summers?

"Oh," you say, "is *that* all your secret is!"

But come on. Think. *Have* you? Maybe it's more important than you believe. Think . . . No, you don't know anything about it. Now that you come to consider it, you've never heard a word. Summer is the slack season in Hollywood. All the stars go away—to Europe, to Palm Springs, to the Orient, to luxurious beach homes. The papers tell where all the others go. But the papers don't tell where Janet goes. Nobody tells. Nobody tells, because nobody knows! Every Summer, Janet drops quietly out of sight. For all anybody knows, she's still in Hollywood. But she isn't. She's 3000 miles away.

Where?

Up a certain road, in a certain county in Wisconsin, is a certain lake. It is just one more lake, in a countryside that is full of them, and it is small. And, because it is so small, so exquisitely shaped, it is perfect—a glowing blue jewel, shining through dense trees. No great hotel, no smart resort has ever been built there. Few persons even knew about the tiny, lost lake when, years ago, a man and his wife built a house there for themselves, because they loved its serenity and its surpassing beauty. Then, gradually, a few discovered it, fell in love with it too, and first two and then three little cabins went up. Now, beside the big house, there are six of the little cabins, hardly visible against the back-drop of silvery birches and dark green pines. No millionaire has ever heard of the place, or ever will. The people who come are just ordinary families from nearby towns in Wisconsin, who love the lake for itself and would die rather than see it spoiled by a highway, a dance-hall, or hot-dog stands. They mean to keep their lovely, quiet forest just as it was two hundred years ago, when the Indians roamed through it.

To this place, to one of the tiny cabins—up the mysterious road, in the unknown county—comes each year a certain family. There's Uncle George, good-natured, six feet tall, with a laugh (*Please turn to page* 44)

We are keeping Janet's secret and not telling you the name of her beloved lake. But if you ever happen on it, and see a red-haired girl in a boat—that's Janet!



By

JACK JAMISON

Exclusive to

New Movie Magazine

Hollywood's Most Successful Extra

You can be a success as a Hollywood extra—if you have what it takes. Gwen Zetter, herself a top-notch extra, tells you what that is

By GWEN ZETTER

As told to Eric L. Ergenbright

FOREWORD:

"I want to interview the most successful extra in Hollywood," I told Campbell McCollough, the new chief of Central Casting.

He gave me the telephone number and address of Gwen Zetter. Having made an appointment, I visited her in her home.

She is a girl of whom the motion picture industry may well be proud, and I am frank to say, after talking with her for an hour, that I am puzzled to find her an extra, while so many others, decidedly inferior to her in both beauty and intelligence, have reached stardom.

I have heard thousands of extras bewail their lot. The officials of Central Casting repeatedly have told me that they are unable to supply enough work to keep their thousands of registrants in food and clothing and shelter.

But from Gwen Zetter I heard the other side of the story. Her success deserves the more applause because it has been won in the face of tremendous odds—but it does not mean that the average girl can earn a living as an extra. Gwen Zetter is not an average girl.



I EARN my living by working as a motion picture extra. I don't pretend to be an "actress," and don't profess to have "talent." I'm *just an extra*—but I'm one by choice, and I wouldn't trade jobs with any one of the salesgirls, stenographers or secretaries whom I know.

Too many tears have been shed about our lot. Too many articles have pointed out "the pitfalls that lurk in Hollywood for the extra girl." Too many writers have exercised their flair for melodrama by picturing us as the despised victims of mistreatment on the studio sets.

Of course, with so much smoke, there must be a fire. I know that I have been unusually lucky. I know that for every extra who earns a decent living, there are many who barely exist. Our "business," like all others, is desperately overcrowded. There are nearly ten thousand of us, all registered with Central Casting, all absolutely dependent upon our work before the cameras, and all competing for employment which would be insufficient for half of our number. Naturally, the majority must fail in the competition—and Central Casting, realizing the conditions, not only refuses to register new applicants for extra work, but is systematically trying to weed out the least suited just as fast as employment can be found for them in other fields.

Yet the fact remains that the girls who are best suited for extra work—who have the best physical assets and the best mental attitudes—all earn good "living wages."

I have been an extra for the past three years—notoriously lean ones in Hollywood—and I have not only lived very comfortably, but I have also managed to save money. I have had a great amount of leisure between jobs and I have gone to school. I consider the three years well spent. Certainly, I have gained much more than I did during the three preceding years, when I worked steadily, at good salary, as a modiste's model. But I have been unusually lucky!

Before telling of my own experiences, it is necessary to explain a few facts about "the extra game." All who are registered with Central Casting are classified as either "atmosphere people" or "extras." The former, who need not be entirely dependent upon studio work for a livelihood, receive a minimum wage of five dollars per day; the latter, who are defined by the Motion Picture Industry Code as "Those who by experience or ability are known to be competent to play group or individual business parts and otherwise to appear in a motion picture (*Please turn to page* 52)

To start with Gwen had a splendid wardrobe and, in the bargain, beauty to rival that of many a star. Even so, the road has been none too easy. What would *your* chances be?

JUST PLAIN JOHN

In which New Movie's own Elsie Janis bemoans a mistake she made in her romantic past. "I," she wails, "am the only gal who ever turned down John Boles for a leading man. O, woe is me!"

By ELSIE JANIS

New Movie Special Feature Writer

"IS IT O. K. to go back to when I first saw you in 1927?" I said to John Boles.

He flashed that gorgeous grin. "Why, bless your heart, why don't you go back to when I first saw you in France?"

I didn't even know he had been in the war and as I gazed up about a foot into his smiling eyes I simply could not believe that he was doing anything eighteen years ago, except, perhaps, going to school. The evidence was too complete in detail to doubt, however. He landed at Saint Nazaire, France, was herded into a camp and that night I came to give a show. "Not only that," John continued, "the next entertainment I saw was right after the war in London. It was your show, "Hullo! America!" at the Palace Theater and Maurice Chevalier was playing with you."

All I could say was, "Well! You must have gone to that war in your pram." He looks only about twenty-seven now. He admitted somewhat reluctantly that his folks had given him lots of milk as a kid and he got to be a big boy "right early." A big boy who told fibs, apparently. There were quite a few overgrown kids in that war, but I didn't know Mrs. Boles' boy was one of the loyalists who probably prevaricated their way into service. My admiration for him, which was already deep, naturally became boundless.

If he had told me he was an ex-soldier, that day in 1927 when he wanted to be my leading man, he undoubtedly would have got the assignment in spite of the one item which stopped him from getting it. The fact that he was married. It all seems so silly now, but I never would have a leading man who was married. Maybe I was a nice gal at heart. I knew early in my career that I was never going to be a good enough actress to play love scenes with any conviction unless they were tinged with the real thing, so I always nursed a pleasing yen for my leading man. Even if I wasn't so nice, I was at least wise enough not to risk my itinerant heart on any Benedict.

John Boles never knew until we met again recently why he did not become my leading man in "Oh Kay" when I played the Gershwin musical comedy on the coast. He had everything the role required. We shared a good chuckle as we recalled how pleased I seemed to be with him (I was, as a matter of fact) and how I said in parting that I would talk to the producers, Belasco and Curran, then let him know. I never knew what the producers told him, but I'm sure it was not the truth. No producers would want to admit that they were starring such a self-centered sap as I seem to have been. Destiny is a canny wench, but she knows her stuff. If John had become my leading man he would have missed an important talking picture role and I probably would (*Please turn to page* 56)



Elsie insists that John built this dog-house for her, but John says politely that he just likes to do a little carpentering.



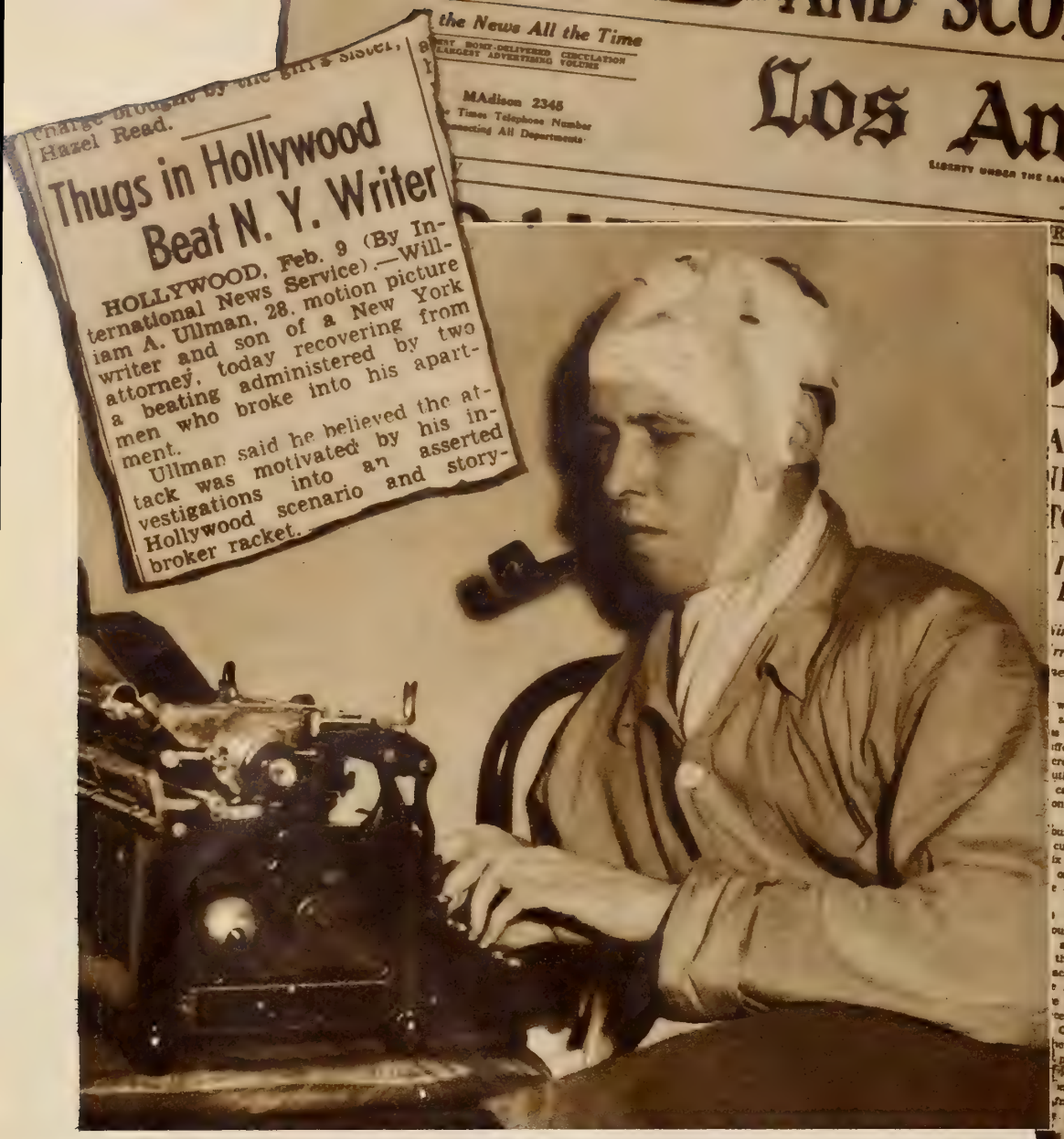
Left: And here is the John Boles we all know — quiet, unassuming, reserved, manly; an actor content to let the others have the glaring headlines so long as he can have the job that he loves.

RACKETEERS STRIKE AT NEW MOVIE!

Author of Our Exposé of Hollywood Underworld Beaten by Their Hired Gorillas

LITTLE did we dream when we began our dramatic series exposing the rackets of Hollywood's underworld, last month, that we should find ourselves embroiled in a racketeering war! For exposing the fake "agents" who prey on would-be movie scenarists, our writer, William A. Ulman, Jr., was attacked by hired thugs who inflicted injuries which might well have caused his death. To Mr. Ulman we can only say, "Thank you for your great courage." But, to the petty crooks who took this cowardly revenge because they were furious at losing their dishonest livelihood, we have more to say! All the studios, the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, and the U. S. Postal Service stand behind us in this crusade of ours to rid Hollywood of you and your skulking kind. If necessary, we will secure our information under cover, and print it without the authors' names—but we are going to fight this through to a finish!

RACKETEERS, GET OUT OF HOLLYWOOD!
YOUR DAY IS DONE!



The clippings on this page are from Hollywood and New York papers.

IT'S A FAKE





The photograph above represents a studio "still" of two stars on the set. Now—here's how it's done. At the left you see Johnny Jayhawker, the Sheik of Sagebrush Gulch. The racketeer cuts the snapshot out of the original photograph which Johnny mails him.



No. 2 of a series in which New Movie will expose the rackets of Hollywood's underworld



The racketeer pastes Johnny's picture on the face of the man star in the studio still shown above.

The still is then *re*-photographed and a copy mailed back to Johnny — now posed with a woman star. All for a dollar!

Have your picture taken with a star for a dollar . . . . . The cheapest racket of them all

By HAL HALL

HOLLYWOOD, the most racket-infested town in the United States, is now facing a new type of dollar-gathering game that has producers, stars and the Will Hays office shaking with the jitters.

The latest is a composite picture racket whereby anyone in the world may have his or her photograph made with any screen star in such a way that even the keenest observer would not know that it is a photographic trick, and not the real thing. Thus, the dream of many a hero-worshiper may become a reality, and the dream may be framed and hung upon the wall. Whether or not any of these dreams will turn out to be bad ones is what is upsetting the motion picture studio officials and players no end.

It was almost a year ago that the first move in this new racket was made by a cameraman who figured he could make a lot of easy money tickling the vanity of the suckers who were willing to hand out a dollar in order to see their own faces photographed alongside their favorite stars. That he was right was proved by the returns on his first mail-order announcement, sent to a selected "sucker list." He sent five hundred letters, and received 128 orders immediately.

HERE is the rough idea. For the price of one dollar the cameraman will make a picture of you with your favorite star and mail it to you. All you have to do is send him a dollar and a picture of yourself, naming the star you want in your picture. The cameraman, and those who have followed him in the racket, simply use what is called the "background projection" method, which has been in use in the studios for years in doing trick photography. By this method he turns out a picture that appears to be an actual photograph of you and the star together, although all he has done has been to use a picture of you and one of the star. It is a simple trick when you know how.

The cameraman thought it was a smart idea, but the studio officials think it is too smart. Looking through their mental crystal balls, they have had visions of blackmail, breach-of-promise suits, divorces, salacious pictures, a multitude of hard feelings and a barrel of headaches for stars, studio executives and, perhaps, for some of the people who had the pictures made. So when the cameraman laid his plan before the Hays office for the approval and cooperation of the studios he was turned down cold.

The turndown by the studios didn't disturb the cameraman, for he sent out his letters and the orders began to come in. How he got the photographs of the stars is something else again, but he seemed to get them. Now several other ambitious souls in Hollywood have followed in his path. It has developed into a competitive racket now, and the studio people are scared stiff. Well they may be, for there is dynamite in every picture sent out; dynamite and a possible lawsuit which might prove disastrous to the stars who are the greatest money-makers for the studios.

AT first thought, you might see no harm in putting a picture of a fan on a piece of photographic paper beside the face of a star. If the star could be absolutely sure that it would be just a harmless picture everything would be roses. But that is the rub. With this simple bit of trick photography any kind of picture can be made. And the picture people know the world has its dirty-minded people; also that there are always men who will stop at nothing to gratify the moron wish as long as there is easy money in sight.

One of the first orders received by the cameraman who started the racket was from a comely miss out in Michigan, who sent in a picture of herself attired in a rather abbreviated bathing suit. She asked that a picture be (*Please turn to page* 48)

TOWER STAR FASHIONS

TOWER Star Fashions

Here are the new Tower Star Fashions worn by three different Hollywood types and available to you at convenient department stores

TOWER Star Fashions is a newly organized service planned to help you select the dresses, suits, coats, hats and accessories which will suit your type and be most flattering to you. Are you the demure Margaret Sullavan type, the exotic Margo type or the sophisticated Kitty Carlisle type? If you are one of these three types study the clothes worn by them and featured on these pages and picture them on yourself, or, if you do not know which type you are, write to us, we will help you define your type and select your clothes accordingly. These clothes are all available to you at reasonable prices at your local department stores.



The exotic Margo, who last appeared in the Paramount production, "Rumba," wears this smart and unusual evening gown of printed cotton, with a large all-over floral design. There are two wide flounces at the bottom of the skirt and another flounce at the low neckline caught up on one shoulder with a large artificial rose.

Sketched below is a lovely tea gown of silk crepe with long sleeves and a contrasting sash. Also a three-piece swagger ensemble with a Tahitian linen blouse. Selected by Margo.



The sketches at the right include a two-piece solid color monotone cloth suit with a three-quarter length jacket trimmed with silk cord lacings on the sleeves. Also a silk net evening dress with rows of tiny ruffles at the bottom of the long skirt and on the detachable cape. Below, a pebble sheer ensemble with a bib and collar of polka-dot printed net with a tiny grosgrain bow under the chin. All are worn by Margaret Sullavan, Universal star.

•

Below—Kitty Carlisle, Paramount star, soon to appear in "Rose of the Rancho," wears this tropical pure silk plaid shirt frock, which has pockets in blouse and skirt and fastens in the front with large cart-wheel novelty buttons. This is an extremely practical spring model, as it is washable, non-shrinking and also non-fading.









The demure and lovely Margaret Sullavan, above, who last appeared in "The Good Fairy," wears this diagonal sheer swagger ensemble with printed piqué accents. The specially cut Regency collar forms a yoke across the back of the three-quarter length coat. The dress has a collar, self-tie and vestee of the colorful printed piqué. This is an ideal dress for early spring wear and as the days grow warmer makes a charming street ensemble worn without a coat.

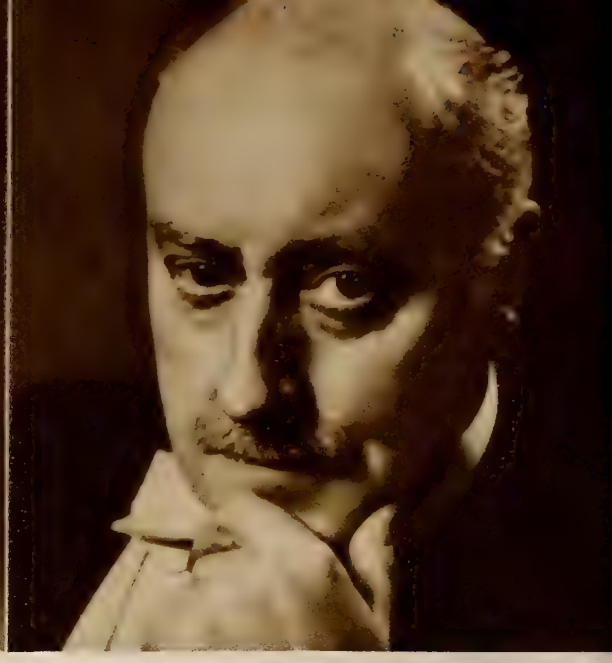
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Sketched at the right is a Regency costume suit worn by Kitty Carlisle emphasizing the current vogue for stripes. It is made of pure silk sheer with contrasting collar and cuffs. The jacket is shirred to a fitted waistline across the back and fastens in the front with a covered buckle.









Honorable Mention

For Franchot Tone, because he finally got a chance to show what he could do, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and did it so well that he's headed for stardom. . . . For Edna May Oliver, because her superb *Betsy Trotwood* in "David Copperfield" will never be forgotten. For Lumsden Hare, who lifts "bits" to high artistry.







Faces in the News

Siegfried Numann, in real life a dapper man-about-town, is turning in first-rate character work in heavy make-up . . . It's news when a come-back stays a come-back, and that's just what sweet Billie Burke has done . . . Jock Whitney, socialite sportsman, is the man behind the new Pioneer Pictures, Inc., who will make movies in color.







and Stars of Tomorrow

Ann Dvorak, who walked out on Hollywood just as she reached the top, is coming back strongly after her work in "Sweet Music" . . . Everybody mentioned the voice of the singer in "Babes in Toyland." He was Felix Knight . . . Little Patricia Ellis, at the right, is climbing steadily, in "Hold 'Em Yale" and "A Night at the Ritz."

Laurels for Hardy— AND VICE VERSA

By CHARLES DARNTON





Small picture above: A touching scene, full of mother love, innocent childhood, and sobs, from "The Hoosegow."

The two gentlemen in a thoughtful pose, just after winning a beauty contest. The sunset they are admiring is behind Hardy's hat

IF YOU have an ear for music, surely you know that cuckoo Prelude in B Flat, Ta-ra-ta-roo-to-loo-w-h-e-e-g-r-r-r-z-z-z-oof!

Right—introducing Laurel and Hardy.

Only now these goofy comedians are set to Victor Herbert's music, having scored the hit of their lives in "Babes in Toyland." Oddly enough, Hardy—the blimpish gentleman—never is called anything but "Babe" in Hollywood, though he sports no less a name than Oliver Norvell Hardy. The other's known as "Stan," all that's left of Arthur Stanley Jefferson.

Their latest and greatest success reminds me of what Ann Harding once said when I asked her what she would like to play most of all: "Fantasy, the legendary sort of thing. I've always wanted to do it. But Walt Disney, the greatest genius the screen has produced, beat me to it." And now Laurel and Hardy have stolen a march—anyway "The March of the Toy Soldiers"—on Miss Harding.

In this fantastic relation another genius comes to mind. For just as Charlie Chaplin eternally typifies the under-dog, so Laurel and Hardy faithfully, if ludicrously, represent the under-man.

Curiously, too, Chaplin and Laurel made their first American appearance together, for that matter stepped off the same cattleboat. Brought over from England in 1910 to join Fred Karno's Comedians, they opened at the Colonial in a vaudeville skit called "A Night in an English Secret Society" which, unhappily, got New York's goat instead of its kind applause. Discouraged, they wanted to go right back home. But they were packed off to Fall River, where "A Night in an English Music Hall" was tried out. Then they sneaked back to New York with it, scared stiff, only to thaw out in the sun of success. It was at the American Music Hall that their luck changed. I recall seeing Chaplin, as the "drunk," fall out of a stage box, but I had no idea he would one day fall into a fortune.

After their warming metropolitan experience they went on a winter's tour of the country and nearly froze to death. It was so cold they had to huddle around the stove in their car. They traveled "tourist" in one of those cars where you can do anything if you know how. They didn't.

"We were a motley crew," Laurel solemnly assured me.

"Tell him about the busted sardines," grimly suggested Hardy.

"They weren't sardines," protested Laurel, "they were herring."

"With tomato sauce," succulently added Hardy.

"That was the trouble," explained Laurel. "I never saw sauce spread so fast and so far. You see, we were heating the can on the stove when it exploded."

"Blew up all over everybody," amplified Hardy.

"How did Chaplin take it?" I asked.

"Just as it came," replied Laurel, matter-of-factly. "We weren't fussy in those days. We had to get along on very little and pay our own expenses. Chaplin was getting fifty dollars a week, I got only twenty. But that first year I saved three hundred."

Thrifty laddies, these English!

NOR has Hardy done so badly. He now is rolling in wealth as well as fat. And not long ago he had a comedy in his own name, "Oliver the Eighth," though I must say it seemed to be motivated by an acquisitive lady who rubbed out seven husbands and then had designs on him. Of course, there's still lots of room on Oliver for designs.

Laurel having lolloped off somewhere, I turned to Hardy and inquired:

"How did you boys happen to get together?"

"I suppose," he murmured, "it was fate."

I thought he had said "fat" until he gravely added:

"You see, I'm a fatalist."

Buried in that flesh, then, was a soul!

Born in Harlem (you're wrong), Georgia, Hardy studied law, then, quite logically, joined a medicine show. Later he went into vaudeville and musical comedy. (He sings tenor, but doesn't speak it.) He came to California with the Vim Company—stimulating name—and played in pictures with the late Larry Semon. In 1927 Hal Roach hitched him up with Laurel, and today both members of the team agree it has been great fun.

But it would seem that Hardy might likewise have found it great danger, what with furniture and pianos and houses and things falling on him, not to mention slopping around in more water than any man since Noah.

"No," he placidly remarked, "nothing really serious has happened to me. Naturally, there have been a few little things. (*Please turn to page* 63)

"No Movie Madness for Me!"

"And you don't have to live in Hollywood to be movie mad," says Kitty Carlisle. "There are movie-maniacs right in your own home town"

By JOHN T. CASEY

THERE'LL be no movie madness for me," exclaimed Kitty Carlisle emphatically, the very tone of her voice and the sparkle in her eyes assuring me that I had struck a most responsive chord.

"Hollywood madness" may not be a pet peeve of Kitty's but if it isn't, it at least is a subject of which she is very fond. "Maybe you're not the stenographer or the screen actor or the housekeeper you used to be," Kitty will say, "but if you're not, I've got the answer. It's Hollywood madness, movie insanity, or whatever you choose to call it.

"It's not at all uncommon," she will argue, "and if you think that the girl at the next typewriter or the exotic creature on the next set or the young mother next door are acting queerly, the answer is simple . . . they've gone Hollywood."

And according to Kitty, one of the things about this movie madness is its geographical scope. She'll tell that "You don't have to go to Hollywood to catch the germ. Right at home in Podunk or on Broadway or in Miami you'll find it. Even if you look in the mirror—oh well, just maybe!"

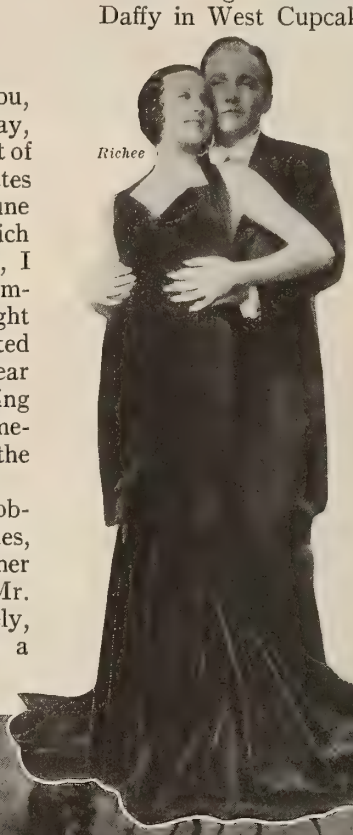
THERE are few girls in the movies who have had the social and educational advantages which have been the good fortune of Kitty Carlisle.

Early schooling in New Orleans, studying in Switzerland and Paris, and making a social debut in Rome, Italy, have combined to give her a sophisticated and broadened perspective. This viewpoint, she assured me, is the secret of her immunity to movie madness. "Whether it's Hartford or Hollywood, balance is essential," Kitty will tell you, and without any ego whatsoever, she'll say, "Take myself for example. After studying most of my life abroad, I came back to the United States in 1932 and immediately struck good fortune with the leading role in a *Rio Rita* revival which toured for eight months. Then last Winter, I sang the lead in the successful operetta, "Champagne Sec." It was this show which brought me to the attention of Paramount and resulted in my making four pictures within the year 1934, two of which have been opposite Bing Crosby. It is this being flung into screen limelight which has made me so conscious of the causes of movie madness."

Probably the most startling of Kitty's observations was the one about the absurd parties, wild romances, silly feuds, and a hundred other items which make up Hollywood scene. Mr. Crosby's new leading woman exclaims positively, "Those wild doings are really not so much a part of the town. The damage has usually been done long before most of the screen folk ever gaze upon Beverly Hills or the Brown Derby. Of course most people don't show it until screen success suddenly gives them the fame and fortune they have always dreamed about. But that's only part of the problem. They would never go off balance if they had the proper background before they came to Hollywood."

Following the Carlisle diagnosis, when Dotty Daffy in West Cupcake starts spending her hard-earned money for mail-order screen courses, then watch out. She is probably about to subject her friends and neighbors to the highly contagious disease of movie madness. Even if she doesn't buy a course, she may be Hollywood Haywire. She may wear Dietrich trousers or pester the local paper to run her picture; she may give up home town admirers because they cannot match John Boles or Clark Gable in romantic settings; or she may show it in a dozen other ways. If she has any of these

(*Please turn to page* 42)


Richee



Kitty Carlisle was practically thrown into pictures, and into Bing Crosby's arms, in "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart." But she keeps her head!

FREDDIE and FRANKIE



Freddie Bartholomew, the ten-year-old English boy you saw in "David Copperfield," talks like a professor

By
CHARLES DARNTON

ACROSS a strange sea and a stranger land—and he but a mere lad, mind you—he had followed his faith for six thousand miles and proved himself true to it.

This is the most remarkable thing about one of the finest child actors the talking screen has produced.

A light rap at the door, then there stepped through, for all the world like stepping out of Dickens' pages, the amazing English youngster, Freddie Bartholomew, who so appealingly and completely realized the boy David in the film production of "David Copperfield."

Vividly alive, his dark, curling hair tumbling almost into his gray-blue eyes, he smiled up at me as we shook hands. Instantly he gave the welcome impression of never provoking you into an indulgent attitude, but meeting you, gladly, on an equal footing. Of course, that footing was somewhat wanting in physical ease for a three-footer talking with a six-footer. But any possible difficulty was overcome when Freddie climbed into a chair and let his roll-socked feet hang in suspense.

I almost fell out of mine when I asked what had led him to undertake his long journey on a mere chance of getting what he had come for and heard:

"My faith."

"In yourself?"

"Not that, so much as my faith in Dickens. I had a lot of faith in him. "You see," he explained, "I knew his books so well that I felt I knew him—just had a feeling. I'd read 'David Copperfield' two or three times. Funny enough," and his voice had a gay rising inflection like a kite going up, "that was my favorite book. I mean it's funny I should get the part."

"Had you any doubts?"

"N-no," he considered, knitting his brows, "not any real doubts. On the way over I didn't think about it—that is, not much."

"What did you think about?"

"Indians!"

He watched the effect of this exciting revelation, then merrily joined in a laugh. We were getting on.

"And nothing shook your faith?"

"Well," he admitted, "when I reached here and found that ten thousand other boys were trying for the part my hopes were slightly dashed."

Still, even in the face of such competition, Freddie never lost hope. It now remained for him to tell what he had done to win the much coveted role:

"I recited Portia's speech."

Just a kid, yet with "The Merchant of Venice" at his tongue's end!

"I know Cromwell's speech and Marc Antony's," he added, "but I thought Portia's would be enough."

He wasn't boasting, simply being matter-of-fact, as though Shakespeare were an old story to this young boy.

"I like Shakespeare very much, don't you?" he asked.

In agreeing with him, I recalled that the first play I had seen, as a small boy in London, was "Hamlet," and that it had been followed by an exhibition of horsemanship.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, his eyes widening. "'Hamlet' and horsemanship—that must have been

(*Please turn to page* 51)



Freddie, with Edna May Oliver and Lenox Pawle, in a scene from the picture that will long be remembered.

Another stage veteran, at twelve, Frankie Thomas is unlike Freddie in that he's all boy. He loves "Dawgs"

By
LUCILE BABCOCK



UPON the stage a little blond boy with pain-tortured face huddled in a wheel chair. On his slight shoulders rested the responsibility for so convincing the audience, of a miraculous cure, that all subsequent events would have reality.

I shivered for that little player. I knew from my own acting days how perilous it all was, how easy to fail.

"Dear God," he prayed, with upturned face. "Please let me walk. Please!" Off stage the Jesuit Choir soared in an ecstatic *Te Deum.* He half-raised himself on the arms of the chair. Struggled to his feet. Stood erect and took four triumphant steps.

There was just one moment of that breathless silence which means utter credulity on the part of the audience, and then applause came thunderously. The little boy with the halo of blond hair was Frankie Thomas, brilliant new screen star. The stage play, although that is unimportant, was "The First Legion," that strangely touching story of life in a monastery. What was important and exciting to an old trouper like me was the fact that here was a boy of twelve completely swaying an audience with his playing of a part which not only demanded genuine emotion but a technique to portray that emotion that it takes years to acquire. His timing seemed as instinctive as breathing . . . this line taken at slow tempo to sink every syllable, that line speeded to build a climax. It is as God-given as perfect pitch in music. Either you have it or you haven't, and without it you'll be a ham actor all the days of your life.

I knew that afternoon at "The First Legion" that I wanted to meet Frankie Thomas, but also that I wanted to see him act again to make sure that his performance wasn't coincidence or circumstance. A good play has so often carried a poor actor! A good director so often saves both stupid acting and inadequate play!

And then, as Bobby Phillips, in "Wednesday's Child," that heart-tearing drama of a lonely little boy trying to adjust himself to the problem of his parents' divorce, the miracle of impersonation happened again. The episode between Bobby and his mother, following the discovery of her affair with "the other man," is as quietly contemptuous as any moment I have ever seen on the screen. He looks at her with level, tortured brows and then, with a slight dilation of nostrils and an almost imperceptible pinching of his lips, faces away from her and marches up the stairs. You can feel tears in every line of that straight childish back.

But Frankie Thomas in real life is something pretty jolly, and I think you'd get a great lift out of meeting him. He walks like a buccaneer, with enormous strides. Beret worn as nearly as possible in the manner of a sombrero, slanting well down over his triangular gray eyes. His handgrasp is as hearty as a salesman's. You wince and you wonder. Later you learn that wrestling is his favorite indoor sport. But more of the private life of young Thomas when I show him to you with his spinach. (Mothers of growing boys, please note.)

He likes to think of his own personality, I am sure, as one part Cagney, two parts Frank Buck, a dash of Max Baer. Tough. Tireless, Titanic. Especially the latter.

He sat across the luncheon table from me and Big Frank, his father, and in less than two minutes had sold me a carload of Frank Buck and a couple of jaguars. The last first.

(*Please turn to page* 50)



And here's one of the "dawgs." Frankie must love him, because he's giving him the center of the stage.

FRED ASTAIRE'S SECRETS of Success

They've made Fred "the tops." Maybe they'll help you



By DAVID FLOURNOY

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown!"

A moth-eaten saying, I grant you; yet it tells quickly the success-story which today has all Hollywood a-buzz.

The story of Fred Astaire.

If you are surprised, so was I. Not at the thought of his wearing a crown, for the world knows that his wing-footed rhythm in "The Gay Divorcee" established Fred as the screen's premier dancing star—a King of Terpsichore.

But that his crown might lie uneasy on so debonair a head, I never dreamed. Until I talked to the man himself.

While Fred Astaire was making all three of his pictures—"Dancing Lady," "Flying Down to Rio," and "The Gay Divorcee"—he was not merely "uneasy," I learned. He was probably the most worried star in Hollywood.

And that's why he was so good!

Moreover, despite his sensational success, he is still worried. And that's why he will continue to be good!

It doesn't make sense, you say? Then suppose we start at the beginning. That is where Fred and I started, in his new dressing-room at RKO-Radio the other day.

IMPRESSED by his screen nonchalance, I was all set to meet a carefree young blade without a worry; a Fortune's Favorite without a care. When Fred appeared, his slim, wiry, perfectly-conditioned dancer's body clad in a spotless suit and a smile lighting his warm brown eyes, he looked the part. Not especially handsome, not "stagey," but friendly and "regular."

He was born in the breezy burg of Omaha, Nebraska, on the twenty-sixth of a bleak November, about thirty years ago; his real name, Frederick Austerlitz. This, in spite of the fact that many of his admirers seem to think he's an Englishman.

He told how his mother had taken him and sister Adele, one year older, to New York when he was six. How he picked up his first desire to dance while watching Adele's dancing lessons. That he was born with a God-given genius for it, he'd be the last one in the world to admit, I'm sure.

He laughed over his first public appearance.

"It wasn't dancing at all," said Fred, "but frightfully heavy drama. You see, Adele was producing, for a New York school entertainment, no less imposing a classic than Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' She was playing the title role, schnozzola and all. And I, because I was little brother and she couldn't get another heroine at the last minute, had to pinch-hit for the 'fair Roxanne.' After that I stuck to dancing, believe me!"

So far, so good. I saw no sign of Astaire worry or unease. But by coincidence I found that worry on the part of his mother, over family finances, started Freddy (then aged eight) on the road to fame.

Realizing the potential worth of her children's dancing ability, Mrs. Austerlitz took them to a Broadway theatrical agent. He got them a booking outside New York. A short time later, they were Orpheum Circuit headliners at $200.00 per week.

The pair left the stage for several years during the awkward adolescent period, then "came back" without difficulty and, with Fred only seventeen, were featured on Broadway in Ed Wynn's musical show, "Over the Top."

A long string of hits followed, including "Funny Face," "Smiles," "Lady Be Good," and "Band Wagon." While with the last-named show in London, Fred played command performances for the King, chummed with nobility, and acquired a racing stable, but lost not a whit of his democratic modesty.

Adele, for her part, got married. Leaving her happily retired from the stage as the wife of Charles, Lord Cavendish, near London, Fred deter-

(*Please turn to page* 46)

Fred was a success before he danced with Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcee," but that film made him a new kind of success.



LES MISERABLES
(20th Century)

For those who love the Victor Hugo classic and want to see Fredric March—dirty, unkempt, with matted hair and tangled beard, reduced to a vengeful and degraded animal by manacles and the lash—in a superb performance quite equal to his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



BECKY SHARP
(RKO-Pathe)

Taken from another classic, Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," this is done in full color. Miriam Hopkins is a conscienceless minx who can't help chasing after men. She loses her husband and ruins her life by it, but at the end of the picture she's still going strong.



SPRING IN PARIS
(RKO)

Anne Shirley attends a girls' school and is miserable there, so O. P. Heggie, a kindly old bookworm, rescues her, with complications provided by Anne's villainous guardian. Tender and sweet and romantic, this is for you if you go to the theater to escape harsh reality.



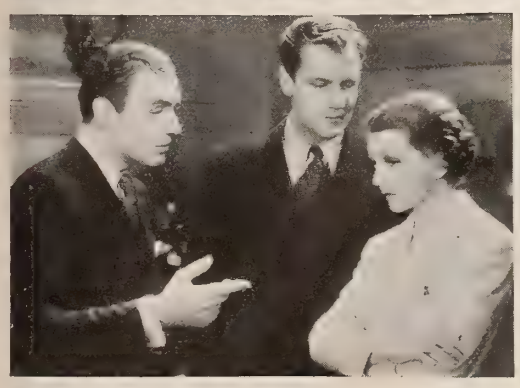
BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
(Universal)

Frankenstein carries on. This time the inventors who created the monster raid a vault, kill a girl, and in such gruesome fashion provide a mate for their horrible creation. For Karloff fans and horror fans, this is guaranteed to give you bad dreams for three weeks.



PRINCESS O'HARA
(Universal)

Jean Parker is in love with Chester Morris, head of a taxicab company, until her hackman father is killed in a taxi war. A child actor, Jimmy Fay, helps to reunite them. The good old tears-and-laughter hokum. See it if you like Jean Parker and Chester Morris.



PRIVATE WORLDS
(Wanger)

Walter Wanger, a courageous new producer, takes you inside an insane asylum to give you something different. Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea and Charles Boyer are doctors in the asylum, trying to untangle their own love affairs along with the tangled minds of their patients.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

Think you might like to see a movie? Read this page and learn what the best ones are, and which ones have your favorite stars—By BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's Studio Scout

THIS month's studio-hopping divulged a potpourri of comedy, mystery, drama, horror and an interesting visit to—of all places—a psychopathic clinic.

For a hot day we give you your choice of Frankenstein or Dracula, those two boy scouts gone wrong with a hey, nonny, nonny and a scream in the night! Or, if you'd like to know why you can't describe a circular stairway without making spiral gestures in the air, let Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea lead you into the psychopathic ward (first door to the left) a la "Private Worlds," and tell you all about inhibitions, complexes and stuff.

LES MISERABLES
•
20th CENTURY

For the top-notcher of the month's Ten Best, considering cast, director, story and producer, we happily pin the medal on "Les Miserables," the Victor Hugo classic.

Fredric March has never had a more difficult role (with the possible exception of "Jekyll and Hyde") nor handled it better. As the be-devilled Jean Valjean, sentenced to imprisonment for stealing bread, pursued for the rest of his life, even after his release by the French government (in the person of Charles Laughton), Fred gives an incomparable performance.

Dirty, unkempt, with matted hair and tangled beard, reduced to a vengeful and degraded animal by manacles and the lash inflicted upon him on the galley, Fred lies upon a bed before the camera.

A moment's silence . . . then he rises cautiously, crosses the room and, kneeling before a dirty gray bag, fumbles among its contents, finally extracting a short iron bar.

As Fred fumbles in the bag, a property man makes faint, clinking noises by tapping two pieces of iron together.

Quietly opening the door, March tiptoes across the hall, opens another door and slowly approaches the bed whereon his benefactor, the Bishop (Cedric Hardwicke), peacefully sleeps.

It is a tense moment. Raising his right arm, Fred is about to bring the iron bar down on the Bishop's head, when . . .

"Cut!" says Director Richard Boleslavski. And that has to be that for the time being at least! Just our luck, too—always missing out on the kill!

Hopping out of bed, the erstwhile Bishop pulls up his nightie and produces a thin leather book. "Here," he says, handing it to Freddie, "if I don't get that autograph today, the child will browbeat me no end!"

So Freddie signs it nicely, stops for a five-minute rest in his colossal (in a small way!) portable dressing-room, and then . . . back he goes again to the grind!

Boleslavski is one of the most even-tempered, pleasant people in the business, and, in this land of hysterics and temperament, people like "Boley" are like water to a thirsty traveler. And, boy! are we thirsty! (*Please turn to page* 58)

Barbara Barry Recommends These Ten

1. "Les Miserables," with Fredric March and Charles Laughton.
2. "Oil for the Lamps of China," with Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson.
3. "Becky Sharp," with Miriam Hopkins and Frances Dee.
4. "The Crusades," with Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young.
5. "Mark of the Vampire," with Bela Lugosi and Lionel Barrymore.
6. "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea.
7. "Werewolf of London," with Warner Oland and Henry Hull.
8. "Public Enemy No. 2," with Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel.
9. "Paris in Spring," with Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis.
10. "Bride of Frankenstein," with Boris Karloff and Elsa Lanchester.

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

Day by day, in every way, Hollywood is in the news. Here Nemo brings that news to you with all its thrills

WELL, it's gossip time in Hollywood and . . . Peep! Peep! . . . here comes Old Man NEMO with a hatful of things you ought to know about the ones you love the best.

•

SPEAKING of rabbits, or to be more exact, of rabbit's feet—Dolores Del Rio has one, all dressed up in beads and dangling ornamentally on a formal bag! Mae Clarke wears one around her neck (sort of lavaliere effect) on varied corded chains to match her different costumes!

And you'll never catch Janet Beecher without a tiny piece of Koa wood that she wears on a gold chain around her wrist. The wood bears an inscription in silver that reads, "knock on me!", and believe me, Janet knocks, too, before making any important decisions!

THIS is really a very funny month!

After a Boy Scout demonstration, some smarty asked Bob Montgomery what he'd *do if he were lost in the woods and wanted to light a fire, sans matches.*

"Humph," said Bob, "I'd rub two boy scouts together!"



•

FOR the first time in her movie career, our buxom Mae West was called upon to take a location trip.

All was well until the sun set and darkness sneaked up on the ensemble. In the distance, a coyote howled. Mae shivered. Again the animal turned loose one of those blood-curdling wails . . . a little nearer, this time. Mae double-shivered.

"How do you like the wide open spaces?" one of the lads asked.

"M-mm-m . . ." Mae murmured, none too enthusiastically. "They're all right in their place, but, give me a roof garden where all the coyotes are the two-legged kind!"

•

MORE fun on the Paramount lot these days!

Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields were arguing about their respective golf scores (and doing a lot of high-powered falsifying, if you ask us).

All of a sudden, finding himself in danger of being outdone, Fields said: "Now, now, Mister *Crosby . . . you prevaricate! I don't like men of your ilk!"*

"That's O.K., Bill," says Bing. "I'm not an Ilk—I'm a Mason!"

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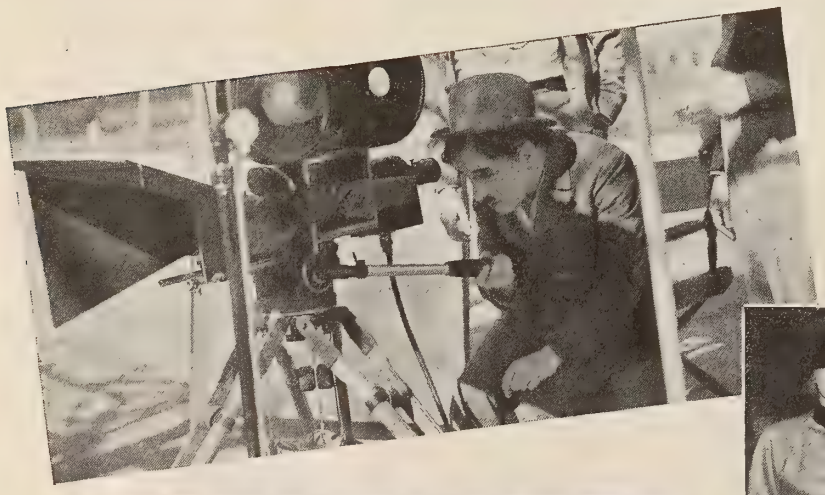


GLENDA FARRELL'S Siamese kitten, "Frankie," is a honey, but on account of it's double-crossed optics, the poor thing roams around bumping into the furniture and generally getting into lots of bad spots.

Alan Hale's tender heart couldn't stand up under Frankie's sorry predicament, so he designed a tiny pair of spectacles, with goggle strappings, and now Frankie can join the boys on the back fence for a bit of midnight harmonizing and dodge everything that's thrown!

•

DASHING over to the studio cafe for a bite between shots, we couldn't eat for laughing at the antics of Alison Skipworth and Charles Laughton who were doing a swell job of taking off the



Charlie Chaplin checks the camera set-up on a scene for his "Production No. 5." Notice it's a *silent* camera. Does this mean the picture will be silent?





Left: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, snapped as they left a Hollywood premiere. Above: Marlene Dietrich and Travis Banton, who designs her gowns, attend the opening of the Ballet Russe.



Above: At Colleen Moore's party, James Blakeley borrows a reporter's camera and flash-gun to experiment with a little amateur photography on Mary Carlisle. Mary looks scared.

exaggerated gushing of some of our Hollywood elite.

"Dah-*ling!*" *screamed "Skippy," falling on Buster's neck. "It's so lovely to* see *you!! . . . How* have *you* been?"

"Splen*did, my deah . . .* per*fectly* splen*did!" Buster yelled. "And youah looking* too *perfectly dee-voone!"*

"Youah too, *TOO precious!" Skippy countered. "And* thinner *. . . my* deah!"

"So nice to have seen you again. I say *. . .!" he stopped abruptly, "what was your name again . . . ?" And so on, until there were cracker crumbs, omelet, and general hysterics all over the place!*

•

THOSE crazy Marx Brothers! Because everybody in the family including the servants, likes a different radio program, the nutty brothers went out and got themselves *seven* radios, just to keep peace (or maybe it's 'bedlam'?) in the family!

•



WE asked Richard Dix what he intended naming his new police puppy, who is, incidentally, the great grandson of the original Rin-Tin-Tin.

"Oh, I don't know," he temporized. "D'you think I ought to call it Rin-Tin-Tin Tin?"

•

ANY rags? . . . ol' clo'es? . . . bottles?

We may have an abundance of empty bottles out here, but old clothes . . .? Well, the local rag man would have to give up and turn to selling parasols for a living in these parts!

In "One More Spring," Walter King was supposed to wear the oldest suit of clothes he could find, all through the picture.

After prowling through dozens of Good Will shops, Walter happened on a hand-me-down that he figured would be just what the director ordered. But . . . nope, said Director King, not half shiny enough.

So, for days, Walter leaned over a chair while the prop boys went to town on his elbows and trousers with many pieces of sandpaper.

And if you think Walter's Good Will suit wasn't thin in spots . . . ask him why he stood up to eat most of his meals, that week!



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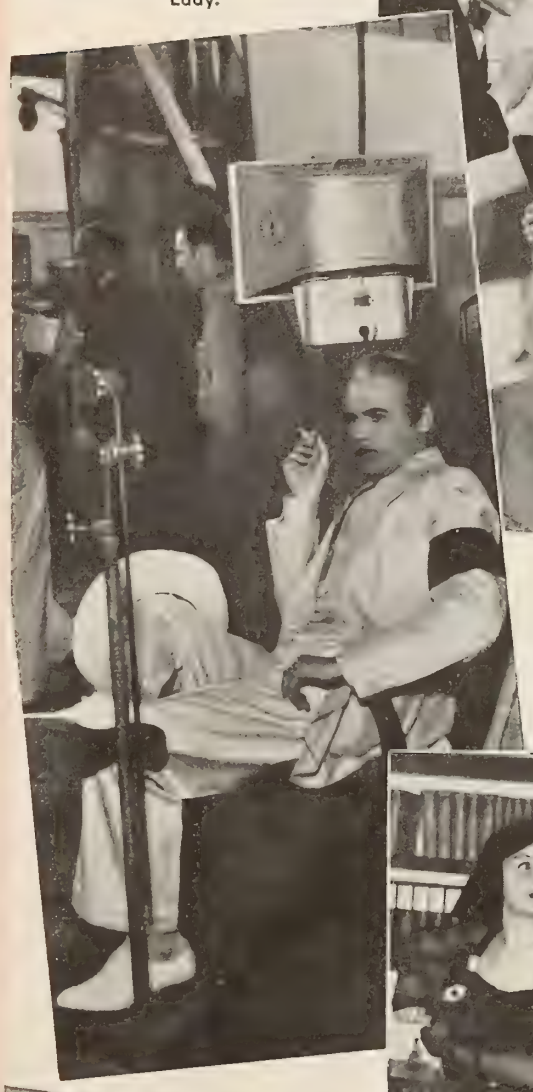
AND, speaking of dogs—Dorothy Tree is keeping a close eye on her pet sheep dog, "Cheka," on account of she has such a small house that a litter of sheep dog puppies would be just about the last straw.

(*Please turn to page* 65)

Right: Anna Sten abandons colored make-up to try out a new kind, painted in black, white and gray.

Below: Henry Hull, made up as a Southern gentleman for "Transient Lady."





Below: At Colleen Moore's gay party were those two nice persons known as Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott.





Above: Bing, Bing, Bing, Bing, here come the Crosbys. Below: Warren William entertains Bill Lee, captain of the Alabama football squad. Right: Jean Parker and Little Jimmy Fay, of the "Princess O'Hara" cast.

Photos by Wide World





reported by NEMO

THE SPRING PARTIES



Grace Kingsley, our Hollywood Society Reporter, takes you on a personally conducted tour of the smart affairs of the month

By
GRACE KINGSLEY

I SHOULDN'T be a bit surprised if Colleen Moore threw a doll-house-warming!

That would be something new under the sun, even in Hollywood, wouldn't it?

For Colleen Moore thinks her new doll house—costing, says rumor, no less than a hundred thousand dollars—is worth all the fuss she can make over it. And after getting a private and particular peep at it, following a party at her Benedict Canyon house, I'm inclined to agree with her, even though I never had a passion for doll-houses.

In case you can get a thrill out of a doll-house, though—and even if you can't—just listen to this.

Every fairy tale in the world is represented in its murals and carvings—German, Spanish, ancient, modern, Oriental—and these carvings are so fine and delicate that you must use a microscope to see some of them. The house is nine feet by nine, and everything in it in proportion.

And oh, the magnificence of it! The doll herself is a princess, and her bedroom is of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold, while the tiny bathroom is of silver, crystal and jade. And the chandeliers are fitted, not with glass pendants, but with tiny diamond ones!

The house is going to travel around the world, for charity's sake, and that naturally justifies its existence, if its existence must be justified.

In the meantime, that party of Colleen's was just a sort of Cupid rendezvous, with all the romancing couples showing up.

Mary Carlisle was present with James Blakeley, Jeanette MacDonald with Robert Ritchie, Marion Marsh with Edmund Lowe—and that does look ever so serious—Maureen O'Sullivan with Johnny Farrow.

And then there were Antonio Moreno and Doris Dawson. And Doris admitted she didn't go out with anybody else, and didn't deny there was or at least soon might be an engagement between them.

Two of the most attractive young actresses came alone—Margaret Lindsay and Gail Patrick—but were soon surrounded by the unattached, and even by some of the attached, bachelors, including Randy Scott, Reed Hewes, Louis D'Arclay, and Billy Haines.

IT is fun just to play at acting once in a while, the film folks think, and so, every so often, somebody gives a fancy dress party.

There was the one that Mrs. Elizabeth Fraser Lloyd, Harold's mother, gave, for instance, at her suite at the swanky Town House. There were masks at first, of course, but you know how that goes—nobody ever keeps a mask on right up to twelve o'clock, the old (*Please turn to page* 54)



Wide World Photos

At the costume party given by Harold Lloyd's mother: Art Goebel, aviator, May Robson, Harold Lloyd, and Louis Aldon Jr.

●

Right: Guests at Elissa Landi's "At Home" were Phillip Reed, Countess Landi, Elissa's mother, Elissa, Cary Grant, and the irrepressible Tom Brown.

●

Below: Cary Grant and Elissa Landi autograph photos for the Ballet Russe dancers, appearing in Hollywood.







Above: Harold Lloyd, his mother, and Mildred Lloyd with Kathleen Williams Eyton, remembered by fans as Kathleen Williams.

●

Left: At the Colleen Moore party, reported for you on this page, Sally Eilers and William Haines were among the guests.

The Masculine Touch

"Si, Signor, Spaghetti!" Chef Guy Kibbee can really prepare the much loved Italian dish so that one is almost tempted to gourmandize. Guy is now at work with Aline MacMahon in "Wanderlust" at the Warner Studios

By RITA CALHOUN

ANYONE who thinks cooking is a woman's special prerogative should talk to Actor Guy Kibbee for about five minutes. Or better still, watch him in operation while he's "chefing" it at one of his famous Italian dinners.

"Maybe a man wouldn't be very patient about cooking three meals a day," Mr. Kibbee admits, "but let him feel he's doing something very special, and by George, with a little practise, he *can* turn out something special, too. Every man should have one dish at which he excels. Mine happens to be Italian dinners."

Mr. Kibbee is a great enthusiast about garlic. "It's a flavoring that the true epicure approaches with relish. Here in America we are all too prone to cast it aside but its subtle flavoring is the making of many a dish."

With some recipes it is fairly simple for the experienced cook to glance at them and have a pretty good idea of what the finished product will be. The variety of condiments and seasonings which go into Italian dishes makes this more difficult so you really have to try the recipe to judge it. There are many sauces, for instance, for spaghetti, but Mr. Kibbee's is supreme. You'll be surprised what the addition of carrots does to the flavor—and you'd never know they were there. Incidentally, this sauce served over green noodles (green Tagliarini to the Italians) makes an excellent and rather unusual dish. You can either make green noodles or buy them already packaged at most grocery stores.



A gleaming copper pot in which the spaghetti may be cooked.



Ingredients for the sauce are many and varied.

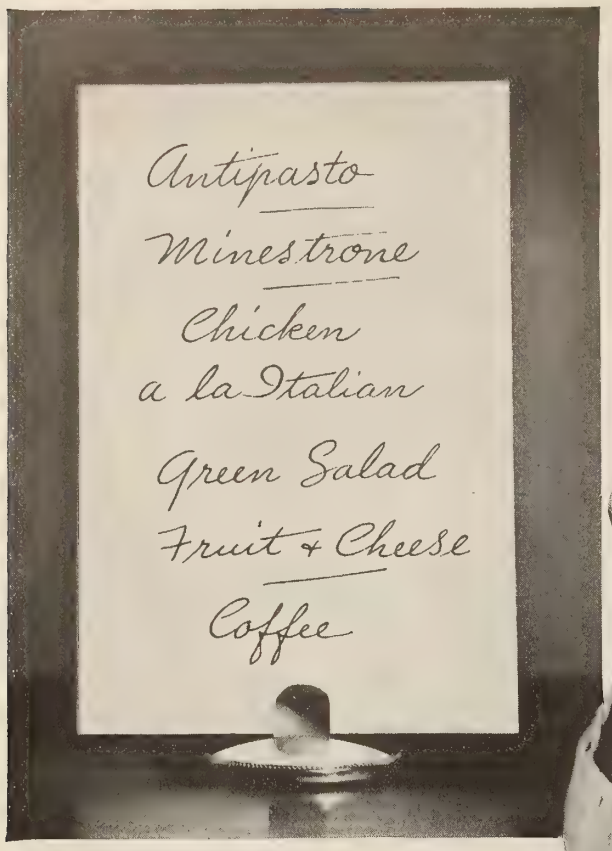
The most appetizing way to begin your Italian dinner is with an assortment of antipasto. Any five or six of the following makes an attractive, zestful plate: halved stuffed eggs, strips of anchovy, olives, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, salami, cold slaw, shrimp or crab salad, celery stuffed with cheese.

Recipes for Mr. Kibbee's Italian dinner follow, together with some other recipes which we recommend when you want to serve something a little different for dinner.

Spaghetti

1 package spaghetti
1 good sized onion
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 can tomato soup
½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
¼ pound cheese broken into small pieces
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook spaghetti in two quarts of boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and let cold water run through it. Cut onion and green pepper into small bits and fry in butter until tender but not too brown. Add tomato soup and heat. Season with salt and pepper. Mix with spaghetti and put in baking pan. Cover with bread or cracker crumbs and cheese. Bake until brown.



Italian Minestrone

1 cup dried navy beans
1 tablespoon minced onions
1 clove garlic
1 sprig parsley
1 stalk celery
¼ cup olive oil or substitute
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper
1 cup tomato soup
1 cup coarsely chopped cabbage
1 cup cooked macaroni

Soak beans over night. Drain. Cook in five cups of water over slow fire until tender, adding more water as needed. Chop onion, garlic, parsley and celery and cook in olive oil until tender. Add seasoning, tomato soup and coarsely chopped cabbage. Bring to boiling point. Combine with cooked beans. Add cooked macaroni. Let simmer half hour until cabbage is tender. Sprinkle individual servings with grated Italian cheese.

Sauce for Italian Spaghetti

1 large onion
1 large or two medium carrots
1 clove garlic
Celery—about three stalks
1 can tomatoes
1 pound chopped meat
Parsley

Put the onion, carrots, celery and clove of garlic through a meat chopper. Fry in olive oil until done. Season with salt and pepper. Rub tomatoes through a colander to eliminate the seeds and add to the mixture. Add chopped meat and allow to simmer over a slow fire until thoroughly tender. Pour over platter of cooked spaghetti, and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Tip for an impromptu Italian dinner: use the canned spaghetti which you have found to be so delicious as a luncheon or supper dish!

Green Noodles or Tagliarini

2¼ cups flour
2 eggs
1 cup finely chopped cooked spinach
1 teaspoon salt

Beat egg, add spinach finely chopped and salt. Work in the flour. Roll out as thin as possible on a well-floured board. Let stand for about six hours or until thoroughly dry. Turning will facilitate the drying process. Roll tightly together and continue to dry for one-half hour. Slice the roll into thin slices. Let dry one more hour before cooking. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes.

Chicken a la Italiana

1 roasting chicken

Cut chicken in pieces. Dip in olive oil, roll in flour, salt and pepper to taste. Put in roasting pan in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cook over flame for ten minutes or until a light brown. Add one cup water. Cover tightly and bake in a medium oven until tender.



Follow this menu when you give your dinner a la Italian.

●

The dinner begins with assorted antipasto accompanied by Chianti.

●

An appetizing dish of spaghetti generously covered with meat sauce.

Green Salad

Rub salad bowl well with a cut clove of garlic. Mix lettuce, romaine, endive, celery hearts, chives, water cress and chicory. Just before serving pour French dressing over the greens, tossing them lightly together with a fork and spoon. Garnish with tomato sections and olives.

Chicken Cacciatora

1 young tender chicken, about 3 lbs.
1½ cups diced Italian tomatoes, canned or fresh
2 cloves garlic chopped fine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon thyme
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Olive oil

Cut chicken as for fricasse, rub with salt and pepper and saute in olive oil until light brown. Cover with chopped garlic, parsley and tomatoes and cook slowly in covered kettle on top of stove until tender—about one-half hour.

Italian Steak

3 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 clove garlic
Steak

Shake oil and vinegar together in an emulsion. Rub small bowl well with garlic. Put steak in hot oven and as it broils, baste it with the oil mixture. The Italians do this by dipping a lettuce leaf in the oil and lightly brushing it over the steak as it cooks.

Italian Asparagus and Cheese

1 bunch asparagus
2 tablespoons butter
½ pound American cheese

Cook asparagus in salted water until tender. Spread a layer of cheese (grated or cut in small pieces), dotted with butter, in a shallow baking dish, then a layer of asparagus, sprinkled with salt and pepper. Continue, making the top layer of cheese and butter. Bake in oven until brown.



Zucchini au Gratin

6 Italian squash
½ cup grated cheese
1 green pepper
1 tomato
1 onion
Butter

Slice squash, onion and tomato into thin rings. Chop green pepper finely. Into a buttered casserole place a thick layer of squash. Season with salt and pepper and with butter. Cover with a layer of onion, tomato and green pepper. Season with salt and pepper. Repeat, finishing with a layer of the onion, tomato and green pepper. Dot with butter and sprinkle with cheese. Cover and bake in a moderate oven one hour or until squash is tender.

After a substantial Italian dinner, you would do well to follow the Italian custom of a light dessert. Fruit and cheese are both interesting and satisfying if a variety is offered, attractively arranged.

If you have a sweet tooth, you'll probably want to try Biscuit Tortoni some time as an alternative.

Biscuit Tortoni

¾ cup finely chopped nuts
¾ cup powdered sugar
⅛ teaspoon mace
4 egg yolks
1½ pints heavy cream, whipped

Beat egg yolks thoroughly. Add ½ cup finely chopped nuts, sugar, mace and fold into whipped cream. Pour into individual molds or the pan of an electric refrigerator. Sprinkle top with remaining nuts. Freeze.

Send 10c to Rita Calhoun, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you would like our new party circular giving recipes, games and favors for parties.

Health—
through Exercise



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 535-B.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new publication on Exercise prepared by your Bureau of Physical Education.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

WHEN boys and girls play hard they use practically every muscle in their bodies. They run, jump, bend, twist and turn. It is the exercise they need to strengthen their muscles, straighten their backs, deepen their chests and square their shoulders.

Youngsters who are taught, as a part of their physical education, the other hygienic habits that have to do with posture, diet, cleanliness, fresh air and sleep, are bound to build stronger, healthier bodies. The pleasure found in exercise and in the skill acquired in those early years should encourage these boys and girls, when they are grown up, to continue their physical activity.

Fathers and mothers can learn from their children at play. It is easy, as one grows older, to give up exercise at the very time when it is needed. Perhaps you have forgotten that you require exercise to keep your heart and lungs in tune, to stimulate circulation, to preserve a correct posture which aids digestion and a more active functioning of other body organs.

There are some persons to whom vigorous exercise might be harmful. But unless your doctor has advised against your taking reasonable amounts of physical exercise, the booklet prepared by the Metropolitan's Bureau of Physical Education will



be helpful in supplementing your normal outdoor activity. You will not begrudge the few minutes a day given to exercise when you begin to get the benefit from it.

The Metropolitan has sent to policyholders and their neighbors more than 1,500,000 illustrated Exercise Charts. Send the coupon for the 1935 revised edition of the publication on Exercise.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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The MAKE-UP BOX

Ask Marilyn! Her Beauty Task Is to Help You Bask in Beauty

THE FASCINATING FIVE: No, I'm not speaking of those adorable quintuplets but of a special beauty set to give you a complexion as divinely soft and smooth as a baby's. There's a cake of superfatted soap that lathers profusely; a cleansing cream to rid the face of its daily dust and make-up; a jar of special fluffy cream to cover minor blemishes and impart a pearly shimmer to the skin; a box of feathery face powder; topped off by a bottle of classic



Eau de Cologne. The whole outfit has the same clean fresh outdoor fragrance that characterizes the cologne. I just had to have all five and so will you, for the price of the set is within the most limited budget.

HINTS TO THE HIRSUTE: Hosiery this spring is triple-sheer and noteworthy is the popularity of navy blue stockings of cobweb texture. All the more reason that your limbs *must* be free from ugly superfluous hair. Now is the time to remove the dark unsightly growth that destroys the beauty of sheer silk stock-



ings. Use of a new double-surface pad with snap fastener is an easy and effective way of doing the job. True, the hair will grow in again, but it won't be that dark stubble that is often the aftermath of shaving, and is *that* a consolation!

BETTER BOSOMS: Seems as though everyone is either too flat-chested or too buxom because recent mention of this so vital subject in this column brought inquiries by the carload. Had to reorder new circulars so there's plenty to go round. Be sure to send your stamped envelope for this month's circular . . . it's just brim full of gay and exciting beauty news from—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"If my eyes screen well, it's no particular credit to me," says Merle Oberon.

The charming star with Maurice Chevalier and Walter Byron in "Folies Bergere." (Below)

Care of the eyes and tricks with make-up lend depth, expression and beauty to commonplace eyes

Merle Oberon's Beautiful Eyes

WHEN I was a little girl, I was terribly unhappy about my eyes. Truly I was!" said Merle Oberon earnestly. "Children are so sensitive about the casual remarks of adults, you know, and the more often they said 'unusual' the more passionately I longed for the round blue eyes which were my childish standard of beauty."

She sat in a large easy chair, a turquoise blue satin robe wrapped about her slim, supple figure. She's not nearly as tall as she appears on the screen and her slanting hazel-green eyes, chestnut hair, tip-tilted nose and soft, pleasantly full lips, which curl enchantingly at the corners, give her a mischievous rather than exotic expression.

"As I grew older, I was told that my eyes would screen well—that they were my biggest asset. As a matter of fact, I sometimes consider them a drawback. I'd infinitely rather have the critics say, 'She gave a poor performance' or 'She was splendid' than 'What exotic eyes!' You see, the fact that my eyes screen well is no particular credit to me as an actress—care of the eyes and skillful make-up will do as much for any girl."

We asked Merle Oberon for advice on eye beauty, for surely her eyes are among Hollywood's most beautiful, both on the screen and off.

"First of all, there's nothing attractive about tired, dull and listless eyes. That's why eyes should be bathed morning and night, to remove dust and relieve eyestrain. And, whenever there's time, I saturate pads of cotton in astringent, place them over my eyes and relax for a few minutes. It brings a shining, rested look not only to the eyes but to the whole face. Few girls under twenty years of age need special creams, but a bit of rich tissue cream or oil smoothed on the lids every night when you're young is a safeguard against the squint-lines and laughter-lines that form later.

"There are, of course, many make-up tricks which are suitable for the screen only—too heavy an application of eye-shadow, or lashes beaded with mascara, for example. Incidentally, the practice of tweezing the brows to a thin line is definitely a thing of the past. Only one girl in a hundred can tamper with the natural line of her brows and improve it. Yet not so long ago it seemed that the remaining ninety-nine had been over-industrious with their tweezers, with disastrous results! Of course, brows must be well-groomed. With my tweezers I remove stray hairs that spoil this natural line. If brows are light, they should be accentuated with brown eye pencil, using black only if the brows are black. Eyeshadow should be applied only to the upper lid and the portion of the lid that folds back, but in the evening a delicate shadow may be carried almost to the brow. The secret of applying mascara for thick and silky lashes is to use two little brushes. With a little moisture and very little mascara on one brush, start brushing the lashes on the upper lids upward, going over the lashes again and again until the desired effect is obtained, then using the dry brush to separate each lash.

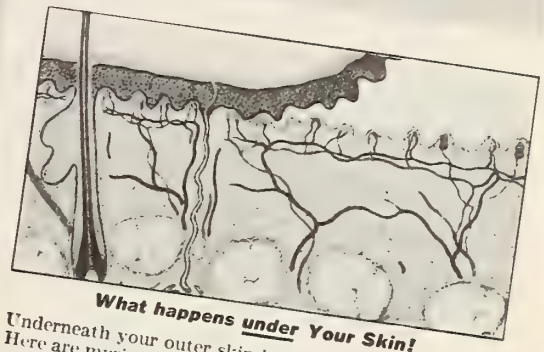
Here's another trick I use when making up my eyes for the screen which might be practised for evening make-up. With a small camel's hair brush and a bit of white grease paint, I draw a fine line *above* my lower lashes. Then I touch the inner corners of my eyes with rose grease paint. This makes the eyes appear simply tremendous.

"Eyes play such an important part in the character of the face, in the expression of emotion, that no woman can afford to neglect them."

FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES *WHERE THEY BEGIN*—IN YOUR *UNDER SKIN!*



Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., of Tuxedo, New York, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."



What happens under Your Skin!

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *corium*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands. On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines!

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often due to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

HAVE you ever asked yourself *where* do skin faults first begin? The answer is—in the *under* layers of your skin.

You see, the *under* layers of your skin are just full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, all these busy goings on in the underskin slow up. Oil glands begin to dry up, or lose control and give off too much oil. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—all sorts of little blemishes, blackheads, roughness—as you grow older, lines, sallowness, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

THAT is why you must choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, all sorts of impurities from within the skin itself are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.



What **Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland** *says to you*

"Pond's Cold Cream seems to wipe away lines and blemishes—gives the skin a fresh, smooth look." Mrs. Cleveland's skin was pronounced by a leading dermatologist to be "of fine, soft texture . . at least ten years younger than her actual age."

Take a look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it daily. *Every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen it, bring the color to your cheeks, give your skin the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do

It is easy to try Pond's. We are making it especially easy for you, by offering you a special tube of it, enough for 9 treatments! Just send us the coupon below, and a generous package is yours. Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

Mail coupon today—**FOR GENEROUS PACKAGE**

including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept.E-48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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YOU TELL US

On this page our readers tell us—and each other—what they think. It is our fan club. And all you need to get in the fun is a pencil and a three-cent stamp for Uncle Sam

From London

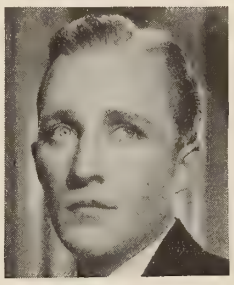
As spokeswoman for a London girls' club, I should like to say how much we love and admire that fine actress, Norma Shearer, over here in England. We admire her for the courage she had to break away from her frothy sophisticated roles and play the romantic heroine in "Smilin' Through," the unusual and intensely dramatic role in "Strange Interlude," and above all the invalid Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

We love her because she gives her public what they want, brilliant performances, splendid pictures and variety in her roles. Because we do not see her name blazoned across newspapers in scandals and divorces, and because, when we do get glimpses of her in private life, she is always her gracious and charming self, never running from the camera or hiding her face, as many film stars do.

Her fine acting, her charm and intelligence, and the sane way in which she conducts her private life, has made her the most popular star in England, the idol of the ordinary working girl. She will always hold a sure place in the hearts of filmgoers because we can love Mrs. Thalberg just as much as we do Norma Shearer.

(We are all sincerely hoping this letter will miss the wastepaper basket, as we know there are many fans on the other side of the Herring Pond who will heartily agree with us.)—"Just a Bunch of London Working Girls." London, England. *Thank you, girls. It's pleasant to know you feel about Norma as do so many of us on this side of the "Herring Pond."*









"Mae West is my favorite actress, but if she would only pick a heman for her new picture!" "Tomatoes and onions for Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee." "Delighted to see Charlie Ray back." "Shades of my ancestors! 'The Gilded Lily, turned out to be Lizzie Glutz eating popcorn!" So say these fascinating letters from our readers.



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

More for Anne

One of the most delightful and entertaining pictures enjoyed by young and old, was the everlasting "Anne of Green Gables." Anne Shirley's touching performance certainly proves what a wonderful actress she really is.

Why not give us more pictures starring this charming personality? Mrs. Harry C. Gordon, Jr., 114 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md.

Movies vs. Morals

Lately, the movies have had to bear a great deal of criticism, especially as corrupters of our children's morals. As far as I know, movie outfits are lots more scrupulous than Broadway theatrical producers. However the question of our very young remains. There is no doubt that too many children go to the movies too frequently. In well-run movie theaters, they are not admitted unless accompanied by an adult. But, who can refuse a group of smiling youngsters who want to buy tickets?

Even so, I should like to know how you parents would otherwise provide for your children's leisure. When once children have been, they want to go again. But, that's up to the interested parent—to select a discriminating movie diet for their youngsters. There are plenty of movies that are clean enjoyment for children. So why blame the movies?—Mrs. Ann Zimmerman, 228 E. Broadway, New York City. *This seems to be the only sensible solution, Mrs. Zimmerman. It's up to the parents to keep the children away from the harmful pictures.*

Do You Do This, Too?

I cannot afford to pay 35 cents to see the new pictures that come to town. But, by having a little patience and waiting a few weeks, the best pictures come back and I can see two at one theater for only 15 cents. By listening to comments from other people and reading the NEW MOVIE Magazine, I can be sure of seeing only the worthwhile pictures, even if they are second-run pictures.

Have just seen "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Peck's Bad Boy." They are both first rate pictures and they gave me a whole afternoon of pleasure for only 15 cents.

Someone asks, "Have you seen the new picture that is on?" and I answer, "I will—later."—Elinor F. Nelson, 2128 Miner Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan. *We admire your lack of snobbishness, Miss Nelson. A good picture is still good two weeks later—and the bad ones are forgotten.*

Strong Words

If George Raft is to live up to his earlier promise of "another Valentino," such hackneyed and horse-cart affairs as "Limehouse Blues" must be discarded in favor of fresher and swifter vehicles.

This conglomeration of celluloid would have stifled the genius of the illustrious Rudolph, himself. — Hope Wynn, P. O. Box 2171, Jacksonville, Florida. *Thank you, Hope Wynn, for words that go straight to the point.*

Mental Faculties

NEW MOVIE has many fascinating features, but the *piece de resistance* is "A glimpse at the Editor's notebook." Right you are, Mr. Editor, that the moral crusade has not made the films Pollyanna-ish.

I am still under the spell of the way several great themes have been handled in recent films, namely:

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," a daring exposé of the munitions "racket," is of untold value as anti-war propaganda.

"Our Daily Bread" tackles the unemployment problem and proves that the "good earth" never denies any man an honest living.

"Imitation of Life" handles a delicate subject dealing with the educated quadroon and her revolt against her race. The moral that "East is East, and West is West' 'is vividly and realistically portrayed.

Who can say, in the face of these powerful themes, so excellently acted and directed, that the movies are turning to saccharine? They put one's mental faculties to work, and that, you must agree, is some accomplishment!—Mrs. D. W. McCravy, 554 Poplar Street,

(*Please turn to page* 68)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE _____
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS) _____
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR) _____
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE _____
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE _____
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE _____
7. BEST ROMANCE _____
8. BEST COMEDY _____
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE _____
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE _____
11. BEST DIRECTION _____
12. BEST STORY _____

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name ..... Address .....

MAY

WIFE ENDS QUARRELS BY CUTTING DOWN RUNS



Young Marrieds have another scene about stocking bills!

Pretty Mrs. Elton Lord thinks her husband a "brute"—he wonders if *every* wife is as extravagant as she is. "How can I help it if my stockings go into runs like nobody's business!" she cries. "Don't you say another word—I'm fed up!" And so—a little quarrel becomes a big one—ends with Ruth in tears. Then . . . *Read Story Below*



RUN TROUBLES SOLVED WITH NEIGHBOR'S HELP "You can cut down on runs and save Elton's money if you wash your stockings in Lux," friend advises. Lux saves elasticity, so the silk *gives* instead of breaking under strain so easily. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali *weaken* elasticity—then runs often start.



RIFT ENDED! Ruth and Elton find Lux *does* cut down run troubles. **"I bet we nearly paid for this week-end trip out of what I've saved on stockings!"** Ruth boasts as they roll along the boardwalk at the shore. Elton's thrilled, too. "Lucky that you got on to Lux," he says. Every husband will say that to every thrifty wife who sticks to Lux!

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

NRA CODE

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



—it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go . . . while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year . . . simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative . . . but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The *way* it is made . . . the satisfaction it gives . . . these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND . . . THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is . . . at our expense . . . just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
B55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
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JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

On this page we tell you of the youngsters who may be the stars of tomorrow

By HENRY WILLSON

IT'S all very terrific—stupendous—exotic—tremendous . . . the Wampas Stars have been neglected. So what—so what—so what! Just an issue or so ago one of our readers asked why we didn't write more about these girls. If you really want to know, stick with me—here's the answer.

Two years ago, becoming a Wampas star meant instant feature roles awarded by the studios. Two years ago, each studio put up about three of their whitest hopes for the coming year, and out of the entire entry *thirteen beautiful girls — thirteen* — were chosen for their talent and possibilities. But ah! That is no longer. The studios are now prohibited from submitting a contract player—which doesn't leave much to chose from. But in the past year particularly, each studio has concentrated on developing its own stock companies from which every six months graduate refreshing young blood. I think at the moment there is more of this in Hollywood than ever before. The studios seem to be welcoming it and, this month, there are more players of our own age at work in the studios than ever since the advent of talking pictures. They have talent, these young people—

In all due respect to this year's entry in the Wampas—only one girl of that group has had what might even be determined a "part" in a major studio production. The studios have neglected the rest.

Since this department is striving to devote its space to young players who, at the time of writing, are going into important parts—have just completed them—or are in line for some screen recognition by the time the magazine is on the stands, I have picked about eight who are now definite bets.

Cecelia Parker at the moment is probably Hollywood's most potential starlet. Although she has had good parts in a few pictures her greatest role to date is that of *Muriel* in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness"—which goes before the cameras April 15th. We promise you Cecelia will emerge as a full-fledged star after the fans and critics witness her work in this production. The same goes for Trent Durkin, who plays the role of *Richard* in the same picture.

Another M-G-M-er who bears watching is Robert Taylor, Oklahoma boy who took his first big stride in "After Office Hours," with Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce. His success is international already, and several companies in England are bidding for his services.

Fred MacMurray is another up and coming leading man; his work in "The Gilded Lily" was outstanding. His, however, was the round-about way to success. Fred started in Hollywood as an extra, playing bits here and there. He was constantly told that he had not had enough experience for more important roles, so MacMurray left Hollywood. He joined the California Collegians who toured the country playing for dances and in vaudeville theaters, finally ending in New York. Fred secured a job with the "Three's a Crowd" Revue, and later was placed in the musical, "Roberta," at the Majestic Theater where Paramount scouts one night, came, saw and conquered MacMurray. But Paramount did not give him his real break. Cliff Reid, RKO producer, picked MacMurray for a featured role in "Grand Old Girl." From that time on he has been accepted as a definite find.



Wide World

Will Rogers' cute daughter, Mary, is succeeding without Pa. (Right) Cecelia Parker, who is climbing fast.



Fred MacMurray's first leading role was with Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily."

Two young ladies who will surprise Hollywood in the very near future are daughters of two of the country's greatest comedians. One would just naturally think that a daughter of Will Rogers would be a gum-chewing, rope-throwing cow-girl, but that's one time Will fooled us—because there's not a cuter girl around than nineteen-year-old Mary Rogers. Mary was born with the traditional silver spoon in her mouth, but I think she swallowed it eight months ago when she struck out for New York and a career. She landed there as just plain Mary Rogers—no letters of introduction—no ballyhoo of being Will Rogers' daughter—just a blonde, good-looking girl, with lots of talent and even more ambition. Mary trotted from morning till night up and down dingy stairways to the theatrical managers' offices, trying to get a show on Broadway. After succeeding in securing a summer of strenuous stock work in Maine, she finally landed a job in a Broadway production.

"I think they gave it to her just to shut her up," her Pa says—but whatever the reason, Mary has made a hit in the production "On to Fortune," with nothing but a blessing from the royal king of laughs.

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, famous stage comedian (and boyhood friend of Rogers) is the other young stage actress now attracting the attention of Hollywood producers. Paula, after years of hard work and training, made her debut in the Broadway production, "Ripples," four years ago, and ever since has been considered one of the best dancers in New York by everyone BUT Paula. She turned down picture work for a year and a half, saying that she wasn't good enough, but now that Fred Stone is under contract to a studio here, and Paula is in Hollywood with

(*Please turn to page* 48)



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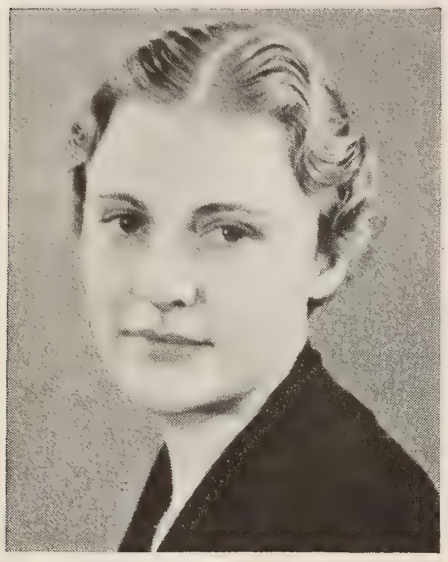
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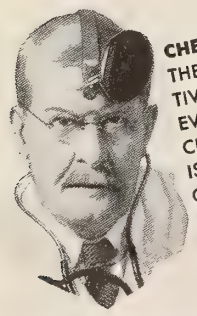
I was sallow and sort of logy



● Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

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Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF, WITHOUT VIOLENCE. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 4*)

the aggressors; Lew isn't the type and Cabot was far too busy dodging. When you think of what they had to go through, just shed a silent tear for Ronald Colman, so handsome, so ironic and so embittered! And don't let them kid you—actresses are quite as human and susceptible as any other female!

Colman's much publicized "hide" act is no press agent's dream. The man simply found that remoteness was the greatest safeguard against the ways and the wiles of the too appreciative. The burnt child that dreads the fire, Ronald Colman's elusiveness is a thing of joy and beauty to the beholder who has seen so many succumb on the slightest provocation. Naturally his reputation for being "hard to get" has enhanced his charm, but the first Hollywood-made British star is still dodging with all the ease of the guy on the flying trapeze.

Three men widely acclaimed by the male-hungry inhabitants are the only blond leading men of the screen, Gene Raymond, Douglass Montgomery and Phillips Holmes. Never married, they represent the desirable younger clique—established, eligible and hence fair prey. Strangely enough, all three of these pursued lads have taken refuge in the company and companionship of society girls. Occasionally, but rarely, they are seen here or there with professional friends. But, by going over to the bluebloods, they've discovered a sanctum of exclusiveness that not all the resourcefulness of a thrice-wed movie star can pierce.

While we have never heard any protests about their plight from the handsome men of Hollywood—on the contrary I *have* heard a number of pleased gurgles—those that are not so handsome devoutly wish that the colony, for once, might be surfeited with Adonises in order that the not-so-handsome might have a little peace. Consider the case of Gary Cooper. A nice boy, painfully inarticulate, with his extreme height and average face, one would hardly think he was the type to be pursued by beautiful women, famous women who fight not only with their wits but with their delicate, bediamonded hands if need be!

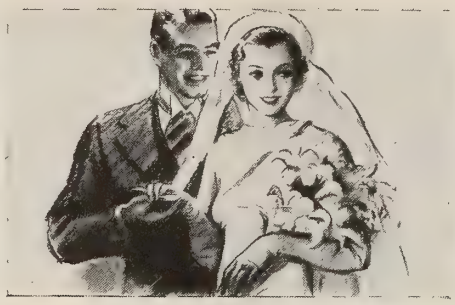
Yet, for the five years of his bachelorhood, Gary Cooper became the screen's most sought-after male. Eventually he became the rage of society both here and abroad, while some of the screen's pearliest teeth were gnashed in anguish. Why he should arouse such predatory instincts brings us back to the question of just how safe would a really handsome man be in Hollywood?

There was Johnny Weissmuller, he of the long hair and the rippling muscles. Johnny, too, won his service stripes in the brief period between his divorce from Bobbe Arnst and his marriage to Lupe Velez. And Clark Gable. You can call Gable handsome if you will, but if Clark ever hears you you'd better be running while you rave! His marriage has not been dissolved, but think of those countless rumors you have heard that the Gables' matrimonial bark was headed for the rocks!

In the topsy turvy world of the cinema but one thing is certain. Handsome men who are eligible and have "arrived" haven't a chance to evade either Cupid's shafts, or feminine pursuit on the part of the screen's most famous beauties. The latter admit that Hollywood has given them a plenitude of everything but personable men!



SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you... how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

No Movie Madness for Me

(*Continued from page 26*)

symptoms, or you see any of them in your looking-glass, Kitty Carlisle serum is guaranteed.

The New Orleans screen beauty and singer says, "I think careful schooling would eliminate a lack of balance. It allows you to take success in stride, so that if a fortune in salary and a world of fame come along, they hardly interfere with your accustomed manner of living."

Of course what Kitty means is that with an educational background, you will be sensible enough not to get high hat because of a mere raise in salary or a few lines in the magazines and newspapers. Kitty, herself, has no desire for a footman, or the biggest house in Hollywood, or the most diamonds. She has no desire to flaunt pennants of personal triumph in the faces of her associates. She has lived a life of comparative luxury and has never had to envy people with money. Limousines and titled noblemen have been everyday incidents to her and not the mere accident of the "million to one chance" of movie stardom.

Two years at Princess Mestchersky's Finishing School in Paris may not have taught Kitty everything, but she does declare, "my psychology course taught me to recognize an inferiority complex when I see one. And Hollywood has the biggest one in the world. What is actually behind all this is the realization of the suppressed desires of a lot of boys and girls suddenly grown up and dropped in fairyland. Big salaries and names in electric lights are the mosquitoes of movie madness. And the bite has mighty serious effects."

"My answer to it all," says Kitty with all the assurance of a prescribing physician, "is balance, which is really just good taste. The boy or girl who will take time to study something of the culture of the world and its history, will then not be fooled into thinking that success is the mere making of a smash picture."

Attractive specialist in the affairs of the Society for the Prevention and Eradication of Movie Madness, comely Kitty Carlisle has no compassion for the home-town folks who catch the dread movie ailment. Her eyes will flash and she will exclaim, "People in their home towns have plenty of diversion. They don't have to work and play with the same people. There's plenty of change of scenery. And that's not so in Hollywood. There is a humdrum and a bore of the same faces day and night. It's a condition which makes the Hepburns and the Barrymores do strange things. And let me tell you, stars who have once had perspective and lost it, are just as violent cases to cure as are the mentally arrested Sadie Zilches who through some trick of fate became movie stars."

Kitty may not know all the answers to Hollywood's queer malady but she does know how to protect herself. Right after each picture, she rushes back to New York where she engages in a round of singing lessons, theaters, supper dances, concerts, and opera. This keeps up until she is recalled to Hollywood, where she does all work and no play. This constant change of scenery, people, and activity keeps Kitty interested and prevents her from becoming bored. And more than that, it explains what she means when she looks at you so seriously and says in her warm, modulated voice, "Take myself for example—no movie madness for me!"

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts"

CAN'T CHAFE.. CAN'T FAIL.. CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



CAN'T CHAFE...

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



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There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually *5 times* more absorbent than cotton.



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Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page — the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek.

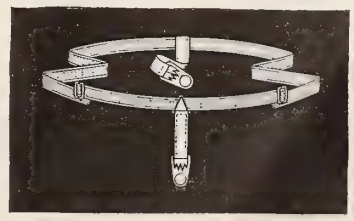
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No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

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SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Janet Gaynor's Secret Hideaway

(*Continued from page* 17)

that can be heard across the lake. There are Uncle George's four children, most of them in their 'teens now—Ruth, Helen, Eve, and George Junior. Ruth is blonde. Helen is dark, with brown eyes. There is Auntie Gus. There's Uncle Bill, a golf bug. (But not such a good fisherman!) Along with these, just part of the family, come another mother and daughter. The daughter looks as though she were in her 'teens, too, and has dimples and a mass of curly, light red hair. She happens to be quite well known in her line of work. Her name is Janet Gaynor.

Of course, the first time Janet ever came, the man and woman who own the big house and rent out the little cabins almost fainted. So did the families in the other cabins. But that is long ago. To have a great movie star in their midst, yelling "Hello" to them when they get up in the morning and roasting marshmallows with them at their camp-fires at night, has become a habit, now, and they regard her as just one more girl at the camp; one of themselves. Long ago they have found out that she's no different, that she's just one of the bunch, loving the lake for the same reason they love it, wearing the same old clothes and eating the same rough-and-ready food that they do. Janet's best friend at the camp, in fact, is Elrene, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the proprietor. Elrene knows the woods as well as the Indians ever did, and when they go out at dawn to hunt for deer tracks it is Elrene who acts as guide and boss, with Janet meekly following where she is led. (A Janet, incidentally, in faded riding-breeches and high laced boots from a department store, costing no more than Elrene's did.)

Janet and her mother have one of the cabins. There are two bedrooms, with hooks on the plain board walls, instead of clothes-closets, and a sitting-room furnished with old odds and ends of furniture that is rickety and has seen far better days. There is blue linoleum on the floor. The rooms have electric lights, but no running water. Heat comes from an old iron stove.

And this is the place loved best in all the world by Janet, with her beautiful home and luxurious studio cottage in Hollywood—Janet, who could afford the finest hotels at Palm Beach, or Lake Placid, or the fashionable resorts of Europe.

What does she do, there? Well, what do *you* do, on your own summer vacation. The whole family—and Janet is just one of the family—get up late and dawdle over breakfast. During the morning they play tennis, if they feel that ambitious. Out behind the cottages there's a tennis-court that has never been graded or rolled. You hit a ball, it strikes a rock or a bump or a clump of grass, and you never know where it's going to land.

Or sometimes, when Uncle George has his way, they go fishing. The fishing excursions are a sight to see! There are three row-boats, one of them boasting an outboard motor. Uncle George, sunburnt and swearing, works over the motor until he finally gets it started. Lunch, fish-poles, cans of bait, and everything else is dumped in on top of him. (And usually Eve, too.) The other two boats are tied on in back, Indian-file. Uncle Bill, Janet's mother, and Auntie Gus climb into the first trailer. Janet and Helen bring up the rear in Boat No. 3. Down the lake they go after bass and wall-eyed pike, towed by the putt-putting outboard motor, which usually coughs and dies and gives Uncle George another half-hour of misery. There are muskellonges in the lake, too, but—"Not for me," says Janet. "They're so big you have to shoot them." Which sounds like a fish story, but happens to be true.

At noon, a big bell rings at the camp for lunch—dinner, there—and by that time everybody is more than ready to go back. You know how your appetite gets in the woods. After dinner everyone has the afternoon to himself. Janet reads or takes a nap on the screened porch.

At 4:30 everybody gets together again for what Janet jokingly calls a "rip-snorting game" of croquet. "And what they do to me!" she wails. "They do everything but knock me into the lake!"

Supper—no, dinner!—comes at six. Then, in the evenings, the family gathers to play hearts or poker. Can you imagine Janet playing poker? They chat until bed-time, which is early. Sometimes they spend the whole evening out on the porch, just watching the moon on the lake, with hardly a word spoken.

It's just an ordinary vacation, in other words, such as your own family might have. What does it mean to Janet? Why has it been such a big thing in her life that she has kept it secret all these years, as though she were afraid knowledge of what she did with her Summers, shared by those who did not understand, might spoil the beauty of the experience for her? The things she has loved best are . . . a morning when she went out with Elrene to see if they could catch a glimpse of the deer . . . and another morning when, tip-toeing steathily up the banks of a serene stream, they caught sight of a family of beavers busily at work building a dam.

"It was just after a rain," Janet says, her voice hushed, her eyes shining. "Toadstools had popped up everywhere, as big as plates, some of them, and the raindrops still glistened on them. It was like an illustration from a book of fairy-tales. You could almost imagine you saw the little gnomes hiding under the toadstools!"

Last year she could not bear to leave. She stayed on and on, until, finally, the Fall came. Then the leaves on the maples all turned to gold, and all the oaks burned with crimson fires. She could not bear to stay in the cottage. She walked for miles and miles through the woods, even when it rained. She could not get enough of it.

You may have wondered how Janet, who has been a star for more years than most, has been able to keep her sweetness, her naturalness, her genuineness. She is the same girl today that she was when she made her very first picture. No amount of fame, no amount of money has gone to her head. She has kept in touch with common, everyday folks, with the people who are neither famous or rich, with old Mother Earth.

Now you know her secret.

For three months out of the year, like a fairy princess released from the bondage of the horrid old ogre, Janet can be the self Hollywood never sees and will never know—her real self. And that is why she can keep the other Janet, the Janet of the screen, so clean and sweet and fine and good for you.

That is the blessing she cherishes. That is the secret she has saved.

* * *

P. S. What is the name of the lake? Well, the name of the lake is Elrene's last name. Do you know Elrene?

From HOLLYWOOD *comes the* NAIL POLISH *of the* STARS



Here's a Better Nail Polish —*and* **TWICE AS MUCH** *for your money!*

Moon Glow's popularity started in Hollywood, but now it's just sweeping the country. It is easy to see why.

THE POLISH WEARS BETTER — THE LUSTRE LASTS LONGER. Women everywhere are changing to Moon Glow Nail Polish because it is a finer, superior blend of polish. It will not chip—it will not crack, peel, fade or streak. Moon Glow outmodes other blends of nail polish.

FASHION'S SMARTEST SHADES — Take your pick of any of the six enticing colors of Moon Glow clear or cream polish. They were created to match or harmonize with the colors of ANY lipstick or rouge.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH — The large bottle of Moon Glow Nail Polish costs you only 25 cents, and for it you get two to three times as much polish as you have been accustomed to getting for 25 and 35 cents. And, to make for even greater economy, Moon Glow wears longer and keeps its soft, moon-like lustre for many more days.

NO WONDER Moon Glow has become one of the country's fastest selling nail polishes. No wonder department stores and good drug stores from coast to coast feature it. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter and get this large size bottle of better polish for 25 cents. Or, try the generous size bottle featured by the better ten cent stores.

Send for Sample

We will be happy to send you a trial size bottle of any one of Moon Glow's six smart shades. Simply mail the coupon below.

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Nail Polish

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. T55, Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

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Some call it glamour

I call it FAOEN



Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



FAOEN *Beauty Aids*
in tuckaway 10c sizes

says **FRANCES WILLIAMS**

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . . glamourous . appealing . compelling . . . call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!

FAOEN *perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.*

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Beauty Aids
PARK & TILFORD



New!

AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



Fred Astaire's Secrets of Success

(*Continued from page* 28)

mined to forge ahead alone. The task looked tough, but proved easy for his twinkling feet.

He opened in New York in the stage show, "Gay Divorce." An instant hit! An RKO official saw the show, whipped out his pen, and—well, that's how contracts are born.

That's how Fred's worries were born, too.

Fred slipped quietly into Hollywood and went to work. No blatant fanfare of publicity. Just work and, piling up gradually, worry. The dancing king of the stage was wondering how well he'd retain his crown on the screen.

As he described his feelings I realized what a mistake it had been to put Fred down as merely the carefree young blade of a few paragraphs ago.

"I found myself gripped by a sickening feeling when I stepped before the camera," he confided. "For one thing, I've always hated being photographed. Now I have to do it for a living! But if the feeling it gives me isn't a first-class dose of old-fashioned stage-fright, it'll certainly do until some comes along!

"When a scene actually begins, I throw myself into it and the feeling passes. When Ginger Rogers and I danced 'The Continental' in 'The Gay Divorcee,' I remember, the cameras were on us for over two minutes—a terribly long scene to do without a break. Thank heaven, that doesn't happen often.

"When a scene is finished, I worry for weeks as to how it will look in the finished picture. It's silly, but I can't seem to help it. My one consolation is supervising the cutting of my dance sequences, so I can throw out what isn't good."

Later, on the set where he was filming his current picture, "Roberta," with that blond whirlwind, Ginger, Fred's actions bore out his words.

Director Bill Seiter was ready to shoot "The Conversation Dance," sprightly successor to "The Continental." During the usual focusing of cameras, testing of sound apparatus and miscellaneous fussing about which precedes an important "take," Fred Astaire watched with apparent nervousness.

His body was tensed, like a fighter awaiting the gong. He smoothed his sleek brown hair, adjusted costume, flexed his fingers, tapped off a few lightning steps—in short, for those brief moments Fred Astaire, dancing king of the world, was a stage-struck youth about to plunge into the delicious horrors of a first performance.

But when the click of the "sync-slap" sent him into action, he was perfect. When that scene is shown, I can already hear the audience whispering:

"I'll bet he hasn't a care in the world!"

And now you see why worry makes him perfect? Worry keeps him practicing his routines for months before the camera records a single step; practicing until he's so adept there is no chance of muffing.

It seems ironical that now, with success won, Fred Astaire cannot stop his worrying, and let his crown rest easy.

"But I have dreams," he told me, back in his dressing-room, "of audiences walking out on me. It's my pet nightmare." Then he smiled, "I've extracted a shred of comfort from it at that. Whenever the dream occurs before the opening of a show or picture, the actual performance turns out to be okay. It seems to be a *good* bad omen.

"The other day, however, my audience did walk out on me—a big black spider, which appeared from nowhere and began prancing around my feet.

" 'If you want to dance with us,' I told him, 'you'll have to lead with your left foot!' "

"Having eight feet, he may have felt embarrassed. At any rate, he disdained an answer, but retired into a crack in the wall."

INCIDENTALLY, you should see Fred rehearse! He dons old tap shoes (he wears out almost a pair a day), ties his necktie around his waist and goes at it like a fiend. He gets dance ideas at odd times and from many sources—music, paintings, people. And he calls them by weird names—"Little Toots," "Dead Dog," "Old Dutch Hop." Develops them step by step and carries them in his head. Fans are constantly writing him, Fred declares, for the diagrams of dance-steps which he never writes down.

Needless to say, this requires a marvelous memory. And Fred also has that something—personality, if you will—which, in dancing, means the all-important difference between "good" and "great."

"Always be the originator, never the imitator," is his advice, both to beginners and to himself.

Fred's achievements are the things he hates to talk about. No more will he demonstrate them at parties, and seldom attends Hollywood functions for that reason.

His gift for song-writing, too, he passes off with a laugh. He ignores his published successes such as "Blue Without You" and "Not My Girl," to say:

"A tune I wrote called 'Tapping the Time' broke all sales records. Sold four copies, of which I bought three myself!"

He forgets to mention being selected as one of the world's dozen best-dressed men. And he is, of course, an excellent comedian. He wants some day to play "rubes" and "muggs" on the screen, if he doesn't retire too soon.

"I do want to retire early enough to enjoy life—in private," he said earnestly. "To me, dancing is a job. I'm not sentimental about it. When I've earned enough I'll quit without a tremor. There's no grease-paint in my blood that keeps my heart anchored, as it were, to show-business.

"I believe, you see, in separating one's screen and private life. I like to play golf, go to the fights, and hunt in my spare time. Went to Mexico last Thanksgiving and bagged my own turkey. I like good horses and dogs. I got a great kick out of our black cocker-spaniel, 'Scamp,' winning at the dog show in San Francisco."

Folks are going to okay any guy who can be so successful and stay so "regular"—any guy, in short, like the nimble Fred Astaire.



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. The comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You will find it right on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

HOLLYWOOD RACKETS!

Have you read "It's a Fake," in this issue? Then you know how thugs hired by racketeers attacked and seriously injured a New Movie writer for his honest and fine attempt to rid Hollywood of its underworld. Defying the racketeers, we are going ahead with our series. Next month we will run an article on these Hollywood grafters which will be as gripping as any mystery or murder story you ever read. And every word of it true! Don't fail to read it in New Movie for June.

CHARM

Natural to Blondes Attainable by Brunettes!



NOT every woman wants light blonde hair—but every woman wants the fascinating charm that "blonde" can give. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, used as a rinse, will impart beauty or glorious high-lights even to dark hair. A lovely golden sheen to ordinary light hair.

Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on their arms and legs, and there, at least, hold their own with charming blondes.

Have you been using preventative preparations? Risking depilatories? Or even shaving? Don't risk making arms and legs coarse, rough and unnatural looking. Keep the hair Nature intended you (and all of us) to have. Certainly. But make it *unnoticeable* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Try one application of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in one of our three economical sizes. See for yourself how bright and silky smooth your arms and legs become—how soft and alluring to the touch!

At your druggist's now, for Marchand's in the new gold and brown package. Start using it sometime today!

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(see coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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FO bottle's new design
Is my idea of something fine!



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REMOVER

At all 10c stores . . Cuticle Remover—Polish Remover—Oily Polish Remover—six shades of polish in both the Creme and Clear Polishes



Colorless
Natural
Rose
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Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

It's a Fake

(*Continued from page* 21)

made of herself with Gary Cooper. Gary, of course, must be in a bathing suit, too.

That's just what the picture people are afraid of. Just a couple of heads a fair distance apart might cause no trouble, but studio officials figure the heads may not be kept far enough apart. They figure that more than mere heads will get in the picture. They are also of the opinion that, as the pictures look so real, there will probably be a thousand broken hearts and a lot of husbands running around with broken heads, or with guns in their hands. Show us the good wife who wouldn't get sore if she found a picture of friend husband in the arms of Clara Bow—especially if Clara was wearing that costume she wore in "Hoopla."

And what of a jealous wife who has just discovered a picture of her husband holding hands with Mae West as Mae seems to be saying how glad she is that he has come up! She could hardly be blamed for thinking the buxom Mae had done her wrong; even though Mae knew nothing about the trick photograph.

PICTURE folk also have visions of a nasty alienation of affections suit if some middle-aged husband with a pretty young wife should find a photograph of her with her head resting on the shoulder of Clark Gable. Most middle-aged husbands wouldn't stop to ask *HOW* it was done. They'd want to know *Where* it was done and *WHEN*, and might get mad enough to try to put Gable in jail.

The conductors of this picture racket say there will not be any pictures of this unwanted sort, which might cause trouble and a lot of misunderstanding and bad publicity, but studio executives stick their tongues in their cheeks and say, "Oh, yeah?"

NEW MOVIE Magazine has a number of these composite photographs in its possession. Out of respect for the feelings of the stars, however, we are refraining from printing them. But, to show you how the trick is done, we have had a series especially posed for you by professional models. *The picture at the top of the page* represents two stars—a studio 'still,' taken on the set. Now, the racketeer's customer writes to the racketeer and says he wants his photo printed with the girl in the still. He cuts out a snapshot of himself and sends it along with his dollar bill. This snapshot is carefully enlarged to fit the size of the man's head in the picture at the top of the page, and glued on to the 'still' where the man star's handsome profile originally was. Then, as a final step, the composite picture is photographed a second time, and the finished product sent back to the adoring fan. He now can show the boys down at the poolroom an actual picture of himself, taken with his favorite woman movie star.

Can't you picture a loving wife finding such a picture in her husband's pocket? Most of them would start running for a lawyer and the divorce court without stopping to ask any questions.

At first glance, this particular racket might appear harmless. The public regards the movie stars as its own personal property. You see their faces advertising everything from beauty lotions to cuff-links, and for a quarter you can send in to the studio and get a picture of any star to decorate your living-room. Why get so touchy about this new wrinkle, then? Well, for several very good reasons.

Suppose, for example, that a burglar is hauled to jail, charged with committing a crime on the night of May 2nd. He needs an alibi, so he tells the judge, "I was in Hollywood all during the month of May." To prove it, he pulls out a picture of himself posed—apparently on a regular studio set—with a movie star. The faking is done so well that it would take a jury of experts to decide whether the photo was real or not. Result, doubt. And the burglar goes free—and the movie star has received publicity in the newspapers which hints that she is just a regular pal to a known criminal.

THAT'S far-fetched, but it gives you the idea. Any number of unpleasant results are equally possible. To name another, if every Tom, Dick and Harry can go around telling lies about his personal friendships with the stars, the stars will lose their glamour for everybody, and business will fall off at the box office. Familiarity breeds contempt, as the old saying has it.

But the thing about this particular racket isn't so much that it's dangerous, as that it's disgusting. Cheapness in thought and deed is always disgusting. Any racketeer is a loathsome creature, but the petty racketeer, tricking dollar bills out of movie-struck young girls and men, is the most abominable one of them all.

Now . . a Make-up that *Beautifies* and *Protects* at the same time!





ANY face powder will remove "shine" and give your skin a smoother finish . . . *Any* rouge and lipstick will add color to your complexion.

But all too often these are merely *momentary* effects. To achieve true and *lasting* loveliness, your cosmetics must not only beautify your skin, but *protect* it, too.

That is why so many women are turning today to OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For these are the *only* beauty aids of their kind made on a base of pure Olive Oil . . . an ingredient long known to skin specialists for its beautifying and protective qualities.



Try OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. Notice how light and fluffy it is, yet how loyally it clings to your face. No other powder does so much to rid the skin of dryness . . . to keep it soft, smooth and gloriously supple.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick blend naturally with the living tones of your complexion . . . make your beauty *come alive* with youthful radiance and color. Lips are protected against cracking and chapping. Your face is never dry or rough.



For a totally new experience in make-up, try OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids. They come in a variety of smart shades for every type of complexion. You can get the large economical sizes at your favorite drug or department store for only 55c. There are handy purse-size packages, too, at the leading 10c counters. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of powder, rouge and lipstick.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E.D.S.T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

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OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

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Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

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City ..... *State* .....

Junior Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 40)

him, we predict that she will do for the producer who signs her what Ginger Rogers has done for RKO.

Speaking of RKO—that studio can be credited with re-discovering William Bakewell, who was almost a star in his own right some years ago. Billy has just been assigned two pictures there and, if things turn out, he will be awarded a term contract.

Virginia Reid, another RKO player, will soon come into prominence. She was discovered, so to speak, coming out of a Los Angeles theater a year ago when a contest was being held at the RKO Theater and the manager spied the beautiful Miss Reid, but noticed that she was one of the few girls who had not entered her name in the contest. He persuaded her to present a picture of herself, which she finally did, but instead of the usual procedure of waiting around for an answer, Virginia left town, thinking nothing more of the incident. Fortunately, the studio did think more of it, for she is now back in Hollywood with a career in the offing.

So keep an eye on these coming stars; after all, most of them have really worked and earned their little place in the Hollywood sun. They will, each one of them, be stars with your support. Inasmuch as they have the talent, and have honestly earned their break, let's support these players, Mary Rogers, Fred McMurray, Paula Stone, Bob Taylor and the rest, and establish them definitely as a part of the motion picture younger set.

There are eight more young people such as these, just coming over the hill—but next month we shall be better qualified to endorse their work and predict a future for a few.

Yes...IT'S THE Same Girl!

Photographer's Affidavit: I, Frederick Bradley, do hereby affirm that I have taken both these pictures, *that they have not been retouched,* and that they represent the actual change in the appearance of one girl before and after her use of Marvelous Beauty Aids, as outlined in the FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide.

Frederick Bradley



YESTERDAY – *unnoticed* . . . TODAY – *adored!*

MARIAN thought she was doomed to be one of the girls that men forget.

Her world is different, now! Dates, parties, excitement—she has new confidence in herself, a new lift to her head, new sparkle in her eyes. She literally made herself over in a day!

And *you* can do it, too—as easily and quickly as Marian did. You can do it right in your own home in your spare time. And you can do it without spending a lot of money—Marvelous Beauty Aids cost only 55¢ apiece!

Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? Well, it's not. Marvelous Beauty Aids are the practical result of more than fifty years' experience in the Richard Hudnut Laboratories. Years of painstaking research taught Hudnut scientists the secrets that bring new beauty to you.

It is these men, skilled skin specialists, who created Marvelous Creams to smooth away the tired lines, refine and soften your skin, Marvelous Freshener, that clears and tones your complexion. Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick that accent the youth in your own coloring. And Marvelous Face Powder, that clings so closely, stays on so long, hides every tiny line and wrinkle!

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make yourself over! Send for the Marvelous Make-up Guide that gives complete instructions. Enclose 6¢ for packing and postage, and we'll also send you four generous purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder, enough to last two weeks. If you don't want to wait, go to the nearest drug or department store for Marvelous Beauty Aids. Do it today—mail the coupon now!

MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS *by Richard Hudnut*



Mail this!

This coupon brings you FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide to help you find your type. Mail it today.

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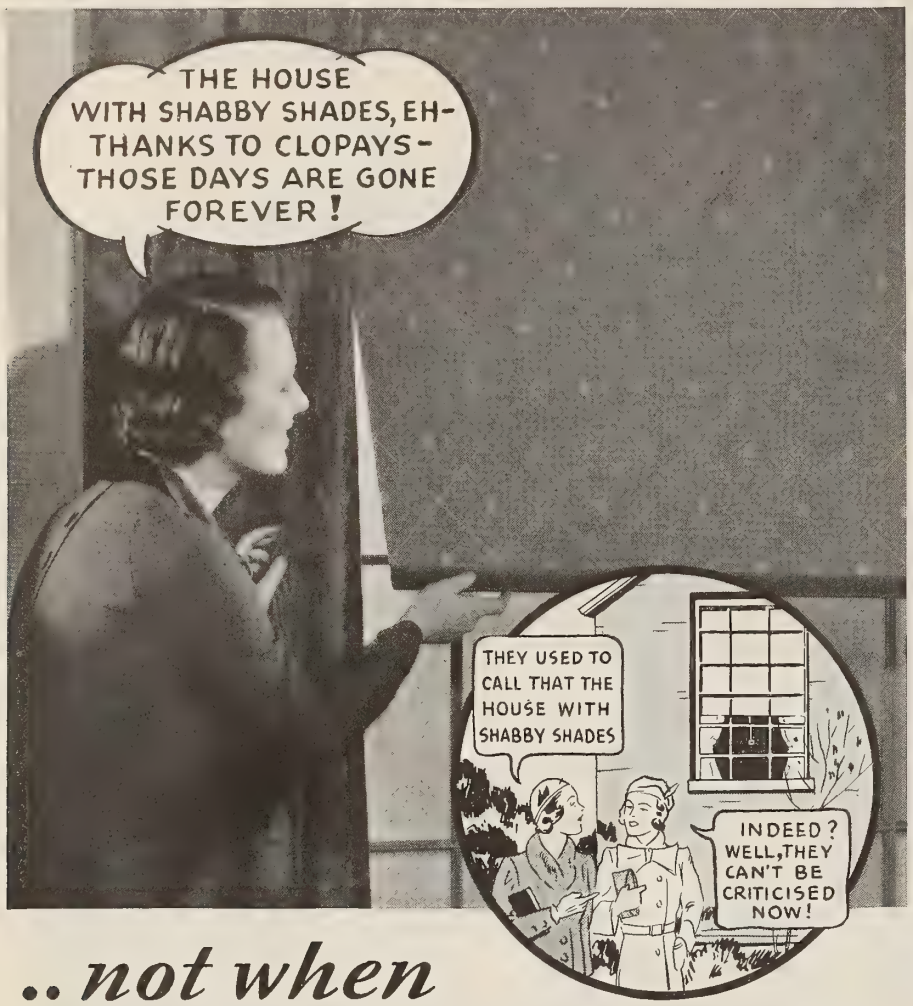
Yes, you may send me— ☐ FREE Marvelous Make-Up Guide

☐ In addition, I would like four purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder in the four most popular shades. I enclose 6 cents in stamps for packing.

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"*No More* Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"



..not when *Lovely* CLOPAY *Shades are Only* 15¢ EACH

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chintz patterns that harmonize with any decorative scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1356 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

And...

"HOW DID I EVER KEEP HOUSE BEFORE I FOUND FABRAY?"



New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at ⅓ to ½ Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs ⅓ to ½ less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth. Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of flimsy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 46-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1363 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Frankie and Freddie

(Frankie Thomas)

(*Continued from page 27*)

He said: "Did you see those new jaguars they've got at the zoo? Boy, were they fierce."

I hadn't. I regretted it, too. I could see that I should have been equipped with some data on the wild animal situation.

He said: "Did you see Frank Buck's last picture? Boy, does he have a swell time. Did you know I'm going to play with a dog in my next picture and I have three weeks after I get to Hollywood to do nothing but get acquainted with him?"

I didn't. He looked a trifle downcast, but it was as nothing compared to my feelings at being so tried and found wanting. I had practically no small talk about Frank Buck or lariats or other real boy interests.

"Do you think Frank Buck could have a good adventure with sharks?" he demanded hopefully. "Boy, would that make a keen picture!"

At this point Big Frank, who is very serious about being a father, which means that he knows just when to be firm and take charge of a situation, said, "Suppose we lay off the shark business, old man, and have a look at the menu."

He proposed boiled tongue and spinach and, as I live and breathe, there was no small-boy protest when his father said: "I think you'll like the tongue and the spinach will be good for you."

He grinned that engaging grin, which twists up the corners of his wide, flexible mouth and narrows his eyes until they're fine lines of silver shining out from behind rather absurdly long lashes, and said, "Okay, Dad. Let's go for spinach."

Nor do I think it was company manners. If a thing is good for him it is good for the job, and he is completely serious about the importance of keeping himself fit.

They tell a revealing story about him at the Professional Children's School, that fascinating New York school attended by child actors and singers and dancers, with hours only from eleven until two, so that they can keep afternoon engagements.

He came to school one morning with a very black eye and when asked how he acquired it, said: "Well, if you must know, I got it playing football, but I guess I'll have to give it up. There's too much at stake."

They chuckle a little, too, those understanding teachers, over the fact that he learned the eighty-two pages of his part in "Wednesday's Child" in four days, and they had to keep him after school to learn two verses of "The Ancient Mariner."

"You see, it doesn't make sense, and my part does," he explained, which seemed to me one of the best socks Ye Coleridge had ever received.

By the time we had progressed to dessert, which turned out to be a Cream Napoleon with two scoops of ice cream, I knew that his favorite books are "Captain Blood," "The Odyssey of a Shark Hunter," and "Medieval History," because there are lots of fights in them; that he wants to play Kipling's "Kim"; that he is going to write a play with his dad; that his favorite speech is the immortal "To be or not to be"; and I knew that, as a private individual, Master Thomas was all boy and no boredom. Also that the exhilarating quality of vitality which leaps out at you from the screen and stage is in part the result of a thoroughly masculine preoccupation with all feats of physical strength as much as it is inner spirit.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked. Not that there was much doubt in my mind. No broncho busters or bank presidents for him, I was sure—the average wish of the usual child actor.

"Oh, an actor, of course. I couldn't be anything else. And there's so much to learn that I'm awfully glad I got an early start."

That in all sincerity. All humility.

He has all a grown-up actor's ease in covering a situation. There was a play, name forgotten now, in which he was to go off stage, get a chocolate bar, and come back with it half-eaten but face smeared up. He made his exit on schedule and was handed the bar of chocolate by the stage manager. Then, boylike, he ate the whole bar. When his cue came, however, he remembered the business of his entrance. No smear. No laugh. So he rubbed his fingers over his mascaraed eyelashes and from there to his mouth. Unfortunately it almost broke up the group on the stage as well as the audience, for what he had shaped over his five-year-old mouth was a well-defined moustache.

A FEW days after our luncheon I went back stage for the last performance of "The First Legion" before Frankie's embarking for Hollywood. I went especially to see his mother, and now that I have talked to her I feel very hopeful about his future.

She is a professional, like Frankie's father. Years of stock company work and some on the screen. Her elfin beauty flashed out at you in the recent screen version of "Dancing Mothers."

She refers to Big Frank and Little Frank as "the boys." She is maternal without being maudlin. Very conscious of how to help Frankie develop his talent, but also healthfully casual about it all. She does Frankie's make-up and stands in the wings every night until he comes off the stage, whereupon she whisks him home and to bed with a glass of milk. On Saturday nights, as a special favor, he stays up until twelve to read the Sunday funnies. In Hollywood he will have more regular hours for working and sleeping, and a part of each day will be spent on the correspondence course he takes from the Professional Children's School in New York. He will make two pictures each year if the right parts can be found, and spend the rest of the time on the stage in New York, the technique of one type of acting aiding and abetting the other.

"Frankie isn't a pretty boy," his mother said, with what was to me a surprisingly impersonal appraisal for a fond parent; but, after all, she is a professional as well as a professional child's mother.

"Well, not in the pretty-pretty sense of most stage children," I said, "but what a big break that he isn't, after all! He is handsome enough for any leading part, but he'll never depend just on his looks. The most important fact about him is that he can act."

"Yes, he can act," she said simply. "And he has so much to help him. No stage fright at all. He can't understand grown-ups who shake and shiver on opening nights. An audience is

just a nice big friendly crowd of people that he wants to give a good time to."

"And how did you happen to say 'Yes' to the question of 'To be or not to be a child actor?' So many people think it forces them and is a bad mistake for future work."

"But why?" she flashed back at me. "It hasn't proved that in the other arts. The great dancers started as children. Our great musicians, too. Honestly, I wish I had started at ten instead of eighteen. Growing up with the theater is, it seems to me, the very surest way. Provided you have the talent, of course. But Frankie really decided the whole matter of talent by his first performance at four. He spoke "When a little boy goes to his grandpa's house" at a Sunday school party in Union Village, and I could hear the handkerchiefs flourishing then as now. After that there wasn't any question in my mind about where Frankie belonged."

Nor in mine. And ten years, perhaps, from now, not only Frankie Thomas but other gifted children—Nova Pillbeam and Freddie Bartholomew, and Jane Withers—children who have their eyes as clearly fixed on the shining goal as he has, will develop into actors whose art will be as many-sided as a piece of sculpture. Not one-dimensional, like so much of the acting that we see today.

Back-stage at the Biltmore Theatre the actors in "The First Legion" crowded around Frankie to say good-bye.

"Make a good picture and come back to us," said Bert Lytell, putting a cherishing arm around Frankie's shoulders.

"Thanks, Bert, I'll try. And say, do you know I sort of hate to leave the old wheel chair behind. Boy, can I do some fancy stuff with it!"

"Good luck, kid," said the wardrobe woman, clasping him to her capacious bosom.

"My darling!" he said with a mock catch in his voice, but I knew that the squeeze of her hand was warm and sincere.

"Good-bye, kid. I hope it's a good part," said the thin old man who had played the Father Curate, and his manner was a little wistful.

And that, it seemed to me, was the most important wish of all. And as I left the theater I made a little prayer to the guardian angel who watches over parts for young actors, and I besought her to give him parts to test his talents; for too often in recent years when the parts for child actors have been passed out, I am afraid that she has had her lovely head tucked under her shining wing.

Frankie and Freddie

(Freddie Bartholomew)

(*Continued from page 27*)

rather confusing, I should say."

There was time out for another laugh over his pat comment. Then it was necessary to get back to work on the ways and means he had taken to gain a studio hearing.

"Cissie—my Aunt Millicent, who brought me over—wrote to Mr. Selznick. I supposed he was ready to see anyone who might be English."

Catching my smile at this naive view of a movie producer, Freddie grinned appreciatively, then soberly remarked:

"So all I had to do was recite something."

"You weren't afraid?"

"Oh, no! I'd been used to it so long, ever since reciting nursery rhymes told me by my aunt. Cissie encouraged me in it from the time she adopted me and took me from London, where I was born, to live with her in Warminster, Wiltshire. I owe everything to her. We got along so well in our work that in quite a short time I was giving recitations in London at the Lyceum Theater and the Albert Hall—some Shakespearian, others just light ones. I never could have done it without Auntie, who also gave me my schooling until I was nine."

"Nine! How old are you now?"

"Ten."

He doesn't look a day over seven, this surprising boy; fine, sensitive, poised and with the same effortless, flawless speech which so enhanced the charm of his "David." Best of all, he is not precocious, betraying no sign of that insufferable abomination, the child wonder.

"I wanted to be an actor," he now was saying, "but I never got the chance. I'd done 'bits' in three or four English pictures, but they didn't mean anything. So when I heard that 'Copperfield' was to be done in Hollywood, I asked if I couldn't be put in for it. Auntie, not having the same faith, didn't think there'd be much use trying, but anyway she thought the trip would be a holiday. And eventually I got the part—it was lovely. I was terribly pleased, jumping all around the place."

Freddie swung a leg over the arm of his chair and kicked up a foot. It halted in mid-air when I asked whether he had felt sure he could play the part, then slowly lowered with:

"I was hoping I wouldn't let them down."

"And when you were actually playing 'David,' what was it like?"

"Fun," was his enthusiastic reply, "not a bit like work. I enjoyed it immensely. I found no difficulty whatever in the easy scenes, but I liked the harder ones better because they gave me more to think about. There was only one trouble—at first I couldn't quite cry. Mr. Cukor, the director, did everything he could think of to start the tears, telling me of the saddest things, but it wasn't any good. Then he spoke of how terrible it would be if Cissie were to die, how awfully I'd feel and how much I'd miss her. That did it, and I got crying so hard, just roaring, that he couldn't stop me. I think I helped with my imagination. Then I got the knack of it."

Was this kid kidding?

"But what made it all so splendid," he earnestly resumed, "was the cast—all fitted in so well. I liked everyone, particularly Mr. Fields, who was such a funny Mr. Micawber. He was always doing funny things, surprising things that he made up as he went along. I had such a good time with him!"

"What character were you fondest of, which one was closest to your heart?"

"Peggotty," he promptly replied, glowing with affection for that good and fat servant, "even more so than my mother. Maybe it was because I did some of my first scenes with her. Indeed, most of my crying scenes were

(*Please turn to page 52*)



Sally is a little gossip . . . *and I'm glad she is!*



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

" 'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. You've given me an idea, Sally—"



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter—and I'm delighted!"

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Next time you're in Woolworth's, look over Oven-Serve dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!

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"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

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SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Freddie and Frankie
(Freddie Bartholomew)

(*Continued from page* 51)

with her, and they affected me so much that afterward I felt tired. But when I got home and went to bed I found it hard to go to sleep."

For my part, I had the feeling of looking into the heart of a child. Yet wondering at the same time how this child felt at seeing himself grown up in the person of an older actor, so I asked:

"Do you think Frank Lawton looks as you'll one day look?"

This was, naturally—or unnaturally—a bit of a poser for Freddie, but, after pondering it a moment, he said:

"I saw myself in him. I noticed his hair particularly, for it was much like mine. Then I went over his features, and they seemed pretty much the kind I might have when older, only"—and he was acutely critical—"his nose was a little sharper than mine is likely to be at his age."

Canny judgment of an uncanny subject by Master Freddie.

"The whole cast," he added, "was my vision of the Dickens characters."

For absolute perfection, I chose his David and the Mr. Dick of Lenox Pawle.

"Yes," he heartily agreed in the latter case, "isn't Mr. Dick marvelous? You know, don't you, he's quite mad, only happily so?"

He was proving himself so discerning a critic that I wanted his opinion of Hollywood.

"I love Hollywood," he declared.

"Did it surprise you?"

"Enormously! I'd no idea it was so big. My impression in England was that it would mean a bunch of cottages, with a few shops. It was very strange to me at first, but in about a week it was just like home. And do you know what surprised me most of all? The red lights in the drug stores—we call them chemist shops. They are gorgeous, and it's wonderful at night to stand and look down the boulevard. If for no other reason, I think I shall always want to live in Hollywood."

"And do you want to be a romantic actor when you grow up?"

"No," reflected Freddie, "I don't think I do. I like old-fashioned things."

Possibly this explains his liking for pumpkins. He was given one for Hallowe'en by a studio electrician, who lighted it for him and enshrined it on a bench in a corner of the huge stage. Freddie had never seen a pumpkin before, having been compelled to make the most of a large turnip for Hallowe'en in England, and he would sit before its glowing gold by the hour with all the rapt devotion of a worshiper before his Buddha. Days, weeks went by with no change, except in the pumpkin. Finally something had to be done out of olfactory consideration for the other members of the cast. And one night when Freddie was fast asleep at home, the pumpkin was carried gently to its final resting-place.

"I'll never forget it," he now assured me. (Nor will the others.)

As he gave me his hand on it, and jumped down, I wished him a pleasant journey. For Freddie was starting within the hour for New York to make "personal appearances." Lightly he went out like a schoolboy off on a lark.

After all, what did a mere continent mean to a boy who had journeyed 6,000 miles to get a job—and got it?

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☐ Titian Reddish Brown	☐ Titian Reddish Blonde	☐ White or Gray (Platinum)	☐ Golden Blonde

Hollywood's Most Successful Extra

(*Continued from page* 18)

in other than atmospheric background or crowd work," receive a minimum daily wage of seven dollars and fifty cents.

Extras are further classified as "ordinary extras" and "dress extras"—and there lies the margin of difference between a fair living and a bare existence, for dress extras, who must maintain at their own expense a complete wardrobe, suitable for every modern setting, receive a minimum of fifteen dollars a day.

Obviously, it is good business to be a dress extra—for they not only get top pay but also receive more "calls." Frequently they are given "lines" to speak, and, in that case, they receive twenty-five dollars or more per day.

Don't think, however, that an extra works every day. We never know today whether we will work tomorrow, or next week, or a month from today. We live from day to day. If we average one and one-half days a week we are lucky; if we average three days a week, we are almost unbelievably fortunate. Central tries to spread employment as fairly as possible—and until the total number of registered extras is greatly reduced, there isn't enough work to go around. The few of us who receive top wages fare well, the others suffer.

Thanks to my previous work as a model and to an inborn passion for clothes, I came to Hollywood already equipped with a much better than average wardrobe. And, as soon as I discovered that only the dress extras can hope to earn good livelihoods, I determined to have a *complete wardrobe*. I skimped and scraped, and sewed and shopped, until I knew that I could accept any call. Those were hard times, and if I hadn't been fortunate enough to have a small amount of money, saved from my previous employment, I know I could never have survived the first few months.

Since then I have averaged three days' work a week. On rare occasions I have been selected to speak a line or two of dialogue. During the last two years my average income has been at least fifty dollars a week.

WITHOUT considering the fact that I have a tremendous amount of leisure, what employment can a girl in her early twenties, without any special training or talent, find that will pay her better wages?

I live by myself, in a well-furnished cottage. I drive my own inexpensive car, purchased new and paid for out of my earnings. I deny myself nothing that I want in the way of food. Contrasting my lot with that of most working girls, I believe I have a distinct advantage. But, I repeat, I have been very lucky!

During my first six months as an extra I earned considerably less than I do now and I had to be extremely economical to meet my living expenses. I had been accustomed to a weekly salary and it was terribly difficult for me to budget correctly on an uncertain, spasmodic income. Whenever I had worked for several days in succession and found myself suddenly "flush," I was tempted to go on a spending spree, forgetting that weeks *might* pass before I would work again.

Finally, by keeping an exact record of my earnings over a sufficient time, I struck an average and made it the basis of an iron-clad budget. Since then I

have fared very well. Out of every pay check I set aside a certain percentage for rent, for wardrobe, for food, for transportation and for all of the other items on my budget. And I refuse to contract debts.

I honestly believe that more girls fail in the "extra game" through poor management than ever fail because of insufficient earnings. The cost of living is remarkably low in Los Angeles, and any girl should be able to get along here on twenty-five dollars a week. Few dress extras average less.

I have heard dress extras complain that it costs them every cent they earn to maintain their wardrobes. When I first reported for extra work, I was warned that it would cost me at least $2,000 to acquire a satisfactory wardrobe. Perhaps it would have cost that much if I had bought with the same reckless extravagance which most extras display.

I design my own clothes. I watch the sales and I buy material in advance of my needs in order to get it at real bargain prices. I do most of my own sewing—and, whenever I lack the time to sew, I take my material and my patterns to a very capable dressmaker whose shop is in a nearby small town and whose prices are very reasonable. The net result is that I pay twenty dollars or less for an evening gown which would cost at least four times that much if purchased ready-made in one of the fashionable shops. And I have discovered that a little ingenuity, exercised in making over old things, will show a saving of several hundred dollars each year. Twenty-five to thirty dollars a month is ample to cover all of my wardrobe needs.

MOST of the extra girls whom I know have their hair dressed before each appearance on the set. So do I—but "I dress my own" instead of submitting to the prices charged by Hollywood's most fashionable hairdressers. When I discovered how imperative it is for a dress extra to be perfectly coiffured, I took a course in hair-dressing. It has paid for itself a hundred times.

Too many extras have "star complexes." Instead of frankly admitting that they are extras and living accordingly, they are apologetic for their status and live far beyond their means to uphold their pretensions. They are too conscious of the caste system in Hollywood, which places a wide gulf between the extra player and the so-called featured actor.

I see no reason for being ashamed of being an extra. My work is important to the finished picture; I receive a fair wage for it and I try to do it to the best of my ability. And certainly there is no cause for shame in living within one's means. I'd much rather be a capable extra than to step beyond my abilities and be an incapable actress. I'm like most girls; I would like to be a screen star with all the fame and money that goes with it—but there's no use in kidding myself. I'm an extra and the best thing for me to do is to stick to my own job until I have earned something better.

People continually ask me about the way extra girls are treated on the sets. I always answer that we are given exactly the treatment which we, as individuals, invite. And I think that answer is the exact truth. Girls who show by their actions that they respect themselves are seldom treated with disrespect. In three years I have never received a single "insult."

It is no more difficult to remain moral as an extra girl than it is to remain moral in any other business. It is up to the girl, herself, to determine her way of living.

Several years ago, I understand, extras often were treated with lack of consideration—especially by the smaller studios. Sometimes they were required to work under conditions which were not only disagreeable but actually dangerous to their safety. But that is all changed now. If any extra meets with unfair treatment on the set, he has recourse by filing a formal complaint with Central Casting—and Central, which is a branch of the powerful Motion Picture Producers' Association, immediately takes action.

My work is interesting. I like to study people and, on the sets, I have had a chance to meet and study some of the most interesting people in the world. I have worked with almost every star and every famous director. Probably they were unaware of my existence, but I enjoyed watching them at work. I'm like all the rest of you—a dyed-in-the-wool fan.

I have played in pictures laid in China, in Paris, in London, in Rome—in short, in every locale on earth. And since Hollywood's technicians conscientiously try to make every picture a truthful reflection of its setting, I feel that I have learned more than I could have learned from a round-the-world cruise. My education was limited and I deeply appreciate the general information that I have received on the sets.

I have learned to speak better English, for I have had the opportunity, day after day, to hear the dialogue written by famous authors. And I have made the most of the opportunity, for I am Swedish and I spoke broken English when I came to Hollywood.

Another thing—and this touches my one great ambition—I have been able to study the clothes designed by some of the greatest artists in the world. Eventually I want to be a designer, a modiste, and where could I possibly receive better instruction than on the motion picture sets, studying the work of Hollywood's Travis Bantons and Adrians?

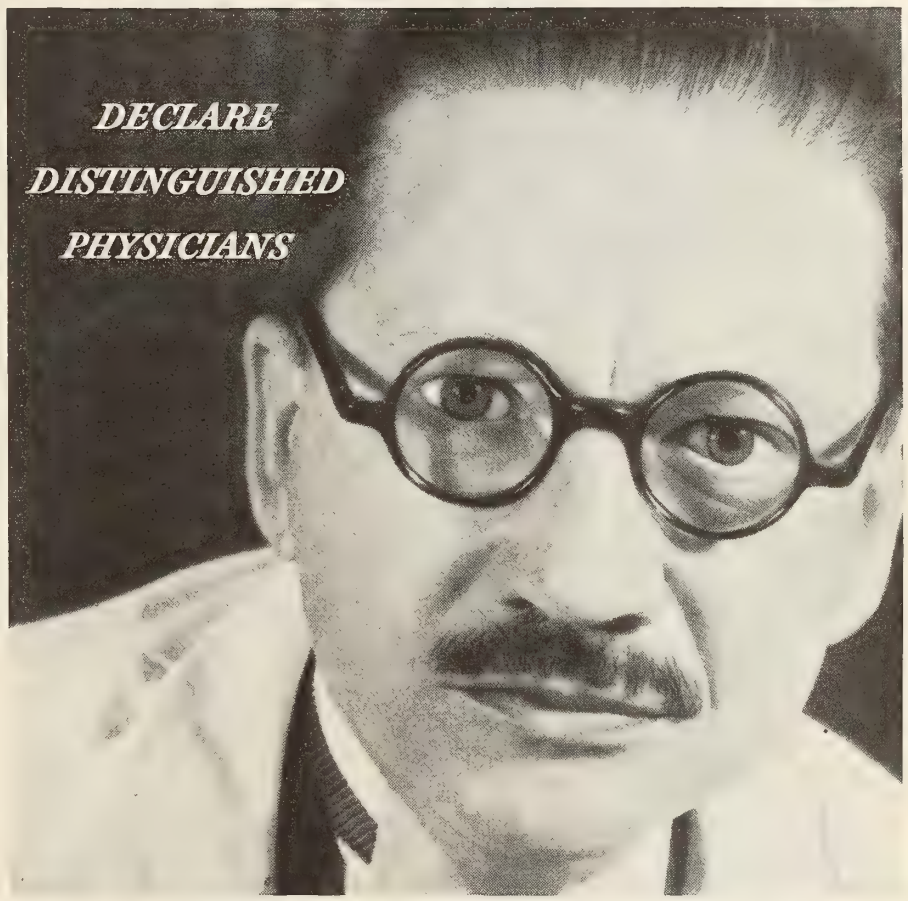
The point that I have tried to make is this: being an extra is not vastly different from being a worker in any other *business*. The girls who approach extra work with the proper equipment and a businesslike attitude can make it pay them satisfactory wages. It is not necessary to be beautiful, it is not necessary to have acting ability, it is not necessary to have "personality." It *is* necessary to have common sense and clothes sense. One must know what to wear and how to wear it, and one must know how to live sanely and economically.

EXTRA work is the poorest of stepping-stones to screen success, for the very qualities which make a girl suitable for stardom actually handicap her as an extra. It is not best to stand out from the crowd if you wish to work regularly as an extra. If you are too noticeable in one sequence of a picture, often you are automatically barred from work in another sequence.

Certainly I would not advise the average girl to work extra for a living. The very fact that Central Casting now refuses to register a new applicant, no matter how suitable he or she may be for the work, is sufficient proof that the great majority of already registered extras are unable to work often enough to earn living wages. Depression and unemployment have overcrowded our ranks. And I know that the luck which has stuck with me for three years may turn against me to morrow.

Still—I wouldn't trade jobs with any one of the girls I know.

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DR. JULES BELOUX, a noted intestinal specialist and editor of a medical publication, reports: "Patients in my clinic obtained remarkable results from this new yeast. I am astonished . . . It is a notable discovery."

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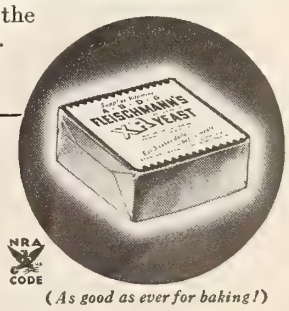
Note how soon your appetite picks up, and how you can eat what you like without distress afterward.

See how you avoid frequent colds—with the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, also—*four* vitamins in all, needed for health!

Start feeling better Now!

So get some of the new Fleischmann's Yeast now. Then eat 3 cakes every day—just plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains! Keep on eating Fleischmann's Yeast even after you've seen the first results. Keep it up!



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The Spring Parties

(*Continued from page 32*)

French novels to the contrary.

Harold Lloyd forgot he is Scotch, and became a dashing Spanish toreador—and led a toy bull around on a string. Mildred Lloyd wore a demure Quaker costume; the hostess was Lady Hamilton in a wide Gainsborough hat; May Robson wore the costume she used on the stage in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and Gaylord Lloyd was brave in a Russian peasant get-up. Una Merkel and her husband were Spanish peasants.

There was the usual buffet supper, where you buttled for yourself.

EVEN if Winfield Sheehan is a Fox Film Corporation head, it must have been a thrill to be decorated, even at so late a date, for his services during the World War, when he drove an ambulance.

He and Ketti Gallian made a trip to the *Joan d'Arc,* French battleship at San Pedro, for the purpose, and Commander Yves Douval performed the deed.

Ketti is just back from France, but said she bought all her new clothes in New York.

M. and Mme. Henri Didot, French consul and his wife, assisted in receiving, and guests included W. S. Van Dyke, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Jetta Goudal, Inez Courtney and others.

All the French officers demanded photographs of Ketti, and Winfield Sheehan (Ketti being under contract to Fox) generously and gallantly told her she might have some new ones taken.

Fred Stone Entertained

CAN you imagine a sadder fate for a young fellow than coming all the way from New York to Hollywood to see someone and then missing her?

That's what Ronald Simon thinks, too.

Of course he saw Glenda Farrell ultimately, but not for a whole day and a half. She was working in a picture when he arrived, and couldn't meet him at the station. Then he went to the party given by Helen Ferguson for Fred Stone, expecting that she would be there, and she couldn't get away from the studio. She worked that night, too, and was too dog-tired when she finished even to say hello. But next day at noon they staged their reunion.

Frances Dee had some pictures of her baby with her, and she and Sally Eilers deserted their husbands, Joel McCrea and Harry Joe Brown, to get into a huddle in a corner and discuss baby lore.

We gave John Mack Brown a "hero's entrance," as they say in the movies, applauding him when he came in, the reason being he had saved his wife (she was riding a runaway horse) from serious injury the day before.

Tit-for-Tat Party

IT was a sort of tit-for-tat party those ten actresses playing in "Naughty Marietta" gave for their director, W. S. Van Dyke.

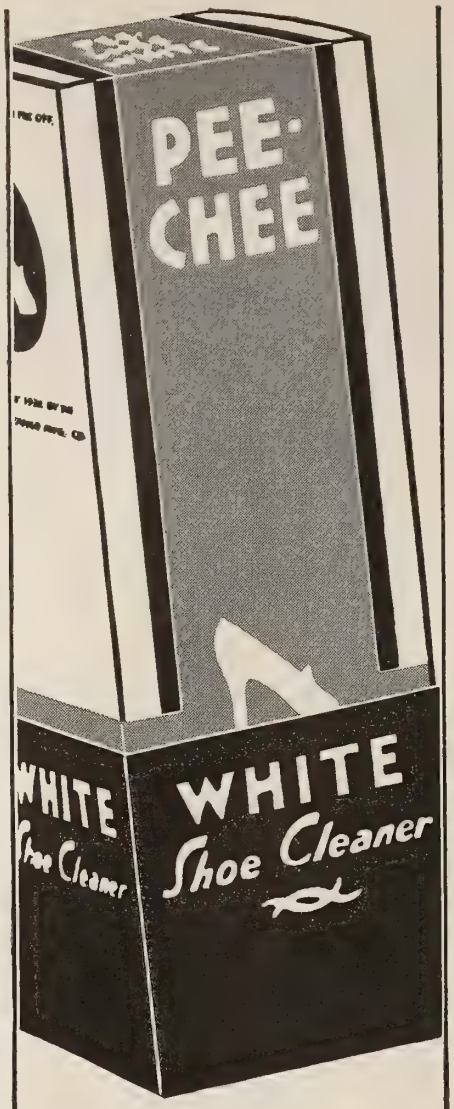
You see, Van dearly loves kidding people. And he gave a dinner party at his home for the ten, at which he pulled a number of hilarious jokes.

Not to be outdone, the actresses decided to get lively revenge. So they gave a party at the Clover Club, inviting Van as the only man, and at dinner pulled twice as many jokes on him as he had previously. When he sat down to the dinner table, one of the girls pressed a bulb, and his soup bowl raised from the table. Then shortly after dinner a large box of flowers, containing a handsome corsage, was presented to him.

But the dancing feature was the last word. When the music started, Van Dyke asked one of the hostesses to dance. In the meantime the girls had arranged to have the music play through four hours without stopping, they cut in for dances with Van, and the director didn't have a chance to rest once during the entire time!

The hostesses included Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Hervey, Pauline Brooks, Kay English, Julie Laird, Linda Parker, Agnes Anderson, Mary Doran, Cecelia Parker and Lillian Rosine.

Maybe Van is cured. At any rate, he gave another party for the young ladies, at his home, and never a joke was pulled on them!



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PEE-CHEE
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W·H·I·T·E·R!

Elissa's Ballet Russe Party

CARY GRANT is wondering whether he was complimented or not the other day at Elissa Landi's party for the Ballet Russe.

Cary was warned by Elissa that he had better bring along some photographs, as it was certain the Ballet people would want them; in fact they had asked Elissa if she thought they could get some. So, persuaded, Cary brought them. At least he thought he had photographs; but to his amazement, having snatched up a bunch of pictures as he was leaving home, he discovered that the bottom ones were just the pasteboards on which the photos should have been mounted.

However, all the ballet members clamored for his autograph on the blanks, after the photographs had all been given out.

"And they seemed quite contented," he declared. "And I wonder whether to be flattered or not."

Elissa's party was given in her new home at Brentwood, where she has a complete little suite of rooms in a wing of the house all to herself.

Countess Caroline Sanardi-Landi, Elissa's mamma, helped receive.

Trick Microphones Add Gaiety

HAVE you one of those trick mikes in your home? If not, you can't be said really to belong.

Besides the Quillans, John Mack Brown, Chick Chandler, Walter King, Mervyn Leroy, and Groucho Marx, a lot of others have them, including John P. Medbury, whose party revolved 'round it tother night at his home, gracefully named "Mortgage Manor."

None of the guests knew of the contraption, which is new in the Medbury household. John absented himself, declaring he had to go away for a broadcast for a little while, and the guests were surprised and taken aback for a minute when John's voice came over the radio: "Glad to have you at my house, although I could have done very well without you."

Whereupon Joe E. Brown, first to recover and suspect the truth, went and wrote in Medbury's guest book, "Just a quip from the old block."

An "Un-Birthday" Party

A VERY odd person is Chick Chandler in one respect. He never accepts birthday presents. On the other hand, he always bestows gifts on his friends to celebrate his own natal day. So if he gives a party, it is what Alice in Wonderland would call an "un-birthday" party.

Chick had one on his last birthday,

and you might with justice call that party a honey, because it really was that—a honey party. Chick owns a bee ranch, you know, and he held his natal festivities out there. Not that anybody except two or three hardy souls, like Claudia Coleman, James Barton and Walter King, dared venture close to the hives. But Chick bestowed on each of his guests a huge jar of the sweet stuff.

And the dessert at supper was biscuits and honey.

Teaing With the Martin Johnsons

HAVING tea with the Martin Johnsons, those makers of "Baboona" and other wild animal films, were Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck. The two couples had met—of all places!—in the wilds of Africa, when the Zanucks went down there to hunt big game.

Mrs. Zanuck brought orchids for "Osie" (Mrs. Johnson) to wear that night when she lectured, and, though Osie had gathered orchids in the jungle, she was that thrilled!

Claudette Colbert's Brick Party

WELL, of all things—a brick party! Sounds sort of Irish, doesn't it? And Claudette Colbert is French.

But, all the same, Claudette is going to have a brick party. But a peaceful one. Some fans gave her the idea. They sent bricks with the hint that she use them in her new home. So, just as soon as Claudette gets time for a party, she is going to issue invitations to her friends to come and bring bricks, autographed, to use in the building of the house she is planning.

KATHERINE DEMILLE has known Mitchell Leisen ever since he was her papa's art director, and she used to go over to the studio to have him admire the "flum" of her new white dress, when she was a mere child of five.

The friendship has been kept up, and it didn't surprise us at all to receive an invitation to a party which Mitchell was giving for Katherine's house guest, Betty Saxe, of San Francisco.

Such a lot of the guests arrived alone! Gail Patrick, Laura Hope Crews, Catherine Alexander, were among the feminine guests who weren't afraid to venture forth into the night alone, while lone wolves among the masculine element included Randy Scott, Jack King, Cary Grant, John Cox, and Douglas Blackley.

We all noted that Katherine DeMille danced a lot with Jack King.

Helen Morgan's Traveled Cat

WE met Helen Morgan over at the Jocelyn Lee and James Seymour wedding reception, and she told us all about her much traveled cat, Charlie.

"He has traveled thirty thousand miles with me," explained Helen. "He has a meowing acquaintance with cats in Paris, London, New York, Miami, Hollywood and way stations. Has he good manners? He has. I take him right into the compartment with me."

The musicians arrived so late that everybody got nervous. Nancy Carroll relieved the strain by going out into Jocelyn's garden and swinging in a kid swing in a pepper tree, with Van Smith, frock coat and all, pushing her as she "worked up," as we used to say of climbing to heights in a swing.

Thursday Night's the Night!

SOME of the film stars do cook.

Four of them have a sort of organization. They are Sally Eilers, Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Mrs. Pan Berman and Mrs. Mervyn Leroy. Taking turns, three of these repair with their spouses to the home of the other one, on Thursday nights, and the four gals concoct dinner for their husbands. So far there have been no casualties, although it is said that for a while there was a little feeling between Miss Eilers and Mrs. Leroy as to which made the best strawberry shortcake. The husbands kept mum.

Leo Carrillo Obliges

LIVING right up to the best Spanish traditions, Leo Carrillo played host to a picture company which happened to be working on location next his Santa Monica ranch.

The company, headed by Louise Fazenda, were provided with box lunches, as the players didn't want to go to a neighborhood cafe in make-up. But when Leo spotted the actors, he went right over and invited them to his ranch for lunch, got the barbecue fires going, and served all comers, including prop boys, grips and other workmen as well as stars, with chile beans, barbecued steaks and other good things.

When the day's work was finished Louise, not to be outdone, asked Leo, his wife and daughter Antoinette and the company to sup at Thelma Todd's Cafe nearby.

And Leo wrote an "excuse" to Louise's husband, Hal Wallis, a la school days, because Louise was late coming home.

Here and There

JEANETTE MACDONALD entertaining at a farewell party for Helen Hayes, with Louise Rainer, the Viennese star, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, and Ernst Lubitsch as guests; John Hewlett squiring Margaret Lindsay. And it wasn't a spider bite, after all, that injured Warner Baxter, but a broken finger, suffered playing tennis. Isabel Jewell says she got a "silent version" when she bought that Minah bird; the punsters started pun-ishing everybody around when, on the set, Lord Byng met Bing Crosby—one actor going so far as to remark, "Byng, Bing, here come the British!" Jose Iturbi often plays the piano for Ruth Chatterton; Dick Powell escorting Merle Oberon about Hollywood; seen at the Persian Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, Loretta Young, George Brent, Ronald Colman, Virginia Moore, William Sistrom, Jean Harlow, William Powell, Barbara Blair, Fred Keating, Monroe Owsley and Virginia Frost; busy winning and losing at the Santa Anita horse races: Everybody in the films.

DO YOU LIKE A GOOD SCRAP?

Then read "You Tell Us," the department in which our readers tell us what *they* think. And do they tell us—and each other! Sometimes it's a regular hair-pulling contest; sometimes they hand each other orchids, these swell, high-spirited readers of ours—but, always, what they have to say is interesting. Get into the fun yourself!



Miss Susan Hall, fair-skinned brunette (below) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin—commonly known as the Irish type. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls, the most beautiful as well as some very poor skins. They found the secret of beautiful skin is in certain hidden tints in the skin itself. That blonde skin owed its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant *blue* in it—brunette skin owed its allure to hidden tints of *green*. They blended these tints *invisibly* in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new scientifically blended shades—

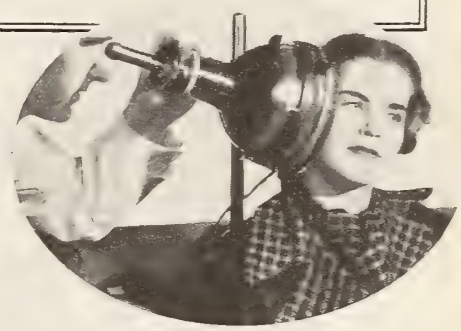
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Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look

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Light Cream—lightens the skin

As you smooth them on in turn, you'll find one that brings life to your skin.



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Just Plain John

(*Continued from page* 19)

have come out of the three months' engagement with heart, head and sense of humor missing.

I had already interviewed six leading men when John Boles walked up the path leading to our bungalow in Beverly Hills that day in 1927. I took one look at him through the rose sheltered window and said to my Mother, "If this one can act and sing, he's too good to be true. I suppose that is his accompanist with him." While Mother was welcoming the young man and his "accompanist," I was in my bedroom dolling up for a star entrance.

"I'm sure glad to meet you, Miss Janis," said John with a southern accent for which he asked no pardon. Even if he had spoken with a Swedish accent I would probably have had the part rewritten to fit it, so intrigued was I by his charm. "This is Mrs. Boles!" he said very proudly.

As I was picking up my lost illusions, Mrs. Boles walked to the piano, seated herself graciously and said, "I think Miss Janis would like this song, John." I don't remember what he sang. His voice was excellent, then as now. He was handsome, then as now. Eight years in Hollywood have not changed him. He still looks as if he had just come in from a brisk walk on a snappy October morning.

It's remarkable that after playing young men and old men in comedy, drama, operetta and tragedy there is so little of the actor in the off stage and screen personality of Plain John Boles. He simply exudes health and enthusiasm. I don't mean to suggest that most of our "heroes" are frail or blase, but Boles always looks as if he were just going into some contest which he was sure of winning or just coming out of one in which he had been the victor.

I watched him at the tennis matches one day. He was alone in a box, (a fact which in itself demanded my attention) and completely oblivious of anything but the tennis. Around him other celebrities were being whirred at by motion picture cameras. Those cute little "Candid Cameras" which are supposed to "shoot" you without your knowing it. A star would have to just not give a darn or be pretty deaf not to hear them as they click and buzz into a close-up position. The natural reaction is to try and look as well as one can while seemingly unconscious. I'm pretty sure John isn't deaf. I'm convinced that he does give several darns about public opinion. His private life proves that, but believe me he never missed a play, nor did he glance at the cameramen who were shooting him from all angles. It is possible that he knows he is gold film fodder from any angle, but I can't believe that, knowing how modest he is about his success. No! Plain John Boles was there to see the tennis match and see it he did. John Boles the screen favorite was not among those present.

I haven't seen him off the screen more than five times in five years, although we have both been in Hollywood with occasional time out for visits to New York. I personally resent this fact, now that I've met him again, but Hollywood is one of the biggest little places in the world. He is not a party hound and I'm practically Peter the Hermit's understudy, so our paths crossed casually and never joined until we actually bumped into each other in that intimate little shack, known as Radio City.

"Are you on the air?" he said, adding quickly, "When?"

"When in doubt! I'm an announcer here," I answered proudly.

He roared, "No foolin'!" He still has that southern accent. It's the Texas brand. Broad as the state is wide. I realize now what a good actor he must be, for certainly there is no sign of Texas when he steps into the role of some dashing Graustarkian Prince or goes dramatic in a "Back Street" or "Only Yesterday," but Plain John Boles still radiates the Lone Star State. If he denies it, I'll remind him that he calls folks, "Honey."

He came East especially to broadcast on a program which he had appeared on several months before. He was rightfully pepped up by the fact that one appearance is usually the allotment of each guest star, and he had been asked to appear again. "I'll do it any time they ask me to," he said. "I like radio. I get a big kick out of the letters from the radio audience." This amused me considering his picture fan mail must be very heavy. I said as much.

"But the air is different," he said. "Think of the hundreds who can't go to pictures or the theater, the shut-ins. It's they whom I like to think I'm pleasing, just think of the poor——" I interrupted to inform him that I had been thinking all that for a long time, hence my own invasion of Radio City.

We made a date to meet later at his rehearsal. I not only wanted to do a story about him, but there were quite a few facts I wanted to find out for myself—maybe you know them already. I hope not because the "Texas Triumph" is full of surprises. If variety is the spice of life, Plain John Boles turns out to be mighty well spiced. For instance, I didn't know that he was in the intelligence division in the war. Boles chasing spies is almost as incongruous as Boles teaching French in a girls' school. Well, he did both. He studied to be a doctor and ended up a baritone, but not before he had taken vocal lessons from the one and only Jean de Reszke in France.

Returning to this country he refused to start in the theater anywhere but at the top, and won the argument so thoroughly that he made his debut on Broadway as the leading gent in a great success, "Little Jesse James." Imagine me that day in 1927 being so engrossed in the fact that he had married that I never even asked what else he had done. Imagine his modesty when he didn't at least inform me that he had already made a hit in New York, in fact several hits. "Mercenary Mary" was another one. I couldn't know that he was the guy who was chosen above all others to be Geraldine Farrar's leading man in her only light opera venture, "Romany Love Spell," or that while he was in the midst of another success called "Kitty's Kisses," Gloria Swanson saw him and said, "Come West, young man, come West!" Gloria has always been a good picker. I think I'll write her letter of belated thanks for showing such good judgment years ago and proving how right she was this year when she and John Boles appeared together in "Music in the Air."

Of course I know now that the only reason I ever had the opportunity of being stupid enough not to grab the young baritone for my leading man was because he had just finished his first picture with Gloria, "Loves of Sunya," which was a silent one. Talkies were still in the Short Subject class and

John wanted to sing. I went abroad when the run of "Oh Kay!" ended. By the time I returned some time later John Boles had sung (and how!) in "The Desert Song." He was an established screen success.

I've watched his talking picture career with great interest and at times a certain amount of anxiety. It looked for a while after he had proved he could play a man of any age that he was inevitably to finish each film with white hair crowning a resigned and somewhat beaten brow. Suddenly and unexpectedly, as things are apt to happen in Hollywood, they lifted him from the middle age spread into which they had consistently shoved him with "Back Street," "Seed" and other dramatically depressing epics. Presto change! And in "My Lips Betray" we had again the Boles of "Rio Rita." I sighed happily as it seemed that we were to have the charming, debonair, singing Boles and then, doggone it, if they didn't drag him back to support "Vergie Winters" through that life of hers. Again with "Music in the Air" we had music in the heart but I wish some one would make up some one's mind and quit making him the Jekyll and Hyde of the studios. If he must grow old in films why not let him sing his way to age? A lot of good singers have done it in real life.

For his radio broadcast he played "Daddy Long Legs" and he was fine. I watched the rehearsal from the "control room," waiting for Daddy to burst into interpolated song, but no such luck. Daddy was splendid as he played his scenes with Helen Chandler, who was delightful in the role which Ruth Chatterton originated on the stage. Daddy was quite at ease and not in the least mike shy. He takes radio just as he must take whatever he wants, with the utmost ease, but in this case "without a song." When I questioned him after rehearsal about his not singing, he grinned, and grin is just what he does. A smile is an inadequate description of what happens on that map of Texas when Boles is amused.

"That's the idea," he said. "They'll expect me to sing, and if they want me to, and I get enough letters asking me to, maybe I'll come back again." Good sound logic. Another surprising quality to find lurking above a perfect profile. He was half kidding, because he added seriously, "I would like to sing really, but after all, the sponsor is the boss."

He didn't sing on the other broadcast either. He acted a radio version of "Seventh Heaven." Well, when he does send a song out over the ether waves he may find himself adding another career to his collection.

Meanwhile, personal appearances in the picture theaters are occupying his time between films. I think they may sound the knell of those "more to be pitied than scorned" heroes he has played. If enough people see John Boles in person they won't stand for his appearing as a meandering middle aged husband whose wife doesn't understand him. He is much better looking off than on the screen, due to coloring. I can't say he is rosy cheeked; he'd sue me. I don't dare say ruddy complexioned; it sounds too weather-beaten, but I can say that the only white one is conscious of is around the blue of the eyes and spreading practically across the face when he grins. Maybe I might risk saying he looks in the pink of condition, even if I never have quite known what that expression means.

"How do you keep so fit?" I asked looking at his "tinge."

"Don't think it's easy," said John, a bit wistfully. "I have to take mighty good care of myself. I can't dissipate at all, honest I can't." I don't know why the reassurance, unless I was looking as sympathetic as I felt. "I exercise a lot," he added. "You know I'm no kid." I couldn't help thinking how much better he looks than most of the kids and how swell it is to be in the very early thirties with such a jigsaw puzzle of experiences behind one and such a variety of paths ahead. I didn't ask him what his ambition is. I have a feeling he doesn't dally with daydreams of the future, but deals directly with the current objective. Nice man, Plain John Boles.

Most decidedly I resent those five wasted years. Would you all mind writing him letters that you want to hear him sing on the air? I would like to be sure that he will come back to Radio City.

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"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

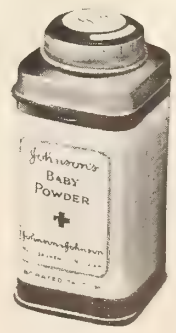


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". . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the results are wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and more. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth . . .

The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." C. M. L.

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On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 29*)

PRIVATE WORLDS
●
WANGER

Another one of the Ten Best, this Phyllis Bottome story has to do with a trio of extremely personable psychiatrists who, in their zeal to bring order out of mental chaos, quite over-look the fact that they're a "leetle teched in the haid" themselves! But . . . aren't we all?

Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea's capable assistant, due to the tragic death of her sweetheart in the World War, closes the "iron door" on her love life, and, not until Charles Boyer comes to take charge of the place, does she realize what she's been missing.

Boyer labors under a great mental strain because of his hare-brained sister who has recently been acquitted of murder. He is filled with complexes and defenses, and is a veritable woman-hater without quite knowing why.

To get even with the man who has taken the post he expected to occupy, Joel (married to Joan Bennett) thinks to get even with Boyer by plunging into a protracted amour with his (Boyer's) sister, Helen Vinson.

And, there you are . As fine a dish of squirrel food as you ever set a tooth into!

On the set, Claudette and Boyer were going through a scene. They were speaking of his sister's murder trial.

"I remember the case," Claudette said. "You were her only witness?"

Boyer turns away. "It was the least I could do," he said. "She . . . she's my sister . . ."

"But—she was acquitted!"

"Yes . . . the jury acquitted her." He faced her. "It hasn't been easy . . . the papers . . . everyone talking. And now—this—"

Claudette approaches him sympathetically. "I wouldn't feel that way about it," she said. "Of course, the matron's explosive, but . . . she doesn't mean anything by it. Suppose she did spread all over the hospital that you'd jeopardized your career . . . risked everything . . . to stand by your sister? Can anyone think any the less of you for it? Personally, I like you better."

Boyer, a bit eagerly, "You do?"

She nods. "You know, I was a little worried about you at first. It's a relief to know that you're . . . human . . ."

And, with that, she leaves the room.

"O.K.!" Director Gregory LaCava calls approvingly. And at that, Claudette smiles and steps out to get her nose powdered.

Previous to the final take, Claudette's lines rolled merrily along right up to the "personally, I like you better" speech. And right there, she just couldn't remember. Sensing her predicament, Boyer looked down at her, smiled mischievously and said: "Personally, don't you like me better?"

Which was good for a relieved giggle all around.

HOLD 'EM YALE!
●
PARAMOUNT

Damon Runyon may usually be depended upon for a cracking good yarn, and if this one holds up to the laugh sequence we watched them shoot, then you'd better go out and get yourselves fitted for a set of hysterics, r-rr-right now!

Seated around a table in the back room of a saloon, Warren Hymer, Andy Devine and William Frawley ad libbed until even director Sidney Lanfield rolled on the floor and howled with the rest of us!

Hymer has just finished telephoning. Putting up the receiver, he tells Frawley: "I've called every hotel in town and he ain't in none of 'em!"

"Humpf!" says Frawley. "That ain't the way to find that guy. You gotta call every dame in Philadelphia!"

"But . . . Hymer protests, "I don't know every dame in Philadelphia!"

Devine is diving into a plate of spaghetti (with sound effects!) when the door bursts open and Georgie Stone rushes in.

"Listen!" he says excitedly. "Them guys are gettin' tough! They want the ducats, right now, or else we gotta give 'em their dough back!"

"But we ain't got the ducats . . ." Frawley says. Andy slurps up a forkful of spaghetti. Frawley glares at him. "Why don't you try eatin' in the key of G for a while?" he growls.

"This ain't no time for wise-cracks!" Georgie howls. "What're we gonna do?"

"Well," Frawley says calmly, "I don't know what you guys are gonna do, but I got an aunt in China who's awfully fond of me."

"And with a little more practice," Hymer chips in, "I kin work the boats!"

After the take, Frawley suggests that he has a better line to substitute for the "key of G" gag.

"O.K., honeybunch," Lanfield agrees, "but I'd better tell you there are ladies on the set, so you won't run me into anything!"

So they go through it again, and when Andy slurps the spaghetti, Bill glares and snorts: "Why don't you get a nose bag?"

To get a shot of the action through the open door, Lanfield calls: "You . . . with the gray hat! Move over to the right. Your elbow is covering four women!"

"Lucky fella!" murmurs Devine. And then, mournfully regarding his fourth plate of spaghetti: "Gosh—this sure is a break for the people who invited me to dinner tonight!"

The story has to do with a gang of dim-wit ticket scalpers, whose gigolo pal, Cæsar Romero, makes a neat living off the society dames who fall right and left for his particular line of romantic chatter.

When Patricia Ellis, a society deb, runs away from home and moves in with the lads, just so she can be near her Big Moment, the boys are scared to death because it looks like they're on the spot for kidnaping.

Beating the law to the punch, they go to Pat's papa, explain the situation, and the old man is so tickled about it that he promises to pay them off if they'll fix up a busted romance between his daughter and Larry Crabbe, a not so hot football player.

Of course, the muggs go to town in their own inimitable fashion, gathering orange blossoms for Pat and Larry, and some much-needed mazuma for themselves.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
●
UNIVERSAL

And now that you're all warmed up, give a look toward yon burning mill and scream your head off! It's old maestro Karloff, himself! A bit singed, here and there, but still, really none the worse for the wear and ready to promote a brand new flock of first class ducky-bumps!

John Balderston, picking up the original story from where it left off, carries

on in an equally horrifying vein, softening the monster a bit and putting a few intelligible words into its mouth, just to be different.

Surviving the fire in the mill, Karloff murders half a dozen more innocent bystanders and wanders into a blind hermit's hut, attracted by the mellow tones of a violin. Unable to see his horrible visitor, the hermit bakes a cake, pours a cup of tea and, generally, treats his strange guest with proper respect. All of which impresses Karloff as being pretty swell and sorta brings out the best in him (if old Doc Pretorius put any in?).

To produce a mate for their original invention, Pretorius and Clive raid a vault, slay a village maiden, and collect the necessary materials via the most gruesome channels imaginable.

And then, after all their work, the incorporated damsel (Elsa Lanchester) takes one look at her prospective bridegroom and proceeds to shriek herself unconscious!

All of which makes Karloff so dern mad that he blows up the whole joint! And we'll bet there won't be enough pieces left out of the entire crowd to put together even a Frankenstein Mickey Mouse!

James Whale directs the shambles.

TIMES SQUARE LADY
•
M-G-M

If "The Object of My Affections" hasn't driven you stark, staring mad by now, you'll probably get a bang and a half out of listening to Pinky Tomlin (papa of the piece) put it over in his own inimitable manner.

All over the M-G-M lot, stars, extras, prop boys . . . everybody, in fact, is muttering in their respective beards, "she can go where she wants to go, do what she wants to do, I don't care!" . . . and why? Simply because when word gets 'round that Pinky is recording the number that made him famous, Director George Seitz has to hang out the S.R.O. sign on the "Times Square Lady" set, it's that crowded!

Bob Shannon and Al Cohen have draped a nice little story over the very active skeleton of the "object of Pinky's affections."

Virginia Bruce hops a freight out of Iowa, landing in Times Square with a definite idea of taking charge of her deceased father's interests in a flock of sporting enterprises.

All set to bilk our Nell out of her profitable inheritances, Robert Taylor, with no malice aforethought, falls in love with the beautiful blonde from Podunk.

Disgusted with the whole lay-out, the head gangster figures that Taylor will be better off out of his misery. But, before his henchmen can do our hero dirt. Nat Pendleton dashes to the rescue, shoves Bob out of danger and fixes everything so that there's nothing for the kids to say but . . . "I do!"

BECKY SHARP
A Pioneer Production
•
RKO-PATHE RELEASE

If there's any justice, then our third choice of the Ten Best can't be wrong?

Taken from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," done in color, with a cast of important names, and directed by Rouben Mamoulian, this should be in the Honorable Mention list . . . and no quibbling.

Snubbed by London society because of her doubtful ancestry, Miriam Hopkins (in the title role) secretly marries Alan Mowbray, nephew of the aristocratic Mrs. Leslie Carter, for whom she works.

When the news gets out, Mrs. Carter furiously washes her hands of the two of them, turning them out in the cold world to sink or swim. But Becky has a way with men, and, employing her wit and beauty to good advantage, manages to keep the matrimonial bark afloat with little difficulty.

A conscienceless little minx, Becky doesn't care where the money comes from, just so long as it comes, and, when her dearest friend's husband falls for her, Becky makes the most of his infatuation, financially.

Catching his wife in a compromising position with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mowbray tells her off and goes out of her life, forever. And that puts the skids under the really-good-at-heart Becky.

When she's right down at the bottom of the pile, Frances Dee, the girl friend, whose husband she has worked on, takes her home and gives the down-and-out Becky a new lease on life.

Unable to oust her philandering propensities, Becky carries on as of yore, and the curtain goes down as she starts an emotional campaign on Frances' fat brother.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE
•
M-G-M

No foolin', we've been haunted ever since we walked through the musty, dusty, gloomy old castle on the M-G-M lot, where all kinds of vampires, bats and nasty mans are supposed to hang out.

Standing there in the gloom, a mist of cobweb trailing from the feather on our hat, we turned suddenly to face old man Dracula and his horriferous daughter, Luna!

With one faint shriek, we picked up our heels, tripped over a dust-covered hassock and landed, gasping, at the feet of a clattering suit of armor! And did Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland ever laugh!

"O.K. for make-up!" grinned Director Tod Browning. "If it's that effective, I guess we're all ready to shoot!"

It would really be a shame to spoil your illusions by breaking down and telling the denouement of his blood-curdling tale, by Guy Endore and Bernard Schubert.

Suffice it to say that Bela and Miss Borland go around biting nice folks in the neck, robbing cemeteries and consorting with bats and ghouls until, if any of you get a good night's sleep after viewing this one, then you're a better man than I am.

In the first reel, Holmes Herbert is found dead, with two small wounds in his throat. His daughter, Elizabeth Allan, is engaged to Henry Wadsworth, and apparently, this state of affairs comes far from meeting with the approval of the vampires, because both of the kids are nearly annihilated before the mystery is cleared up and the villains are exposed.

Lionel Barrymore, Lionel Atwill, Jean Hersholt and others are with me in keeping you-all in the dark until the last five hundred feet of film have run through the sprockets.

PARIS IN SPRING
•
PARAMOUNT

All Hollywood has been holding its breath while waiting for the promised temperamental outburst between Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis, high-powered prima donna. But, to date, things have been running as smoothly as a brand new Rolls Royce.

Maybe it's Director Lewis Milestone's fault, because if there was ever a director who knew the whys and wherefores

(*Please turn to page* 60)

Beautiful Eyes **ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING**

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Black or Brown

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On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

(and how to cope with them) of temperamental players . . . Milestone is the lad.

Spurned by a Parisian night club queen (who really loves him all the time), Carminati goes to the top of Eiffel Tower, determined to end it all.

With one foot over the rail, he is surprised to discover Ida Lupino about to pull the same wing-ding, and, in trying to talk each other out of splashing up the boulevard, they get so interested that they forget what they came up there for in the first place.

Changing her mind about things, Miss Ellis dashes out to reclaim the love she has nearly shoved overboard, only to find that Tullio and Ida have decided that the two of them can live as cheaply as one.

Ida is heartbroken and Mary offers to join the convent with her. But, just in the nick of time, Carminati puts his foot in the door, yanks his beloved Mary into his strong arms and, with Ida realizing that she's loved a poor young poet all the time, the finish is all to the good.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON
•
UNIVERSAL

For picture purposes, Valerie Hobson was supposed to let out a terrified scream at the sight of Henry Hull in his werewolf make-up. And, when Werewolf Hull walked on the set, Miss Hobson did her part all right, turning loose a hair-raising scream that completely satisfied Director Stuart Walker. But, when the gal screamed again . . . and again, and kept right on screaming until there was nothing to do but take her to the studio hospital and administer a strong sedative, well . . . that's one on you, Dracula!

Hull, a famous floriculturist, treks into the wilds of Thibet for the purpose of securing a strange and rare "wolf flower" to add to his already startling collection.

It is a pale moonlit night, and just as he stoops to gather up one of the rare plants, a figure, half man, half wolf, slinks out of the shadows and bites him severely on the arm!

Back in London with his treasure, Hull is horrified to discover that . . . comes the full moon, he is transformed into a terrible, wolf-like beast, that gallops around murdering any female that crosses its path!

Meeting Warner Oland in one of his lucid moments, Hull recognizes in him the creature that bit him as he attempted to procure the wolf flower! And Oland, likewise afflicted, knows that the wolf flower is the only thing that can break up the horrible spell and make them normal again.

Of course, there is a battle for possession of the flower, with Oland carrying it off for himself, while Hull continues to haunt the streets on his murderous quest for human blood.

There is a Lon Chaney ending to the picture, with Hull shot down as he attempts to murder his own wife, leaving her to the tender mercies of the man she has loved since childhood.

WANDERLUST
•
WARNERS'

Remember the play, "Mary Jane's Pa," by Edith Ellis? Well, this is it. All dressed up with a new monicker, and going places.

Guy Kibbee plays "Pa," an itinerant printer whose itchy feet refuse to let him stay long in any one place. Leaving the old homestead, one fine spring day, Guy takes a run-out powder that practically makes an Enoch Arden out of him!

Returning to the fold, years later, he finds his wife, Aline MacMahon, on the wrong side of a political fence and just about ready to be sold down the river unless something can be done to swing the campaign the other way. And how Guy turns the trick and redeems himself should make for a good evening's entertainment.

Seated around the dinner table, Aline, her three children and a visiting politician are trying to do justice to the meal that Guy has cooked up.

The daughter, Nan Gray, makes a funny face, takes something from her mouth and stares at it in amazement.

"Mother!" she exclaims. "There's something in the hamburg!"

"What is it, dear?" Aline asks.

"It's a scrap of paper . . . with a letter on it . . . an 'A'!"

"Oh, dear . . ." Aline gasps. "This is terrible! I hope yours is all right, Mr. Brown?" anxiously.

"M-mm-m," mumbles the politician, removing something from his mouth. "I did find a few scraps of paper . . ."

So, Director William Keighley is satisfied with the take and, why should they do it again, even for us?

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THE CRUSADES
•
PARAMOUNT

DeMille is at bat again! With "yes-men" to right of him; "yes-men" to left of him, and the blue air filled with astounding and deserved superlatives!

C. B. is a hound for punishment, that we know. And instead of taking a nice long rest after sliding out from under the responsibility of "Cleopatra," he dove, head first, into extravagant preparations for this newest colossal venture.

The story, by Harold Lamb, deals with the romance of King Richard, the Lion Hearted, (Henry Wilcoxon) and Berengaria (Loretta Young).

Engaged to marry a princess (Katherine DeMille), Richard doesn't like the idea a little bit, and, to get his mind off his unpleasant alliance, he joins up with the Crusades.

With his men, he finds himself in the kingdom of Navarre without food. The king of that principality offers relief if Richard will marry his daughter, Berengaria, and, rather than see his men suffer, the lad agrees to the proposition, sight unseen.

But, when Loretta joins the crusades, only to be captured by the enemy, love comes to our lion hearted hero, and in getting her back, he all but tears the country apart!

While the story is simple, the production itself is a lu-lu. Five hundred harnesses, specially made after the fashion of the period, will be tacked on to the same number of snorting horses. The costumes are elaborate, and the settings are—well, you know our Mr. DeMille.

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER TWO
•
M-G-M

How about a little whipped cream, for a change?

Charlie Butterworth plays a meek little bookkeeper who doesn't know nuthin' and can prove it! To please his gay, ambitious wife, Una Merkel, he clumsily tries to stammer a raise out of the boss, with the result that "Charlie doesn't work there any more!" And them with a brand new automobile which Una has just bought on the strength of his raise.

Wandering around in a daze, Charlie gets tangled up with a bunch of gangsters. While they hold him captive, Una indignantly starts divorce proceedings, and feeling that he's "nuthin' but a nuthin'," Charlie forlornly digs up a piece of rope, deciding to end it all.

Probably the funniest scene in the whole picture is where the gang leader, Nat Pendleton, catches him trying to commit suicide and generously offers to show him just how it's done.

Meekly, Charlie sticks his head in the noose and, with Nat tangled in to the other end of the rope, here come the cops! Over hill and dale, Nat gallops, with the strangling Charlie dragging along behind! And, with the gang finally captured, the meek little bookkeeper gets all the credit for hanging on like a good fellow until the law could catch up with the fleeing Nat!

Raoul Walsh directs this story, taken from the play by Edgar Selwyn and William LeBaron.

PRINCESS O'HARA
•
UNIVERSAL

Maybe we're wrong, but it does seem that Director David Burton could be just a mite easier on the youngsters that are working for him in this Damon Runyon story.

Although, goodness knows, four-year-old Jimmy Fay is more than holding up his end of any argument that arises, so . . . maybe we are wrong!

After he had been instructed to do so-and-so, little Jimmy ups and did such-and-such, with the result that Mister Burton hit the ceiling in four directions, telling Jimmy off in no uncertain terms.

After Burton had finished and was trying to catch his breath, little Jimmy eyed him coolly and said, oh, very deliberately:

"Ex-cuse-me!" Just like that!

"Has Burton any children of his own?" we asked Chester Morris, star of the piece.

"No," Chet shook his head.

So—on to the story.

Chet, head of a big New York taxicab company, is pretty fond of Jean Parker and she of him until her father, who drives an old-fashioned hack, is killed accidentally in a taxi war.

Feeling that Chet is indirectly responsible, Jean goes cold on him, refusing any of his proffered aid toward helping make things easier for her and the three younger children.

To bring home a little bit of bacon, Jean steps into her Dad's shoes, driving the hack, and nicely, too, until the old horse gives up the ghost. And you know you can't get any place with a hack sans horsie.

Of course, Chet moves heaven and earth to get back in the girl's good graces and, after a series of beau gestes, Jean and Chet climb into the old hack and drive off into the setting sun. Or something.

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
•
WARNERS'

With this one not half a length away from the post, it was almost impossible to get anything definite on this production.

However, if it lives up to the precedent established by Alice Tisdale Hobart's book, of the same name, then we're bound to number it among our list of the Ten Best.

Pat O'Brien will be seen in the role of the young American college man who constantly sacrifices himself to advance the interests of the American oil company, for which he works, in China.

To increase the sale of oil, Pat invents a little lamp that is given free to the Chinese, who, up until now, have been seeing their way around with old-fashioned tapers.

It's a great stunt, and the way business picks up is a caution. You'd think Pat would be given a pile of credit, wouldn't you? Well, we're both wrong, because it seems that the more he breaks his nice neck for the company, the less good its does him.

Finally, after being put in the dog house for risking his life to quell a fire that has broken out in the vicinity of the tanks, Pat is disgusted enough to drop everything, and the heck with it.

But Josephine Hutchinson, his patient and adoring wife, gets behind her man's lagging spirit and encourages him to plug along . . . for her and the baby.

Mervyn LeRoy cracks the directorial whip.

STOLEN HARMONY
•
PARAMOUNT

After being sadly disappointed in "Rumba," we're a little scared to spot definitely this one. But then, our old grandpa always said as how it's always darkest just before dawn.

It's a Vera Caspary story about the kidnaping of a prominent orchestra while the B-flat-ers, jug-blower-into-ers, etc., are traveling cross-country in a bus, and is different enough to be interesting.

Willing to give George Raft a break, in spite of the fact that he's fresh out of the hoose-gow, Ben Bernie takes the lad into his orchestra.

Running across the old gang and realizing that they are out for no good, Raft plays up to the villains, putting up with the mistrust of the whole band and Grace Bradley, because he figures he can do more for his saxophone pals by keeping an eye on the dirty doings.

In a position to be smart, George outwits the bandits, driving them smack into the police station and turning them over after an exciting gun battle in which he himself is wounded.

They were getting ready to shoot a scene between Raft, Bernie and Grace Bradley.

"Go over and get the back of your neck made up," Director Al Werker told the Olde Maestro. "That's about all we'll be seeing of you in this one!"

Bernie is a comedian in his own right, and one of the funniest sequences is the situation where the gang has the band in a deserted old farm house, forcing the ensemble, at gun-point, to do their stuff until the lads are plumb exhausted.

One of the numbers, "Fagan, Youse Is a Viper," is a stand-out.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT
•
RKO

William Powell is doing a little sleuthing again, if you don't mind. And, recalling the good old days of Philo Vance, you really shouldn't, you know.

On the trail of a missing woman, Bill meets up with Ginger Rogers, a society beauty, who, for the thrill of the thing sets out to help him clear up the mystery.

Almost on the heels of the guilty man, Powell runs into Russell Hopton, a newspaper man, and just as Hopton is telling what he knows about the missing lady . . . Bang! Bang! . . . there's one less cub to lend money to!

It's all very mysterious, with everybody looking guilty, even Powell himself.

Inasmuch as this is one of the Arthur Somers Roche stories we must have overlooked, there's no telling (on our part) just how the thing turns out. And,

(*Please turn to page* 62)



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is something you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

• • • •

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

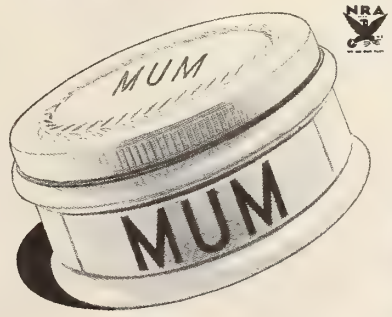
It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50c the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar*

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Mail this Coupon to Box 100
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On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 61)

with a fiendish delight in tormenting us, that nice director, Stephen Roberts, just grins and says: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

So, tearing a few strands out of our new permanent, and gnawing away at a fifty cent manicure, you . . . and you . . . and especially I, will have to wait and find out. Sorry.

EIGHT BELLS
•
COLUMBIA

Here is a meaty tale, from the pen of Percy S. Mandley, with a storm at sea, a freighter periled, mutiny aboard and, of course, a sweet little romance that ties the whole thing together.

Demoted to position of first officer on his own ship because Ann Sothern's papa wants to give her fiancé a chance to show off, Ralph Bellamy takes it just about as hard as any of us would.

To be with her prospective husband, Ann and her auntie stow away aboard the lugger, and when Ralph discovers them, boss's daughter or no boss's daughter, he sticks out that Arrow Collar chin of his and proceeds to be as disagreeable as possible.

When the fiancé stubbornly runs the freighter into a nasty storm, Bellamy tries to straighten out the damage, but, by the time Ann's boy friend realizes his mistake, it's almost too late to do anything but swim for it.

With only one remaining life boat, the boy friend drives the frantic crew into near-mutiny by suggesting that the two gals and ten men (himself included) go over the side and pull for the shore.

Seeing her emotional error, Ann refuses to run, and the crew, heartened by her example, change their minds and stay aboard to take the one chance in a hundred.

After it's all over and the cargo safely landed, Ann goes to the strong, silent Ralph, apologizes for her attitude and throws herself into his arms.

MACFADDEN'S FLATS
•
PARAMOUNT

You vaudeville patrons must remember the times you have rolled in the aisle at the droll humor of Walter Kelly, billed as the "Virginia Judge."

Well, here he is in the role of the Irish bricklayer who rises to a position of importance as an apartment house builder and owner, in this Gus Hill story.

Between Kelly and Andy Clyde, the Scotch barber friend who is always coming to Kelly's rescue (financially) the company, technicians, prop men, and all are having a tough time keeping their hard-boiled faces straight while the cameras are rolling.

Between scenes, Kelly and Jane Darwell, his picture missus, sat by an old-fashioned dining table and discussed dogs.

Miss Darwell has half a dozen of them . . . "nothing fancy," she warned the interested Kelly, "just plain mutts, most of them. But, I love every hair on 'em, bless their faithful hearts!"

In the picture, Kelly's daughter, Betty Furness, is in love with Dick Cromwell, the barber's son. All is smooth until the Kellys decide she should have a little social polish, and then comes the revolution.

Going a bit high hat, Betty is ashamed to have her fine friends see Pop in overalls and carrying a gold hod as he leads the grand parade of hod carriers.

But, when it develops that the father of the society lad she's trekking around with has been raised along with Pop Kelly near the railroad, things take a turn for the better . . . and funnier.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE
•
M-G-M

More mystery . . . can you take it? . . . with the Continental Paul Lukas doing the deducting and general Philo-Vancing as the author, S. S. Van Dyne, likes it.

Called in to investigate some very funny goings-on, Lukas finds himself in the middle of an eccentric family as well as some mysterious circumstances.

Alison Skipworth, her brother, Arthur Byron, and her son, Donald Cook, all carry on in a very peculiar fashion. The only one in the place who seems to be all there, is Rosalind Russell, secretary to Skipworth, and the minute Paul lays eyes on the gal . . . Pop! goes his heart!

When Byron hands a glass of water to his nephew, the kid tosses it off and falls to the floor, almost poisoned to death! And, while they're rushing for a stomach pump, word comes that his wife, Louise Henry, has been murdered!

Shortly after that, Skipworth is found with a bullet in her head and a phony suicide note, confessing to the murder of her daughter-in-law. Paul finally runs down the real murderer, and . . . will you be surprised?

Snooping around the joint, Paul surprises the maid, Louise Fazenda, tiptoeing around, very suspicious-like.

"Ah-ha, Becky!" he says. "I'm afraid I've caught you 'inflagrante delicto'!" or something.

"No, sir!" declares Louise. "It's a cape, that's what it is!" She fluffs the feathers and goes to look at herself, proudly, in the bathroom mirror. "I always wanted a cape," she sighs. "Miss Virginia said I could have it. It's shedding, anyhow . . ." defiantly.

And . . . "Cut!" says Director Marin.

SPRING IN PARIS
•
R-K-O

Anatole France named this "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," but we'll take "Spring in Paris" and like it!

All his life, O. P. Heggie has searched fruitlessly for a much-desired book, "The Golden Legend." Looking over his old treasures, he discovers a note from an old sweetheart, and is surprised to find that it has been written on the back of a page, torn from the very volume he covets!

Hurrying to Lusance, he learns that his sweetheart is dead, but that her daughter, Anne Shirley, is being held in a girls' school, because her guardian has caught her writing love verses!

Then comes the "crime"! Because her life at the school is very unhappy, Anne persuades Heggie to take her away.

Finding them out, Anne's mean old guardian threatens to prosecute Heggie unless the old fellow will auction off all his precious books and give the proceeds to him as sort of bribe.

Right in the middle of the auction, an old friend dashes in with a copy of "The Golden Legend" that he has got cheap from a thief who stole it from the library, years ago. And, who do you think is the crook? Why, nobody but Anne's disagreeable guardian!

Which puts the old meanie right where he belongs; which fixes everything up swell for Anne and Heggie; and which brings us to the place where we must say "That's all there is . . . there isn't any more" . . . until next time.



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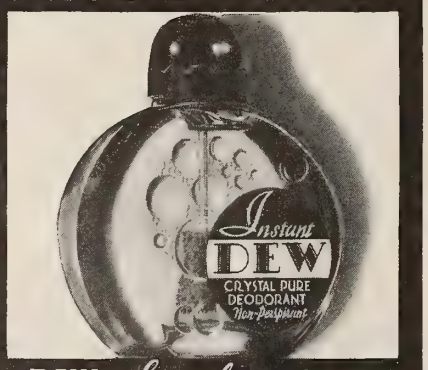
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The Talkies Are Walkies

(*Continued from page* 6)

current Amazonian tradition; her short, dainty steps are utterly feminine.

Sylvia Sidney carries her small, voluptuous body proudly erect, and walks as sinuously as a Persian cat.

There was a time when Myrna Loy was adept at slinking with Oriental mystery. Now, in the comic spirit, she glides blithely, as if on wheels.

The buxom Blondel's vigorous trot finds a lazier likeness in plump Una Merkel's gait, while the slender Colbert is our feminine sprinting champion. Remember her wedding-veil streaming behind her on that mad flight across the lawn in "It Happened One Night"? It wasn't her first screen marathon.

Jimmy Cagney's quick steps are not so characteristic as his curious, backward-leaning posture.

Lee Tracy walks as a bat flies, in erratic swoops and darts, an accompaniment to the crackling energy of his speech.

Jack Oakie has the hoofer's happy feet. They betrayed his identity even when his face was hidden beneath the grotesque mask of Tweedledum of Wonderland. Will Cagney's walk and posture likewise betray him when he plays the donkey-headed *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"?

Ronald Colman as Bulldog Drummond dashed about with exaggerated gallantry, but in his serious roles his walk is slouching, diffident, unassuming.

Strangely enough, the screen's most graceful males happen to be two gentlemen who are noted more as excellent character actors than vendors of charm.

There is Victor McLaglen, who carries his two hundred-odd pounds with military ease. His light, springy swagger brings a healthy tang of adventure even into the clownish roles he is too often cursed with.

And Chester Morris won his first fame in portraying a sleek, well-mannered young man whose walk betrayed an essential violence of character. His broad, sloping shoulders swing to a forceful rhythm. His wiry, compact body moves with jungle-cat grace.

That sly little minx Hopkins' sprightly trot is harmonious with her piquant personality. But it also knows that Miriam has studied under Professor Lubitsch, who knows how to make comedy of pure motion.

Of course, Ernst is using players who already have a sense of rhythm. It wasn't an amateur who tap-danced so torridly in "She Loves Me Not." Miriam Hopkins once dreamed of a dancer's career, but a broken ankle made her concentrate on acting. And Maurice Chevalier waltzes so suavely because he was a famous dancer, until war-injuries turned his ambitions into another channel. Even now, he dances and acts his songs, more than he sings them.

Lubitsch weaves walking into the glittering fabric of his comedies—in the sombre pattern of Josef Von Sternberg's lavish camera work, walking is a recurring motif. Dietrich learned to express emotion and character through her intense pacing. George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent, who played in Von Sternberg's silent "Underworld," are remembered as dark figures walking, mind directed toward one object, stalking in search of love or revenge.

Since motion is the essence of motion pictures, it isn't strange that so many have walked to stardom.

Laurels for Hardy

(*Continued from page* 25)

In one of our pictures, for example, a buzz-saw cut my Ford in two and nearly did the same for me. At another time I tore the ligaments of my arms and back by falling six feet, nothing to speak of so far as distance went, but something of a strain on my two hundred and eighty pounds. That laid me up for six weeks. A little later I fell thirty-five feet from a thirteen-story building—my unlucky floor—but luckily my pants caught on a hook. Maybe that's why I'm a fatalist."

"Have you had pneumonia?" I hopefully inquired.

"Yes," he breathed, "but I didn't get it in a picture. I'm all right so long as I keep out of warm water. I insist upon having cold water to fall into—in fact, it's stipulated in my contract."

"Ever had a bad scare?"

"Once," he gulped. "But that wasn't in a picture, either, it was in Glasgow. Stan and I went abroad on what we thought would be a pleasure trip, but the next thing we knew we were making personal appearances for nothing, and that's no pleasure. As our train wasn't due at Glasgow till half-past ten at night we didn't think there'd be anybody to meet us. But there was a terrific crowd at the station. I'm not saying this to brag, but just to show you what we ran into. Those people meant well, but there was no holding them back. We never expected to reach the station alive, and when we finally did make it most of our clothes were torn off. They took everything we had on us for souvenirs, even Stan's wrist-watch, but it was returned next day. After that experience we didn't dare leave the hotel together—it wasn't safe."

"Then a comedian's life is a serious business?"

"Most of it," he nodded. "Our only relaxation together is working in pictures, and even making comedies is serious, for they're a matter of making serious things funny. When we aren't working we take our fun separately. I love golf, but Stan hates it. He likes to fish, and goes off with only a can of worms for company."

At this point the lone fisherman ambled back, grinning broadly. Let it be said that Laurel does all his crying in pictures. Out of them he's a happy lad, a merry Andrew laughing at life. It was only between laughs that I now managed to get this out of him:

"For years in pictures I was a terrible flop. I did things without thinking, giving the mannerisms of a character instead of the character itself. Then, not knowing what was wrong with me, I gave up the idea of being a comic. I was just screwy. So I decided to learn the business from a director's and a writer's angle, and worked at Roach's, where I'd been a star, as a comedy writer. First of all, I had to Americanize my sense of humor. Some English comedians who come over here don't

(*Please turn to page* 64)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

. . . yet 8 out of 10 don't

You may wear rubies and ermine, the latest Paris gown, a seductive perfume—you may have every exquisite accessory. BUT if you don't know how to powder your face, you're cruelly handicapped from the start.

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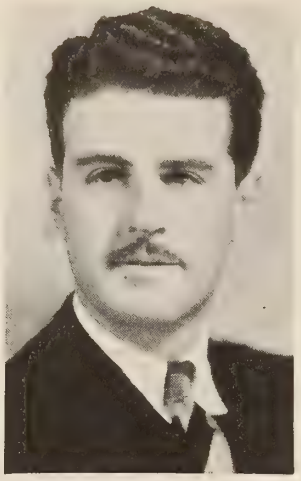
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Douglas Shearer

KING OF SOUND

YOU have seen his name upon the silver screens of America hundreds of times, yet you haven't the slightest idea of what he looks like. His name is as synonymous with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as the famous lion of Culver City, and yet he remains an even greater enigma than Garbo! Outside of the fact that he is Norma Shearer's brother little else is known of him.

What Irving Thalberg is to production, Douglas Shearer is to sound. On the lot where Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Helen Hayes run the gamut of emotions, he is regarded as the big mogul of what makes the movies talk. His is the last word on how the dialogues they speak shall sound to your ears. In his own realm he is King supreme, and ranks even higher in his work than Norma Shearer does in hers!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the only motion picture company he has ever worked for. He went there shortly before the movies found their voice, and is about to complete a ten year record. He has read about the Depression, but he has no reason to believe there was one. Originally a civil engineer in Canada, having no interest whatsoever in Art, he was drawn to the work by watching the frequent appearances of his famous sister.

With the advent of talkies he saw his chance to apply his knowledge to pictures in a scientific way. It was the wedding of Science to Art, with himself in the role of minister. That the marriage has been a successful one is an undisputed fact. The company for which he works regards him with such high opinion that they pay him the salary of a great star.

His office is a laboratory of voices. From his desk he is able to hear the dialogue that is being spoken on a dozen studio sets. It is his business, besides supervising every foot of sound film made in the studio, to criticize the voices of the players, and to find the proper key pitch for them.

When a performer is called upon to sing, and cannot, it is Mr. Shearer's job to dub another voice into the sound track with such perfection that the deception cannot be detected by even the most observing spectators. In his trade there are a thousand tricks—and he knows them all. He has five senses, even as you and I—but he is only interested in one. Voice! He is happily married. His wife can talk as much as she likes. He always listens. You see, his business is sound!

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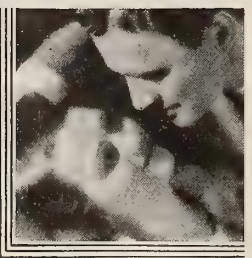


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Laurels for Hardy

(*Continued from page* 63)

know what it's all about, and I was one of them. It was not until I turned to writing that I knew anything about comedy. Before that I just worried my head off for nothing."

"Do you ever worry now?"

"Yes, trying to get intelligent comedy. It was only an emergency that brought me back to acting. Hardy was already established at the Roach studio with another comedian. But at the last moment a change had to be made, so I jumped in and played with Babe in a story I'd written."

You'd never suspect it, seeing him on the screen, but he has to do a lot of thinking.

"Whatever else they may be, the characters we play are not the 'fresh' type," he was proud to say. "This is the one thing we always keep in mind. We do our best to make them sincere. If, for instance, we are papering a room we really try to do it. Most of all, we try to show we have a good reason for what we are doing. Once in a while, in my part, I get an intelligent idea, and Hardy goes for it. It's that single flash of intelligence that makes us want to better ourselves. We really want to get on Easy Street, but we can't make the grade. We start out with a real idea, then ball it up. In the beginning we're fine, in the end we're a mess. But there's never a bad thought in our minds. We want to help each other, just as so many people do, but somehow everything we do is wrong."

"Do you ever feel the need of romance in your pictures?"

"No," he howled. "If there's any 'feminine interest' in one of our comedies we're always married, you may have noticed, when the picture opens. We take no chances. We have wives right from the start—God knows how we ever got them!"

"That's just what I think about it, too," agreed Hardy.

Meanwhile I wondered what they thought about each other. To find out, I used all my low cunning to maneuver them apart.

Said Laurel: "Hardy inspires me. He is like the character he portrays because of certain individual traits. To me he is refreshing, so darned human! His humor lies in the funny way he thinks. I can look at him and know just what he is thinking. His moods are very funny to me, the moods of a born comedian."

Said Hardy: "Laurel is the most unselfish man that ever lived and the funniest man in the world, as a comedian, as a writer, and as a human being. He is so distinctive that he stands absolutely alone. He doesn't depend upon funny clothes to make him funny, he is funny in himself. And I have sense enough to stand back and let him be funny."

Yes, they really like each other.

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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 31)

WE told you Paramount was having all the fun this month. Nemo got close enough to sniff at real royalty the other day on the set of Bing Crosby's new picture, "Mississippi." In fact, we were standing right behind Jimmy Dugan, the assistant director, when Lord and Lady Byng streamed-lined onto the scene to get an eyeful of Hollywood picture-making tactics.

"Whosit?" Dugan muttered into our good ear.

"Lord and Lady Byng, of England!" we hissed.

"Ah-hh-h!" says Jimmy, almost loud enough to be heard, we're afraid. "Byng! Byng! Here comes the British!"

•

MAYBE he doesn't drink . . . or maybe we do it differently these days. Anyhow, it was a kick, watching Director Elliott Nugent show his nice old poppa, J. C., how to play drunk in a scene for "Love in Bloom!"

•

THAT Gary Cooper is the funniest fellow. Cutting paper ducks is nothing! You should have seen him in full dress, even to top hat, squatting on a three-legged stool while he dexterously milked a contented cow!



But we mustn't be too hard on Gary. Anna Sten was slated to do the milking for a scene in "The Wedding Night" and, after the entire company and crew had denied all knowledge of the bovine intricacies, Mister Cooper was dragged from his dressing room to deliver a lecture—with gestures—on milking!

Three cheers for Montana!

•

WE'VE listened to things like this with our tongue in our cheek, but, so help us, this is the McCoy!

Francis Lister's pretty wife was having one mean time with an impacted wisdom tooth, and, good Boy Scout that he is, Francis took the little woman to a dentist and stood by while the D.D. did a bit of excavating.

Next morning, Mister Lister woke up to greet a badly swollen jaw in his shaving mirror, and upon dashing down to the same dentist, discovered that *he* had an impacted wisdom tooth!

"Do I feel silly!" he said. "Thirty-five years old and still cutting teeth! It must be a case of arrested development?"

•

DON'T let anyone tell you it isn't Love!

Because the boy friend, Bill Powell, was working the other day, we inveigled Jean Harlow into playing a couple of rounds of golf. Twenty minutes after the hour of our appointment, Jean wandered onto the course, looking exactly like "what the well-dressed lady golfer will wear", but with that certain far-away look in her eyes.

"What are you gonna do?" we wailed. "Kick it around?"

And, snapping out of her daze, Jean discovered she'd forgotten her clubs!

Ah, April!

Jean, lor' bless 'er! hasn't got a bit of use for high heeled shoes. If she has to wear the things for picture purposes, the minute a scene is finished she scoots up to her dressing-room, kicks 'em off and indulges in an ecstatic bit of toe-wriggling.

FREDRIC MARCH has the most colossal new portable dressing-room we've ever laid our good eye on! Not colossal in size, because the thing is only about eight feet square, but colossal in content, on account of it has a Frigidaire, hot and cold running water, double electric plate, radio, clothes closet, full-length dressing mirror with a string of built-in electric lights all around it, a super-soft divan, even a lavatory!!



The elaborate dressing-room on wheels was a gift to the versatile Freddie from Darryl Zanuck, and all the March lad has to do is sit in front of his dressing mirror, wash his hands, turn on the radio and fry himself a couple of eggs, without moving from the spot!

•

SAM GOLDWYN is very modest about the myth surrounding his alleged mispronunciations and general verbal gymnastics.

Any time an amusing incident concerning badly twisted grammar arises, it's Goldwyn who gets the by-line. And, believe it or not, Sam gets as much kick out of the stories as the rest of us!

Probably the most famous gag of all is the one wherein Sam is supposed to have cracked: "I can answer you in two words . . . im-possible!"

That is Sam's favorite, along with the one that quotes him as saying: "You can include me—out!" but Sam (modest fellow!) generously declines the honor.

"If I were capable of such priceless wit as they pin on me, I'd sell my share in this business and get myself one of those $2500-a-week jobs writing dialogue," he says positively. So, in the future, don't you believe a word of it!

•

AS "Jean Valjean," in the Victor Hugo classic, "Les Miserables," Freddie March is taking a lot of real punishment.

The day we visited him was a hot one and while Fred sweltered under a matted wig and twelve-inch whiskers, he sadly inspected the welts on his back and shoulders, received when the over-enthusiastic guards belabored him with yucca clubs, in the galley scene.

"Boy! Those are daisies!" we murmured sympathetically. "Bet you laid for the guys that delivered those smudges?"

"They didn't mean it," he said generously. "Besides, it made good picture."

Did you say you wanted to be a movie star, Elmer?

WHEN Director W. S. Van Dyke accidentally called Jeanette MacDonald "kid," on the set the other day, everybody looked at everybody else to see what would happen. But, Miss MacDonald came right back with "O.K., cutie!" and when Woody got a turnover on his respiration you could hear his hearty guffaw clear up by the front gate!

Now, he swears he's going to try it on Garbo!

•

Van's Schnauzer, "Boy," has just about come to the conclusion that he must have halitosis, or something. All

(*Please turn to page* 66)

Like the most expensive silver

. . . IT HAS ALL THE SMART NEW FEATURES



WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. Beautiful Prevent-Tarnish Tuck-Away or Chest, regular $5.00 value.

. . . including the fashionable Viande* Knives and Forks, yet this lovely Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate costs so little!

NEVER before has there been such luxurious quality at so low a price. Rich designs, heavy silverplate, flawless satin finish!

A service for eight costs only $28.25. Later you can add such necessary pieces as Cream Soup Spoons, Salad Forks and Butter Spreaders. These and many other articles are available in all Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate—at prices correspondingly low.

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BLACKHEADS and blemishes are due to clogged pores. Clear them up by getting pores clean to their depths with the liquid cleanser, Ambrosia. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor who studied the use of Ambrosia by women with poor complexions reported:

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If your skin is oily or sallow, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. Particles in this cream are 11 times finer than particles in milk. Thus it penetrates, replenishes oil, ends dryness, smooths lines.

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need no longer mar your appearance. The antiseptic and astringent action promotes healing and renders an exquisite complexion which conceals permanent blemishes.



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Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU----------

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 132, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 65*)

day long, he sits on the set, watching his master do his stuff, and forlornly wondering why all his old friends pass him by without even a pat on the head?

"Van," it seems, is training him not to be friendly with strangers, and on his collar is a sign that reads: "Please do not pet me!"

•

IF there's a gasp left in you, you might as well use it on Joan Crawford's new gown. We saw her wearing it at Norma Shearer's party for Helen Hayes, and, believe you us, the gal stopped the show!

She tells us it's a Hattie Carnegie model, which doesn't mean much to this old timer, but, we do know this . . . it's made of jet sequins, very tailored and entirely black, except for white piqué collar and cuffs.

•

DURING rehearsals of "Merrily We Roll Along," Douglass Montgomery has been experimenting with the thirteen changes of make-up he will be obliged to wear in the play.

Made up as a middle-aged man, Doug dashed out to lunch one day, and found himself recognized, in spite of all, by two young girls.

"Gosh," one of the girls remarked, "they sure get away with murder in pictures, don't they? He must be forty if he's a day! But, he does look sorta distinguished, don't you think?"

•

IT'S nice work, if you can get it . . . . . Working on a set, decorated entirely in cellophane, Hal Mohr (Evelyn Venable's mister) saw a piece of the stuff go up in flames and, realizing that the place would be a roaring furnace in no time at all, grabbed the burning paper and threw it to the floor, putting it out before any damage could be done.

Now, with a pair of badly burned hands, Hal is wondering if it pays to be a Good Samaritan.

•

ON "The Wedding Night" set, Anna Sten and Ralph Bellamy sat themselves under a spreading oak tree and prepared to go to town with a basket of Russian lunch (cheese, Russian rye bread, salami, dill pickles and sauerkraut, to *you*).

"All right," Director King Vidor said, "Camera! . . . Action! . . . EAT!" and Sten and Bellamy "et" . . . with a vengeance, too!

"Cut!" yelled Vidor. But, with the camera at ease, the two hungry brats kept right on eating! Nobody could stop 'em!

So—there went all the props! But Vidor got even. *After* lunch, he made the two go through the scene again . . . AND again . . . until, now, neither one of the stars can look a dill pickle in the face without squirming!

•

WITH the signing of a brand new Paramound contract, Dean Jagger, the good-looking lad who looks as though he might be going places, hopped a plane and dashed back East to take himself out of circulation.

If it hadn't been for a nasty blizzard, he might have made it all right, but the elements conspired to do him wrong and the prospective bride, Antoinette Lowrance, was kept waiting at the church until the impatient Dean could beat his way through the snow, arriving at the "I do" point on the following evening.



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We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. See for yourself. No risk this way. Mail coupon for Free Test.

---MARY T. GOLDMAN---

913 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Color of your hair?.....

JUST for the fun of it, Clark Gable took the skins of all those cougars he bagged last year, and had a snazzy coat made out of them. On a hunch, he tossed it into his over-night bag just before leaving on location to the snowy Northwest, and is *he* ever glad? The first day out, the company ran into one of the worst blizzards of the year and Clark, all buttoned up in his baby bunting skin, thought it was June until he cracked a couple of icicles off his moustache!

•

UNLESS she wants to look like the sawed-in-half-woman, Jean Harlow has decided to give up her daily golf game while working on the strenuous dance routines in her new picture. Being just right to start with, the effects of the vigorous work-outs were putting our platinum pal's gorgeous waistline in the limbo of lost things. The poor girl couldn't even eat an olive with any comfort!

So . . . until the hoofing sequences are made, Jean's clubs can sit on the shelf and get back their strength.

•

WE'RE a bit skeptical, but Franchot Tone swears his new coupe is so long that he has to pay double rate at the parking stations.

•

WORKING on location, near the Universal studios, Charlie Chaplin hied himself to the U. commissary for a noontime snack, wearing the baggy clothes, derby hat, and tiny moustache that are his personal accessories to fame.

Seated among the great and near-great, Charlie found himself as alone as Peter the hermit! Nobody recognized our greatest little comedian! Waitresses served and ignored him—even the executive old-timers passed him without a second glance . . .

After lunch, Chaplin joined the crowd around the dice game tables and looked on for a while. One of the boys noticed him and exclaimed:

"Boy! That's a swell make-up!! If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were Charlie Chaplin!"

•

GARBO Talks! Garbo SMILES! And now . . . GARBO STEPS OUT! Yessir, folks—the Lady of Silence broke down, put on her best bib and tucker and joined the Max Reinhardt party at the Trocadero the other night!

That Garbo should be previewing the Troc was the farthest from Mike Pearman's thoughts, so, when the precocious feller caught a glimpse of what he thought to be the back view of Lil Damita's coiffure, over he dashed, slapping the lady on the back and yelling: "Hello, Toots!!"

When the slap-ee turned around and proved herself to be Garbo, smiling kindly, there was nothing for the goggle-eyed Mike to do but collapse. And HOW he did it!

•

BETWEEN Edmund Lowe and Howard Hughes, it's hard to tell just which way the wind blows for Marian Marsh.

If it's lunch with Eddie, it's dinner with Hughes . . . and vice versa. But, we do know this—when the millionaire playboy producer took off for New York, it was Marian who broke all engagements to drive him to the flying field and see that he was tucked in, all comfy and everything! So-oo-o . . . fool around with that, Watson.

•

AND here's another surprise for the month! Dick Powell, who has been carving his and Mary Brian's initials in every available tree trunk to date, slipped out for a bit of dinner and dancing with

our current heart-throb, Virginia Bruce, the other evening.

But, far be it from us to cast aspirin at Hollywood's most Perfect Romance. We still think thar's wedding bells in the offing for Mary and Dick.

•

THIS ought to kill you . . .

Stopped by a motorcycle cop for speeding in her brand new car, Sally Eilers handed over her driver's license without even arguing and waited patiently while the minion of the law fumbled in half a dozen pockets for a pencil. There was no pencil. So the nervy guy asked Sally for the loan of hers!

Very sweetly, Miss Eilers informed him that she never carried a pencil, and that should have been that. But, when the stubborn cop stepped out in the street to flag other drivers in his Pursuit of a Pencil, Sally gave up, handed him her eye-brow pencil—and thus was the ticket inscribed!

•

SO, what do you think? With Pat O'Brien away on location, the missus is going places with your favorite comedian, Edward Everett Horton!! Tck, Tck! That is, tck, tck, until we laid eyes on a notarized affidavit, sent by Pat to whom it may concern, and stating that it's his own idea to keep the little woman from getting lonesome!

•

THE night before Fred Keating went to the hospital for a major operation, his business manager thought it might be a good idea to take the lad's mind off the coming ordeal. So, they played double solitaire at one buck per game. Fred beat his business boss seven games, hand-running, and, whether it was the Scotch in him, or just a follow-up on the original idea, the manager didn't pay off.

Anyhow, Fred was carted into the operating room still yelling for his seven bucks, and nothing but a good stiff anesthetic could shut him up!

•

WHEN Fritz Leiber was the headline attraction in a Shakespearian road show, nine-year-old Paul Kelly was getting the seat of his Sunday pants warmed for boring holes in the scenery (of the same troupe) with an auger out of the tool chest Lieber had given him for Christmas!

So when Fritz came to Hollywood, he and Paul got together and did a flock of plain and fancy reminiscing. They visited the Hollywood Bowl, and, to get a rough idea of the acoustic properties of the place, Leiber climbed up on the platform, directed Kelly to the last row of seats, and orated: "To be, or not to be . . .!" to practically empty space!

Incidentally, when the Kellys' new English maid spied a profile photo of Paul on her mistress's dressing table she let out a whoop and screeched: "O-oo-o-oo . . . the Prince of Wales!"

So while Paul's standing there, not knowing whether to register joy or sorrow, Tizzie scoops up another front view picture (same guy) and carries it off, muttering something about "it h'ain't fitten, it h'ain't, for a h'ordinary 'uman to be a-settin' right next to 'is Royal 'ighness!!"

•

BITTEN by the racing bug (as who of us out here hasn't been?) Joan Bennett shopped around and bought herself a neat looking plug by the name of "Rattle Brain."

It was the baby's very first race, and in the line-up at the post, "Rattle Brain" looked as good as any of 'em. But, by the time it was all over, the jockey's gray and American Beauty blouse, sash and cap were a California-dried-mud color, and "Rattle Brain" had more dust in its eyes than any other horse on the track!

GEORGE BREAKSTONE, another young English boy who is finding success in Hollywood, is getting tired of making people cry. He has always played little boys who get sick and die.

"Gee, if I could just make 'em laugh, Nemo!" he says.

As a birthday present, George's mother gave the kid a ten-dollar bill.

"What are you going to do with all that dough?" we wanted to know. "Load up on ice cream and candy? Buy marbles? Or an air gun?"

"Heck, no!" he snorted. "That's sissy stuff! I'm gonna put this away and keep on saving 'til I've got enough to get a real Colt automatic!"

Here come the British again!

•

BEN ALEXANDER tells us a good one on those two happy newlyweds, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers.

Shortly after the wedding, the kids purchased a ranch. It was a swell ranch, and, in spite of the fact that they found themselves saddled with a squatter, an old fellow who had moved in and refused to move out, they went ahead with their plans to redecorate the place.

While waiting for the ranch to be fixed up, Lew and Ginger took a house in Beverly Hills. With that domestic appreciation of a grate fire, Lew sent his chauffeur out to get a load of wood, and the wood the fellow brought back was of such a superior grade that Lew didn't mind paying three prices for it.

One foggy day when the chauffeur started out for another load of fuel, Lew decided to trek along, just for the ride. So, what do you think?

So off they drove, straight to Lew's very own ranch! And was the bridegroom perturbed to find out that he'd not only been burning his own wood, but paying a good stiff price for it.

•

THREE cheers for that swell trouper, Billie Burke!

When she was appearing on the stage of the El Capital, some children sent their autograph books back-stage to be signed. One youngster tucked a little note in her's, that read: "My mother says you have freckles and don't mind. Is this true? I have freckles."

Miss Burke wrote back—"Yes, my dear, I have freckles and don't mind a bit. I am sure God knows what suits each person best. Wear your freckles proudly, child."

•

NED SPARKS was showing Arline Judge an old photograph of the mining camp where he once lived for six months.

"What's the idea of that sign on your tent . . . 'Hide Park'?" she asked.

"Well," Ned explained sourly, "after I stayed in that tent one night, I realized that the Mexicans must have been using my camping site to park all their trash. And, from the aroma, I figured it couldn't be anything but old hides!"

•

WE dropped in at Sardi's around lunch time in the hope of snagging a few bits of gossip between sips at onion soup. Well, it must have been the maid's day off. Or a convention of the Ladies' Uplift Society. Anyway, the place was over-run with whooping females, and the only star in the place was Franchot Tone, looking forlornly as though he'd rather be home.

•

NAT PENDLETON swears to it and, for gosh sake, who are we to go around arguing with guys his size?

Some time ago, Nat had two pets, a white rat and a duck, who got along just dandy in the same pen until the unhappy day when ducky-wucky mistook ratty-watty's tail for a nice juicy worm. Probably figuring that it was a new game or

(*Please turn to page* 68)



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified, she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and *at Lady Esther's expense!* Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is *the* one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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First GRAY HAIR
A Signal to Get Busy



Not so long ago women gave up disheartened at the first sign of gray. Now they turn confidently to

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Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy then to keep ALL your hair one even shade. FARR'S is a modern perfected preparation that will not wash off nor interfere with curling. Easily, economically applied in the hygienic privacy of home by brushing it through the hair. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
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INDICATE SHADE DESIRED.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
At WOOLWORTH'S



THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing* to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 136EX, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 67*)

something, the rodent sat quite still until he must have decided that fun was fun but things had gone just about far enough!

And then it was too late to back out! Seeing the predicament, Nat rushed to the rescue, gave a healthy yank that turned the rat loose but left ducky-wucky flat on her back and with nothing more to worry about.

•

THE volume of Tullio Carminati's fan mail threatens to hit the Gable mark before long! That guy has something . . . we dunno . . . but whatever it is, it's certainly knocking the feminine contingent for a flock of loops. The only knocks coming through the post-office, are from indignant admirers who want to know why his grand opera voice has been kept from them?

And the funny part of that is, that the only time Tullio ever sang in his life was when he played the bachelor in the stage play, "Strictly Dishonorable!"

However, if you are determined to hear him sing, take a peek at "Paris in Spring" where he'll be matching b flats with Mary Ellis.

•

THERE are a couple of real troupers on the "Private Worlds" set. Dragged in on a part, when the gal the studio wanted wasn't available, a blonde is taking the honor Big.

With only two dressing-rooms on the set (with Claudette Colbert in the larger, and Joan Bennett in the smaller one), Miss Blonde decided she wouldn't make one face for the camera unless Mr. Wanger dug up a dressing-room for *her*. And it had to be just like Claudette's, too!

To stave off a revolution, Joan very generously offered to share her own cubicle with the obstreperous gal. But . . . NO! the lady declared she'd have one, just like Claudette's . . . or Else!

Then, up stepped Colbert. "Listen, lady . . ." she said. "I'm the star of this picture. But, just to show you how unimportant the whole thing is . . . you may *have* my dressing-room, and the boys can throw a few 'flats" together for me!"

And did the gal see the error of her ways and refuse the generous offer? Not much she didn't! Instead, she grandly piled into the place of honor, leaving Claudette to powder her nice nose behind a pile of scenery!

•

THEN there is another gal who is getting a bit difficult. When a director attempted to show her how he wished a scene to be played, she coldly informed the surprised gent that she had made enough pictures that she felt she could do without direction!

Furthermore, while at one studio, she demanded that the studio call in her favorite photographer (from another studio!) to make some stills of her. When the publicity man informed her that they didn't do such things, she firmly declared that no one but that particular photographer would take her picture!

But the p.m. was right on his toes. "How do you know we want any pictures taken of you?" he said calmly. And she's still trying to think up an answer for that one!!

•

SO, while you're thinking it over, too, we'll fold up the old tent, throw it in the rumble seat and call it a day until next time.

Be seein' you!

GRIFFIN-A·B·C



for a real shine



Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
for YOU too!

Why envy the other woman's RADIANTLY LOVELY YOUTHFUL skin and FAIRER COMPLEXION when you can have these yourself so QUICKLY, so SURELY, by using the NEW IMPROVED

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as used by more than a million discriminating women to acquire and keep, through the years, this priceless possession—YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

Its promise to you is this: Your skin QUICKLY becomes LINE and BLEMISH FREE, and neither too oily nor too DRY; VELVET SMOOTH; RICH in COLOR; YOUTHFUL; BEAUTIFUL.

Compare, both IMMEDIATE and PERMANENT results, with any cosmetic you ever used or heard of.

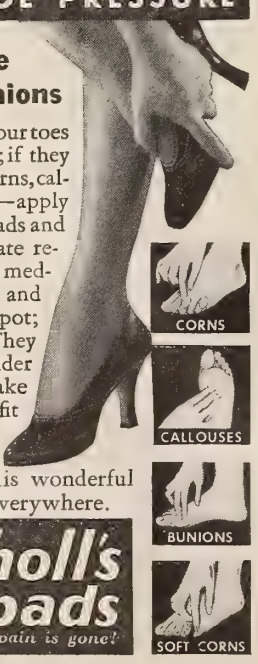
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Quickly relieve Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender; if they press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief! These specially medicated pads cushion and protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 38*)

Spartanburg, S. C. *Editors are always sad, for fear nobody reads their editorials, Mrs. McCravy. These are heartening words!*

An Up-Creek Boy

We who live at the Cross-roads are never more proud of our rural background than when we see that greatest actor of all—Will Rogers. He typifies the Up-Creek boys who made America. All their shrewdness, honesty, courage and humanism is his—we have come to tell our children who might be foolish enough to forsake the grayness of the country for the glamour of the city that "Will Rogers got his start in a one-horse town."—Sarah Sollars, R. F. D. 1, Box 404, Sebastopol, California. *Everyone will agree with you about Will.*

Ann Leslie S.

I have hardly been out of bed since Christmas and you don't realize what a break it is when Mother brings home my NEW MOVIE. I wish they came out more than just once a month. It is the best magazine (movie) Mom has ever gotten for me. I saw "Anne of Green Gables" the day before I was hurt and I wonder if you would do a favor for a poor, poor girl by printing a full size picture of Ann Shirley in the next magazine. If it's not too much trouble have it as she looked in "Anne of Green Gables."—Ann Leslie S., Glendale, California. *Dear little Ann, we are printing this just so you'll write us and tell us your last name and your address. We will do better than print a picture of Anne Shirley. We'll send a special one right to you, if you'll please write again. We hope you'll be well soon.*

Criticism

May a bit of criticism be offered in good faith to you? Personally liking the NEW MOVIE, I feel that honest criticism will be understood.

Why do we get a monthly bit of mush each issue on Garbo's elusiveness, Crawford's ambition, or Gable's sex appeal? Such stories are all right but after a time too much of a thing is enough.

Why can't we get some articles upon the persons who make the movies? The directors, script writers, sound recorders, and others who do their unseen bit toward making a picture. How is the sound applied to the picture? What and how are color pictures made? Other things equally as interesting would be appreciated by many of the readers.

Why can't we get some honest critical reviews of current pictures? According to you they're all perfect. No such thing as a bad picture or a mediocre one. It's just too bad for us if we miss anything that comes out of the studios.

You will wonder why I keep reading the magazine. I like certain parts of it and I always hope as each new issue appears that Van De Water will be back with his criticisms. That was an article you dropped as soon as you found he didn't hesitate to tell readers to stay away from a bad picture.—James Smock, 59 N. Audubon Place, Indianapolis, Ind. *You mustn't be so egotistic, James. For every reader like you there are twenty who don't want technical articles, much as we might like to print them.*

As for our reviews, why do you suppose we pick out the ten best pictures every month, if we don't think that the others aren't as good as those ten? If we told you to go to see bad pictures we'd be out of business inside of six months. Don't be silly.

The Title Has Been Changed

Misleading titles! Again I almost missed a swell picture. Gilded Lily.

I supposed the "Gilded Lily" would be a languid, exotic vamp and, along with the rest of the common herd, I've been fed up with them. I was almost dragged to the theater.

Shades of my ancestors! The "Gilded Lily" turned out to be Lizzie Glutz, eating popcorn. And WHAT a Lizzie Glutz! the picture was a grand, down-to-earth performance, with a homely, wiggle-his-toes, newspaper reporter as leading man. Why, the entire audience applauded when Lizzie Glutz finally came back to her 'old mug.' And, to think I almost missed it!

Again I say: Misleading titles! Can't something be done about it?—Mrs. Violet Kinne, 613 13th Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois. *We don't know whether anything can be done, Mrs. Kinne, but we're trying, at least. Read our story in the June issue, on just this subject.*

Bits

NEW MOVIE has so many unique features which set it apart and above the other movie magazines that I am venturing to suggest another department.

As every magazine has, in some form or other, a Hits of the Month departmen, why doesn't NEW MOVIE give us a "Best Bits of the Month" department? Scenes from current photoplays, showing the outstanding "bit" player, with his name, would give deserved recognition.

My contention is this: the stars get the fat roles, the meaty lines, the best lighting AND the center of the set! Any supporting player who makes his part noticed, does so through sheer artistry and with very little help.

A department of this kind might serve to give much needed encouragement to a potential luminary in the filmament!

My motto is, "less applesauce for the stars, more applause for the others!"

Why not let your readers express themselves about it?—Mrs. Louise A. Baldwin, 118 West Ninth Street, Mount Vernon, Indiana. *More than any other magazine,* NEW MOVIE *has stood up for the minor players, Mrs. Baldwin. While we haven't space for a whole new department, here's what we're doing from now on. (We began it last month). See the page with the nine photos on it. Here, each issue, we will give credit to outstanding minor players.*

Tch, Tch, Such Language

To Mrs. C. Stinson:—Nuts! You and who else wants to change Mae West? Of course, a few people may think the same as you, but I'm for keeping Mae West as the "Belle of the Nineties," and I think the majority will agree with me.—Miss Doris Hoeger, 5114 Rosa Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Another

Read Mrs. Clyde Stinson's letter in February issue of NEW MOVIE Magazine, suggesting we change Mae West. (Never) Mae is just marvelous. Just the way she is. Why, I get more kick out of Mae than any other star on the screen. If there were more like her and less of the mushy clinging kind, our movie theaters would be full to overflowing. Is there a crowd when Mae is in town? And how! She drags them out, rich or poor, young or old, just like bees to a pot of honey. Here is hoping she stays just as she is. And we see a lot more of her in 1935!—Mrs. Harry Maxwell, 1114 Buena Vista Ave., Waukesha, Wis. *Go after 'em, Mrs. Stinson. You're outnumbered two to one, but we know you meant what you said, or you wouldn't have said it. This column is open to you if you reply.*

Something Will Turn Up

"David Copperfield" is another screen triumph for M-G-M studios. The players selected for the various book characters are as perfect as Dickens himself would wish. Freddie Bartholomew (he could change his name) is a find and joins that distinguished list of juvenile players such as Jackie Cooper, Frankie Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Searle, and others. But to me, W. C. Fields' performance as Micawber was the hit of the picture. It certainly proves again that W. C. Fields is destined to become the screen's foremost comedian.—Mrs. Rose Schulnick, 572 Powell Street, Brooklyn. N. Y. *And there are plenty of people, Mrs. Schulnick, who think W. C. Fields is already the screen's foremost comedian.*

A First Letter

Just a line to let you know there is one Fan who enjoys this department—and the little comments at the end of each letter. I have never written anything myself but have always thought I would like to. I have enjoyed pictures both good and bad for a long time. I have particularly enjoyed the work of Warner Baxter. But to my way of thinking for a good thoroughly peppy—breezy—snappy picture take something with Fred Astaire. I have seen him on the New York stage teamed with his sister—but his work on the screen is outstanding and a picture like the "Gay Divorcee" does just what he in his lines says—entertains and makes thousands of people happy. And so here is to the success of Fred Astaire, and long may he make just such good entertainment as the "Gay Divorcee." I saw it three times, and could see it again. Hope this isn't too much of a letter.—Daisy L. Hoffmann, 1217 Ohio Bank Building, Toledo, Ohio. *Thanks for your first letter, Daisy, and please don't let it be your last. That's just what this department is for—to print letters.*

A Glowing Tribute

No comeback in recent years has given me greater satisfaction than that of Henry Walthall. Even before his triumph as "The Little Colonel" in 1915, he was my most beloved screen actor. Long before the names of stars were familiar to the average moviegoer, I knew and watched for Henry Walthall.

As he still is, he was then—a precise, honest, sincere actor, whose performance lends dignity and merit to any picture. As now, he was then colorful in appearance, with his mop of wavy hair, his penetrating expressive eyes, his slight figure attractive in its straight slim sturdiness, and his kindly, sympathetic demeanor fitting him for roles no other can portray as well. Today he reveals, in addition, a voice of unusual timbre and a flawless diction, unmatched by any in talkiedom.

I hope that he will continue to grace the talkies for a long time to come, for it is talented men of Henry Walthall's calibre who help to maintain the prestige we fans desire for the screen.—Mrs. Ira Christman, 211 Arlington Apts., East End, Pittsburgh, Penna. *We can tell from the tone of your letter that you are sincere in everything you say, Mrs. Christman. All we can add is that we respect Mr. Walthall too.*

We Bow

May I add my congratulations to your long list of admirers, for your splendid NEW MOVIE magazine?

You have filled a long-felt want. That

(*Please turn to page* 70)



Pay no attention to them ..get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic.*

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breath-taking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite?* This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.*

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like Zonite could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous Zonite now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, Zonite is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called Zonite Suppositories and your druggist has these for sale, at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



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When a sweeper runs hard, it is hard on rugs, too. So keep yours easy-running with 3-in-One. All dealers; handy cans and bottles. Get some.

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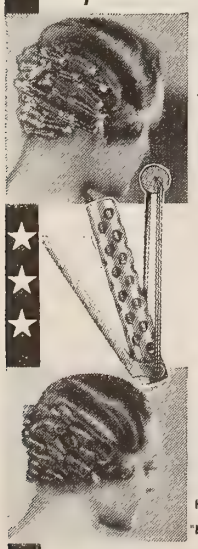
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Through a microscope, rough, chapped skin is like 10,000 tiny shutters torn open—broken skin—dry, hard, cracked. Ordinary lotions only glaze over this.

DAME NATURE Cream Ends Work Roughness. It

is unusually rich liquid formulated by a woman physician who found others ineffective. It absorbs *into* your skin—softening, smoothing and *healing* it—not glazing it. It makes entire skin remarkably smooth, comfy, attractive. Redness, roughness, chap, dryness—disappear. 10c, 25c, 50c. All 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

YOURS! *Alluring Curls of the Hollywood Stars*



Hollywood Stars set the hairdress styles of the world. Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers—"the Curlers used by the Stars"—bring to smart women everywhere the alluring, soft, lovely coiffures that are *the style*. With Hollywood Curlers you can easily achieve a flattering hair dress of better and more lasting curls. Hollywood Curlers feature a soft rubber lock that keeps hair and curler securely in place. Perforations permit abundant air circulation to aid swift drying. Available in two models and three sizes to suit your need. For the best curling results, use Hollywood Curlers.

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Kathleen Burke, featured in Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

HOLLYWOOD RAPID-DRY CURLER
"THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS"

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 69)

of a dignified, really first-class portrayal of screen doings and actors, besides giving your readers the best of literary efforts in other directions such as the standard magazines all carry.

Could you not run a good serial in your monthly instalments? Then I need not buy Home Companions or Journals for fiction.

It is amusing to me to read how we movie-goers criticize and complain of the picture concerns. What one of us in a thousand could produce a picture equaling anything they have given us?

They have obtained the best talent of the world, spare neither time nor expense, and have so much more than we to lose. If a picture fails because an actress has a little too much lipstick (not thinking of her weeks of effort to make a good picture) we all cry out that our 30 cents was wasted. The American Public accept style dictation, conveyances, etc. Why not the highly specialized art of picture entertainment?

Thanking you for your new magazine.—Celia Alman, 705 No. 63rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa. *Years ago we used to run fiction, Celia, but it took up too much space. If our readers want it, we will run it again, however. We'll have to wait and see how others feel about it.*

No. 1

Mrs. Johnson has invited this, so here goes. I would like to see Mrs. Johnson in the place of the movie stars she condemns. I would bet a new hat that she would not leave the screen just because she had attained success. I can picture her hanging on for dear life for the last cent, that she could earn in her chosen profession. Does she ever take into consideration that these stars are humans just like you and me, in that they have to eat and sleep and have a shelter for their heads? Can any one of you blame them for sticking to a job that offers them all these comforts that perhaps they have never had before in their lives?

I would suggest that Mrs. Johnson read the article on "Stars of Yesterday" in the February issue. Perhaps that would change her views. I am sure no one would care to give up a good paying position so that in a few years' time he might have the pleasure of looking for work, as a mere nobody where he had once been the executive. I ask Mrs. Johnson to reflect on her most unusual condemnations.

I wonder that anyone could think that it would be a pleasure to be rid of these great people, the Misses Bennett, Shearer, Crawford, Davies, and Garbo. What would the movies be without them? I shudder to think of such a calamity. I don't believe there have been finer actresses than this group. I am all for them, and I know that the rest of the "fans" are too. As for Mr. Colman, I don't think there is anyone who can compare with him. Candidly, now, has anyone starred in better pictures or given better portrayals?

All together, now, let's give one good rousing cheer for these stars, with the hope that they will continue to be in pictures for many years to come and have the greatest success attainable.—A. Bloeser, 24 Englewood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 2

In the March issue of New Movie, one Mrs. Dorothy Johnson dipped her pen in vitriol and criticized the lovely and talented Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and other topnotchers. Just step this way to the guillotine, dear lady, off goes your head; it's excess baggage anyway, if you don't use it to think!

Twenty million movie fans can't be wrong, and besides, the Hollywood producers would be stupidly asinine to pay such fabulous salaries for the services of stars with poor and objectionable talents.

Such foolish statements as made by this correspondent prove that she doesn't think. These stars make money for their producers, and we, the discriminating movie public, are so impatient for a new Garbo or Shearer release that we literally count the days. So great is the demand for these maligned stars abroad that "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Queen Christina" were released in London simultaneously with New York premieres, and each played to packed houses for eight solid weeks.

Shearer's "Elizabeth Barrett" and Garbo's "Queen Christina" are distinguished screen portraits, comparable to any ever portrayed, even by a Cornell, Duse or Bernhardt.

As to Bennett, Crawford, Davies, Colman and Novarro, they are perennial favorites, whose talents have stood the acid test of time and changing conditions.

So my advice to you, Mrs. Johnson, is to stay out of the line when the SRO sign is hung out, and give someone who really appreciates histrionics an opportunity to use your seat.—Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, S. C.

No. 3

Mrs. Dorothy Johnson certainly did tread on my toes in her letter printed in the March issue of New Movie, wherein she states that such favorites as Shearer, Crawford and Garbo must "give up as they should, to those more worthy" . . . and the adjectives "worn out" and "obnoxious" simply made me see red. I don't think anyone could be more worthy of the fame, popularity and success achieved by these stars . . . and achieved only through hard work and perseverance. Not that I think the neophytes, starlets, near-stars, etc., should not be given good roles and a chance to show what they can do. But if actresses like Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Garbo must step aside in order that those farther down the ladder of fame may be given this opportunity, why, that is too much like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Such performances as given by Norma Shearer in "The Barretts" and Garbo in "The Painted Veil" (the best in her entire career, in my opinion) simply can't be surpassed, and I failed to notice anything which would class Miss Shearer or Miss Garbo as "worn-out" or "obnoxious." Joan Crawford, I am sure, after her grand performances in "Chained" and "Forsaking All Others," will have more followers than ever.

The lady goes on to say . . . "a place should be made for real genius, and glamorous and alluring personalities." Why Shearer, Garbo and Crawford ARE genius, glamour and allure, personified!

Yessir! I have a strong hunch that Mrs. Johnson has started a nice little war, with the "You Tell Us" column of New Movie as the battlefield, for I feel sure that you will receive many letters from fans who feel just as I do. —Pat Miller, 601 Washington Street, Monroe, Louisiana.

No. 4

My dear Mrs. Johnson!!!! The same old worn-out stars! (Those were your very words in the March issue of New Movie.) You want us to give up Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo to those more worthy? Just who, my dear lady, would you consider more worthy? These stars have fought for years for a firm footing and now that they have one you want us to forget them.

You'd like a place for real genius, and alluring and glamorous personalities. You'd like only three or four great stars. I'd like to know where you could find three stars with more genius, more allure, more glamour, and a more pleasing personality than Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo have?

These stars are acclaimed great in more than one continent and I, for one, am ready to stand behind them. At least when I see a picture with one of them in it, I know it'll be worth my money. When I go to the movies, I want ACTING. Give me more of Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo!—Jerrine Fromm, 1330 Maple Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois. *All right, now, Mrs. Johnson. They're giving you a broadside from four guns at once, but this column is open to you if you want to answer your critics. Whew! If this keeps on, we're going to hide under the desk. Come on, Mrs. Johnson! We're waiting to hear what you have to say in answer. to all these letters.*

Progress—Thy Name Is NEW MOVIE—

What a handsome new dress your magazine dons for February — such a beautiful cover design—so convenient to hold, and so chock-full of interesting matter! Editor, take a bow!

Elsie Janis' articles on movie personalities are so cleverly told they make delightful reading.

And that wide-awake article: "Color Magic on the Screen" shows you are not asleep at the switch.

Yes indeed, color is the comer, sure as fate! People want it. Black and white will soon be as outmoded as the silent pictures.

I saw "La Cucaracha" and "Tulip Time in Holland," both in colors, shown in this city. They packed the theaters at each performance. "La Cucaracha" played a return engagement with the same success.

When I want to know what is new or interesting in moviedom, I turn to New Movie.—Mrs. Jane L. O'Connor, 1301 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. *We're so pleased, Mrs. O'Connor, we even used the heading of your letter, up above, just as you wrote it.*

New Leading Men for Mae

Mae West is my favorite actress, but if she would pick a he-man for her new picture I'm sure this would make her picture a greater box-office hit. My choice would be Preston Foster, Charles Bickford or George Bancroft. Every picture they played was full of excitement, and powerful, and her other leading men have lacked in both. Hoping for this change.—Mrs. Irene Munsey, 9606 Avenue L, Brooklyn, N. Y. *This is the same old problem that comes up again and again, Mrs. Munsey. If the producer follows your hunch, and it isn't right, he loses $100,000. So, naturally, he's a bit shy of making such changes.*

Charlie Ray

I am so delighted to see darling Charlie Ray back in pictures again. I will never forget him when he played in "The Girl I Loved" a long time ago. He is a wonderful actor, and has a grand personality.

I hope he gets the lead in a picture, worthy of his talents, soon.

I am also delighted that Tommy Meighan is back again. He is charming, and a master actor. I hope he stays with us, now, for a long time.

I always like to see my old favorites on the screen. It seems to me the new actors and actresses never can take their places, in our hearts, even when they are marvelous and well-nigh perfect in their acting.—Mrs. K. Gloster, 422 Brook Street, Boone, Ky. *It does warm the cockles of your heart to see these old-timers come back, doesn't it, Mrs. Gloster? It makes us feel that the world is a pretty good old place after all.*

Clothes and Charm

How far would the glamorous stars of the screen get without the stunning clothes they wear? Almost any poor Cinderella could be a fascinating siren in the creations they sport. More praise for the designers, please. What say you?—Cora Herrle, 3100 Eden Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *More praise for the designers by all means, Cora, but—tut, tut, it isn't all clothes,* you *know. You have to get to be a star on your own merits before they ever let those designers get to work on you.*

Mae (Leopard) West

Change Mae West? Can a leopard change her spots? Impossible.

We are not suggesting that Mae West is a leopard of course, but—oh well! You know?—George L. Bricker, 104 Watson Street, Detroit, Michigan.

Tomatoes and Onions

I dare say Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee would make a great team playing together in a Slap-stick comedy where tomatoes and grapefruit are plentiful (not for eating purposes, of course) but for the sole pleasure of decorating their goofy maps.

An onion to Bing for his atrocious performance in "Here Is My Heart." The picture would have been a tremendous success if Lanny Ross had been selected to play the leading part. For Lanny has charm, a pleasing personality and a marvelous singing voice. Bing hasn't much to his credit, but I presume he thinks he has, anyway.—Mrs. J. Magley, 52 Center Avenue, Chatham, New Jersey. *Ouch! After what happened to Mrs. Johnson this month we're almost scared to print your letter, Mrs. Magley! Little do you know what you're in for! Umpteen million Crosby and Vallee fans are going to go after you, now, and we're going to have to print their letters! Watch out!*

Brute for Punishment

My main criticism of the Movies does not concern the stars nor the pictures but the length of the shows. Although I am exaggerating for the sake of emphasis it seems to me that I no sooner get nicely settled in the average theater when it is time to leave. Two hours is apparently the length of the usual entertainment. Maybe I am a brute for punishment, but I like to spend three hours at a show, with the alternative of leaving when the spirit moves me. I wonder if I am alone in my desire for a few more reels—another feature perhaps? I'd like to get someone else's view.—Leroy Rice, 40 East Orvis Street, Massena, New York. *All right, you other fans with views. Write in and tell Leroy Rice what you think about it.*

Mrs. McGee, Please Notice

Right you are Mrs. McGee, of Orlando, Florida. To what you have said about the Travel Talks I wish to add a few lines.

Have you seen the new one about Ireland? It is almost as beautiful as "Tulip Time in Holland." The coloring and the description given by the narrator help to make this picture, in my estimation, next highest to "Tulip Time."—Betsy Ross, 450 Allen Street, Syracuse, N. Y. *You and Mrs. McGee have the same tastes, Betsy Ross. Why don't you write her a personal letter? We're sure she wouldn't mind, and it might be the beginning of a fine friendship. Many of our readers find friends through this column.*

We Want M-E-N

Congratulations are in order for the New Movie Magazine, which deserves all the credit in the world for putting out such a splendid publication. The inauguration of the larger size has brought along with it a new era of better photography and more numerous illustrations of our favorite stars.

However, this letter is not full of praise. I wish to offer this bit of criticism which is aimed at your "You Tell Us" department. I find, much to my regret, that the majority of the letters are written by women. Don't you appreciate the opinions and criticisms of men? Let's see more letters from men in your "You Tell Us" department—Mr. Joseph Vojacek, 2511 South 58th Court, Cicero, Illinois. *Thanks for your compliment, Mr. Vojacek. About the letters—yes, more women than men do write in. We don't know why. Maybe women just like to write letters more than men do. We should like to have the letters about half and half, if we could.*

Cast of Characters

I would like to suggest that the New Movie Magazine use its influence with producers of new pictures and urge them to give the cast of characters at the end of each picture as well as at the beginning.

The reason for this is obvious.

This will give patrons an opportunity to identify any new actor or actress who has given a good performance.—Mrs. R. H. Martindale, 1234 North Main Street, Anderson, S. C. *We are happy to be able to report, Mrs. Martindale, that many pictures are now coming out with the cast of characters at the end as well as the beginning. Your suggestion, and others like it, has been heeded in Hollywood.*

Pictures in Schools

Talking moving pictures! Why, that's History that lives and moves and almost breathes. Why not give it to the kids? Did you ever vow to kill all writers of history and geography books when you were of school age? Of course. But what if General Sherman had marched to the sea Before Your Eyes, if you had HEARD Lincoln at GETTYSBURG—SEEN Napoleon at Waterloo—? Ho, ho—THAT would have been different. And so it would be different and RIGHT today. Not only would school children LOVE their lessons if put on the screen, but the little rascals, God bless 'em—would REMEMBER them.

How about starting some legal action to get such a movement going for our Public Schools?—Mrs. Clarence Rose, Hotel Cordova, San Francisco, California. *Splendid, Mrs. Rose. There is only one thing to watch out for. If historical pictures are shown in the schools, we must make sure that the history is absolutely accurate.*

Good Pictures

It is cheering indeed to note the grand improvement in films offered to the public during the last year. "The House of Rothschild," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "One Night of Love" and "David Copperfield" were highly commendable productions. The response to these splendid works should have convinced the film makers that the movie public is not as moronic as is generally believed. We derived much pleasure from these pictures based on history, worthy literature and great music.

We are satiated with movies that are predominantly love stories. We should enjoy seeing pictures, the main interest of which is sustained by intelligent dialogue. There are so many of us who would frequent the movies more than we do if we found them stimulating.

As for musical films, the tremendous success of "One Night of Love" is evidence of the fact that movie patrons are lovers of good music well sung. We should enjoy a series of moving pictures that presented operas with Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, and other fine singers.—Leah Neslin, 764 Jackson Avenue, New York City. *It can no longer be denied, as you say, Leah, that the finest pictures are also the most successful. The trouble is simply that producers think they must turn out a hundred or so films a year. There simply aren't that many fine stories.*

Courtesy

My Movie Dont's:

Don't chew gum in the theater.

Don't rattle paper bags. Do your eating elsewhere.

Don't talk—the audience wants to hear the actors, not YOU.

Don't be afraid to sit next to the other fellow, he won't bite you. Let the late arrivals have the aisle seats.

Don't enter in the middle of a picture. It spoils the entertainment for you as well as the other people.

In other words, don't do anything at the "Movies" that you're taught not to do at home.—Louise Williams, 1007 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia. *Picture-going would be a lot more enjoyable for all of us, Louise, if everybody had been taught such manners at home as you have been taught.*

Joan's Over-Acting

In spite of the many adverse comments upon Joan Crawford's tendency to overact, I have always believed that the impression she created of overacting was not due to lack of dramatic talent but to an overwhelming desire on her part to put every ounce of her ability into her characterizations. In true loyalty, I have waited for her appearance in a role where she would seem at ease and natural, and when I saw her charming performance in "Forsaking All Others," I was most gratified to have my faith in her justified. Surely, no one can accuse her of overacting in this picture.—Joan Collins, 1020 N. Beville Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana. *You have made a very keen psychological observation, Joan. Your namesake's own dearest friends tell us that this is exactly what has brought on such accusations. Joan Crawford is so terribly sincere, so terribly interested in her work, that sometimes she tries too hard, which is forgivable.*



—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

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And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a high-test energy food for the morning start. Shredded Wheat, you know, is whole wheat—Mother Nature's most perfect grain—nothing added, nothing taken away. You get a natural balance of the vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form.

Try Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning. Add plenty of fresh air and exercise. You'll be on the main highway that leads to a full life of buoyant health.



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

"Uneeda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Look for Tower STAR *Fashions*

IN THESE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

A style thrill ready for you . . . TOWER Star Fashions! You can see them pictured on page 22 of this issue . . . you can see them in reality in these leading stores. Ask to see them the very next time you are downtown shopping. We believe you will find among them one or more styles which are especially flattering to your type.

Address any questions to TOWER'S Star Fashion Editor, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

TOWER *Star* FASHIONS

ALABAMA
Birmingham, Parisian
Huntsville, Mary Shop

ARIZONA
Phoenix, Goldwaters
Tucson, Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS
Helena, H. S. Cooper
Little Rock, M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, The May Co.
Oakland, Zukor's
Pomona, C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco, The Emporium, Inc.
San Jose, M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara, The Smart Shop

COLORADO
Canon City, Nora Hays
Colorado Springs, C. V. Clamp
Denver, Denver D G. Co.
Fort Collins, Jo-Anne Shop
Grand Junction, A M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta, Holbrook Costume Shop
Pueblo, Colorado Supply Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport, Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford, Brown Thompson, Inc.
New Britain, N. E. Mag
New Haven, Gamble Desmond Co.
Torrington, Dankins Inc.

DELEWARE
Wilmington, Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Miami, Burdine's Inc.
Ocala, Blocker's
Orlando, Yowell-Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Rutland Bros.
Tampa, Maas Bros.

GEORGIA
Athens, Michael Bros. Inc.
Atlanta, Davison Paxon Co.
Augusta, Goldberg's
Macon, Mayson's
Newman, Kersey's
Waycross, The Fashion Shop
West Point, Cohen Bros.

IDAHO
Pocatello, Hassell's

ILLINOIS
Centralia, Lucille Shoppe
Champaign, G. C. Willis
Chicago, Wieboldt Stores Inc.
Decatur, Stewarts Fields
DuQuoin, Ross Store
Freeport, Borchers
Joliet, Dinet & Co.
Litchfield, Braugmans
Marion, C. W. Hay
Mount Vernon, The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro, Ross Shop
Peoria, The D. W. Klein Co.
Rockford, Wortham's
West Frankfort, Burg's

INDIANA
Crawfordsville, Adler's, Inc.
Frankfort, The Adler Co.
Gary, H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg, Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis, Wm. H Block Co.
Logansport, Schmitt & Kloepfer Co.
Richmond, Sittloh's
Shelbyville, S. B. Morris Co.
South Bend, Ellsworth's

IOWA
Boone, The Riekenberg Co.
Cedar Rapids, H. N. Craemer
Des Moines, Connors Inc.
Dubuque, Younker Bros.
Oelwein, Roshek Bros. Inc.
Orange City, Van De Steig Co.
Red Oak, Connor's Inc.

KANSAS
Atchinson, Ramsay's
Coffeyville, Cole's
Dodge City, Levinson's
Emporia, Levinson's
Eldorado, Levinson's
Hutchinson, Levinson's
Independence, Locke's
Lawrence, The Terry Shop
Wichita, George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY
Ashland, The Smart Shop Inc.
Owensboro, Levy's Inc.
Louisville, Kaufmann Straus Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria, W. W. Hixson
Baton Rouge, Rosenfield D. G. Co.
Lafayette, Leon Davis
Lake Charles, Maurice
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.

MAINE
Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, J. Unobsky
Caribou, Pattee Co.
Presque Isle, Green Bros.
Waterville, Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore, Hochschild & Kohn Co.
Cumberland, Lazarus Company
Sparrows Point, Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Haverhill, Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence, Russem's
Salem, Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield, Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

MICHIGAN
Alpena, Thomas Gown Shop
Ann Arbor, Wm. Goodyear Co.
Bay City, Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids, Wilson's
Birmingham, Twin Shop
Flint, King Clothing Co.
Jackson, Jacobson's
Detroit, B. Siegel & Co.
Grand Rapids, Herpolsheimer's Co.
Traverse City, The Mapel Shoppe

MINNESOTA
Austin, M. Lewis & Co.
Faribault, Gray's Style Shop
Duluth, George A. Gray Co.
Fergus Falls, Norby Dept. Store Inc.
Winona, The Fashion, Inc.

MISSISSIPPI
Clarksdale, The Madiera Shop
Columbus, The Fashion Center
Greenville, J. B. Tonkel Shops Inc.
Jackson, Fried's Shop for Women
Vicksburg, J. B. Tonkel Shops Inc.

MISSOURI
Hannibal, Reib's
Kansas City, Harzfeld's
St. Charles, Braufmans
St. Joseph, Hirsch Bros D. G. Co.
Springfield, The Style

MONTANA
Billings, Hart-Albin Co. Inc.

NEBRASKA
Columbus, Irene Shoppe
Omaha, Goldstein-Chapman
Scottsbluff, The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord, Betty Alden
Claremont, Pelletier & Snowman
Lebanon, Richardson & Langlois

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park, Dainty Apparel Shop
Jersey City, State Gown Shop
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Passaic, Charlotte Shop
Paterson, Meyer Bros.
Plainfield, Claire Shoppe
Trenton, Lilliam Charm

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, Mosler's Smart Shop

NEW YORK
Albany, David's
Binghamton, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo, Adam, Meldrun & Anderson
Ithaca, Pritchard's Style Shop
Middletown, Carson & Towner Co.
Newburgh, The Sonia
New York City, R. H. Macy & Co.
Portchester, The Dorothy Shop
Rochester, David's
Saranac Lake, Altman's
St. George, S. I., Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse, David's
Utica, Doyle-Knower Co. Inc.
Watertown, Frank A. Empsall Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, Brener's
Durham, R. L. Baldwin
Elizabeth City, Hurdle's
Greensboro, Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, C. Haber Forbes
High Point, The Fashion Shop
Raleigh, Brooks Inc.
Winston-Salem, Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA
Harvey, Fred's Store Inc.
New Rockford, Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City, Fair Dept. Store
Williston, G. M. Hadderick & Co.

OHIO
Ashland, Max H. Zola
Athens, Slingluff's
Dayton, Elder-Johnston Co.
Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew Co.
Columbus, The Dunn Taft Co.
East Liverpool, Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay, Simon's
Kenton, F. W. Uhlman
Lorain, Smith & Gerhart
Mansfield, The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion, Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon, Van Horn's
Portsmouth. The Atlas Fashion Co.
Toledo, Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington, Lacy's
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirschberg Co.

OKLAHOMA
Blackwell, Pollyanna Shop
Duncan, The Bon Ton
Enid, Herzberg's
Frederick, Milton Marks
Guthrie, Davenport's
Pawhuska, Kertman's Dept. Store
Ponca City, Frances Shop
Shawnee, Blaine's Fashion Shop
Stillwater, G. & G. Store Co.

OREGON
Medford, Adriennes
Portland, Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Aliquippa, Pittsburgh Merc. Co.
Allentown, Hess Brother Inc.
Altoona, William F. Gable Co.
Beaver Falls, Berkman's
Braddock, Harry H. Levine
Corry, The Nast Co.
Elwood City, Wilkoffs Fashion Shoppe
Erie, Keefe & Johnson
Harrisburg, Bowman & Co.
Jeannette, M. A. Gillespie Co.
Lansford, Brights Dept. Store
Lancaster, Hager Bros.
Lock Haven, Grossman's
McKeesport, Cox's
Oil City, Chic Dress Shop
Philadelphia, Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pomeroy's Inc.
Scranton, The Band Box
Somerset, Polly Jean Shop
Sunbury, Mariette Shop
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler Dick & Walker
Upper Darby, Estelle's

RHODE ISLAND
Woonsocket, McCarthy, D. G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson, George H. Bailes
Columbia. J. W. Haltiwanger
Florence, Katherine Cook
Greer, McHughes Spec. Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, Olwin-Angell
Watertown, Schaller's

TENNESSEE
Bristol, The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga, Miller Bros.
Clarksville, McNeal-Edwards Co.
Dyersburg, Hollywood Frock
Kingsport, J. Fred Johnson & Co., Inc.
Knoxville, Miller's
Memphis, J. Goldsmith & Sons, Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene, Campbell's
Amarillo, Hollywood Dress Shop
Austin, Goodfriend's
Brickenridge, The Belota Shop
Brownwood, Garner-Alvis Co.
Denton, H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso, The White House
Galveston, Maison Myro
Houston, Hutton, Inc.
Kilgore, La Mode
Laredo, A. C. Richter, Inc.
Longview, Wolens Dept. Store
Lubbock, Freed's Women's Apparel
Lulling, O'Neill's
McAllen, The Fashion
Pampa, Mitchell's
Port Arthur, A. Goldboro
Temple, W. P. Rody
Tyler, Miller's
Vernon, Gold Feder's
Victoria, A. & S. Levy, Inc.

UTAH
Salt Lake City, Zion Cooperative Merc. Inst.

VERMONT
Burlington, Abernethy, Clarkson, Wright, Inc.
Rutland, The Vogue Shop

VIRGINIA
Charlottesville, H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Clifton Forge, M. B. Smith
Covington, The Quality Shop
Danville, Rippe's
Harrisonburg, Paul Miller
Lynchburg, Baldwin's
Norton, The Ladies' Shop
Roanoke, Natalie Shop
Suffolk, Ballard & Smith
Winchester, The Smart Shop

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen, See & Rubinstein
Long View, Columbia River Merc. Co.
Seattle, Jerome's
Spokane, The Palace Store
Yakima, Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield, The Vogue
Clarksburg, Parsons-Soulders
Logan, Manning Clothing Co.
Wheeling, Geo. E. Stifel Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Gennen D. G. Co.
Ashland, Smith Style Shop
Beloit, McNeany D. G. Co.
Eau Claire, Jos. E. Balderstein
Fond du Lac, Hill Bros.
Madison, Link Store
Sheboygan, Hill Bros.

WYOMING
Cheyenne, Bon Marche
Laramie, Kepp-Baertsch

Ask at your local department store for Tower Star Fashions. The list of stores is so great that not all of them could be given on this page.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS WHOSE LETTERS TOLD ABOUT FRIENDLY HELPFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

Department Store Salespeople

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MRS. EDWIN F. LAURIN . . . . . ASTORIA, ORE.

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MRS. RAY E. BUTTON . . . . . S. BELLINGHAM, WASH.

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JEAN JACOBS	Philadelphia, Pa.
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"Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels"

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MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE

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"We've all gone in for them," she says. "You notice Camels on almost every table in the smart restaurants. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer, pleasanter life we are leading again. They are made of more expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

That "lift" you get is quite natural, because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy. Smoke a Camel yourself today the first time you feel tired.

Camels are Milder! . . made from Finer, More Expensive Tobaccos . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

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JUNE

MAY 14 1935

HOLLYWOOD IS DANGEROUS FOR YOUTH says GENE RAYMOND

GRACE MOORE

WHY THE STARS CAN'T STAY MARRIED

LAUGH AT HEAT! Have Cool Allure!



WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT
AND LOSE THEIR CHARM
YOU CAN KEEP

Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat...keep cool ...have cool allure on hottest days...use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has *special hot weather advantages.*

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Apply it *generously* all over your body. No matter how hot the day, how great your body warmth...the exquisite perfume of Irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy...keeps *you* irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools, comforts and dries the surface of the skin *without drying and roughening the skin itself.* These extra advantages make Irresistible Talc an utter necessity for hot weather. And here's another hint for summer charm...

After bathing...or when you haven't time for a bath...rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body...it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated...young...glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS...each has some special feature to make you irresistible today...now...forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Rub this exquisite cologne into your body to tone, firm and refresh your skin... A complete body beauty treatment most welcome on hot summer days.



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen



Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream... perfect for your skin

Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance

Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours

TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D.

Irresistible

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

What's the matter with *Me* and *Men?*



"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at—and I love a good time!"

. . . .

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

APR 26 1935

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 6 • • • JUNE 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Mary Martin, Director of Home Service

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

WITH the advent of the warm summer weather and the promise of the scorching heat to come, our thoughts naturally turn toward vacations in the mountains or at the seashores, or toward a little lake somewhere in the deep forests. We look forward to those days of release from the cares of business and of household routine and gaily envision the carefree periods of play and recreation.

In other days vacations were only for the thrifty souls or those whom fortune had favored. To these went the pleasures of seeing far-off places and enjoying the cooling breezes of some vacation resort. Today, some of these pleasures are open to the stay-at-homes, or to those whom business detail denies release.

We refer you to your home-town theater.

STEP by step with the advance of science in other lines, the motion picture theater has grown. Better pictures, better stories, better direction and better acting on the screen is complemented in the theater itself by better seating, better sound and projection, and best of all, better atmospheric control.

No longer is it necessary to avoid the theater as being too warm and uncomfortable in the hot summer months. On the contrary, many a theater can justly invite you indoors with the promise of "twenty degrees cooler than outside."

And so, the little movie house can be the vacation-place, where the stay-at-homes can be entertained in coolness and comfort, and at the same time have the vicarious pleasure of seeing how the rest of the world lives and plays.

TO Carl Laemmle, Sr., on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of Universal City, where Universal pictures are made, go the congratulations and best wishes of the entire movie industry. "Uncle Carl," as he is fondly known to everyone, has been in the motion picture business for twenty-nine years. Starting on his meager savings of a few hundred dollars, as the proprietor of a small theater in Chicago, Mr. Laemmle has built a business that now deals in millions of dollars a year, and has offices scattered throughout the entire world. For twenty years, as the owner and guiding genius of Universal pictures, "Uncle Carl" has safely weathered many storms of depression, adversity, and competition. Even today there is rumor of an impending sale of his company to various other companies, or as some report, to certain private individuals. "Uncle Carl" has been with us a long time, and it is our earnest hope that he will be with us for a long time to come.

THE girl on the cover this month, Grace Moore, is responsible for one of the many cyclonic changes that occur in the movies. For it was her brilliant performance as the opera singer in "One Night of Love" that led the way to a series of operatic movies to be given to you soon. We have had cycles of gangster films, society films, farces, mysteries and other types of pictures almost to the point of saturation. The movie audiences were crying for something different, something new. Miss Moore and Columbia Pictures Corporation gave it to them. Opera is a difficult subject to transfer to the screen. It is to be hoped that the producers will not rush in too quickly and give us a series of hastily prepared movie operas that will detract in any way from the sheer brilliance and beauty of Miss Moore's successful venture into this new field.

FROM Michigan comes the report of a new use for the ever adaptable movies. Federal and State police authorities in a short trailer, recently revealed the details of a crime, and gave a description of the criminal. This is, perhaps, the newest way yet devised to track down a criminal. It places a great responsibility on picture-going people by giving them a chance to assist their governing authorities in making the way of a criminal less easy by co-operating fully. A system of this kind, launched on a nation-wide scale, might well develop into a great deterrent of crime throughout our land.

FROM many corners of the country come letters asking "Whom do you consider to be stars?" and "Why are some players called stars and others not?" This is a difficult question to answer, since opinions differ. A player may be only "featured" at one company, and upon being borrowed by another, given star billing. The simplest way for the average movie-goer to decide which is starred and which featured, is to look at the opening sequences of any picture. If the player's name is placed above the title of the picture, it is the opinion of the producer that the player is a star. If the name follows the title, he or she is a featured player. This rating, of course, might easily change with each picture. We hope this will answer any others who might wish the same information.

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



YOU'VE **WON** HIM—
NOW YOU MUST **KEEP** HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO *much* of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman without realizing it is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed,* but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Tiny blemishes appear—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

You needn't run this risk. Guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way! The lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**

NRA CODE

Diary OF A HOLLYWOOD NEWS HOUND

Stories of the stars that got into the papers, and stories that didn't ★ By a newspaper reporter assigned to "cover Hollywood"

MARIAN RHEA



The reporter and cameraman worked hard to get this picture of John Gilbert and Ina Claire at their wedding breakfast.





Large photo above: Mary Pickford, pale and shaken, steps down from the witness stand as the Judge grants her divorce. Above, right: Jean Harlow was only a girl who posed for a fashion photo, but she stood out. Left: Kathryn Carver.

I HAVE been put out of some of the best homes in Hollywood.

I am not a book agent nor do I sell mining stock. I am a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper. I "cover" Hollywood—sometimes in a way that Hollywood doesn't want to be "covered." I am not assigned to get nice, pleasant interviews about the ideas and ideals of the film stars. My job is to get what we call spot news, about them—news about marriages that are supposed to be secret, divorces ditto, heart balms, breach of promise and alienation of affections suits; also news about the more serious things that come up in Hollywood from time to time, such as fights, murders and suicides.

Often—usually, in fact—this news involves difficulties which the celebrities would much prefer kept out of the public print. It is up to me to get it anyway, or try to. Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. In any event, I am seldom welcomed in Hollywood with open arms.

However, "covering" Hollywood isn't all grief. Interesting and even enjoyable experiences have developed from the most inauspicious beginnings in this news-gathering career of mine. I realize this as I thumb through the pages of the diary I've kept.

Here is page one. It is an "I knew her when" entry, made a long time ago, telling about a little extra girl who afterward made good in a big way, and the first time her picture ever appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper——

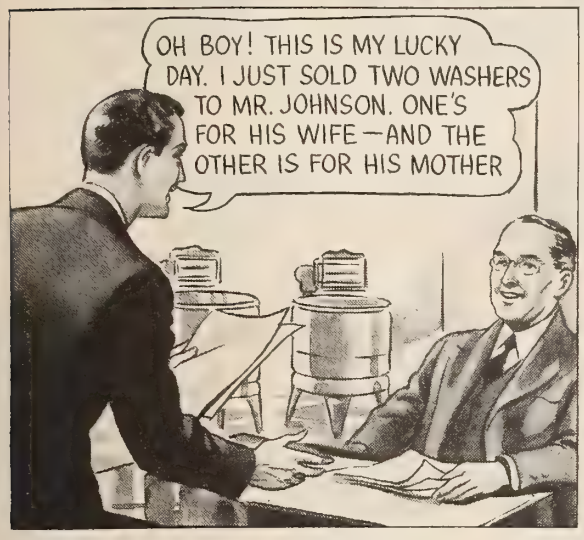
"September 27, 1928. The city editor had a brilliant idea today. Said for me to arrange a layout of pictures for page three featuring fashions worn in Hollywood these days. Said to use Hollywood extra girls as models and to have them photographed in our office. I called up Central Casting Bureau and asked them to send me out a dozen of their prettiest. Three blondes, two red-heads and a brunette showed up with some swell-looking clothes. One particularly good-looking and striking. All curves and blue eyes and gorgeous complexion, pink and white. A grande dame air. Hair white as cotton. Name of Jean Harlow . . ."

Jean's first picture, taken in a white satin dress, was a lot easier to get than those which Frank Bentley, one of our photographers, and I went after on that memorable spring morning after John Gilbert and Ina Claire eloped to Las Vegas, as you will see——

"May 10, 1929. City editor telephoned at 5:30 A.M. Said Ina Claire and John Gilbert got married last night. Wanted pictures of them eating first breakfast and so on for the first edition. Said Frank Bentley would pick me up in half an hour.

"Arrived Gilbert's home, Beverly Hills, high up on a mountain, before seven. Rang door bell. Filipino boy opened door two inches. Said no one could see either John or Ina. Told me: 'Boss no see (*Please turn to page* 55)

GOOD NEWS FOR WASHING MACHINE USERS













THAT'S WHY THE MAKERS OF 34 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND RINSO

NO WASHER? Then by all means you must use Rinso! *For Rinso saves scrubbing and boiling!* Just by soaking it gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter—even down-right *dirty* clothes come sweet and clean as new. How this gentle Rinso way saves the clothes! Makes them last two or three times longer. You'll save money every time you use this safe, "no-scrub" soap.

Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Wonderful for dishwashing and all cleaning. Easy on hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

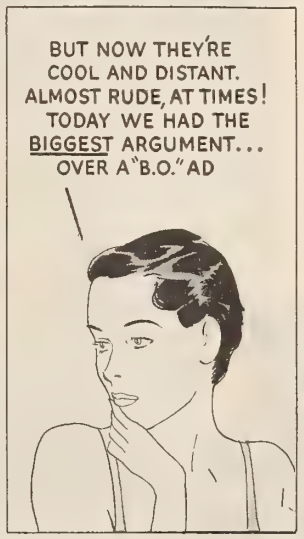
NRA CODE

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

ARE YOU MAKING HER MISTAKE?















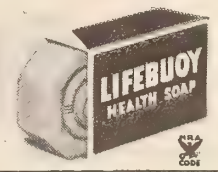


IT'S Lifebuoy, of course, as *millions* know! Its rich lather deep-cleanses; purifies pores; freshens dull, lifeless complexions to radiant health. Yet tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Don't risk "B.O."

Be *extra* careful as days get warmer. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lather is abundant in hardest water. It deodorizes pores, stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Do Men Like to Hear the Truth About Themselves?



You're afraid you'll lose him if you don't flatter him? All right, lose him—and congratulate yourself

CAROLE LOMBARD had to be nabbed between finishing retakes on "Rumba" and hopping a plane for New York and a much-needed and well-earned vacation. But before Carole left, she had some very trenchant things to say on the subject, "Do men like to hear the truth about themselves?" She thinks, definitely, they do and has her side of the argument down pat.

"Flattery," Carole began, "is, in essence, an untruth. Now it may seem all very well to win a man by flattery, but after you've won him, what then? Remember, you've got to live with him. And the kind of man you win by flattery will have to be *kept* by flattery." She sighed. "*What* a job! It means that you'll have to continue, all through your married life, thinking up pretty little half-truths.

"There's no corner on flattery, you know. If you win a man by flattery, you can lose him the same way. Someone else may out-flatter you. Where are you then?

"Why not tell a man the truth and have done with it? You say, 'But I may lose him!' All right, *lose* him and congratulate yourself. For the man who has to be won that way isn't worth the winning. A man (*Please turn to page* 44)



Truth is a fine thing. But truth can also be a very cruel thing, and it is sometimes best left unsaid

ALICE FAYE feels differently. Just as definitely in her way as Carole, Alice wholeheartedly feels that men do *not* like to hear the truth about themselves. And Alice had evidently given the matter more than a little thought, because she had plenty of arguments to back up her stand.

"Theoretically," Alice began, hunched becomingly in a polo coat, her lovely blonde hair catching the highlights of the afternoon sun "—theoretically I *should* answer, 'Men like to hear the truth about themselves.' Perhaps that would look better on paper than what I'm going to say. But I can't help that, because I know from experience that such is not the case.

"Truth is a fine thing," Alice said, getting into her subject. "But truth can also be a very cruel thing and may sometimes best be left unsaid or, if necessary, colored a bit. Supposing you know a man who, although not perfect, (and who is?) yet is trying the very best he knows how? If you love this man you're not going to pick out his shortcomings and remind him of them. On the contrary, you're going to give him a helping hand—'build him up'—make him think he's a little better than he really is. You're going to stretch the truth, if necessary, to supply him with all the confidence you can. (*Please turn to page* 44)

LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon Ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean
HARLOW
WILLIAM
POWELL
in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

FRANCHOT
TONE
MAY
ROBSON
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HE JOINED THE HOWLING MOB TO CELEBRATE HIS OWN ASSASSINATION!

And when his strange figure walked into their midst, not one of these, his mortal enemies, dared lay hand on him. Such was the power of this man who defied a King and threw a world into tumult that a wisp of a girl might marry the boy she loved.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents
DARRYL ZANUCK'S production

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

STARRING

GEORGE ARLISS

with

Maureen O'Sullivan • Edward Arnold
Douglas Dumbrille • Francis Lister
Cesar Romero

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Clarence Sinclair Bull



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

Stardom is beckoning Elizabeth Allan after her work in "David Copperfield." Next one: "Mark of the Vampire."



Richee

● **FRENCH AND FRENCH . . . Claudette Colbert was given Charles Boyer for her leading man in "Private Worlds." Then Katharine Hepburn snapped him up for "Break of Hearts." In other words, he's good. And nothing is too good for Claudette, these days, with her popularity sky-rocketing.**



Clarence Hewitt

● **IRISH AND CUBAN . . . Cuban by extraction, at any rate, is Cesar Romero, shown here with the Irish Maureen O'Sullivan in a scene from George Arliss's colorful "Cardinal Richelieu." Cesar is as much in demand these days as Charles Boyer—so much so, that we have a Romero story next month**

THE SUNSHINE



Miehle

With Spring comes the call of the open road—and Eric Rhodes finds punctures are no laughing matter even for comedians.



Let Virginia Bruce catch the first whiff of Summer in the air and, presto, how could she resist the impulse to go out strolling?



IS CALLING ALL STARS

Apger and Longworth







The open road calls in more than one way. Maureen O' Sullivan, for example, takes to wings, while the picture above at the right, shows what Guy Kibbee, in his inner soul, would like to be doing right now.



Richee

The large picture at the left should erase any last doubts in your mind that Old Winter is gone. Madge Evans is the lovely girl. (Above) "Now is the time for a brisk set of tennis!" says W. C. Fields, promptly toppling over on the bench and into a doze in the sun like an old setter.



Longworth

Above: Dolores Del Rio, with the change of seasons, takes to swimming and the latest thing in *chic* white bathing-suits.

●

But there's no swimming—not yet—for little Shirley Temple. No, for Shirley it's up early and off to school. The boys, below, get a better break. Frankie Thomas can play marbles, any old time of day, with his jockey pal Donnie Meade.





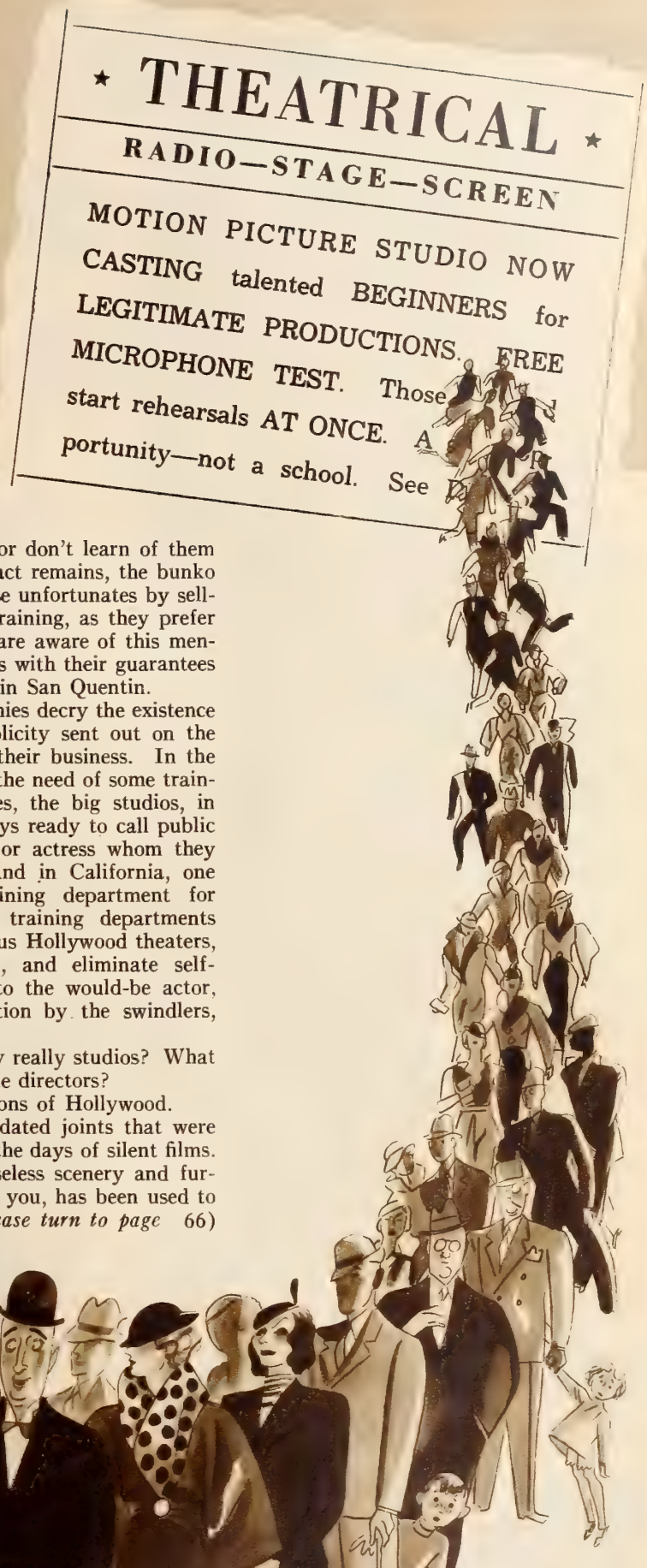
Jones

● **MANY ARE CALLED**—and oh, so few, so few are chosen! Blonde little Ann Sothern was called Harriet Lake, in musical comedy. A singer, she drifted naturally toward the High C's—notably Chevalier and Cantor. Her last musical was "Folies Bergere," and it begins to look as if Ann is definitely here to stay.

IT'S A FAKE

No. 3 in New Movie's series of articles exposing the Hollywood underworld. The fake movie studios that prey on innocent victims

By CHOLLY MARSH



YOU Ought To Be in Pictures." Yes, and thousands of people feel the same way. Hollywood, the home of the picture industry, is also the temporary home of more misguided souls than any other city in the world. It is easy to sell the newcomer, he openly expresses his desire to get before a camera—the others have the same hope, but the futility of their efforts has taught them to keep quiet. These screen-struck hopefuls must have money, though, for once again the racketeers have opened their fake moving picture studios, and the suckers are falling for the new methods they are using.

These chiselers have a great set-up. And as the would-be actor is determined, at all costs, to get into a studio, they can't help but fall for this racket. You see, it is absolutely impossible for amateurs to get into any major studio, even though they are willing to work extra or as mob atmosphere. All these jobs are filled by the Central Casting Bureau. This bureau is operated under an agreement signed by *all* the major studios in California, and a severe penalty is imposed for any violation. There isn't a chance that even a personal friend might make an exception.

Central calls these extras from a list of those registered with them. Though all registration has been discontinued for the past five years, there are more than 30,000 names listed. The NRA Code Authority has recently concluded an investigation which disclosed that the number of extras registered was far in excess of studio requirements, and has ordered that this list be cut down to 3,000.

Although these facts have been broadcast many times, either people do not believe them, or don't learn of them until after their arrival. But the fact remains, the bunko studios are taking advantage of these unfortunates by selling them a questionable brand of training, as they prefer to call it. The law-making bodies are aware of this menace, and a few who were too careless with their guarantees and promises are now serving time in San Quentin.

The major moving picture companies decry the existence of these fake studios—but the publicity sent out on the stars acts as good propaganda for their business. In the life stories of stars, they all express the need of some training for success. In other instances, the big studios, in their anxiety for publicity, are always ready to call public attention to some particular actor or actress whom they discovered in some stage play. And in California, one learns, some studios have a training department for promising young players. These training departments present plays on the stage, in various Hollywood theaters, to give these young artists poise, and eliminate self-consciousness. All this is known to the would-be actor, and cleverly brought to his attention by the swindlers, the fake moving picture studios.

Where are they located? Are they really studios? What sort of men own them? Who are the directors?

They are located in various sections of Hollywood.

Yes, they are studios, old, dilapidated joints that were used by independent companies, in the days of silent films. They still contain a mass of old useless scenery and furniture. This paraphernalia, junk to you, has been used to build six or seven sets (a "U" (*Please turn to page* 66)



ILLUSRATED BY
CHARLES MULHOLLAND

Their interest aroused by the newspaper ad (see top of page), men, women and children pour into the office of the fake studio's director. What happens to them then is best shown by the shorn lamb behind his chair. They are fleeced so cleverly there is often no legal recourse for them.

WHY THE STARS CAN'T STAY MARRIED

The question you have long asked yourself, answered by a wise psychologist who is not afraid to speak out

By
LOUIS E. BISCH,
M. D., Ph. D.

THE stars are intelligent people; they possess good manners and social poise; they know how to dress and appear attractive; their physical allure is decidedly greater than average; they are as human as anyone else and they crave love, a home and babies the same as the rest of us. Indeed, it is surprising how downright domestic in tastes and inclinations the film colony, as a class, really is.

Yet, these self-same movie actors, women as well as men, seem somehow unable to keep themselves married either for long or happily!

There is June Knight, for instance, who separated from her husband after being married five days! As if not satisfied with this record, said June began a suit for divorce thirteen days later and exactly thirty days after she had stepped up to the altar the young woman once more was free!

JEAN HARLOW also may be placed in the record group, although in her case the record concerns numbers rather than speed. So far, Jean has had three husbands, to wit: Charles McGrew, Paul Bern and Hal Rosson. Rumor has it that she is now going places with William Powell. Whether true or not, whether Powell will be husband number four or not, surely it is difficult to conceive that so enticing a lady will not try again. And then, of course, there is Gloria Swanson. How many husbands will she, eventually, have had? The most shocking divorce in all the annals of filmdom has been that of "America's Sweetheart" (Mary Pickford) from Douglas Fairbanks. That marriage was supposed to be the acme of lasting love. It was customary to point to it as a model for us all. But now! Not to mention Fairbanks' son and Joan Crawford, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, William Powell and Carole Lombard. And, of course, I have far from exhausted the list.

WHAT makes these actor folk behave that way? Why can't they settle down like other people? What makes them so restless and dissatisfied when it comes to love? Are they essentially different? If so, what is it and why?

Psychology has an answer for these perplexing questions. The science that deals with the workings of the mind and the emotions knows exactly why actors should present the apparent contradiction of being specialists in love on the screen, of being expert in studying human feeling and interpreting it in story after story for years on end, then failing so miserably in their love lives where their own private experiences are concerned. Nor are the mechanisms of the mind that are involved difficult to understand.

FIRST of all, let us consider of what the actor's daily work really consists. At once such descriptive terms as pretense and make-believe suggest themselves.

Yes, the actor's work is just that. From morning until night, whether on or off the lot, the actor is not himself or herself, as the case may be, but somebody else! In one picture the star may be an innocent, demure, unsophisticated youngster who is taken advantage of by a designing villain. In a second, the role to be portrayed may be completely different—this time, that of a calculating, gold-digging vamp; in a third production the part may call for an interpretation of a misunderstood wife.

One might assume that actors would rebel at such frequent changes. As a matter of fact, what they continually rebel against is quite the opposite. They hate being considered "naturals" and forever do they fight against being cast for the same sort of part again and again. Always do they want to be "somebody else."

The reason for this attitude is, however, not far to seek. After all, none of us goes in for any kind of work and remains content at it unless one's innate nature is "gaited" for it. To be sure, many of the jobs we take on are secured through chance circumstance. Whether we are happy and succeed in such work is quite another matter. We only remain happy and succeed, really, when the work harmonizes with the deeper and more fundamental strivings of our character make-up.

WITH the acting profession this is particularly true. The real actor reveals the earmarks of his destiny even as a child. Such a little girl or boy already "struts his stuff" when six or seven. In such children the impulse to imitate people seen and read about and to "dress up" and give a show is decidedly more pronounced than in their playmates. By the age of sixteen, of course, the impulse to go on the stage is already irresistible and bears all the earmarks of an obsession.

"Once an actor always an actor," declared a screen star friend of mine recently. I understood what he meant. Acting is an occupation that tends to unfit the participant for anything else!

Therefore—and now we will see the link that exists between what I said and the fact that all kinds of actors make poor marriage risks—actors not only make believe and are somebody else when working in the studio, they tend to be like that all the time, off as well as on the lot, simply because they have almost been (*Please turn to page* 42)



All day long the stars are exposed to make-believe love before the cameras. And in the hectic social whirl of Hollywood they are in contact with other stars chosen, like themselves for their tremendous attractiveness. Is it because of these conditions that their own marriages begin to lose glamour by comparison?





DECORATION BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Hollywood's excuse has been: "There are no more divorces here than there are in any other town." The list at the right, incomplete though it is, proves this to be untrue. There are more divorces—but the reason commands your sympathy.

Hollywood Marriages That Ended Unhappily

Adrienne Ames	Stephen Ames
Gwili Andre	Stosch Mtlotkowski
Robert Armstrong	Professional
Nils Asther	Vivian Duncan
Lew Ayres	Lola Lane
John Barrymore	Michael Strange
Wallace Beery	Gloria Swanson
Ralph Bellamy	Professional
Constance Bennett	Phil Plant
George Brent	Ruth Chatterton
Virginia Bruce	John Gilbert
Nancy Carroll	Jack Kirkland
Charles Chaplin	Lita Grey
Ruth Chatterton	George Brent
Maurice Chevalier	Yvonne Vallee
Joan Crawford	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Ronald Colman	Non-professional
Richard Dix	Non-professional
Sally Eilers	Hoot Gibson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Joan Crawford
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.	Mary Pickford
Glenda Farrell	Non-professional
Ralph Forbes	Ruth Chatterton
Henry Fonda	Margaret Sullavan
Kay Francis	Kenneth McKenna
Clark Gable	Josephine Dillon
Janet Gaynor	Lydell Peck
Hoot Gibson	Sally Eilers
John Gilbert	Virginia Bruce
Ann Harding	Harry Bannister
Jean Harlow	Hal Rosson
Katharine Hepburn	Ogden Smith
Miriam Hopkins	Austin Parker
Boris Karloff	Non-professional
June Knight	Paul Ames
Lola Lane	Lew Ayres
Elissa Landi	J. C. Lawrence
Carole Lombard	William Powell
Adolphe Menjou	Kathryn Carver
Colleen Moore	John McCormack
Mary Pickford	Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
ZaSu Pitts	Tom Gallery
William Powell	Carole Lombard
Irene Rich	Non-professional
Ginger Rogers	Professional
Ned Sparks	Non-professional
Lewis Stone	Non-professional
Gloria Stuart	Gordon Newell
Margaret Sullavan	Henry Fonda
Gloria Swanson	Michael Farmer
Thelma Todd	Pat di Cicco
Norma Talmadge	Joseph Schenck
Johnny Weissmuller	Bobbe Arnst
Loretta Young	Grant Withers

THE above list is not complete, since it takes in only players who are more or less prominent at the present time. Numbers of stars have remarried. Adrienne Ames, for example, has married Bruce Cabot since her divorce, Lew Ayres has married Ginger Rogers, John Barrymore has been for some years the husband of Dolores Costello, Ralph Bellamy married Catherine Willard, a stage actress; Constance Bennett has her Marquis, Sally Eilers is now the wife of Harry Joe Brown, Ralph Forbes is the husband of Heather Angel, Adolphe Menjou's new wife is Verree Teasdale, Gloria Stuart is married to a writer, Arthur Sheekman; Margaret Sullavan is the wife of William Wyler, a director, and of course there is the Weissmuller-Velez combination. Also, many of the stars have been divorced two and three times apiece. Nancy Carroll, Charles Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton and Jean Harlow all have had more than one.

I Owe a Lot to WILL ROGERS

says Elsie Janis. And so do the rest of us for his kindliness for his good pictures, and for his 100 per cent American wit that is not afraid to flash out at king or citizen







Elsie Janis was the original Rogers fan. She imitated him when he had only horse and rope.

By ELSIE JANIS

Special Writer for New Movie

I THINK everybody owes a lot to Will—everybody who can read, see and hear. But long before it was the world's good fortune to know his grand lopsided grin or quote his wise and razor-edged witticisms, Will became a very important factor in my career.

He had roped his way into being the talk of New York when I returned from England in 1916 to appear in "The Century Girl" at the Century Theatre. That production was about the biggest thing New York ever saw until the advent of the Empire State Building. Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld went into partnership to produce it. Victor Herbert and Irving Berlin collaborated on the score. The cast which, owing to my mother's astounding managerial maneuvers, I headed, read like Who's Who in the Theater; Marie Dressler, Eddie Foy, Sam Bernard, Hazel Dawn, Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, Harry Kelly, Maurice and Walton, Doyle and Dixon and others. Among the others was one of the swellest girls you or I ever knew, Lilyan Tashman.

I must not get started down memory lane with that great crowd of troupers because I'll get sobby, and after all this article is about Will Rogers who was not at the Century but knocking them for a loop, or looping them for a knockout, in the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre. I must, however, revert to the Century long enough to say that you can imagine how, with a cast like that, it was every man for himself. One girl in particular worried very much about what hat trick she could pull to merit being billed above so many fine artists.

Enter Will Rogers! I had learned to throw a lariat three years before in 1916 while playing with Fred Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper." The public didn't know about that, however. So when I did an imitation of the man of the theatrical hour, Will Rogers, and not only twirled the rope, but danced in it as Will used to do, the first nighters at the Century thought I had walked into the New Amsterdam, taken a look at Rogers and leapt into the best imitation I ever did. They didn't know of the hours I spent learning to make the darn thing even spin, let alone keep on spinning while I talked *a la Rogers,* and danced at the same time.

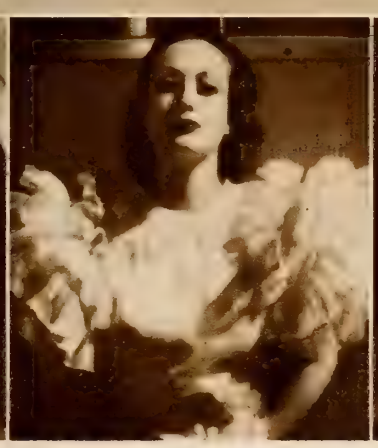
Well, anyway the result was well worth the work, and Will Rogers became the sure-fire finish to my specialty in 1916. He remained same until I retired from the stage. I imitated him in London before he himself had captured the city. I translated him into French and presented him to the Parisian public. On concert tours, which covered (*Please turn to page* 52)





No matter how silly the hat, if Garbo wears it a new style is set. Mae West, at the right, brought back curves to millions of curve-less women. Katharine Hepburn started a rage for frou-frou bangs, Joan Crawford's leg-of-mutton sleeves swept the country and Kay Francis' generously exposed back was a shock heard 'round the fashion world.







IF GARBO WEARS A HAT

By

WHITNEY WILLIAMS

THE Hollywood influence is felt 'round the world.

Fashions, manners, romance, everything that affects the people of the globe . . . all have been swayed by the screen and its glittering stars.

There is, for example, Joan Crawford, who re-clothed the girls of the land by the way she wore a dress.

It featured leg-of-mutton sleeves.

Who else but Joan could have started this old style anew, in "Letty Lynton," a style that experts for years have declared as dead as mutton? Yet, when Joan wore the dress, millions of girls all over the country rushed to the stores and dress-makers to order one, puffed sleeves and all, for their wardrobes.

To Greta Garbo the women of the world are indebted for the low bob. The Swedish actress came into prominence when most of the stars were cutting their hair short. Despite remonstrance from every expert in the studio, she refused to cut her hair like the others. Shortly after she appeared on the screen with this style of haircut, those girls and women who couldn't grow their hair fast enough were tacking on shoulder-length extensions.

Hollywood has been designated by many the style center of the world. Actually, it isn't (as yet) . . . and its fashion designers lay no claim to this distinction.

But the effect it wields on current fashions, through the vehicle of the screen, is undisputed. Many of the styles and fashions of the day, now so much in vogue, can be traced directly to Hollywood and its glamorous personalities.

The Cossack hat which Marlene Dietrich wore in "The Scarlet Empress" may be mentioned as a case in point. Shortly after this picture was released, the market became flooded with Russian chapeaux, all outgrowths of the Dietrich top-piece.

The muff she carried was responsible for the re-appearance of that feminine adornment.

And the hood on her cloak is seen this year on all the smart evening cloaks in the smartest shops.

Three pieces of feminine finery now popular throughout the country and in some sections of Europe . . . each had its creation, for general use, in one picture, a film that did not enjoy any particular success at the box-office but exerted a very definite influence upon the styles of today.

Going back a few years, and not so many, at that . . . feathers became popular following the showing of Miss Dietrich (*Please turn to page* 53)





To you they're mere details in gigantic "effect" scenes—a flashing smile, or a glint of silk stocking, gone in a second.

Don't forget the GIRLS

They dance like clockwork, but they have hearts and heads, besides legs. Here they are. Meet them. • By LEON SURMELIAN

THE gay, glittering whirlpool of Hollywood Boulevard is studded with the most gorgeous show girls in the world. This most enchanting and intriguing of the world's famous streets has dimmed the glory of Broadway as the goal of those radiantly shapely creatures who send the bald-headed rows into such rhapsodies of delight.

"May Allah always favor you!" I said, as I received an order from our editor to do some soul-digging among the gold diggers of the screen.

With millions of my own sex I had to be satisfied by merely gazing at their likenesses on the screen, as they went through their paces amid avalanches of ostrich fans, or in beauteous flurries of amazing rhythmic patterns.

But now, armed with such an assignment, I could see for myself what goes on behind the scenes of the leg shows those demigods of Hollywood, the film dance directors, concoct with such devastating results on the pocketbook of the nation, helping the producers rake in the shekels you and I have such a heck of a time earning.

I stopped banging away on my portable, took up my cane, and in the best manner of a boulevardier set forth to explore the beauty corners of movietown.

I sauntered down to the Paramount Studio, and was led to stage No. 9, where I exchanged the necessary courtesies with LeRoy Prinz, rehearsing a sizzling number for "Rumba."

The old phonograph blared forth the passionate music of Spain from a corner of the huge sound-proof stage, and a dusky couple from Havana, with red bandannas tied around their necks, danced the rumba in shameless abandon. George Raft, Carole Lombard, and a bevy of chorus girls in shorts or slacks, studied their steps and contortions, not, I must say, without some embarrassment, for this authentic exhibition of the rumba was a torrid dance indeed. The dusky couple, their teeth flashing and their enormous eyes, black pools of tropic longings, flirted in wanton pirouettes, and told each other the secrets of their hearts by beating their clattering heels onto the floor in volleys of frenzied rhythm.

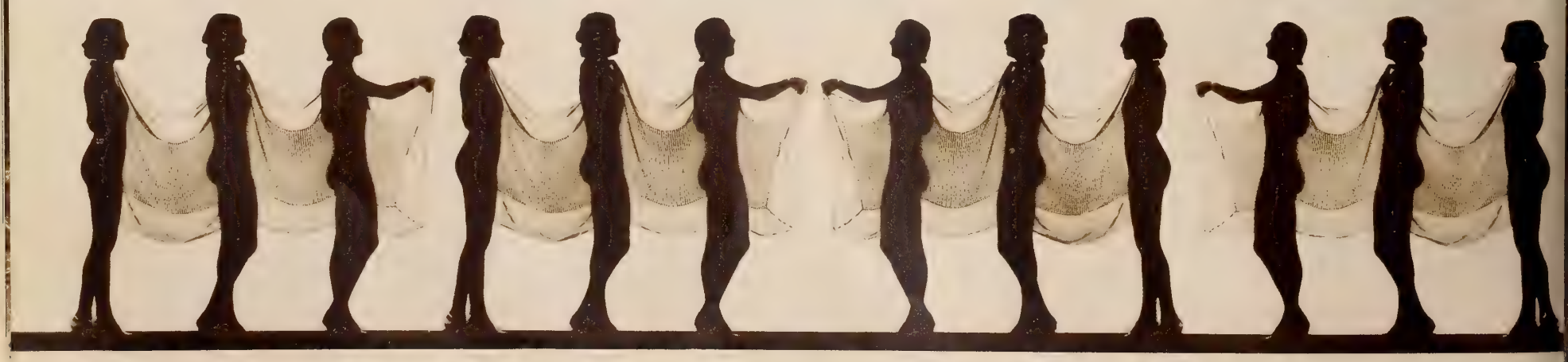
"I'll give my own interpretation to this dance," Mr. Prinz said, the merry twinkle in his eye catching mine. "But I want the kids to see what the rumba is really like."

(*Please turn to page* 60)





But they aren't machines. They're girls like the girl next door. Here are three: At top, Alma Ross, and below, Emily La Rue (Jack's sister) and Ula Love.



HOLLYWOOD is Dangerous to YOUTH

says GENE RAYMOND

At last an honest, intensely sincere answer to this important question, from one of the younger stars himself

By JACK JAMISON

Exclusive to New Movie

HERE'S a criticism you've heard often enough from welfare organizations, professional viewers-with-alarm, and women's clubs. But rarely have you heard it from a star right on the spot!

"Hollywood is dangerous for young people."

Gene Raymond is the one who says it. Not only is Gene a star, but he himself is young. This, coupled with his broad experience, plus the fact that he is successful and therefore can't be accused of sour grapes, makes what he has to say worthy of attention.

"You understand, of course"—he explains—"I am not speaking of Hollywood as a geographical place. A town is a town, and one is no worse nor better than another. What I refer to is the set of economic and psychological conditions in which you find yourself in Hollywood; of the town as an environment. The movies have become a goal for young men and girls all over the country. They flock to Hollywood. My point is that what they are liable to find there may be more harmful to them than beneficial.

"Consider the experienced young players who come to Hollywood from the New York stage, from little theaters like the Pasadena Community Theater, from stock companies, vaudeville—youngsters who've already had experience in some branch or other of the theater. Not only are they boys and girls who are truly interested in the drama (they must be, or they wouldn't be where they are) but they have already managed to survive the hard knocks of apprenticeship. They have, to some extent, demonstrated their ability. At last a studio scout spots them, they sign a contract, and they're in Hollywood. What happens?

"Right off the bat—and it's a sad blow—they learn they aren't their own bosses. According to the contract, a producer owns them body and soul. He can make them over, if he doesn't like them—dye or bleach their hair, have their teeth pulled out, their eyebrows shaved, their faces lifted; teach them to (*Please turn to page* 46)



Clarence Sinclair Bull



The glimpse of Fredric March in a "Les Miserables" mob scene, in circle, and the photos below, give a hint of the terrific tension under which pictures are made. It is this tension, Gene says, which wrecks nerves and health.







Joan Blondell and William Gargan making "Traveling Saleslady" . . . Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables" . . . George Arliss rests from "Richelieu."





Left—the lure of lace and simplicity of design make this two-piece jacket frock, worn by Frances Drake, an outstanding model for early Summer. The dress is designed on shirtwaist lines with a pleated bosom and mannish piqué bow at the high neck. The wide revers and deep cuffs on the jacket are of piqué as is the flower boutonniere.

Sketched—a jaunty little sailor suit for the nautical minded, also worn by Miss Drake. The coat is double-breasted and fastens with bright brass buttons. Square braid trims the sailor collar and cuffs. This is a most practical summer dress of washable crepe.

Outstanding in design, fabric and tailoring, say three popular movie stars of this month's

TOWER STAR FASHIONS

TOWER Star FASHIONS

Sponsored by Tower Magazines, Inc.

Laces for daytime, organdies for evening and crepes and sheers for all around wear—what a selection from which to choose your summer wardrobe





Sketched above are two delightfully feminine summer evening frocks selected by Frances Drake, who is soon to appear in the 20th Century production, "Les Miserables." One is an embroidered organdy with a bright field flower corsage at the high waistline. Note the dropped shoulders, a fashion scoop for you, and the new godet hemline which gives just the right flare to the long, full skirt.

The other dress is, perhaps, more informal but just as chic. It is printed organdy, a dainty floral design, with that tailored smartness so seldom found in an evening gown.

Dropped shoulders, flared skirts, pleated ruffling and boxed jackets—all new fashion notes

By
KATHERINE KAREY



Left—Ethel Merman, United Artists star, who will play the leading role in Eddie Cantor's next picture, wears a cotton lace jacket frock showing Regency influence in the design. The dress has the new high neckline and is trimmed with grosgrain.

Sketched at the left are two other frocks selected by Miss Merman. One, a simple sheer with shirtwaist influence, softly treated. The shoulders are the new shirred raglan type and a fichu of mousseline de soie adds a finishing touch to the tailored collar. The other, a ribbon matelasse jacket dress with the new cape sleeve jacket.

Right—an ensemble of crepe with plaid piqué accents is worn by Margot Grahame, lovely British star, who will appear in a forthcoming RKO production. A boxed jacket is worn over the very short sleeves of the dress.

Sketched at the right is another little daytime frock selected by Miss Grahame . . . a two-piece effect dress of sheer, striped in polka-dots, a new version of the season's favorite. Note the pleats, the turned over piqué collar and bow, the little puffed sleeves.









Honorable Mention

Mention, by all means, to Henry Armetta for proving the old saying that you can't keep a good laugh down . . . Steffi Duna has survived bad pictures and a hard-to-pronounce name, doing good work in "Private Worlds." . . . Hobart Bosworth, twenty years in films and beloved as ever, you'll see in Paramount's new picture, "The Crusades."







Faces in the News and Stars of Tomorrow

Dorothy Arzner, for years Hollywood's only woman director, is a shining example for women everywhere . . . Sterling Holloway, a gawky boy from Georgia, makes you chuckle if you like his brand of comedy . . . Elisabeth Bergner, whom you'll see in "Escape Me Never," has been called our greatest living actress by nearly every leading critic.







Newsworthy is Margot Grahame, a star on stage and screen in England, who makes her American debut in "The Informer" . . . Valerie Hobson, the contours of whose face remind you of a Benda mask, lends menace to "The Werewolf of London" . . . Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvin Douglas in private life) plays the leading role in "She."

SHOPPING *with Joan*

Would you like to go shopping with a real live movie star? Then come along with Joan Crawford

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

JOAN CRAWFORD and I had agreed to meet in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel. We arrived at the same moment, just as a clock on a church tower, a block away, was chiming the hour.

We were both so amazed at the other's punctuality that we burst out laughing. So, our little lark started out gaily.

It's a grand adventure to go shopping with Joan. Like most girls, she loves to prowl around the shops but has so little opportunity. This day, being free from the studio, she was out to visit her favorite haunts and I was fortunate indeed, because she seldom includes anyone on these festive tours.

Joan looked very smart in a brown checked suit, a perky hat a-top her longish bob, and matching accessories. A vivid scarlet scarf twisted at her throat added a real Crawford dash—somehow, her clothes are always so expressive. She looked exactly as if she had just stepped from a painting.

As we entered one of Los Angeles' most exclusive shops, the manager and two clerks came forward to meet her.

Joan's greeting was friendly. She laughed, "I've just paid my income tax so don't tempt me too far."

Within a few minutes a lovely white satin evening gown was being modeled for her by a girl of her own measurements and coloring.

Joan was entranced with the simple lines and the rounded neck with its folds of soft satin and after admitting that anyway, she never could resist a white evening gown, she ordered it sent to her on approval.

She told me she never tries clothes on in the stores, preferring to do it at home so she can study the effects more leisurely. Her shoulders are wide so she depends on adjusting the hip lines to fit. She has an expert seamstress who attends to her alterations. Perhaps this is the secret of her always being perfectly fitted.

Another gown was purchased, one of her favorite Hattie Carnegie models, just in. It was of jet sequins, very tailored and all black except for a white piqué collar and cuffs.

Said Joan, "I'm buying this to wear to Norma Shearer's party and I'll wear a black velvet bow in my hair."

(*Please turn to page* 51)





Hurrell



Ardent shoppers will recognize the gleam in Joan's eyes, above, as she leaves the store to drive home.

●

Left: A new portrait. Far left: In this scene in "Forsaking All Others" Joan wore her beloved, comfortable mules.

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

Day by day in every way Hollywood brightens the news . . . and Nemo, the reporter nobody knows, brings it to you



Two people you like a lot—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in "People Will Talk."



Joe E. Brown and Dick Powell attend a premiere in San Diego.

NOW that the Santa Anita race track has closed for the season, we should be able to do a little better job of this gossip column. Ever since Christmas Day, when the track opened, the only way we could ever catch up with the people you want to hear about was to chase 'em out to where the galloping equines got their daily workout.

In one booth, at the Gotham, we spotted Connie's "Hank" and another chap dining on turkey wings and wine while they discussed the relative merits of Twenty Grand and Ladysman.

Across the way, Randy Scott and Monroe Owsley muttered in their respective beards about "double entries" and whether or not they would be wise to play Azucar "across the board."

Anyway, the entire movie colony has gone stark, staring race crazy.

And, if Phil Baker's "Bottle" is still that way about Mae West, all he has to do for a peek at the fascinatin' girl is hie himself to the Santa Anita track and there's Mae, utterly resplendent in ermine and diamonds!

SPEAKING of horses, our pet stooge reports an amusing incident that happened at 20th Century.

It was on the "Cardinal Richelieu" set, and George Arliss, with all the dignity in the world, sat astride a fine-looking horse, but cautiously! Behind him, some process stuff (to give the effect of motion) was being run. Below him, and out of camera range, four men squatted, each of them firmly grasping one of the animal's feet!

So, maybe you couldn't exactly call Arliss a horseman?



BING CROSBY is probably one of the most enthusiastic of all the track followers. First thing in the morning, he packs himself a lunch, sticks a racing form in his pocket, kisses mama and the kiddies goodbye and is off to the races!

We stood next to him at the rail, the other day, when the barrier went up and the horse on which he had some of the Crosby dough, went into the lead by a good couple of lengths.

"Hold 'er in!" Bing yelled. "Ho-oo-old 'er IN! . . . Save it!"

Half way round the track, Bing's horse began to lose ground, and, by the time the thundering herd rounded the last turn, horsie had slipped back to fourth spot. Well, Bing was fit to be tied.

"I didn't say hold 'er in all the way around!" he howled frantically. "Try whippin' 'er a little, will ya?"



OCCASIONALLY troubled with insomnia, Wally Beery has discovered a 100 proof remedy for it. Taking his plane up 10,000 ft., he turns the controls over to a relief pilot, curls himself up, and in no time at all, is in the arms of Morpheus.

Of course, if you don't happen to have a plane, there's the catch. But, in a pinch, you might smuggle an army cot up to the top floor of the Empire State Building.

EDGAR ALLAN WOOLF, the writer, is famous for his cuisine accomplishments. So, when Leo Morrison threw a party, the other evening, he wired an invitation to Wallace Beery, stating that Woolf was to do the cooking.

Beery wired back: "Have tasted Woolf's food STOP Will bring my own!"

SO help us, this is positively the last time we'll mention it! But, before Mary Brian would place a bet on a horse, she'd go through the paddock, look them all over, and the one with the kindest face was the one that got Mary's money!

Which is probably just as good a way as any to pick 'em?



AND here's a new romance to make up in your little red book! Joel McCrea and Shirley Temple are quite, quite that way about each other! But, true love never did run the way you want it to!

Every time Joel and Shirley try to sneak off by themselves for a quiet little talk, the still man follows along and messes up a beautiful romance by insisting that they pose for publicity photographs.

On Broadway, New Movie plays a prominent part in "Personal Appearance."

Members of Our Gang's team on the lot —Scotty Beckett and Spanky McFarland.

Hasn't Stan a lovely wife? Mr. and Mrs. Laurel at the Mayfair dance.

Una Merkel's new picture is a comedy-mystery, "The Mystery in Room 309."

Pach Bros.





Stage



Wide World





Louise Fazenda plays an inquisitive maid in "The Casino Murder Case."



These two furry creatures are in "Call of the Wild." One of them is Jack Oakie.



All actors and actresses are superstitious. A rabbit's foot is Ann Dvorak's charm.



Elsa Lanchester wears fantastic make-up for "Bride of Frankenstein."

The other day, they found a very secluded spot by an old fish pond where it just didn't seem possible that anyone would be able to find them. But, just as they got settled, with a lollypop apiece, who should crash the tete-a-tete but that mean old photographer with a request for more pictures!

Little Shirley was annoyed. "Oh, *Anthony* . . . !" she exclaimed, "can't you let us have *one* moment alone?"



IN honor of Pat O'Brien's house warming, Lyle Talbot wore his brand new fedora hat.

Leaving early, Lyle went to get his Easter chapeau and . . . no soap! It just wasn't anywhere to be found! After nearly tearing the O'Brien domicile apart, a local Sherlock Holmes peeked in the swimming pool, and . . . there was the missing fedora! . . . completely water-logged and going down for the third time!

It was heart-breaking, no less. And not knowing whom to put the finger on, every man in the place ran for his own top piece and hung them on Pat's newly installed bushes at the bottom of the garden, where it would be easy to keep an eye on 'em!



AND, as long as we're here, we may as well tell you about Charlie Butterworth's experience with a frisky nag. It happened at Palm Springs, and the only mistake Charlie made was that when the horse stopped, Charlie kept right on going!

It wasn't too serious, fortunately, but it did take a doctor two hours to tweeze out the spines from the cactus he landed in!

HOME from his personal appearance tour, Gene Raymond declares it's a great game if you've got your strength. For why? Because sixteen girls crashed his dressing-room, one night, and after they left he hadn't a tie, handkerchief, or powder puff left to his name! They even got the laces out of his oxfords! Furthermore, two of the gals were really injured in the melee!

THAT Ralph Bellamy is all right. With a hurry call from the studio, and his own car laid up with fallen arches or something, Ralph asked the high school boy next door for the loan of his Model-T Ford . . . one of those jaloppys with wise cracks chalked all over the sides and back!!



Without giving one darn, Bellamy snorted up the Boulevard, rattling in every joint and having the time of his life jeering at a few of his friends who whizzed by in their high-powered motors!

THIS hyar town is plumb full of practical jokers!

About 3 A. M. the other morning, Grant Withers' phone rang . . . and RANG!

Dragging his sleepy form out of the nice, warm bed, Grant stumbled across the bedroom floor in a daze and picked up the receiver.

"Yeh . . . ?" he groaned into the transmitter.

"Is Boo there?" a strange voice inquired.

"Boo who??" Grant growled.

"Well, gee . . ." the caller said, "Don't cry. It's all right. I must have the wrong number!"



AND speaking of fright . . . Freddie March had the scare of his life the other day when his small daughter, Penny, lost control of her kiddie kar and rolled merrily into the deep end of the March swimming pool, making a neat little splash.

Throwing his best pipe clear across the patio, Freddie dived after his adventurous offspring, bringing her up, sputtering angrily, but otherwise none the worse for her unexpected ducking.

(*Please turn to page* 65)

Clark Gable, Loretta Young and the "Call of the Wild" company, watch the rushes.



Margaret Dee made her debut in "Becky Sharp." Sister Frances makes her up.



reported by

NEMO

CONSTANCE should have been A BOY

BY HER SISTER

JOAN BENNETT



She is completely honest. She says what she thinks and does what she likes. She does not conform to the conventional mind. A man can get away with it—but a woman can't. So says Joan, about her dynamic sister



SHE should have been born a boy; for, had such been the case, those very traits of character—that aggressiveness, that daring, that independence, that decisiveness—which have earned her frequent criticism, would have won her unstinted admiration.

Connie is one of the few completely honest women I have known. She says what she thinks, does what she likes—and, man-fashion, takes the consequences of any mistake she may make without a whine. I never have known her to trade on the "privileges" of her sex.

I can readily understand why some people persistently misjudge and resent, or even dislike her. Her cardinal sin lies in the fact that she does not conform to the conventional mould. Furthermore, she is superbly sure of herself, exasperating in her self-confidence. She is, at times, very intolerant. She is sometimes inclined to be overbearing. Having reached a decision, she is prompt to translate it into action, and seldom does she have the patience to explain or defend her motives.

Let the action be its own justification—that, always, has been Connie's way.

Because of the difference in our ages and because of the still wider difference in our temperaments, there has never been between Constance and myself that close companionship which one might expect to find between sisters. Yet we have always been loyal to each other, and, possibly because all members of "that Bennett clan" share certain fundamental traits, we have understood one another remarkably well.

Frankly, I always have stood somewhat in awe of Constance. She always has been the dominant, older sister. She always has told me what to do—and I usually have accepted her counsel, for experience has taught me that she is almost always right.

I have stood in awe of her mental strength and her abilities, not of the fact that she happens to be the elder. She was born to dominate. The effort to rule the lives of those whom she loves is as natural a gesture to her as breathing.

I have stood in awe of the aura of glamour which always has hovered around her. That glamour does not depend on her stardom, or her wealth, or her social position. It is a part of her, a radiation from her personality. It is something that defies exact analysis. To a certain degree, I suppose, it is a by-product of her innate poise and assurance.

Even as a school girl, she was glamorous.



At the left, Joan Bennett, a star in her own right, who writes this story of her sister. And on this page, Joan and Constance, snapped with Dolores Del Rio at the Mayfair Ball at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

She was the leader in every crowd. Everything she did was done with dash and fire and imagination. She never entered a room, she swept in—and instantly took command of the situation. She never passed through the "gangly" stage, for her poise was too instinctive to permit self-consciousness. She was very popular.

As a child she was extremely precocious. She soaked up knowledge as effortlessly as a sponge soaks up water. Unlike most so-called precocious children, she was analytical. Instead of being content to skim the surface, she wanted to know the reason why. She still does. Moreover, her mind is amazingly retentive. Once having fixed on an idea, she never forgets.

The fact that she was a girl was a bitter disappointment to our father, who had set his heart on a son who would carry on in his footsteps. Being one of the most wilfull men that ever lived, he refused to become reconciled to the fact of her sex for years. Consequently, he treated Constance as he would have treated a son.

She already had, by inheritance, his fighting heart, his impatience with all restraint, his wilfullness—and he encouraged her in every one of those qualities. He took her into his confidence, treated her as though she were an adult, instilled into her mind his own arrogant, "self-made man's" psychology. He preached the necessity of learning by experience, of fighting one's own battles, of being able to "take it on the chin" without a whine.

One of the immediate results was, of course, that her will began to clash with his while she was still a child. It has continued to clash with his ever since, in a series of explosions which are usually short-lived but breath-taking in their violence. Father frequently rages when she defies his authority—yet I know he is tremendously proud of her determination and independence.

He has ample reason to be proud of her courage. I have never seen her afraid of anything—unless it might be that she is sometimes afraid of being afraid.

I have never seen her shirk a fight, no matter how slim her chance of winning might be. She welcomes and heartily enjoys the stimulation of conflict. A torrid argument is to her one of life's supreme joys, an escape from boredom, which she cannot tolerate. She is quick to show her withering contempt for anyone who fails to stick to his guns. She is also quick to acknowledge her fault, once she has been convinced that she is wrong.

If there is any one thing which Constance detests more than all others, that thing is a "yes-man." Anyone who wishes to hold her respect and liking must have the courage of his convictions and be willing to pit them against hers. She admires a fighter. And give her credit for this: if her temper is quickly kindled, it also is quickly quenched.

She neither expects nor wants anyone to grovel before her opinions because she happens to be a star; neither will she be subservient to anyone because of that person's position. Many stars "red-apple" the producers; Connie's Hollywood career has been punctuated by her challenges to their judgment and authority. I honestly believe that she would turn her back on stardom, salary and everything else which Hollywood can offer her before she would "yes" a producer against her convictions.

Her first starring contract was only a few days old when she asserted her independence. Her producers had gone into a huddle with their publicity executives and determined on a campaign in her behalf. When her boat docked in New York (she had signed her contract in Paris), she found awaiting her a telegram which virtually ordered her to cooperate by giving out a story entitled "No Girl Should Marry a Millionaire." Instantly she wired back:

". . . . I refuse to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason, when I come to America, I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it!"

Constance did not exaggerate. She has been front page copy ever since she was a girl in school.

No one has been more misrepresented by the press than she has been. Whenever she has been maligned, she has instantly fought back. Last year she filed no less than four libel suits against magazines and newspapers. Probably her prompt resentment has aroused the enmity of a few publishers, but, in her lexicon, better an enemy than the sacrifice of one's self-respect!

Reporters have stormed because she refuses to grant interviews while she is working in a picture, and because she will not see any writer without first knowing his intended subject. She feels that she is justified in both stands. Never strong physically, she devotes so much energy to her work that, during production, she has no reserve left to bestow on interviewers.

If I have portrayed Constance as a fire-brand who constantly carries a chip on her shoulder, I have failed in my purpose. She is a fire-brand, but she carries no chip. She never avoids a fight, but neither does she provoke one.

Unlike most combative persons, she has a flair for logic which acts as a balance wheel. She arrives at her conclusions with amazing celerity, but never without due thought and the careful weighing of one factor against another.

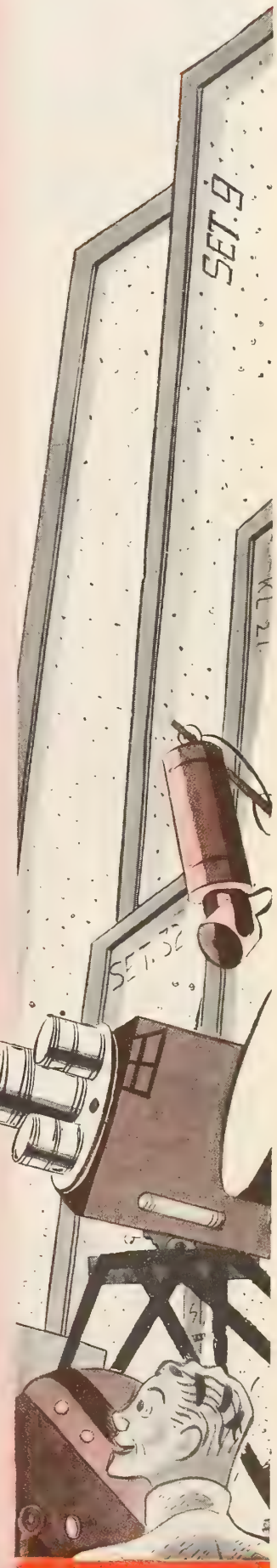
It is that sense of logic, plus her decisiveness, which makes her a magnificent business woman. She has always been the generalissimo of her own affairs. She seeks advice, but reserves and exercises the right to value it against her own opinions and reach her own decisions. She employs a business counsellor, but make no mistake about this: it is Constance who utters the final word, whether the question in hand involves a new studio contract or a stock market investment.

In the administration of her home, she pays close attention to every detail. She examines every bill, decides upon every expenditure, determines every menu. How she finds the time and energy to do so, even during the stress of picture-making, has always been a mystery to me. Why, I have known her to spend hours phrasing and re-phrasing an answer to one of her fan letters. It must express exactly her intended meaning before it is allowed to enter the mail.

It has been said, with considerable justice, that most screen stars are the product of at least a dozen brains; Constance is the product of just one—her own!

She has a keen, though very caustic, sense of humor. At times, she is cuttingly sarcastic—and since she is a genius for seeing through affectation, her sarcasms are usually as penetrating as a surgeon's lance. (*Please turn to page* 49)

Drawings by Henri Weiner



Spotlights and cameras have been trained on Constance Bennett since she was a child. They are in her blood.

The Film Stars at Play



Wide World

Joan Blondell seems to be having a serious moment with her husband, George Barnes.

With the season in full swing, this month is brilliant with gay, delightful parties

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Wide World

At the beach party in honor of Jamshed Dinshaw Petit of India—Shirley Ross, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, and Nelson Eddy's mother. Standing are Dorothy Jenner, Mr. Petit, and Betty Furness.



Wide World

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly (she was Dorothy Mackaye) at the Warner Brothers' party.



Right: At the Mayfair dance Harpo Marx plays Eskimo behind William Haines and Kay Francis.

CHILDREN are fast becoming the center of many parties given by the screen folk.

I don't mean just the romper Romeos and tiny Juliets of the screen. I mean the sons and daughters of the picture stars.

If you think you're going to attend any party given by a screen luminary who has children without seeing junior, you're very much mistaken. Even though he be only of the highchair-and-teaspoonful-of-spinach age, junior is always trotted out. Sometimes when a picture player hasn't a kid of his own, he borrows one for the occasion! Edna May Oliver did that not long ago when she gave a party.

I suspect indeed, that if it hadn't been for Miss Mavourneen O'Brien, nine months old, the Pat O'Briens never would have given that delightful party of theirs. Especially as it was Mavourneen's ninth-month birthday exactly. She made personal appearances in her pink-and-white nursery, and all the mamas of Hollywood gathered around, including Jobyna (Mrs. Dick) Arlen, Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing) Crosby, Louise Fazenda (Mrs. Hal Wallis), Mrs. Mervyn Leroy, Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown), Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Gracie Allen, Joan Blondell (Mrs. George Barnes), Mrs. Frank McHugh, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Paul Kelly, and Mrs. Ralph Morgan. Sally Eilers proved that she knew her diets by heart, and Mrs. Bing told what to do when baby cried in the night.

Then there was the christening party which Andy Devine gave for his little son Timothy (Tad for short), at his home, away up on the top of a Hollywood hill. And was mama Devine proud! By the way, before he was born, Mrs. Devine, who has a gift for drawing, sketched a picture of the baby—and it turned out to look like him!

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres had assisted at the ceremony, Ginger being the infant's godmother, and having bathed and dressed the baby herself, and Lew having held Ginger's gloves and purse while Ginger held Timothy. The christening robe had been made away back in 1838, in Spain, when goodness knows nobody ever thought of motion pictures, and had been worn by Prince Jaime of Spain, if that excites you.

All the other mamas and papas were at the reception, including Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. William Wellman, and then there was young bachelor Bennie Alexander.

THE Mayfair is being taken over more and more by the younger set, and such a lot of romantic atmosphere as there was at the last dance!

Polly Ann Young came with Carter Hermann, rich Pasadenan, and Sally Blane with Cesar Romero, while Loretta Young was with Bernard Newman, costume designer at Radio.

Fred Keating brought Barbara Blair, Madge Bellamy was squired by Leroy Mason; Harpo Marx flitted in with Susan Fleming; Harriet Hoctor, in Rupert Hughes' party, was with Cornwell Jackson. Peaches Jackson (who used to be a kid actress, but who is all grown up now) arrived with Wilbur May; Monta Bell brought Genie Davis, and in that party also were Lawrence Gray and Betty Bronson (not the Betty who played Peter Pan); Lyle Talbot with Peggy Watters, Mary Carlisle with James Blakeley, and Toby Wing came with director Dudley Murphy.

Constance Bennett was with a party, and Madge Evans with Tom Gallery.

Will Rogers arrived with Hal Roach's party, but didn't dance.

Hal Roach naturally still ballyhoos his racetrack at Santa Anita, and one of the decorations of the bar in the private room of the Beverly-Wilshire, where the party was held, was an ice horse. This horse, when the place began to warm up, ran almost as fast as the famous Azucar. (*Please turn to page* 69)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU
(20th Century)
The colorful, silk-and-blood political intrigue of 1630. Costume romance with George Arliss in the lead.

●

MYSTERY IN ROOM 309
(M-G-M.)
Una Merkel, Franchot Tone and Conrad Nagel in a gay, breezy little comedy-mystery that is lots of fun for all.

●

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE
(Warners)
Margaret Lindsay tries her hand at a detective story. This is a bigamy racket that involves Warren William and Donald Woods.









HOT NEWS
(Columbia)
News cameramen and the gangsters and kings they photograph, with Wally Ford, Richard Cromwell, Jack LaRue. Fast, tense action.

●

BREAK OF HEARTS
(RKO)
The mad, passionate, stirring lives of two musicians, played by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer. Romance.

●

VILLAGE TALE
(RKO)
The way vicious gossip in a small town wrecks loves and lives. Tense drama with Kay Johnson, Randy Scott, and the versatile Robert Barrat.



ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

New Movie's handy check-list picks out the best pictures of the month for you

By BARBARA BARRY



AFTER wading through a super-abundance of bare knees, on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" sets, it was sort of a relief to watch George Arliss, striding around the 20th Century lot in his long-skirted red robe. It's a gift, keeping the hem of the thing out from underfoot, but Arliss manages with all the finesse of a Park Avenue dowager. And not one nip-up, either.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU
●
20TH CENTURY

The story has to do with plain and fancy political intrigue in the good old days of 1630. Louis XIII (Edward Arnold) has ordered all the lands of the feudal lords, and the armies by which they have upheld their tenure, confiscated by the crown. And are those lords perturbed?

Knowing that Cardinal Richelieu is the power behind the throne, the outraged lords try every conceivable means of turning Arnold against him. And, when all else fails, they set Cesar Romero to murdering the clever Cardinal.

Romero would rather not take the job because he is married to the Cardinal's ward, Maureen O'Sullivan, and because it is the very man he is supposed to do in, who has aided and abetted the love match.

It's an unpleasant spot, but Francis Lister, who wants the throne for himself, convinces the unwilling fellow that Arliss promoted the marriage in order to keep Maureen in the palace. And then Romero is mad!

Stealing into Richelieu's boudoir, he yanks out a dagger and furiously denounces the Cardinal. Arliss doesn't bat an eyelash.

"Baradas again," he murmurs. "He has made you his tool. . . ."

Romero pauses uncertainly.

"Lenore is here," Arliss continues quietly. "Let me pass, that I may call her and prove that what you suspect is untrue."

"They were right!" Romero cries, thinking Richelieu is only seeking an opportunity to call the guards. "They told me not to wait—but to strike, at once!"

"Then go yourself to that door—" Arliss points to Maureen's room. "Call her yourself."

It's a tense moment. Will Romero go through with his dastardly plan? Or will he step to the door and prove himself wrong?

Tune in on your local theater for last minute reports on the imperial chukker. I know I'm a meanie, but Director Rowland V. Lee would never speak to me again if I gave away the exciting climax. However, if you happen to be a second cousin or an in-law of Nunnally Johnson or Cameron Rogers, the authors, maybe they'll break down and tell you the answer.

BARBARA BARRY RECOMMENDS

1—"Typee" with Mala.
2—"Richelieu" with George Arliss.
3—"Village Tale" with Kay Johnson.
4—"Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn.
5—"Mystery in Room 309" with Conrad Nagel.
6—"People Will Talk" with Boland-Ruggles.
7—"The Informer" with Victor McLaglen.
8—"Hot News" with Jack La Rue.

BREAK OF HEARTS
●
RKO

AS we told you before, there is positively no snooping on any Hepburn set. But, lucky as we are (?), what did we do but wander into the RKO commissary and sit down at a table right next to the untouchable Katie, herself! She was lunching with Charles Boyer, her newest leading man and, while we hate to dispel your romantic illusions, there wasn't even a suggestion of hand-holding!

If you care at all . . . Katie was nibbling daintily at a fruit compote, while the handsome Boyer (Boy-ay, to you) successfully got the upper hand of a veal cutlet.

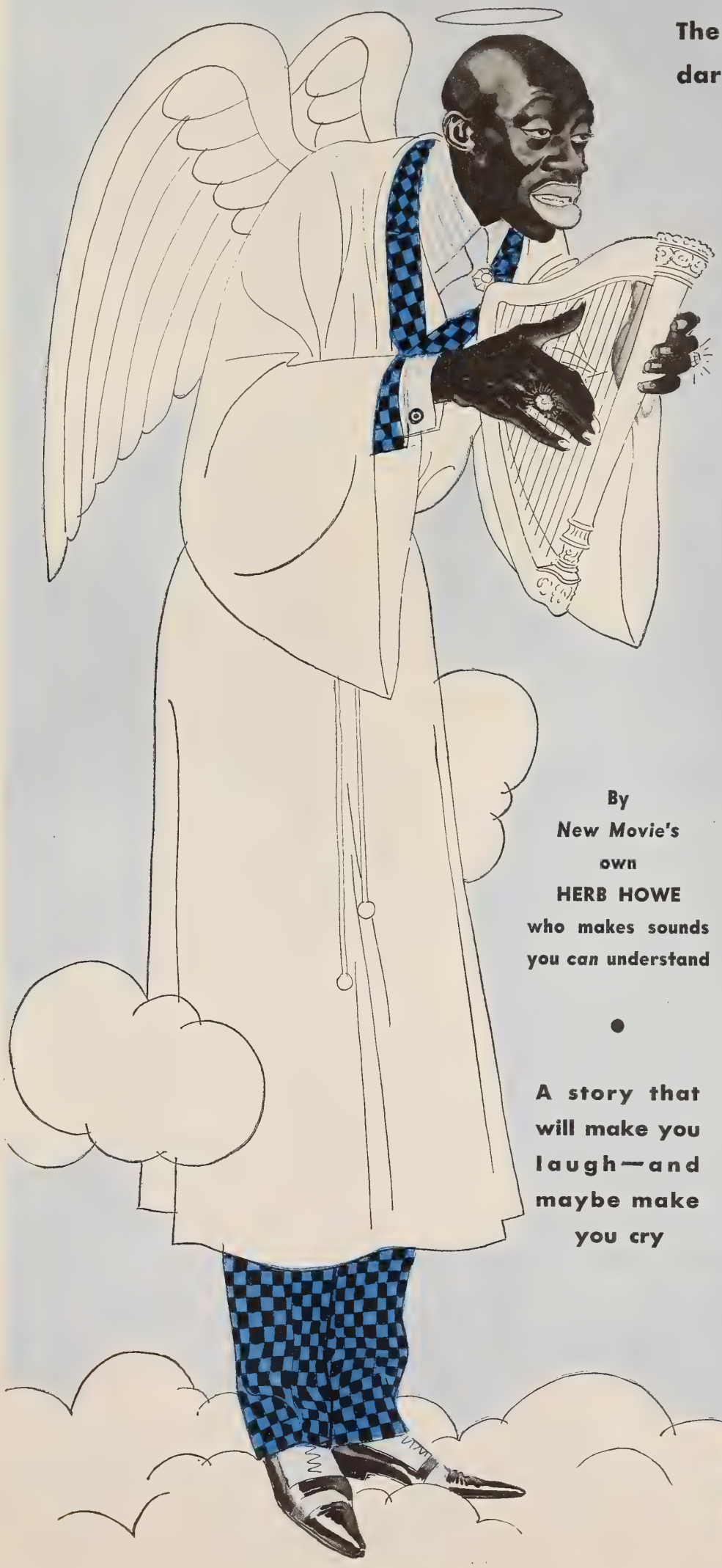
Which has nothing to do with Lester Cohen's story of a famous orchestra leader, married to a struggling young lady composer, and their trials and tribulations, as suffered most poignantly by Miss Hepburn and Mister Boyer.

Madly in love with his wife, Boyer nevertheless gets himself into a liaison with a society divorcée, for no good reason. And Katie, instead of fighting for her man, tells him that he belongs to the world and she'll give him back to it (although how she figures that one divorcée constitutes the whole world is beyond us).

Broken-hearted, Boyer cancels his concerts and goes to Europe, where he proceeds to drink himself into the gutter. Heppie fares a bit better because, while her career is shot, she does meet up with a wealthy gent who asks nothing more of life than that she sit down and help him clip coupons.

Seeing how badly the world has treated her ex-husband, Hepburn goes to (*Please turn to page* 63)

TROUBADOUR OB DE LAWD



The fall and rise of Stepin Fetchit, the dark Galahad of the screen, who makes sounds that you can't understand

By
New Movie's
own
HERB HOWE
who makes sounds you *can* understand

●

A story that will make you laugh—and maybe make you cry

AH is responsible fo' de Legion of Decency," said Stepin Fetchit, supine in the seclusion of his dressing room.

"I thought Mae West," I said, "or. . . ."

"Yuh doan understan'," Stepin said, feebly rolling up an eye from where he relaxed in a state approaching dissolution. The optic exertion proved overtaxing. He relapsed into incoherences, followed by coma. I thought the light had gone out and wondered if I should resort to artificial respiration. There was no sign of breathing but his color was good. While I was debating between oxygen tank and bottle of gin there came a murmurous sound alarmingly suggestive of the rush of angels' wings. Happily it proved to be, not heaven's call, but speech returning to the lips of my languid friend.

"You doan understan'" he repeated gently. "Ah is responsible cause Ah refused to speak impurities. Da's why I got throwed out. Ah refused to go against mah religion an' speak impurities. By mah doin' dat Ah set de power, see what Ah mean? Ah set de power rollin' on, rollin' on, rollin' on. . . . It got took up by others, see what Ah mean?"

Ah didn't quite. Mystical things have always eluded me.

IMPURITIES were troubling Mr. Fetchit when first I interviewed him seven years ago. At that time they were his own, not a dialogue writer's. Our rendezvous was the Y. M. C. A. in Los Angeles. Stepin had come from saying the Stations of the Cross. Sin was besetting him, he said. Temptations—in female form a-special—had descended along with sudden riches, as they so often do. Stepin was going to mass each morning to be in condition to wrestle the debil the rest of the day. He said if he couldn't overcome impurities he would get married. He did not feel marriage was his medium but the Bible said better to marry than burn.

Stepin wanted to be a priest. He studied for a year in a seminary in New Orleans before coming to Hollywood.

"Ah knew Ah had the call," he said. "But Ah nevah could study. Ah is bright but Ah doan learn from books. Ah absolves. Everythin' Ah sees Ah absolves."

He still would respond to the call if women would quit messin' round and go along and leave him alone.

Some weeks after our meeting, which took such a revivalistic turn toward the end, Stepin all but had me clapping hands and shouting "Save me!" I was the party guest of Nina Mae McKinney, sepia witch of "Hallelujah," at the Apex *cullud* cabaret on Central Avenue. Across the floor I saw Stepin draped dolorously over a table, eyes fixed ruminatively on a flock of duskies gyrating a hot number. Nina sniffed at him and said he had asked her to marry him. She (*Please turn to page* 57)



Maureen O'Sullivan Gives a BRIDGE PARTY

and tells you how to do it on five dollars





Old-fashioned, homemade Irish bread (a real novelty for your friends), dainty sandwiches, small sweet cookies and tea make a delightful menu.

As told to

KATHERINE HARTLEY

I SHALL never forget the first bridge party that I gave. I made so many blunders that I'm sure that you can profit by my mistakes, and from what I have learned, give a much more successful one.

In the first place, I remember that I thought it would be very nice to make some candy myself, and to put it around in tiny dishes on the bridge tables. Well, I made toffee. Marvelous, rich, sticky toffee, with the result that before a half hour had passed I had to rush out and buy a complete set of new cards. You know how disagreeable it is to play with a sticky deck of cards. So, point No. 1 is the selection of a "practical" candy. I have several in mind, and will give you a recipe for one later.

Another mistake I made was this. I had thought I would have my guests in for luncheon before the bridge. And, bending over backward to give them a good luncheon, I fed them so heavily that they were practically all asleep the rest of the afternoon. So if you do have your guests come for luncheon first, make it a light, dainty luncheon.

However I think a bridge party is much more successful when you invite your guests to come at two or two-thirty, and begin to play bridge at once . . . while you are all fresh and eager to start. Then serve tea afterward. The tea picks you up after a long afternoon of bridge, and sends your guests away feeling happy and fresh, and it's the last note of a party that your guests carry away with them.

Also you will find that serving refreshments after bridge is a much less expensive procedure than serving lunch before.

So let's get right down to business now, and see how far we can make $5.00 go in planning an afternoon bridge for eight people.

One of the items which occurs to me first is the bridge prize. No party is complete without that. And I think it is much more important to give one good prize, rather than inconsequential first and second and booby prizes. And if you gave three prizes, they would *have* to be inconsequential if you are to get them, and the refreshments, and the decorations too, out of $5.00. So here's what I have in mind for your prize. A set of six ribbon-covered hangers with a sweet-smelling sachet tied on each hanger. This sort of gift is something which few women will sit down to make for themselves. And the ready-made covered hangers and sachets are quite expensive, so we seldom buy them for ourselves either. But it won't take you more than two or three hours at the most to make an attractive set. I often make them, for myself and my friends, usually while I'm on the set, waiting for my scenes.

In the first place the hangers will cost you nothing for you probably have dozens of them around . . . hangers on which your clothes have come back from the dry cleaners. But here's what you will have to buy for six hangers:

Each hanger will take twenty-four inches of two-inch ribbon for covering. That means that four yards will do the six hangers. And I am very certain that you can buy a nice grade of ribbon, with a satin finish, for 10 cents a yard. You can choose any color you like, of course, preferably one of the light pastel shades or white, which is my favorite. Buy an extra half yard of this ribbon for covering your sachets. Which brings the total of the two-inch ribbon up to four and one-half yards, or forty-five cents. Then you will need some very narrow ribbon of the same shade—not much more than a quarter of an inch wide—for covering the handles of the hangers. Each handle will take about sixteen inches—you want to have enough left for a tiny bow at the base of the handle—or three yards for the half dozen. At five cents a yard this only adds fifteen cents to the cost.

The tiny sachets in cake form are the best ones to use. And these can be purchased for ten cents a piece. So, allowing sixty cents for the sachets, the cost of your prize now becomes a mere one dollar and twenty cents. And I'm sure you couldn't buy six such hangers with sachets—as nicely as you will make them—for anything less than two or three dollars.

First you cut your wide ribbon into lengths (six of them) of twenty-four inches each. Now you take one of these lengths and fold it in the middle, the long way, so that you have a twenty-four inch piece of double ribbon an inch wide. Then measure off the center of this length, and, right at the folded edge, cut a very small hole, which will allow the handle of the hanger to pierce through.

Starting at the hole you use a running stitch, about one-sixteenth of an inch beneath the folded edge, gathering a steady (*Please turn to page* 59)

IN THESE STORES YOU'LL FIND SMART TOWER STAR FASHIONS

New fashions for you—designed for and worn by favorite stars! On page 22 are pictures and descriptions of clever jacket frocks, of evening and day-time dresses which you can see and buy at the stores listed below. Ask to see them on your next shopping trip. Or, for further information, write Tower Star Fashions Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TOWER Star FASHIONS

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Parisian
Huntsville—Mary Shop
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—Smart Shop
Phoenix—Goldwater's
Tucson—Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS

El Dorado—J. F. Sample Co.
Ft. Smith—Tilles, Inc.
Helena—H. S. Cooper
Little Rock—M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—The May Co.
Oakland—Zukor's
Pomona—C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco—The Emporium
San Jose—M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara—The Smart Shop

COLORADO

Canon City—Nora Hays
Colorado Springs—C. V. Clamp
Denver—Denver D. G. Co.
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta—Holbrook Costume Shop
Meeker—A. Oldland Co.
Pueblo—Colorado Supply Co.
Steamboat Springs—Jackson Apparel Nook

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford—Brown Thomson Inc.
New Britain—N. E. Mag.
New Haven—The Gamble-Desmond Co.
New London—Blair's
Torrington—Dankins Inc.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Woodward & Lothrop Inc

FLORIDA

Arcadia—Personality Shop
Miami—Burdine's
Ocala—Blocker's
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co., Inc.
St. Petersburg—Rutland Bros.
Tallahassee—P. W. Wilson Co.
Tampa—Ernest Maas Inc.

GEORGIA

Athens—Michaels Bros. Inc.
Atlanta—Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners Shop
Blakely—Daniel's
Cordele—The Everstyle Shoppe
Macon—Mayson's
Waycross—The Fashion Shop
West Point—Cohen Brothers

IDAHO

Hailey—Silver's Shop
Pocatello—Hassell's

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Wells
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Wieboldt Stores Inc.
Decatur—Stewart Fields Apparel Section
Du Quoin—Ross Store
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Litchfield—Braufmans
Marion—C. W. Hay
Mount Vernon—The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro—Ross Store
Rochelle—Whitson D. G. Co.
Rockford—Wortham's
Streator—Opdyckes
West Frankfort—Burg's

INDIANA

Bloomfield—Stalcup's
Crawfordsville—Adler's, Inc.
Fort Wayne—Wolf & Dessquer
Frankfort—The Adler Co.
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg—Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis—William H. Block Co.
Lebanon—Adler & Co.
Logansport—Schmitt & Kloepper
Newcastle—Woodbury's
Peru—Senger D. G. Co., Inc.
Richmond—Sittloh's
Shelbyville—Morris's
South Bend—Ellsworth's

IOWA

Atlantic—Bullock & Sons
Boone—The Riekenberg Co.
Cedar Rapids—H. N. Craemer
Cherokee—Ellerbrook Bros.
Des Moines—Younker Bros.
Dubuque—Roshek Bros., Inc.
Iowa City—Phyllis Herrick Shop
Mason City—D. K. Lundberg Co.
Oelwein—Connor's, Inc.
Orange City—Van De Steig Co.
Red Oak—Connor's, Inc.
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay's
Coffeyville—Cole's
Kansas City—D. K Woodruff
Independence—Locke's
Manhattan—The Parisian
McParson—Stanley's
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Parisian
Topeka—Edward's
Wichita—George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland—The Smart Shop
Fort Thomas—The Ft. Thomas Shoppe
Louisville—Kaufman-Strauss Co.
Paris—Model Dress Shop
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.
Somerset—The A. J. Joseph Co.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Hixson's
Baton Rouge—Rosenfield D. G. Co
Homer—Kelly's
Lafayette—Davis's
Lake Charles—Maurice's
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co Ltd

MAINE

Bangor—Cortell-Segel Co.
Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—Pattee Co.
Houlton—Bennett's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.
Waterville—Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—The May Co.
Frederick—Gilbert's
Haggerstown—Eyerly's
Sparrows Point—Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS

Allston—Lila Dress Shop
Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Gardner—Rose's
Haverhill—Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence—Russem's
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
Lynn—A. Spiller
Salem—Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield—Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Albion—Vaughn & Ragsdale Co.
Alpena—Thomas Gown Shop
Ann Arbor—Wm Goodyear Co.
Bay City—Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids—Wilson's
Birmingham—Twin Shop
Detroit—B. Siegel & Co.
Flint—King Clothing Co.
Goldwater—Vaughn & Ragsdale
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sanders
Mt. Clemens—Marshall's Store
Traverse City—The Mapel Shoppe

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea—Skinner-Chamberlain
Austin—M. Lewis & Co.
Bemidji—Wilson Co.
Detroit Lakes—L. J. Norby Co.
Duluth—Geo. A. Gray Co.
Faribault—Gray's Style Shop
Fergus Falls—Norby Dept. Store, Inc.
Hibbing—Neida Shop
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's
St. Paul—Golden Rule
Redwood Falls—The Wm. R. Wingate Co.
St. Cloud—Fandel's
Stillwater—Kolliner's
Winona—The Fashion, Inc.
Virginia—Johnny's

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—The Madeira Shop
Columbus—The Fashion Center
Greenville—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.
Grenada—The Leader
Jackson—Fried's Shop for Women
Senatobia—Roseborough & Son
Vicksburg—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.

MISSOURI

Booneville—Sunny Day Stores
Brookfield Vogue Shop
Chillicothe—Lewis Anderson, Inc
Hannibal—Reib's
Jefferson City—Peltason's
Joplin—Newman's
Kansas City—Geo. P. Peck
Kirksville—Herman's
Laplata—Tansil-Grantges
Mexico—Phillip's Ladies Shop
Moberly—Grand Fashion Shop
Sedalia—Cole's
St. Charles—Braufman's
St. Joseph—The Paris
Trenton—Ellis'
University City—Rubenstein's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co., Inc.
Chinock—Princess Pat Shoppe
Columbus—The Boston Shop
Great Falls—Stiles' Style Shop
Helena—Fischer Mill'y. Co.
Sidney—Yellowstone Merc. Co.

NEBRASKA

Beatrice—The Carman Co.
Columbus—Irene Shop
Fall City—Jenny's
Fremont—Marson's
Omaha—Goldstein-Chapman
Lincoln—Gold & Co.
Scottsbluff—The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont—Pelletier & Snowman
Concord—Betty Alden
Littleton—C. A. Libby Co.
Lebanon—Richardson & Langlois
Manchester—Rogers, Inc.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park—Dainty App. Shop.
Freehold—Pearlman's Dept. Store
Guttenberg—Florence Shoppe
Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Maplewood—Constance Harris
Newark—Kresge's
New Brunswick—Zarra's
Passaic—Charlotte Shop
Paterson—Anne Shop
Plainfield—Claire Shoppe
Trenton—Lillian Charm
West New York—Florence Shop

NEW YORK

Albany—Davids
Baldwinsville—D. Cooper
Binghamton—Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca—Pritchard's Style Shop
Middletown—Carson & Towner
Newburgh—The Sonia
New York City—R. H. Macy Co.
Norwich—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Ogdensburg—Nathan Frank's Sons
Oneonta—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Rochester—David's
Saranac Lake—Altman's
Sidney—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Staten Island, St. George—Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse—David's
Utica—Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
Watertown—Frank A. Empsall Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosler's Smart Shop

NORTH CAROLINA

Albemarle—G. M. Dry & Sons
Asheville—Brener's
Burlington—B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Canton—Hudson's Dept. Store
Charlotte—Darling Shop
Durham—R. L. Baldwin
Edenton—Preston
Elizabeth City—Hurdle's
Elkin—Snydner-Spainhour Co.
Forest City—Davis Shoppe
Goldsboro—Niel Joseph
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville—C. Heber Forbes
Hickory—L. Herman, Inc.
High Point—Beavans Quality Shop
Lenoir—The Corada Shop
North Wilkesboro—Spainhour-Snydner Co.
Raleigh—Brooks, Inc.
Red Springs—Graham Co.
Reidsville—The Hazel Shop
Waynesville— The Ladies Shop
Wilmington—The Julia
Wilson—Lucille's
Winston Salem—Arcade Fashion Shop
Rocky Mount—Rosenbloom-Levy Co.
Washington—Carter's Dress Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—A. L. Moody
Grand Fork—Herberger, Inc.
Harvey—Fred's Store, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson's, Inc.
Kenmore—Knudson's, Inc.
Minot—Sgutts Store for Women
New Rockford—Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City—Fair Dept. Store
Williston—G. M. Hedderick & Co.

OHIO

Ashland—Max H. Zola
Athens—Slingluff's
Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co. Budget Shop
Cleveland Heights—Polly Style Shop
Dayton—Elder-Johnson Co.
E. Liverpool—Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay—Simon's
Hillsboro—Rothman's
Kenton—F. W. Uhlman
Lakewood—Bailey's Lakewood Store
Lorain—Smith & Gerhart
Mansfield—The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon—Van Horn's
Painesville—Jeanette Julyan
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion
Toledo—Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington—Lacy's
Youngstown—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

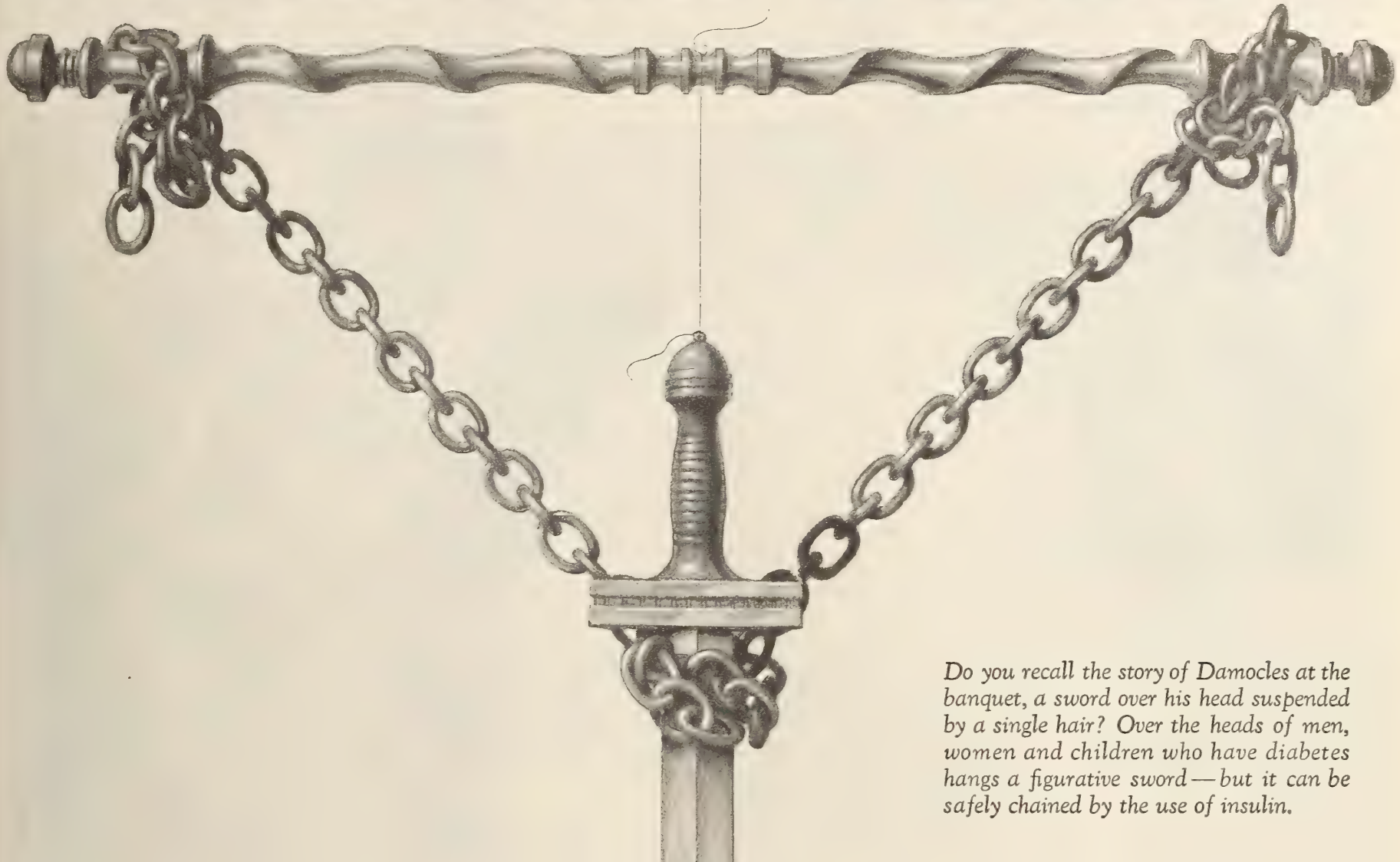
Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Altus—The Vogue
Blackwell—Pollyanna Shop
Bristow—The Globe Store
Chickasha—The Eagle Merc. Co.
Duncan—Hollywood Shop
Enid—Garfield's
Frederick—Mark's
Guthrie—Davenport's
Lawton—The Parisian
Miama—Rose Bud Shoppe
McAlester—Krone Bros.
Ponca City—Frances Shop
Sapula—Katz Dept. Store
Shawnee—Blaine's Fashion Shop
Stillwater—G. & G. Store Co.
Vinita—Zimmerman's
Wewoka—J. M. Davidson

OREGON

Medford—Adriennes
Portland—Meier & Frank

The number of stores carrying Tower Star Fashions was so great that all of them could not be listed on this page. See page 63 for additional stores.

Chain the Sword



Do you recall the story of Damocles at the banquet, a sword over his head suspended by a single hair? Over the heads of men, women and children who have diabetes hangs a figurative sword—but it can be safely chained by the use of insulin.

BEFORE insulin was discovered, practically the only hope for grown-up diabetics was to adhere to a rigid, almost starvation, diet. For children stricken with diabetes there was hardly any hope at all.

Today, diabetics are permitted diets which would have been suicidal in pre-insulin days. The majority of children protected by insulin are enabled to study and play and live like normal children.

A healthy body makes its own insulin—the hormone supplied by the pancreas. Diabetes results when there is a deficiency of insulin. When the disease is apparent, the proper amount of injected insulin supplies a substitute for this essential element.

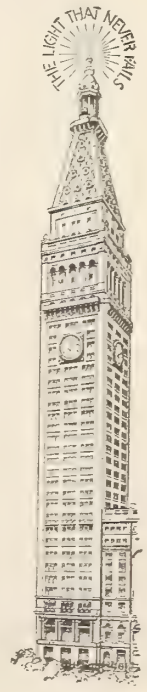
Injection of insulin is a simple matter. Most doctors show their patients, young and old, how to make the injections themselves. Insulin now costs less than formerly and it can be had everywhere.

There is no reason why those who need it should not enjoy its life-saving benefits.

Though diabetes is neither infectious nor contagious, it frequently occurs in families predisposed to it, and is common among overweight, middle-aged persons. Those inclined to be fat, particularly if related to a diabetic, should be especially careful of their diet.

In its early stages, diabetes causes little or no physical discomfort, but its presence can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send, without cost, the booklet "Diabetes" which tells how to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes, and gives information about diet. Address Booklet Department 635-B.



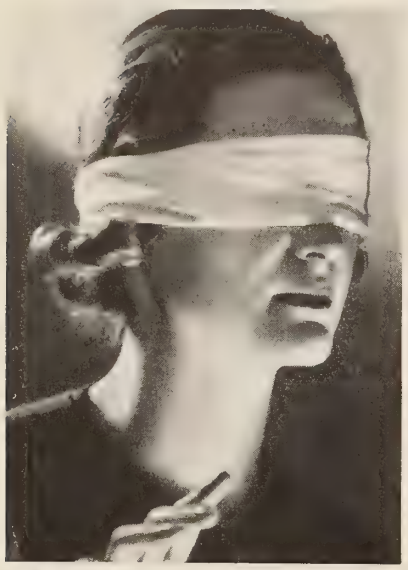
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play . . . in any matter pertaining to your health. When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness . . . you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle . . . so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B65 Please send me free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

Address .....

Leisure Loveliness

Lily Pons, who will lend her golden voice and vivacious beauty to the screen, suggests a new way to enduring loveliness



LILY PONS, chic young Metropolitan Opera star, is soon to make her screen debut. Her glorious voice, her brunette beauty, her lovely slender figure have helped make Pons one of the most glamorous and popular opera stars of today.

She's a tremendously vital person, and the secret of her amazing vitality is her ability to relax completely.

"There are times in every woman's life when the pressure of modern living is apt to have a telling effect on her nerves and appearance," says Miss Pons. "Whether she has a career, or whether she's a wife and mother, makes little difference. The demands on her time and energy are equally heavy.

"Of course I cannot postpone performances, rehearsals, radio broadcasts or costume fittings when I am overtired. Neither can the schoolgirl postpone her studies, nor the housewife her daily tasks of running a household and caring for her children.

"But I do make it a point, when overtired, to set aside one evening for myself. One evening when I see no one, when I do not even answer the telephone.

"First, of course, I remove my make-up with cleansing cream and facial tissues and scrub my face energetically with soap and water until it is pink and glowing. Then comes the deluge! Cold, cold water dashed on my face and neck. And I usually give a little attention to my eyes, too. Bathing the eyes with a mild solution in an eye-cup is so soothing to tired eyes.

"I draw a warm bath and empty into it great quantities of pine essence of which I am so fond. It softens the bath water and the pine scent does so much to soothe jumpy nerves. I stay in my bath, inhaling the pungent pine odor, until I have thoroughly relaxed.

"Then I slip into a very lovely tea gown or lounging pajamas. I believe every woman ought to have at least one such garment in her closet—one which makes her feel alluring and beautiful. It's good feminine psychology, you know.

"A light evening meal is brought to my bedside on a tray. Supper on a tray in bed is just as much fun as breakfast in bed. Not everyone can indulge herself in that delightful pastime very often, but surely an evening meal on a tray should not be too difficult to achieve. When one is overtired, the digestive system should not be overtaxed. So I have a crisp green salad, perhaps some stewed fruit, and a glass of milk. As I dine leisurely, I reflect on the comforting thought that there are twelve long hours of sleep before me—twelve peaceful, quiet hours in which to rest and relax and slumber.

"The expense of a little treatment of this kind is only the time it takes. And the reward? A feeling of physical fitness and a quiet and serene mental attitude toward the problems of tomorrow!"

"I make it a point, when I feel fatigued, to set aside one evening for rest and relaxation," says Lily Pons.

Pictured at home, the charming opera star wears an attractive tailored tea gown during her few leisure moments.

TO AVOID THESE
SKIN *FAULTS*

Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Not a line, not a pore, not a blemish—You can make your skin as clear and radiant—as enchanting as this!

Beauty's Workshop is under your Skin

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin, or *corium*. Here tiny glands are busy producing the oils to keep your outer skin clear, smooth and supple. Blood vessels are carrying nourishment to cells and tissue. Nerve and muscle fibres keep lines away, contours firm—*If* you keep them all vigorous and active!

PRACTICALLY every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its start in the under layers of your skin! . . . *Surprising, but true.*

Blackheads come when pores are clogged by secretions *from within*. Lines form outside when *under* tissues begin to grow thin. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. Tissues sag when nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Beauty's workshop is there in those deep layers of the *underskin* where tiny blood vessels and glands are busily carrying nourishment to cells and tissue all the time.

To keep that satiny skin of youth, you must keep your underskin active as it was in your teens.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down into your underskin and gives it instant aid. First, it floats out of your pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation . . . Stimulates laggard glands . . . Invigorates failing tissues.



DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

who inherits on her father's side a distinguished name, and on her mother's side is descended from ancient Irish Royalty, is extraordinarily beautiful. She says: "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away little lines. I've never had a blemish since I began to use it."

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is in cleansing and stimulating your skin. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch your skin improve from day to day. Little lines will soften—even disappear. Blemishes and blackheads will go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. Soon your skin will feel as smooth as satin. A new freshness, a clear, radiant bloom will glow in your skin. You will look years younger.

Your Skin needs this Deep Treatment

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. Blackheads, blemishes and other skin faults won't even have a chance to start.

In the morning—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure, germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin. Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and we will rush your supply right off to you. See what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this coupon—**FOR GENEROUS PACKAGE**

See this Cream bring Beauty to Your Skin

POND'S, Dept. F48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
Cigarettes
CORK-TIPPED



LIGHT UP...
and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first KOOL. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of KOOLS doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try KOOLS for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

This month the studios are giving the younger players a real chance!

By HENRY WILLSON



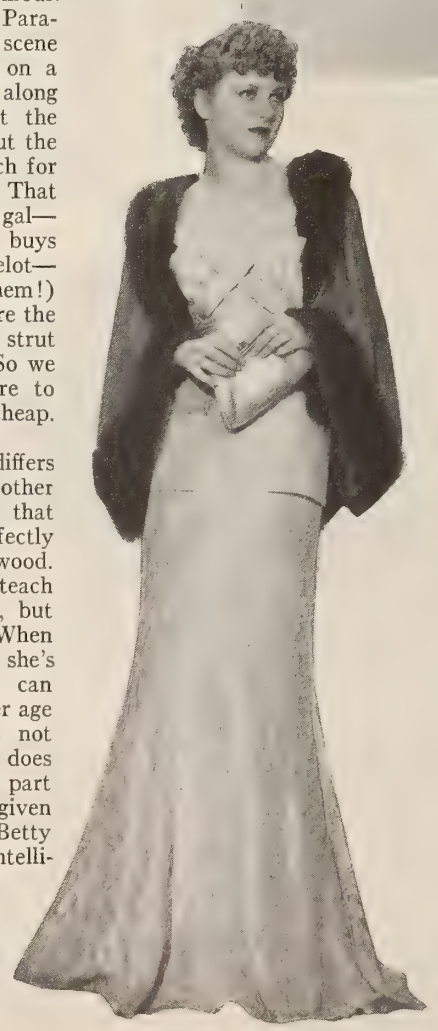
A coyote, an ocelot, and a strange, new walk all helped to land Rosalind Keith with George Raft in "The Glass Key." Nan Gray (insert), a sixteen-year-old beauty from Texas, crashed the studio gates through a yen to see Tom Brown.

HOLLYWOOD wants new talent—that's not news. But the news scoop of the month is that the studios are actually signing up new players right and left. Four of the industry's largest companies have fortified their cry for new faces with entrusting important roles to several newcomers.

The most outstanding "new talent" casting of the month was the signing of Rosalind Keith by Paramount. The studio awarded Rosalind the feminine lead opposite George Raft in "The Glass Key." Every starlet in Hollywood, practically, was mentioned for that role at one time or another. But don't think for a moment it was not without campaign tactics (though the campaign had nothing to do with Rosalind landing this job). Rebuffed by casting directors in her early attempts to crash the movies, Rosalind went to San Francisco, bleached her hair, thinned her eyebrows, took dramatic lessons and topped it all by walking around her hotel room an hour a day, practicing. Practicing what? Practicing a swinging walk which is indescribable, but imaginable. Then, when Henry Duffy gave Miss Keith the role of the little usherette in his stage production of "Small Miracle," she decided to descend upon Hollywood with much glamour.

Two days before Paramount appeared on the scene our heroine spent $10 on a coyote—object: to walk along the Boulevard and get the local folks all agog. But the local folks were too much for the coyote—he died. That did not stop our little gal—no, sir. She ups and buys a South American ocelot—but Paramount (darn them!) signed up Rosalind before the pair got a chance to strut down the Boulevard. So we can tell you now where to get an ocelot for sale cheap.

BETTY FURNESS differs with some of our other young stars in claiming that a girl can live a perfectly normal life in Hollywood. Film tradition tries to teach us that Betty is wrong, but you don't know Betty. When she thinks she's right she's right. "A normal girl can lead a normal life for her age in Hollywood—if she's not completely daffy—and does let brain cells occupy a part of the space usually given over to a marcel." Betty (who comes from an intelligent, high-class Eastern family) sets ten principal rules for herself which should turn the trick:



Betty Furness is a sensible youngster who sets up rules for living in Hollywood.

Don't make friends with people not connected with the picture business, because you are liable to go insane trying to explain why you don't see them for weeks and why you have to break engagements often.

Don't try to be seen at the best places for the sake of appearances.

Don't make dates while working in a picture.

Visit your home town at least once a year in order to remember that Hollywood isn't the whole world.

Don't make a practice of going out with actors for the sole purpose of getting your name and picture in the paper.

Don't talk shop all the time or you'll acquire a one-track mind and become a bore.

Take your work seriously but don't get arty.

Don't leave yourself open for punishment by feeling that one bad notice or a questionable story means that you'll never amount to anything on the screen. And last but not least, Betty gives the important rule of marriage by saying:

Don't make a rule about marriage. Just wait till the right man comes along.

FOUND: On the Warner Brothers' lot—Nan Gray—sixteen-year-old Texas girl—five feet, four inches tall—blue eyes—chestnut brown hair—and rumor has it she's going to be good. The first day after Nan signed her contract, Max Arnow, casting director, took Miss Gray on a personally conducted tour of the Warner lot. (*Please turn to page* 48)

"A young woman writes me...I am thankful for its satisfying comfort... its greater security"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

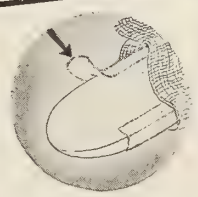
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



How 3 improvements in Kotex solve 3 of women's most annoying problems



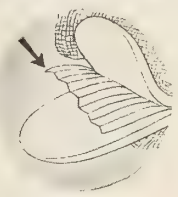
CAN'T CHAFE



See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to completely end chafing—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all over it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually *5 times* as absorbent as cotton!



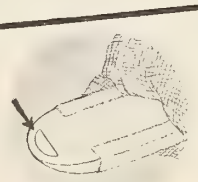
CAN'T FAIL



If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is channeled? That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.



CAN'T SHOW



You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad!

They made that very plain to me as confidante to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

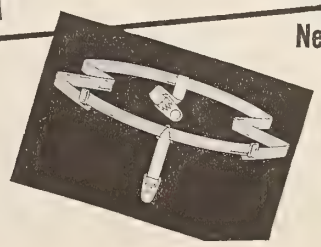
In the new Kotex, "chafing" is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it the Wondersoft Kotex.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown however tight, can reveal it.

Super Kotex for extra protection

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.



New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by makers of Kotex

Bright
SUNNY DAYS AHEAD!



Can your complexion stand the
DAYLIGHT TEST?



Nothing's so flattering to a woman's complexion as the soft glow of electric lights. But the *sunlight* isn't so kind! Soon you'll be out more during the day. Then, what about your makeup?

In all fairness to yourself, make this Daylight Test: Go to the window and tilt your head up to the sun. Bring your mirror *close* to your face. Now, honestly, what do you see? . . . Rough patches? Powder "caked" around your nose? Spotty rouge? Smeared lipstick?

Don't despair! OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids will correct these makeup faults . . . keep your complexion smooth, distractingly lovely, even under the glare of the sun.



Take the powder, for instance. OUTDOOR GIRL is the *only* face powder made on a base of pure Olive Oil. (U. S. Pat. No. 1707684). Between your fingers it's sheerest chiffon. Light. Fluffy. On your face, in *your* particular shade, it gives your skin an exquisite, flower-petal finish. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder stays on for hours. Yet it never cakes. Never looks "pasty."



OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick go on smoothly . . . spread evenly. They bring out the skin's *natural* living tones. Add a radiant, youthful bloom to your complexion.

Because all three . . . the powder, rouge and lipstick . . . are made with soothing olive oil, OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids do more than create a glamorous, lasting makeup. They *protect* your skin—keep it supple, soft and youthful . . . guard it against the damaging effects of sun and wind.

Try OUTDOOR GIRL *today!* You can get these lovely preparations in large, economical sizes at your drug or department store for only 55c. Or in handy, purse-size packages at the leading 10-cent counters.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 2-F
Willis Avenue, New York City
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

MUSIC in the MOVIES



Ruby Keeler suits action to title in "Go Into Your Dance."

A regular flood of good tunes comes out of Hollywood this month for dance lovers

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

LOVERS of music in the movies will find several of the new musical pictures much to their liking. Warner Brothers' "Go Into Your Dance," starring Al Jolson and his talented wife, Ruby Keeler, looms as the most important. As if to make certain of a superb musical score for Jolson, Warners assigned the ace team of Dubin and Warren to the task. These boys have given us such popular numbers as "Forty-Second Street," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," and more recently the songs from the "Gold Diggers of 1935." For the Jolson picture they have written among others "She's a Latin from Manhattan" and "It's the Little Things," both of which are reviewed by this department.

Then, too, RKO is readying "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire, in which you will hear several songs written by that most prolific of all song writers, Irving Berlin. To mention the hits Berlin has written would entail pages, since he has been turning them out for more than twenty years. However, two of his greatest and best remembered songs of the last decade were "Always" and "All Alone." In "Top Hat" you will hear "Cheek to Cheek" and "I'm Wild About You," both of which are destined to become big hits.

Paramount is also releasing Mae West's newest picture; and those of you who like to hear The Belle of the Nineties vocalizing should be pleased to hear her sing "Now I'm a Lady," "He's a Bad Man," and "Love Is Love in Any Woman's Heart," all of which will be included in our next issue's review.

BUT let's look at the records: "She's a Latin from Manhattan," from "Go Into Your Dance," is played by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. This is a lilting tune treated interestingly by the Spanish maestro and his boys. Three fiddles lend charm throughout. Tony Sacco handles the vocal in his usual splendid style.

"It's the Little Things," from the same picture, is heard on the other side; a melodic fox trot with an old lyrical theme. The Madriguera band deals out a smart arrangement with just enough dressing. The lovely melody is dominant throughout and the brass section furnishes some clever harmonic effects. The vocal is sung by Tony Sacco. (Victor.)

"ROBERTA" revives several of the tunes from the original stage show. Outstanding among these is the popular "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" which Rudy Vallee and other leaders contend was last year's best popular song. The selection was recorded by Paul Whiteman, who treats it most interestingly with a splendid arrangement. A trombone interlude falls pleasantly on the ears, as do the efforts of his renowned sax section. Bob Lawrence sings the vocal in a full, rich baritone voice.

The opposite side carries "Something Had to Happen," also carried over from the stage show. Whiteman is again heard in a very modern dance arrangement. This time the brass section stands out, as well as two pianos. The appealing voice of Ramona is heard in the vocal chorus. (Victor.)

HIT OF THE MONTH

"LULLABY OF BROADWAY." Played by Little Jack Little and his orchestra. (Columbia)

Also Recommended

"SHE'S A LATIN FROM MANHATTAN." Played by Eric Madriguera and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I WON'T DANCE." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"SINGING A HAPPY SONG." Played by Abe Lyman and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"BLUE MOON." Played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Columbia)

"I WAS TAKEN BY STORM," from "Dizzy Dames," is played by Hal Kemp's orchestra. As the Kemp fans can imagine, Hal employs one of his tricky arrangements. Unquestionably this band is one of the best in ultra modern arrangements, but sometimes we wonder if it isn't a little over-ambitious. In this case we believe he obscures the melody in parts. However, musically it is cleverly executed for dancing, and probably Kemp plays more to the feet than the ear, and probably that is all many will care about. The voice of Maxine Gray is heard in the vocal rendition.

The opposite presents "Love Serenade," also played by Hal Kemp's band. This one is less rhythmic and more sulky. It is not so heavily arranged and the clarinet harmonic effects are superb. Bob Allen sings a grand vocal refrain. (Brunswick.)

ALTHOUGH about every name band in the business has recorded "Lullaby of Broadway," from the "Gold Diggers of 1935," we think that Little Jack Little has turned out just about the best platter. This tune is best when played to a slow tempo, but so few orchestra leaders realize it that it isn't even funny. Little, however, strikes a fairly happy medium and the result is pleasant. The vocal is by Little Jack and will no doubt be appreciated by his host of followers.

Another number from the same film is on the opposite side and is heard as Little Jack Little and his orchestra play, "I'm Goin' Shoppin' with You." Snappier stuff, with staccato brass and trick sax figures. Little is again the vocalist. (Columbia.)

FROM the film version of "Roberta," Eddie Duchin and his orchestra play "I Won't Dance," a Jerome Kern melody with a Duchin arrangement that is a treat for anyone. Eddie is up to par. The piano bits by the maestro are very entertaining and the whole thing is rounded out in fine fashion.

Another number from the same picture is included as Eddie plays the coupling. "Lovely to Look At"

(*Please turn to page* 50)



This day will never come again — save it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with KodakVerichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



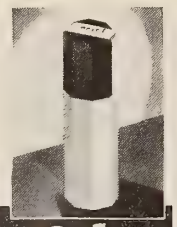
Here is something that will make your job of keeping sweet just twice as easy. It's a new kind of deodorant. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

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Perstik

THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Why the Stars Can't Stay Married

(*Continued from page* 16)

born that way and they cannot, for the life of them, be anything different.

Therefore, also, since they pretend love so much while at work, they also pretend love after they get home. Indeed, steeped in pretense as much as they are, most actors almost lose the ability of determining whether the feelings they themselves experience—those that are their very own—are true or false.

Small wonder, then, that so many love unions in the acting profession end upon the rocks. If you are continually pretending love, if you are forever acting it instead of feeling it, how can you ever be sure that the love you experience for anyone is of the genuine, hot-blooded, human variety or a pasteboard imitation of the real thing?

ACTORS are what science calls "introverts." An introvert is a person who turns his emotional stream inward instead of outward. Such an individual is imaginative, given to phantasy; sometimes he is unduly elated, then again unreasonably depressed. Always is such a person impractical, seldom is he or she good at business details. The introvert gets more fun out of playing with his own thoughts, all by himself, than out of contacting with the world outside—with reality. All artists present such introvert characteristics. And being moody, more or less shut-in and impractical, all artists are mighty hard to live with.

It must be remembered, also, that actors, as a whole, are clannish and that they soon lose contact with the outside world. It is surprising, for instance, how frequently they are disinterested in world affairs, politics, current events and the like.

The result of this clannishness is, however, that they too frequently marry other actors, other persons too much like themselves. It is inevitable that such similar natures, especially similar natures that are rather unique, should clash. The average actor would undoubtedly do better if married to someone who is as different from his own nature as day and night. The feminine screen star should marry a hard-boiled, unemotional business man or a strong, practical, unimaginative boiler-maker. The male screen star should marry a woman who is *not* stage struck, who wants to be a cook and a mother, and who knows how to hide away the dollars in the savings bank.

To be sure, not all actors, whether male or female, are unstable. There are a few who stay married and seem to be as happy as other folks. Lionel Barrymore is a case in point, so is Fredric March and Harold Lloyd. These screen celebrities are, nevertheless, the exceptions that prove the rule.

WE must not forget, too, that the actor's job is a mighty hard one. Studio work is nerve-racking in the extreme. Again and again is the same scene "shot" until it is perfect. Pretending to be somebody else takes it out of one more than being oneself. Nor do the hot, glaring lights and the hush-hush that must be observed for the best sound effects help the nerves.

Thus, when the actor gets home he or she is more or less "all in." *Irritability* is likely to reveal itself at the slightest provocation, if not anger, harsh words and possibly violence. To be sure, all this is as dynamite for domestic bliss.

The *sensitiveness* of the actor should likewise be stressed in this connection. It is his work again that makes him so. After all, the actor must possess a finely attuned and high-strung nervous system if he is to respond to the changing feelings that his various roles demand of him. An actor or actress must be a fine musical instrument, as it were, to be good, with the strings all taut in order to catch the every subtlety of feeling. But of what advantage is such a nervous mechanism when the maid fails to put in an appearance, Junior has broken a neighbor's window, or some other thing somehow goes wrong.

AT the slightest sign of hostility from from any source, animate or inanimate, the actor will flare up like a skyrocket. Oversensitiveness will at once overwhelm his reasoning, his judgment and his peace of mind. Indeed, this one trait alone is responsible for many of the Hollywood divorces.

As far as the males are concerned, actors usually do not make specially satisfactory lovers in reality, despite the ability shown on the screen. This is because—and their general introvert tendencies are responsible—they are not aggressive enough, nor do they possess the spirit of the conqueror where love is concerned. Too much adoration is bestowed upon the masculine screen stars by their multitudinous and admiring fans. That is, too much adoration for their own good. After all, why should a man bother when millions of women behold him in flattering and heroic parts on the screen while thousands of others write such worshipful letters? Is it any wonder such stars become conceited?

A conceited man isn't much of a lover. He doesn't feel that it is necessary to *make* love; he rather expects the woman to pursue *him*. Which, of course, is all wrong. A woman wants a man to conquer her, overwhelm her with his affection, break down her resistance with which she fortifies herself in order to feel the thrill of surrender. Surely if a man makes a poor lover he is not likely to hold a woman long, marriage or no marriage.

Lastly, the frequency of divorce in the film colony is somewhat motivated, at least by *suggestibility*.

Have you ever noticed how you tend to repeat an act that you hear has been performed several times — in other words, how you tend to imitate others? If it were not for the suggestibility streak in all of us there would be no such thing as styles, social customs, travel and the like. And just as you feel a stronger desire to marry, let us say—assuming you, my dear reader, are not married—when your best friend or two or three of your friends have married, so also do the movie people feel a stronger urge to separate or be divorced when all around them, in their own intimate circle, so many "split-ups" are taking place. Indeed, suggestibility can be so strong, even without our consciously realizing it, that we may be impelled to do things even without actually desiring so to do.

Why the stars find it so difficult to tell whether they are in love or not, after which they seem to find it even more difficult to hold on to their love, presents many interesting angles.

These and their psychological explanation should prove of practical value not only to the actors themselves, but to us as well who are not in the movie field. In the last analysis, the actor folk are human the same as we. What is true of them—that is, what is true of the motivations that make them the way they are—likewise is true of us all!



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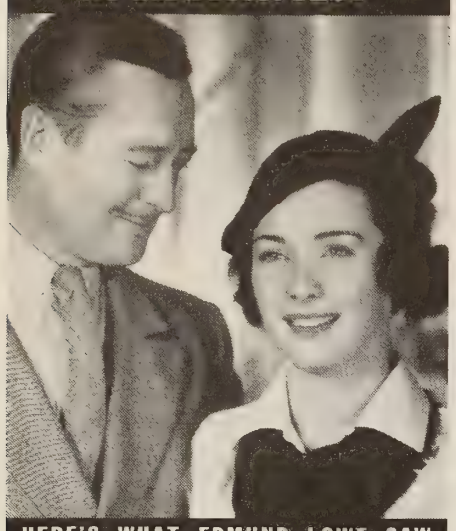
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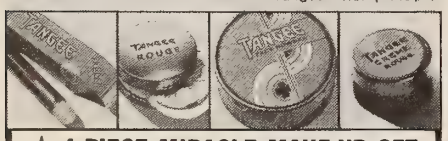
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Carole Lombard Says "Yes"

(*Continued from page 6*)

who is weak-sister enough not to be able to stand the truth about himself now and then would be a perfectly fine thing to have around, now wouldn't he?

"I expect great things of the one I care for and expect to give as much in return. What is friendship after all but just that? And why should a fine friendship be belittled and clouded up by half-lies?

"After all, truth, if delivered from a sincere heart, should help, not ruin romance. If I'm not doing my share in my married partnership with my husband I want to know about it, not be kept in the dark. How can evils be remedied that way? Remember, too, that if one doesn't start out a romance by being truthful, there'll be an awful job on his or her hands to keep up the pace. Remember that everyone has weak moments now and then when the truth is apt to leak out. Then your little cardboard romance, built of flattery, is very apt to come tumbling down.

"Flattery really has no place today between men and women. An old-fashioned prop, it went out with the ruffles and hoopskirts of yesterday. Flattery and petty prejudices as well are false friends of the past. Men don't have to flatter women the way they used to. Reason, not pretty nothings, rules today. If men have taken women off a pedestal, it's just as well. It's much nicer and more practical being down on the floor beside them, ready to help. Men and women are becoming more and more alike. Women *know* the truth today and men know they know it. Men are franker than ever before with women and in return expect that self-same type of honesty, not flattery, from them.

"The most important thing to remember in this friendly little argument," Carole smiled, "is that *appreciation* and compliments should be differentiated from flattery. *Everyone* likes to be appreciated. No one living despises hearing nice things about himself. Love would be pretty barren, rather would not be love at all, without encouraging pats on the back. The battle's too tough to face without encouragement and appreciation from others.

"But flattery is not these things. Flattery is false and foolish because it hasn't to do with *truth*. The dictionary say to flatter is 'to court, fawn upon and overpraise'. So the girl who wins her man by flattery will have to reconcile herself to a lifetime of fawning upon and overpraising him.

"As for me, I'd rather tell him the truth at the outset. Of course I'd run a risk of losing him, you might say, but if he could 'take it' (and I wouldn't want him if he couldn't) what I finally got would be A MAN."

And a very determined Carole Lombard banged the table for emphasis, to allow for no doubt that *that* was precisely the way she felt about it.

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Alice Faye Says "No"

(*Continued from page 6*)

"*He* knows where his shortcomings lie. Nobody has to tell him. To carp on the truth, to belabor him continually with his limitations would be stupid and dull and unkind. Why not brighten his picture a little with encouragement, a pat on the back, an untruth or two (if you will) to the effect that he is doing nobly, that he's a pretty swell guy and that everything is going to come out all right? If he's worth his salt, and he must have been for you to love him, he'll react to your treatment of him and rise to the occasion. He'll try to be as good as you've painted him.

"If flattery is a half-lie it is a white, inoffensive lie, doing no one harm and very apt to do a world of good. Remember, too, that there are several kinds of flattery. There is that which comes from the heart and the cheap kind; the sincere and the fawning kinds. I'm speaking of only the heart-felt, sincere flattery. The other isn't worth considering. I'm speaking of flattery that is born of love.

"It's all very easy for us to say we don't want flattery. But it isn't true. When someone says to me 'Alice, I'm going to tell you something about yourself I don't think you'll like' I answer, 'Oh, go head—the truth never hurt anyone.' Yet I know from experience that's not always true. Sometimes 'the truth' can hurt deeply and irreparably. Many times 'the truth' has been given to me when what I needed most at the time was a kind, white lie—a pat on the back and encouragement.

"Men are babies. They *need* flattery. Certainly they need it far more than women who, after all and in spite of all the talk, are more mature than men. It's up to women to flatter and otherwise take care of the men they love. And if the love is sincere, this turns out to be a genuine pleasure.

"If a man is married to a woman who tells him only the bare, stark, uninteresting truth, he is very apt to leave that woman for one who, fully as intelligent and aware of the man's shortcomings, will gloss over that truth with a little kindness and sympathy. That, perhaps after all, is the trouble with truth. It's so darned dull and uninteresting. And, so many times, so unnecessary! Truth should be treated with intelligence—woman's type of intelligence—and dished up with the proper garnishing of thoughtfulness. Presented plainly and matter-of-fact it might make men lose that confidence which is so necessary to success and happiness in married life. *Anyone* can tear down. It takes a real help-mate to build up—to gild the lily with the heart-born white lies and flattery, if necessary. I honestly think that those who won't go out of their way to help through stretching the truth now and then are guilty of selfishness and are self-centered. It takes two to make a romance and each party of that romance should be willing to give as well as take and to give a little more, in fact, than actual truth might imply.

"Yet, at the same time, I've found it hasn't hurt a bit to stretch the truth a few times in a man's direction—to 'play down' actual facts and add a wee bit of flattery occasionally. He very likely knows at the time that I'm 'putting it on' a little for him—painting the picture of him quite a little brighter than it actually is. But does he mind? Does he resent it or does he like it?"

(Alice leaned over and whispered, "Does he like it? He *loves* it!")

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*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
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Hollywood Is Dangerous to Youth

(*Continued from page* 21)

walk and talk in a wholly different way. He puts them into pictures he wants them to be in, not the ones they want to be in. Maybe these are pictures they're not even suited for. Maybe they're not good pictures, not pictures of a young actor, with achievement behind him, can really feel proud of.

"Immediately, in other words, the young newcomer to Hollywood gets two shocks which can ruin him for life as an artist. He finds that the producer didn't want his true personality at all, and he is shoved into pictures which neither suit his talents nor enable him to maintain his integrity and self-respect as a performer. Those two disillusionments alone can ruin a whole career. You have to have super mental strength to overcome them."

"It's only because he has strength of this nature that Clark Gable has managed to keep his head, the way he has. When Clark came to Hollywood he wanted to do light comedy. The producers turned him into a tough guy. Those tough characterizations—not Clark's real personality at all—made him a star, so the producers forced him to go on with them, against his will. His being cast for 'It Happened One Night' was pure accident. It took an accident, after four years, to show them that Clark himself knew what he was talking about! How many other men could have lasted out these four years?

"Now, suppose the young man or woman we're talking about makes a terrific success. Then what happens?

"There's that nice, fat salary check every week. Personally, he knows that first picture wasn't so good. It doesn't come within a thousand miles of living up to the ideals he has set for himself. It's just box-office hokum. He hopes the second picture will be better, will have some artistic truth and beauty in it. It isn't. Neither is the third. Neither is the fourth.

"A young actor with pride in his profession, and some spunk, will fight. He goes to the producer and says, 'Give me a chance to act. Give me a picture I can be proud of!'

"The producer pats him on the back and says, 'Now, now, everything will be all right.'

But the fifth picture is just some more hokum. Box-office is box-office. The youngster is a success, and, because he's a success, he's trapped. He has only two choices. He can either go on, hoping that things will change, or he can quit, walk out on his contract, and go back on the stage. But, every week, that nice, fat salary check is rolling in! It's more money than he ever saw before; more than he may ever see again. The little black devils whisper in his ear, 'Get the money while the getting's good.' How many people—particularly young people—have the moral courage to turn their backs on a fine salary and go back and begin all over again? So they stay in Hollywood, turning in box-office pictures the producers want, and one more fine young actor, capable of really fine things, has turned into a 'ham.'

"Go up to them, after two or three years of Hollywood success, and ask them why they stay, and they'll tell you, 'Oh, I like the California sunshine.' Sure. They've got a car, and a valet, and silk pajamas. Why shouldn't they like the California sunshine? And, in two years, they've lost every bit of ambition they ever had. Artistically, they're ruined.

"My hat is off to the brave few who walk out on such picture contracts, go back to New York, and take a $50.00 salary with a smile where they have grown used to $500.00. They've got what I call 'stuff.' But my complaint is—how many young people, inexperienced in the ways of the world, can be expected to have that much moral stamina? Is it fair to ask so much of them?

"So much for the experienced players and the successes. If their contact with Hollywood can be such a brutal disillusionment to them, what can it be for the inexperienced and the failures? You read a lot of stories about inexperienced people, winners of beauty contests, department store girls, farm boys, college students, and so on, coming out to Hollywood with nice long contracts. Bunk! What good does it do you to get a contract if your option is allowed to lapse, six weeks later, and they drop you? You'll notice few of these 'discoveries' ever actually get into a picture. And the figures prove that the greatest number of failures are among these very same inexperienced ones, as might be expected. Now, if success is dangerous, in Hollywood, what does failure do to a boy or girl?

"There is no place in the world in which failure can be as bitter as it is in Hollywood. Nobody is intentionally cruel to the failures. They just ignore them. But how being ignored can hurt you! In Hollywood, if you're not Somebody, you're Nobody. There's no in-between place. Suppose the department store girl gets a contract. In six weeks, or three months at the most, she's dropped. Can she go back home, after those exciting letters she's written to her girl friends, telling them what a great star she's going to be? If she has terrific mental courage, yes. Otherwise she'll stay in Hollywood, watching her little pile of savings grow smaller and smaller—hoping for the break that never comes. Maybe she becomes an extra, never sure where her next meal is coming from. Maybe she gets a job as a waitress in the Brown Derby. And maybe—

"Well, there was the little girl whose name was in the papers not so long ago. Option dropped. A failure. Ignored. She stood it as long as she could, and then, one dark night, she went up into the Hollywood hills, walked along until the road ended at the edge of a cliff, and jumped. They found her body days later.

"Personally, though, I believe success is ever more dangerous for the inexperienced person than failure. Say the little department store girl or college boy gets to be a smash hit in the first picture. It comes overnight. Therein lies the danger. There's no working up to it, no preparation for it. Suddenly they have money, suddenly they are in the public eye with reporters coming to them for newspaper stories, magazines wanting interviews, autograph hunters wanting them to sign their books, people pointing them out on the street—all that overnight. It's too big a change, coming so abruptly. They can't adjust to it, because their sense of values don't get time to function. They go a little crazy. They buy four cars where they only need one, they hire servants, they buy more clothes than they can ever wear, they throw their money away because they can't realize it isn't going on forever.

"Their work suffers at once. They never knew much about acting to begin with. What they ought to do is settle down and learn. But, would you—with everybody telling you how marvel-

(*Please turn to page* 48)

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Whittemore's . . . who make CUPID and who have been making shoe-restorers for nearly a century . . . also manufacture Oil Pastes for leather shoes. All colors (black, tan, brown, ox-blood, and neutral) in convenient cans of *two full ounces* for only 10c. Whittemore's Oil Paste polishes, preserves, and softens your shoes. Will not crack the leather. It makes a mirror-like surface on *wet* or dry shoes! Get a can today!



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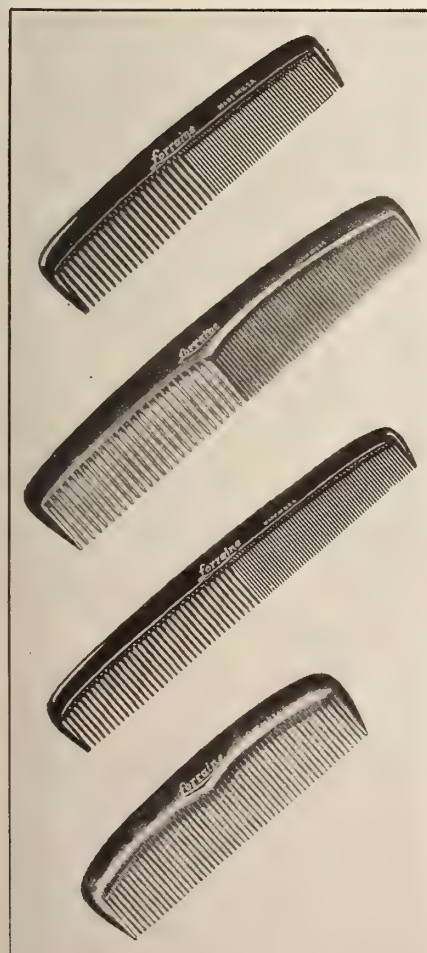




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Hollywood Is Dangerous to Youth

(*Continued from page* 46)

ous you were already? No. They get careless in front of the camera, their second picture isn't so good, their third is worse, and then they're done.

"Socially they go crazy, too. Yesterday they were nobody. Today they're asked to dinner at the homes of famous executives, writers, and stars. When they take a trip to New York they find themselves in the homes of people whose names are in the Social Register. They see so many glasses of champagne that they forget what water tastes like, some of them. They've been living on pot-roast and cabbage all their lives, and suddenly they're having lobsters. Their heads can't stand it and neither can their stomachs or their nerves. Equilibrium is impossible for them. They were caught off balance, and they can't get back. The old-timers know that pictures demand such a terrific amount of energy that it's impossible to keep up such a pace, but the youngsters don't. They go the pace, and it wrecks them inside of two years. Sometimes inside of two months!

"And that brings me to Health. I'm a bug on health, myself, so I'm particularly interested in studying the effect Hollywood has on people from this angle, and the reports I have to give are anything but encouraging. The greater the success you make, in Hollywood, the more your health suffers. Take someone like Claudette Colbert, who is so popular that she rarely gets a week's rest between pictures, and has to read the script for one while she's finishing another. A couple of months ago she went down with pneumonia. About the same time, Miriam Hopkins was in the hospital with bronchial pneumonia. Ann Harding had to take a long trip to the Orient, ill from overwork. Clark Gable, for a while, was so sick that I wondered how he worked at all, although he never let on. I've just named a few, but go down the list and you'll be appalled how often stars go into the hospital. I've seen magnificent specimens of health turned into physical wrecks by two years of studio strain. It's the same answer in every case—nervous strain, overwork, then lessened resistance and inability to fight off the first germ that comes your way.

"My point is—if it's so tough for experienced stars, who realize what a strain picture-making is and take constant steps to safeguard their health, what is it for youngsters new to the game, who don't realize what they're up against?

"What we call morals are really mental health, and the same danger is present there. A newcomer, brought up with conventional folks, suddenly finds himself in a town, where, last year, there were more divorces than marriages. All his old moral notions go by the board, and, if he is young, he has no sense of balance with which to make up for them.

"Spiritually, mentally, morally, artistically, physically, intellectually—in almost every way, Hollywood is dangerous to anyone in the twenties. Any article like this can only be one man's opinion, but mine is an honest opinion, at least, and I give it for what it's worth. If anyone of my own age or less comes to me and asks, "Shall I go to Hollywood?" my answer is: "The benefits you may get out of it are no match for the grave dangers you'll run."

JEAN HARLOW, *Starring in M-G-M's "Reckless"*



Is Make-Up in Color Harmony Jean Harlow's *Secret of Attraction?*

Florence Vondelle Interviews JEAN HARLOW

"Color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."



1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings . . . platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes . . . Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."



2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color, and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint . . . pat it on lightly; blend with fingertips to gain an added softness of coloring."



3. "Lip make-up is so important . . . it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings, your powder and your rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, and then fill in the natural contour."

★ You May Now Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now featured by leading stores at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* FREE. 31-6-69

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME
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Junior Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 38)

"Nan, you can see anything you want to see, and meet any of the stars you wish."

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Arnow, the one person I really want to meet is Tom Brown."

"Oh, sure—Tommy's a swell fellow, but you see, he's not under contract to Warners."

"That's O.K.," said Nan. "But I like him best of all."

"That's very fine, Nan—but I think you just better meet Dick Powell and let it go at that."

But the old proverb, "Things come to those who wait," proved its value, 'cause Nan, two months later, not only met Tom Brown, but got to play the love interest opposite him in the new Kibbe-McMahon picture, "Mary Jane's Pa." Boy! Was she grinnin' from thar to thar—and Tom thinks she has possibilities, too—on the screen that is, of course.

Warners, after seeing the excellent reception Paramount's "Car 99" received at the preview with a cast of practically complete unknowns, have decided to put out some similar junior cast features. Besides Frank Craven, William Frawley, Sir Guy Standing and Russell Hopton, "Car 99" was engineered with new talent—and the audiences seemed to love it. Hollywood preview audiences go in for boosting the newcomers more and more each month—and even the theater managers are beginning to feature new names on the marquees along with one or two of the established stars. If you are really interested in helping put over some of these new young players, persuade the manager of your neighborhood movie house to bill these new ones and help in that way to get the new names established.

AND now that that's over, I want to tell you about Mary Bovard, who is a sixteen-year-old girl who never says "die." Five months ago Mary got the idea, in the middle of a history lesson back in school in Bloomington, Illinois, that she'd like to go in the movies. The three o'clock bell rang; Mary tore home, as only Mary can tear, picked up the telephone and put through a long-distance call to Bob Palmer, assistant casting director at RKO.

"I'm Mary Bovard. I live in Bloomington, Illinois. This is Mr. Palmer, the assistant casting director, isn't it? Well, I just wanted to be sure. Yes, Mary B-o-v-a-r-d . . . and I want to come out there and be in 'Anne of Green Gables' and 'Laddie' and some of those pictures you're making. I just know that I will photograph well, and I love to act . . ."

"I'm sorry, but I can't promise you anything. I've never even seen you."

"But if I come out there, won't you please give me a chance?"

Operator: "Your three minutes are up."

"Well, all right. Good-bye, Mr. Palmer——I'm coming out there."

And before he could say "don't," Mary and her mother were on the front doorstep of Hollywood—or, I should say, at the RKO studio. Yes, you guessed it. The unusual happened and Mary was given a bit in "Anne of Green Gables," followed by bits in "Laddie" and "Grand Old Girl." And now Mary has just finished a nice part in a short at Universal with Henry Armetta and Arthur Lake. Mr. Von Runkel and Mr. Horn, producer and director, believe Miss Bovard has more than the usual possibilities.

Nerve, huh?

Connie Should Have Been a Boy

(*Continued from page 29*)

Even as a child, Connie could not stomach affectation. People who "put on a front" have always disgusted her—and she finds a perverse delight in stripping off their masks. Pretence and insincerity being a vogue in Hollywood, it is easy to understand why many poseurs in the picture colony fear and dislike her.

One of her worst faults is intolerance. Most issues, to her, are clear-cut, and she lacks the patience to seek excuses for other people's actions and beliefs. Above all else, she is intolerant of stupidity. An unintelligent person bores her insufferably—and, again, she lacks the patience to disguise her boredom.

She resents bitterly and volubly, anything which she considers an "insult to my intelligence" (the phrase is hers). In that resentment lies the cause of many of her quarrels with the press. I remember a story published several years ago, which asserted that she spends $250,000 annually on her clothes. It threw her into a rage.

"I don't care what they write about me so long as they don't insult my intelligence like this!" she stormed.

Characteristically, her anger burned until she had answered. Constance can never be content until she has had an eye for an eye. Step on her toes, and she will treasure the injury jealously until it is repaid, with interest.

To continue with her faults; she is, I think, too egotistic, too determined to have her own way, no matter what or who must be over-ridden in obtaining it. Life has been prodigal in its treatment of her. True, she has unusual intelligence, unusual ability, unusual capacity for work, unusual force of character—but she has also been extraordinarily lucky. She has no conception of the meaning of poverty. She has never been forced to impose upon her own inclinations the restraints mothered by Necessity. As a consequence, she is apt to be—and sometimes is—to be inconsiderate of others who have been less fortunate.

Again, her psychology is that of a man . . . and, in a man it would be more generally understood. She takes what she wants!

Yet, paradoxically, she wants to be kind and helpful to every creature less fortunate than herself. I know of many things which she has done for unfortunates—and I know better than to recount them here, for I would only invite a quarrel with Connie. She has been criticized, and she is proud—consequently, she disdains to cite in her own behalf any of the countless good deeds which might confound her critics.

Her sympathies are quickly and deeply touched—if she considers the object worthy of sympathy. If not, she can be quite merciless.

She has always been too quick to judge people. Even as a child, she either liked, or disliked—and there were no half-tones in her appraisals. Maturity has strengthened, rather than weakened, that trait. But it is amazing how correct her judgments usually are.

To those whom she loves, Constance is loyal, almost to a fault. Despite her independence, she is intensely loyal to her family—to "the Bennetts." During his recent illness, she sacrificed all her own interests to be with Father, night and day. Time and again, she has rushed half-way around the earth to "stand-by" when some member of the family needed her.

She is proud, I believe, of the theatrical traditions of the family—although I have never heard her express that feeling in so many words. As a matter of fact, she prefers to talk about acting, stardom and everything else pertaining to her profession from the standpoint of hard-boiled business. But I remember the eagerness she invariably displayed when she and Barbara and I, as kids, played theater. When she married Philip Plant, it was with the avowed intention of never acting again, but, even so, I think she was unable to shake the conviction that her real career remained before the cameras.

THAT she has been able to achieve so much has always been a source of amazement to me, for, physically, she has never been strong. In her case, ambition and nervous energy have combined to drive her body far beyond its natural powers. Physicians have often warned her to "take it easy," but they have advised the impossible. Constance is a dynamo. Idleness, in her estimation, is stagnation, and stagnation she cannot stand. She must be forever on the move, driving forward, picking up new experiences, new stimuli. And, characteristically, she drives others.

She lives now—and always has lived—with regal magnificence. She denies herself nothing that she wants, yet, surprisingly, her wants are comparatively simple. In many things, she is extravagant, in others she is very saving.

Brilliant, yet logical; intolerant, yet sympathetic; combative, yet quick to admit an error; poised, yet unaffected—Constance has as many facets as a well-cut diamond.

But I like best to think of her as I—and few others—have seen her in the privacy of her home with Peter Plant, her son. I like to see the eagerness with which he runs to her on her entrance and the unfailing patience with which she shares all of his troubles and his joys.

And like all the Bennetts, I'm very proud of Constance, who is neither perfect—nor wants to be considered so!

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KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray*."

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."



IDA: "You know, Kate—my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."



ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."
IDA: "It's an old dress—but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."



IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up Mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies—and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

"WH-E-E-E!"—that's what you'll say yourself—the first time you try Fels-Naptha Soap!

Such daisy-sweet whiteness—with "tattle-tale gray" gone forever!

And what a cinch the wash is! For Fels-Naptha is *two* dirt-looseners instead of one. *Richer golden soap* and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind.

Fels-Naptha is *safer*, too—*gentle* as can be to daintiest things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get a supply of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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AT ALL STORES

★ **Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.**

THE *Make-up Box*

RED AND RIGHT: For years, they've been dinning into our ears the cosmetic truth that lipstick and rouge must match. Yet it took an astute manicure specialist to add lipsticks to manicure preparations so we need no longer wince at the sight of coral-tipped fingertips placing a cigarette between purple-red lips. The lipsticks in slim black cases are nice, permanent and creamy and come in ruby, cardinal, coral and natural shades. Each has its polish twin. So! Another vexing beauty problem is solved.



BERRY NICE: They look like strawberries. They smell like strawberries. And, believe it or not, Mrs. Ripley, they are strawberries! Real, plump berries all blended into a satin-smooth cream and fragrant lotion. You spread the pink cream liberally over your face and neck and whisk it away with tissues. Then with a pad saturated with the strawberry lotion, you pat and pat. Soon the strawberry tone fades and your skin is bright and glowing.



HODGE-PODGE: A maker of a mustache wax for men tells me that women have tried it on their eyelashes. Says it makes their lashes dark, curly and glossy. . . . And there's a toilet water which can be slapped on in handfuls for a rubdown, patted on the face or sprayed on the hair to give you the elusive fragrance of fresh clusters of lilacs drenched with dew. . . . A funny little gadget which is a cross between manicure scissors and tweezers to pluck stray hair perfectly and painlessly.

There's never a dull moment for the beauty-conscious, so send your stamped envelope for up-to-date news and views from your wise little shop-trotter—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in **TRAVELING SALESLADY**

IMAGINE that you are in a beauty shop now, getting a **DUART PERMANENT WAVE.** It is time to place the pads on your curls. You will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart Pads, and you will know without question that they are **GENUINE DUART,** and have never before been used.★ You have the positive and pleasing assurance that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the most beautiful, most popular permanent waves in America—worn by the Hollywood stars.★ You can be sure also, that the beauty shop you are patronizing is using up-to-date professional methods of beauty culture and will be extremely careful to safeguard the natural beauty of your hair.★ Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

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☐ Titian Reddish Brown ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Light Golden Blonde

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 40)

is the title, and we may add that it is also lovely to listen to. (Victor.)

FROM the "Folies Bergere," Abe Lyman and his California orchestra play "Singing a Happy Song." Lyman gives us a smart interpretation, although slightly on the heavy side. Abe has done so much stage work that the flashy introductions are getting to be second nature with him. Nice stuff withal, and Phil Neely is featured as vocalist.

"Au Revoir, L'Amour," is the tune on the reverse side, affording us another chance to listen to Abe Lyman and his California orchestra. Phil Neely is again the vocal artist. (Brunswick.)

BENNY GOODMAN and his orchestra have prepared an entertaining bit as they play "Blue Moon." Goodman's popularity increases daily, and we are sure that this record will bring him a host of new friends. Helen Ward sings the vocal chorus.

An altogether different type of tune is on the reverse side, and it's "Throwin' Stones at the Sun." Plenty of swing to this, and lots of Benny's well-known clarinet work. Again the vocal is by Helen Ward. (Columbia.)

RAY NOBLE is responsible for this next bit of entertainment. Any record with Noble's name attached is bound to be entertaining. "Dreaming a Dream" is the name of the melody, and it's one that Ray recorded in England before he left for the States.

The number on the other side is called "Sitting Beside o' You" and is played by Jack Johnson and his orchestra. This is the band that, in our estimation, will take Noble's place while Ray is in this country. (Victor.)

ANOTHER record of another tune from "Folies Bergere" is heard as Abe Lyman and his California orchestra play, "I Was Lucky." A slow, ballad type of number with sax organ effects and nice brass figures. Louis Rapp does the vocal chorus.

"Rhythm of the Rain" is the tune on the reverse side, also from the Folies and also played by Abe Lyman. A slow tempo number, too, but played with considerably more rhythm and swing. The vocal chorus is sung by Phil Neely. (Brunswick.)

BACK again to the "Gold Diggers of 1935" as we listen to Hal Kemp and his orchestra play "The Words Are in My Heart." A waltz it is, this time, and a very pleasing one too. Excellent muted trumpet work and a swell vocal by Bob Allen.

On the other side it's the "Lullaby of Broadway" that Hal Kemp plays. It's okay, but just a shade or so under Little Jack Little's bit in our estimation. However, Bob Allen's vocal work is a bit more inspired than Little Jack's. (Brunswick.)

FROM good to better as we listen to another Hal Kemp record. This time it's "A Little White Gardenia," that nifty tune by Sam Coslow, from "All the King's Horses." Again it's the muted trumpet that stands out and Skinny Ennis is the featured vocalist.

"I'm Goin' Shoppin' with You" is the coupling, so you'll have a choice between Hal Kemp and Little Jack Little. (Brunswick.)

See you next month.

Shopping with Joan

(*Continued from page 25*)

"It was in 'Forsaking All Others,' that I began wearing a ribbon to hold the long locks on the left side of my head in place because of camera angles. I've found it such a becoming style and so comfortable that I'm surprised I didn't think of it before."

With two new frocks, the next half hour was spent in selecting accessories to wear with them. Among these was a lovely shallow jeweled evening bag with an emerald clasp.

Suddenly she spied some cunningly contrived hair clips of brilliants and pounced on them with glee, exclaiming, as she selected the design, "Look, this will take the place of my velvet bow for evening wear!"

Delighted with her discovery, Joan however, flatly refused to listen to the argument that she should have two clips, insisting that one suited her better.

I was discovering that Joan is a good shopper. She knows what she wants, is definite in her tastes and not influenced into buying what she doesn't like.

I don't think Joan is especially clothes-conscious. I'm sure the subject doesn't absorb her as it does many stars. She enjoys being well dressed because it is part of the nicer aspects of life and her career demands it. She likes to wear beautiful costumes on the screen when they belong to her role. Otherwise, she feels she is being presented as a clothes model rather than an actress and this doesn't please her.

She's an individualist but not an extremist. While she likes new, unusual things and can wear them with a distinctive flair, she avoids all eccentricities. The gayest laugh of our tour came when she mischievously tried on one of the new shiny straw hats with a grotesque crown for she became hilariously amused at the picture of herself reflected in the long mirror. Which also shows she can laugh at herself.

"Hats are so important for they frame the face," said Joan. "I consider a hat the keynote of my entire ensemble. The first consideration is becomingness. If it doesn't accentuate my best features, in other words 'do' something for me, I pass it by. It is very important to learn what not to wear."

And speaking of lingerie! Or wasn't I? But I must rave over Joan's!

She has it made especially for her out of the loveliest satin—white, too, mind you, not pink or blue, and they are strictly tailored with an occasional bit of very fine embroidery worked on them. Her little short panties, her slips and her nightgowns, which always have long sleeves because she says her arms get cold, haven't a lacy ruffle in sight. Her negligees and pajamas, which she wears at home are usually white and they, too, favor tailored lines. She adores mules and declares her bill for these comfy foot frivolities is greater than for her shoes. She has monograms on her linens, her bags and handkerchiefs but they must be small, graceful letters.

She likes to dress for dinner and has a number of simple white dinner gowns, with an ocasional blue one for a change. She never wears pink, purples or lavenders for she thinks they do not suit her.

Joan looks forward all week to Saturday afternoon for it is then she dons a blue and white gingham dress and arranges the flowers for every room in her big house in Brentwood Heights. She gets peevish if anyone tries to assist her. When she has a few free days she delights in rearranging her dresser drawers and looking through her closets. She has no personal maid except at the studio for she likes to wait on herself. She confesses she's a bit fussy about her own things and has old-maidish ideas. Her bill at the cleaners must be huge for she insists on having her frocks, coats and sports clothes cleaned after only a few wearings.

Joan is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-one pounds. She uses blood-red nail polish and a deep lip rouge but otherwise uses no make-up and her skin is marvelously smooth and lovely. Her hair is its natural light brown.

She is really prettier off the screen than on and for some reason, the camera has never captured her full quota of charm. She is more girlish, more spontaneous and softer, than in her picture roles.

During our shopping there were always people hovering around us watching Joan and there was no more privacy for her than the proverbial goldfish.

I asked her how she kept her poise.

"It isn't easy but I've grown a little used to it," she confessed. "I think we of the screen should never forget that we depend on the public's favor for our success and we should never be discourteous nor rude. One thoughtless act may have far reaching effects."

At last, wearying of clothes, we stopped to admire some novel tomato and orange juice glasses. Next, she was attracted to a French blue coffee set but with a sigh, she turned resolutely away.

"Let's have luncheon," she suddenly exclaimed. "I'm starved, aren't you?"

So we made our way to the French dining-room at the Ambassador, where the headwaiter had Joan's favorite table overlooking the patio gardens, ready for her.

After ordering we spent the time admiring Dolores Costello Barrymore, who with her little girl, was sitting at the next table. We agreed she never looked lovelier.

Our waiter came with a tray of relishes and within the next few minutes I witnessed a bit of drama that was a visible explanation of why Joan Crawford is so popular with everyone whose life she touches.

Accidentally, as he placed the relishes on the table, the waiter touched her glass, turning it over, the water filling her plate and splashing down onto her skirt.

Miserable, he stood rooted with embarrassment. Quick as a flash, Joan's laugh rang out. "We don't mind a little thing like that," she said, cheerily. "Why such things happen to all of us. Anyway, I was out in the rain yesterday and that was much, much worse."

Then, as I began wiping the water from her skirt, she said, with a merry grin, "Napkins, bring us a bunch of napkins."

"I'll change the cloth," ventured the waiter, but Joan gaily interrupted, "Nonsense, that isn't necessary. A few napkins and we'll be as good as new."

As the man, still agitated, started to remove her plate and glass, Joan picked up a small creamer and with utter nonchalance, tipped it over.

"Oh look what I've done!" came her surprised exclamation. "Now, that's a lot worse than spilling water."

For a full second the waiter looked at her. His face held comprehension, with several emotions racing over it. Then he said quietly, "I'll bring some cream," and walked away.

Neither Joan nor I spoke. I couldn't. I had been given a quick flash of an understanding soul.

■ **Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of New York, of exquisitely fragile blonde beauty, says: "Pond's Rose Brunette Powder gives my skin the loveliest glow!"**



Blonde looked Pale... Faded

The Color Analyst advised a Brunette Powder!



■ **Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.**

SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a *flesh* powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. She looked at herself in amazement. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

TO FIND OUT just what hidden tints gave beautiful blonde skin its enchanting transparency—what gave brunette skin its glamorous warmth—Pond's color-analyzed the skin of over 200 girls.

They found the answer in the most surprising tints hidden in skin—*bright blue* in blonde skin, *brilliant green* in brunette. These tints they blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades. Now no one need have dull, faded skin.

These entirely different shades bring to your skin just the color note it lacks. They will tone florid skin to a creamy hue . . . make dull brunette skin glow . . . bring to faded blonde skin a lovely brilliance. And this powder goes on smoothly—clings. It keeps your skin looking its best for hours. And it never clogs your pores or cakes!

If your present powder is not helping you, try these new Pond's shades—

Rose Cream—gives a faint flush and clear blonde coloring

Natural—a delicate flesh tint

Brunette—a velvety, creamy tone becoming to many blondes

Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins

Light Cream—for those to whom an ivory tone is becoming

You can try them without expense—just send in the coupon below. See how much better you like this powder than any you ever used before.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

. . . mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. F92, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Now
AN IMPROVED MASCARA

New Emollient Winx Widely Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes Alluring Beauty

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx is a nation-wide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross



I Owe a Lot to Will Rogers

(*Continued from page* 18)

America from coast to coast, and took me into small towns where most of the stars I imitated had not been seen, I never had to worry with "Will" and the lariat tucked away in my box of imitative tricks.

HAVING, I hope, explained the title of this effusion, which so far reads like a rush of I's to the typewriter, we will turn to Will Rogers, the man. Where there's a will there's a way, but where there's a Will Rogers there's a flock of ways, most of them winning—all of them lucrative. Whoever said "Jack of all trades, master of none" reckoned without a guy who would one day come trotting out of Oklahoma on a cow pony and grind that well worn quotation in the dust under his restless feet. If he's not in the air, he's on it. When he's not in pictures, he's on the stage. When he is not writing for a paper, he's being quoted by one, and when in doubt, he's playing for a benefit. If I could be sure that he would ever stand still, I would say that he stands alone as a master of all trades, at least of all the six or seven he has roped and hog-tied for his own personal round-up.

A lot of stars have combined radio and pictures. Stage stars "Air" themselves successfully now and then. Writers broadcast and still hang on to their newspaper jobs. But where, and you don't need to try to answer, is there another personality in America who is shooting for public approval from as many angles as Will Rogers, and hitting the bull's eye every time? In dragging the bull in by the horns, I don't mean to link Will with "bull" because of all the clear thinking, free speaking so and so's who ever got paid to tell the world just how to spin on its axis, Will Rogers is that "sucha."

I knew him some time before he started to contribute to my support. We played together in vaudeville. He had a horse and a lariat. There was nothing he couldn't do with the rope, but he was so shy that he wouldn't even talk to the horse. Today he thinks nothing of telling a king that his crown is not on straight.

Will often seems to make a slip and say something he didn't mean to say. Listen, folks, the only thing that one will ever slip on is a banana peel, and being part Indian he always has one ear to the ground. So don't think he can't see the banana peel before it sees him. Behind that cascade of chuckles and gurgles which is ever flowing over his barbed observations, there runs a cool stream of thought down which the Oklahoma Oracle paddles his own canoe. Every time it looks as if he might be going over the verbal falls, Will grabs on to what looks like a willow tree, and suddenly it becomes a sturdy oak. If you ask me why, and even if you don't, I'd say it's because the guy has a heart of gold. I can say that with safety since the decision of the supreme court. Mind you, I'm not saying that there isn't some platinum evident now and then.

Rogers, the cowboy, has become an international big shot, so he couldn't be expected to remain entirely "get-atable." Naturally there are secretaries stalling off the flotsam and jetsam who, although starving, are always able to get hold of a pen and some ink to request that the mortgage be paid at once, and who usually manage to obtain special delivery stamps or the price to register a letter. Ask the gal who gets them by hundreds and worries about them. What I'm getting at via a mental detour, is that if I should play a benefit and not find Will participating, I would know he was ill, or that Mrs. Rogers (who is a peach) had finally said, "Fun's fun—and you will stay home one night!"

You may have read in his column a few weeks ago, of how he and Mrs. Rogers came to New York from Washington. Incidentally Washington is a great help to Will. When he gets a bit low on comedy material he goes to the capital and listens to the Senators talking seriously. Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers came to New York for one of his *broadblasts*—pardon, broadcasts. No sooner had Will arrived than the benefit "giver-outers" grabbed him. He played two that Sunday night, besides his own Arial-Oil appearance. Just as he can be in Moscow sopping up Soviet data one week, and be in America handing out Rogers Rudism the next, so he was that night leaping from radio network to theater, and back to the opposition network in a space of two hours. Who else but Rogers can make Columbia Broadcasting Company (who pay him) and National Broadcasting Company (who, I'm sure, would like to pay him) in one night? Between the two he breezed into the Actors Fund Benefit, and believe me, breezed is the only word for it.

There I saw him. A rather chic Will sartorially speaking. A tremendously sentimental Will really. There were lots of old-timers on the program and it was the New Amsterdam Theatre. I saw the tears in Will's eyes. I knew he was thinking of the old days and of Ziegfeld, but I didn't think he would shoot his entire Sunday column about it, risking criticism of the younger generation who don't give a half a whoop about what happened twenty years ago, or a quarter of a whoop about what is going to happen twenty years from now. But he did it, and it isn't because he said nice things about me that I say, "Atta Will!" It's because he is one guy who says what he darn well feels, in print, on the very precious and censored air, and won't play a part on the screen or stage that he doesn't feel. "Ain't that *'sumthin'?"* Well, if you don't think it is, I'll take a few days off some time and tell you about the big shots I know who are scared of the press, the executives, the fans and—the camera.

Of course, Will doesn't have to worry about the camera. He cracked that long ago. The press, he has it all over like the stratosphere, because he has been writing for one paper for over five years, and with that one paper goes a syndication that resembles a chain of five and ten emporiums. Executives—I'm sure if you said to Will, "How do you feel about executives?" he would grin and say, "Adjectives I juggle round with, superlatives I kinda dally with, but executives, well, all I know is what I read in the papers." He would probably add sheepishly, "Papers are contracts, ain't they?"

Which means that Will doesn't have to worry, and yet he does. Worries about Russia despite all the gags he pulls about it. He can't overlook all the tragedy he saw there. Worries about the extras in Hollywood who are not getting a break. Worries about his attractive young daughter, Mary, who is destined to be a swell actress according to reports, but he is interested enough to fly to Maine to look her over as she plays in a summer stock company. Worries probably about the crops and live stock on his wonderful ranch which skirts the waistline of Beverly Hills. But what can he do about it?



"WHEN I first saw Clopay 15c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they could possibly cost so little. They actually look many times their price."

Dainty chintz-like patterns by leading American designers will win you instantly and you'll find the plain colors also exceptionally attractive. No wonder they are used daily in over a million homes!

Clopays are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, pinhole or ravel on the edges. Their patented creped texture not only adds to their beauty but also makes them hang straight, roll straight and wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1419 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



New FABRAY Out does Oilcloth

"As much as the saving on CLOPAY Shades amazed me—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and feels like the most expensive oilcloth, yet costs ⅓ to ½ less. It wears as well as oilcloth, too, and, better still, will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is an entirely new and revolutionary product. It has the same surface as oilcloth, yet it can be creased or folded without cracking or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as tile. You will find FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelving—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1425 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I Owe a Lot to Will Rogers

He is definitely our ace humorist. He must discuss funny things, and so editorially, or on the air, he turns to politics and we all laugh. If Will ever takes up the serious problems of our day, we are in for it. The laugh is definitely married to the tear, and Rogers could be the presiding parson any time he wants to.

Meanwhile there he is. Well, here and there he is. Gulliver was a stationary washstand compared to Rogers and his travels. It's a cinch he is not running away from anything, and I should hate to see him settle down, unless it were in some spot where as a representative American he might prove how perfectly that description suits him. I'm so sorry we didn't enter the World Court, because I was all set to advise sending Rogers to sit in the international game of "strip politics." He would have taken their shirts, mentally.

I have no idea of Will's age. If those laughing lines mean anything he's well past Half Way House, which means to me, looking backward and saying, "It's been swell so far." Then looking forward and saying, "Is that a hill ahead? Well, lead me to it!" To see that crinkled buzzard playing polo out in California with the kids and cleaning up, I can't even believe that he is the same fellow I knew twenty-five years ago. Then suddenly onto the polo field gallops Rogers Junior and rides Papa off like no one's business, least of all mine. So I just have to say, "What the heck! I'm not trying to hide my own age, why should I try to conceal Will's?"

Goodness knows he doesn't conceal anybody's or anything. Whatever his age may be it's certainly his age—this age.

You know the greatest compliment we can pay anyone is to admit that he or she doesn't remind us of anyone. I'm not particularly bent on paying Will compliments—he's being paid enough of everything already—but you must admit that you can't say Rogers reminds me of George Whosit or Pete Whatnot who was so famous years ago. He couldn't have happened years ago. The years couldn't have taken it, to say nothing of the year bearers. The only thing he can remind you of is to be glad you are not a public character who deserves a razzing. You'd get it from Will. On the other hand, you might be reminded that if you are not a public character and are in need of a lift, you don't have to smoke the cigarette which guarantees same. Read Rogers! Listen to Rogers! See Rogers! But please, as a favor to me, don't write Rogers. So far he thinks I'm a nice gal, so don't let him in on our secret.

If Garbo Wears a Hat

(*Continued from page* 18)

covered with them, literally, in "Shanghai Express." Travis Banton, who designs all the costumes seen in Paramount pictures, executed her outfit to be in keeping with the character she portrayed . . . and was amazed when he discovered he had popularized feathers and boas once more.

One of the best-known designers in motion pictures, Banton designs gowns, slippers, hats, et al, not with an eye to their setting new styles, but for the sole purpose of the stars' being atmospherically correct when they wear his creations in a picture. He received a shock the first time he ever saw one of his gowns reproduced in the mode of the day . . . and it is a never-ending source of astonishment to him to know that his fashions are constantly setting new trends in feminine attire.

The flowing draperies of the new gowns, jeweled collars, sandals, negligees, feathered turbans . . . these fineries of the moment are directly traceable to the costuming of Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

Mae West set a new style—or should I say a revamp of the old?—in her wearing of the hour-glass costume in "She Done Him Wrong." The effervescent Mae also brought curves back into popularity.

Kay Francis' bare-back gown in "Jewel Robbery" established that vogue, since found modified in many ways . . . and the tunic dress Jean Harlow wore in "The Blonde Bombshell" has been widely copied by designers the country over.

REMEMBER the silly little pill-box hat Garbo donned for "As You Desire Me"? It immediately created a demand for hats of this order. Shirley Temple and Baby Jane dresses have been on the market for some time, each a copy of a little dress seen on these starlets in one or another of their films. And, believe it or not, four of the dresses designed for "Little Women" are featured this season by a famous Paris gown shop, exact replicas of those old-fashioned styles. For the first time in history, the smart women's magazines are offering their readers elaborate layouts of new styles glimpsed on the screen.

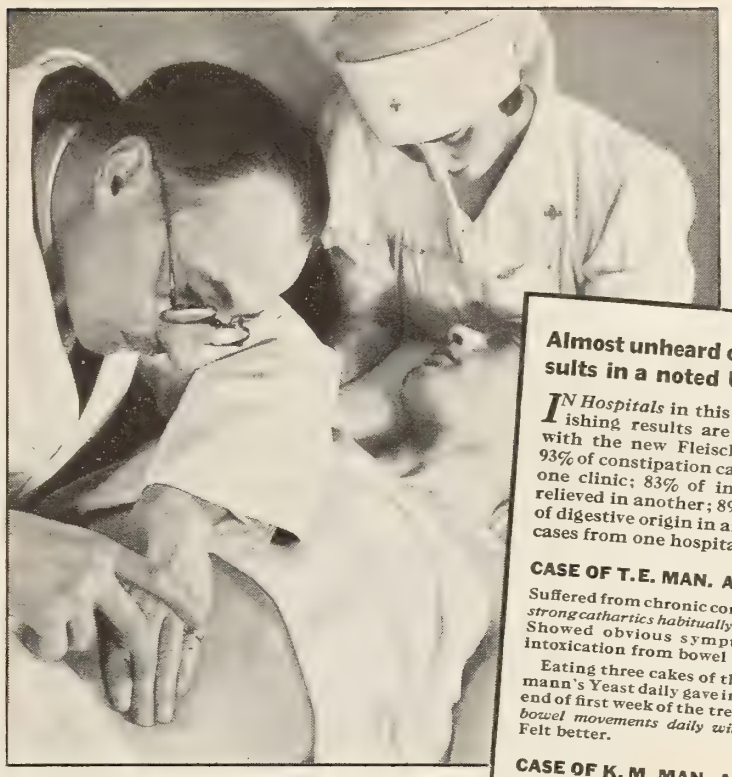
The influence of motion pictures on fashions may thus be clearly seen. Fashion experts throughout the East acknowledge this without hesitation, and even from far-off London assenting voices may be heard.

Victor Stiebel, whose styles now are the rage of the English capital, on a recent visit to Hollywood confided that his journey to the cinema center meant at least ten thousand dollars additional each month to him. More women than ever would patronize him, he said, when he announced that he had made a personal study of some of the best-dressed women on the screen. Conclusive evidence, this, of the truth of the above paragraph.

And before we continue . . . Lily Dache, noted millinery creator of Paris and New York, while she, too, was spending several weeks in Hollywood studying the fashions of the studios, became so intrigued with the clothes worn by Miss Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman," latest picture of the German star, that she told Travis Banton she planned copying some of the hats that will be viewed in that film. High praise, again, for Hollywood and its fashions.

WHENEVER a feminine star changes her hair-dress, immediately thousands of inquiries pour into the studio, asking for news on this new style of coiffure.

(*Please turn to page* 54)



Dr. Alban Girault, the French expert, says:
"Almost unbelievable how well it works."
Dr. Girault, lately chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine, member of leading medical societies, says: "I was amazed. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally . . . *A notable discovery.*"

Almost unheard of . . . these results in a noted U. S. hospital

IN Hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another! Typical cases from one hospital's records are:

CASE OF T.E. MAN. AGE 30.
Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of autointoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62.
Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.* Feels better. No discomfort from gas. Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51.
Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Completely corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance . . . is *their richest source!*

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your stomach and intestinal tract.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases. You don't tire so easily.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly!* Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

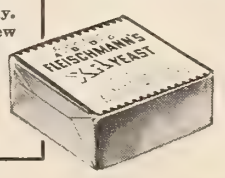
If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

In recent tests, Fleischmann's new Yeast increased peptic activity up to 30%; speeded up stomach's "emptying time" 34%; increased gastric secretion and motility measurably.

The most important substance in this new yeast resembles a *digestive hormone.* It also supplies *four vitamins:* Vitamin A, for the health of epithelial tissue, B for proper nerve functioning, G for growth, and D to aid in the assimilation of lime.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. It can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you to *keep* free from constipation and the many ailments it causes.

Constipation may be serious. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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YOUR SKIN
IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!



TO END SKIN TROUBLES

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IN case after case, pimples and blotches, like muddiness and lack of color in the skin, are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct the skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation in the body,* and they contain nothing to put on fat.



Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. Begin now to let these pleasant little tablets clear your skin and build up your health!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. *TG 6-35*
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

If Garbo Wears a Hat

(*Continued from page 53*)

The effect of Jean Harlow's platinum-blonde hair is well known. Many have attempted to emulate her. And, in days gone by, Colleen Moore's Dutch bob set a style for thousands of women and girls.

More recently, the "frou-frou" bangs assumed by Katharine Hepburn for her part of Jo in "Little Women" caught the fancy of the so-called "weaker sex" all over the world. To mention a single instance of their popularity, a hairdresser in a Kansas City beauty shop was obliged to cut out a picture of Miss Hepburn wearing the bangs and paste it on her mirror, so that she might study the full details, so many were the requests from her customers for that style of hair-dress.

Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard both have been important factors in setting new styles in hair, and each regularly receives a vast amount of fan mail from girls and women requesting advice on how to fix their tresses. Not infrequently stars are asked by beauty parlors to sponsor a new haircut, or some way of wearing the hair, and every smart shop religiously keeps up with the styles of coiffure as worn by the stars.

In furniture and house-furnishings, particularly, is seen the weight of the films. "Our Dancing Daughters," one of Joan Crawford's first successes, will be recalled as having introduced modernistic furniture to the American film public.

Later productions utilized this type of room decoration still more, and ere long the pulse of the furniture-buying populace was touched to the degree that thousands, and possibly millions, of homes now are furnished along modern lines. To Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department of Metro-Goldwyn and husband of Dolores Del Rio, goes the credit for the inception of this type of furniture on the screen.

Almost unbelievable are the number of requests from designers and manufacturers for new ideas in design. The point has been reached whereby a studio finds it nearly impossible to purchase furniture to dress any modern set, so marked is the influence of previous pictures on the pieces in the stores and in the factories. For this reason every studio has its own art department, which designs all modern furniture used in its productions.

Among recent pictures, "The Gay Divorcee" stands as an excellent example of a film play influencing the art decoration of the day. As you may recall, ultra-modern sets and furnishings featured every scene. The chromium fixtures especially intrigued the attention of the nation, and since the release of that hit, public and decorators alike have become "fixture-conscious." From all over this country and Europe, as well, there have been a large number of requests regarding new lighting effects.

Entire sets, too, prove a lure for the public to write to the studios. A wealthy surgeon of Boston, for instance, asked Paramount to send him a detailed plan of the Revolutionary-period living-room used in "Pursuit of Happiness," since he was building a summer home at Cape Cod and wished to construct his house about such a room.

A LARGE majority of the pieces played by orchestras were first heard on the screen. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that since "Stingaree" and "One Night of Love" the public has turned to grand opera in surprising numbers. Since those films reached the theaters, each with operatic scores, studios have been deluged with requests for more singing. "One Night of Love" in particular awakened for the first time the interest of many in grand opera. It produced a new appreciation of classical music.

Dancing, also, has been influenced largely by the films. Radio Pictures receive on an average 12,000 letters a month, asking how to dance the Carioca (seen in "Flying Down to Rio") and the Continental (from "The Gay Divorcee"). The national association of dancing teachers even has suggested that the studios ease up on their dances as presented on the screen . . . make them less difficult for the average couple.

When Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen directed their celebrated "Oh, yeah" bombardment upon one another, in their various pictures, they immediately popularized that expression, and Jack Oakie's "Skip it," in "From Hell to Heaven," likewise exercised its sway over the speech of the land. "Nuts," of course, has been heard in even the most conservative circles since "The Big Parade," some years ago.

WITH the age of sophistication on the screen manners have changed. Nearly every fan has some favorite after whom he patterns himself, either consciously or unconsciously, and many a one goes far out of his way in an attempt to be like his idol of the films.

By the same token, love-making has become more subtle, less a declamatory contest than formerly. Young swains, through having witnessed a picture lover woo his maid in a style which they admire, set out to win their lady-loves in much the same fashion.

Ronald Colman's reserve, Robert Montgomery's breeziness, Clark Gable's virility . . . all find their devotees among the young men of today. Gone are the days when the man bends his knee in proposal . . . the mode now is to sweep the girl off her feet. John Gilbert had a hand in this. Greater facility in speech and expression on these occasions may be credited to the potency of the screen.

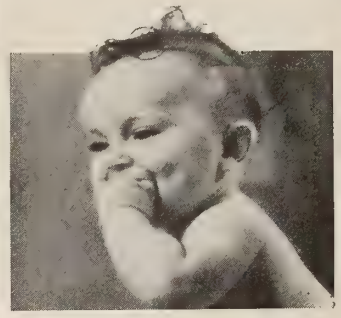
In well-nigh every field, every branch of life, the movies exert influence. There can be little doubt but that the screen is one of the greatest forces for good, for advancement, known to present-day civilization . . . and Hollywood may well be proud of its effect upon the modes and manners of the day.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS

The Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted Heinz Strained Foods and passed on all advertising claims made in their behalf.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY



Don't
FOOL YOURSELF ABOUT BABY'S
Vitamins

Even home-cooked strained vegetables often have a lower vitamin retention than Heinz Strained Foods

If you cook and strain the vegetables your baby eats, here is important news. With ordinary home methods it is often impossible to retain as high a degree of vitamin and mineral content as is found in Heinz Strained Foods.

Heinz cooks and strains fresh vegetables with scientific equipment which excludes vitamin destroying air—then *vacuum-packs* them in enamel-lined tins.

When you feed your baby these foods from the immaculate Heinz kitchens you free yourself from the time and work of cooking and straining—but, more important, you assure him a uniformly abundant quota of the precious nutrients he needs.

HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS
for Baby



9 KINDS — 1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Peas. 3. Green Beans. 4. Spinach. 5. Carrots. 6. Tomatoes. 7. Beets. 8. Prunes. 9. Cereal.

GET THIS BABY DIET BOOK

The new book *"Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health"*, contains many up-to-date facts regarding the various vitamins and mineral salts. Also information on infant care and feeding. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG206, Pittsburgh, Pa.

57

MAKE YOUR OWN BEAUTY MASK

Learn how to make and apply your own facial mask at home. Masks made from honey, or yeast, or oatmeal, or sweet cream, are only a few of the many described in the new circular, MASKS FOR BEAUTY. Facial masks tend to tighten flabby muscles, stimulate circulation, and give a smooth, clear complexion. For your copy of MASKS FOR BEAUTY, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

(*Continued from page 4*)

company. Boss 'sleep. Boss get married las' night!' Shut door firmly.

"Rang door bell for half an hour. No results. Left Frank in the car and went around to back. Gate to kitchen yard locked. Skinned shins trying to climb wall. Bread wagon arrived and gate was unlocked. Rode inside in state amid whole-wheat loaves, doughnuts and pies. Went in kitchen to consternation of more Filipino boys. Carried on one-sided conversation. Reconnoitered. Located house phone system in hall. Watched chance and rang 'Master Bedroom.' Filipino boys horrified.

"Gilbert said 'Hello.' Told him who I was and where. Told him not to blame Filipino boys because this wasn't their fault. Told him I had to have pictures of him and Ina. He was nice. Said they would be out in an hour. I said an hour was too long to wait. He said they would make it half an hour.

"Let Frank in front door. Filipino boys helped me set table in patio. John and Ina appeared. Ina elegant in pink sports dress, simple and smart. Yellow hair brushed off forehead. John in flannels and shirt open at collar.

"They were jovial and happy. Posed as we wanted. Joked between themselves and razzed me in a nice way about butting in on honeymoon. Weren't even peeved when I asked how about Gene Markey and Greta Garbo—wouldn't they feel badly about this? Just told me they hadn't a thing to say about Gene and Greta.

"Back in the office at 9:30. Scooped the town with story and pictures. City editor pleased for once. Gave Frank and me tomorrow off."

MAYFAIR parties, when all the stars gather for dinner and dancing, are fun for a reporter, if you don't have to work too hard. This one was, anyway. But haven't times changed since this night of——

"October 31, 1930. Covered Mayfair party at Biltmore. Quite a time. Happiest couple there were Sally Eilers and Husband Hoot Gibson. Danced every dance together. Hoot's hair white as snow, incidentally. Photographers snapped Gloria Swanson with strange man, name of Farmer. Prettiest girl there, Jeanette MacDonald."

Gloria broke into print soon after this when she got her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise. Here's about it—

"November 8, 1930. Gloria Swanson slipped into court during noon hour today to get divorce on the q.t. Nothing doing. Press got wise. Gloria wouldn't pose for picture so photogs. grabbed shots. Frank Bentley and I chased her out of courthouse into the street. She ran in front of a street car and tripped, losing her slipper but saving herself. Frank tripped, fell down and broke his camera. Gloria jumped into a taxi and left. No pictures. City editor very mad."

It always seemed to me too bad that Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert couldn't make a go of their marriage. They seemed so sure of happiness that May morning in 1929. But here is the second and last chapter of their saga. Incidentally, here is also, I think, proof that a "news hound" is sometimes willing to let a story go by the boards for the sake of that intangible something called "ethics"——

"February 14, 1931. Went out to Beverly Wilshire Hotel to see if Ina Claire would talk about her separation from John Gilbert. She was nice (she always is) and let me in, but wouldn't talk about Jack. In lieu, we discussed her picture work and Hollywood in general. She ordered coffee. I stayed quite a while.

"Finally, led subject up to John, again. Ina less reserved by now. Said these are troublous times in Hollywood with talkies coming in and everything. Said love doesn't have a chance in Hollywood. Said she and Jack had been having bad time trying to adjust themselves to new order of things in pictures and hadn't had time even to try to make their marriage go. Then she said in confidential way a woman has, talking to a pal: 'Anyway, Jack didn't know how to be a husband, really. He is sweet, but is only, after all, a naïve little boy——'

"Guess she saw the gleam in my eye as I visualized headline, to wit: 'Great Lover Naïve Little Boy Says Ina.' She clapped hand over her mouth and started crying. Told me she hadn't meant to say that. Said such a thing would make Jack laughing-stock of Hollywood, when he was having trouble in pictures, anyway. Said she always talked too much—would never forgive herself—please keep it out of the paper.

"Didn't know what to do. Story is a story and that one in class by itself. Sorry for Ina if I did print it and sorry for myself if I didn't. Left her at last, still undecided.

"Telephoned the city desk and was told to dictate what I had. Thought about those thousands of headlines, blazing today, forgotten tomorrow except by those they hurt. . . . Dictated flat story with nothing in it about 'naïve little boy.' City editor came on the line and said was that the best I could do. Told him yes. . . . Just a sap, me. A chicken-hearted sap. . . ."

THERE was a time when Hollywood waxed extremely interested in Los Angeles' famous David Clark murder trial. Every day a call or two would come from the drama editor asking those of us covering the trial to get some celebrity into the court room, past the crowds that waited in line outside for a seat, sometimes all day long. Here's more about it——

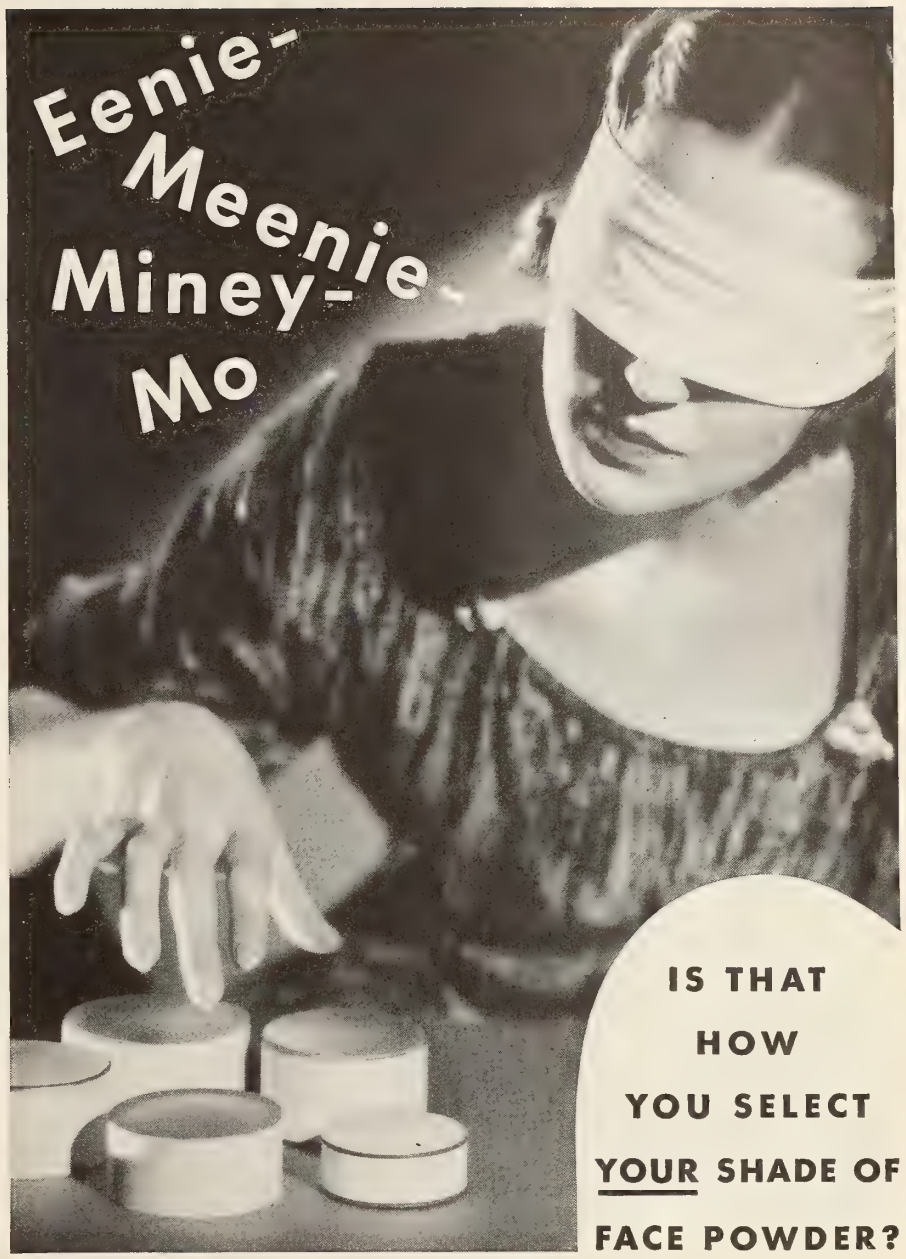
"August 5, 1931. Working on Dave Clark trial. Quite the fad for Hollywood to come a-visiting. Up to reporters to get the big shots in. Drama department's order. Gave my seat in the press row to Jetta Goudal today. Sat on the window sill.

"August 7, 1931. More Clark trial. More visitors from Hollywood. John Boles had my seat today. I sat on radiator.

"August 12, 1931. Still more Clark trial. Drama editor phoned and said Olga Baclanova would be down and could I get her in. She brought five others, including husband. Couldn't get them all past bailiff at the door, so took them up to the jail, then down in jail elevator and through prisoner's room to the court room. Olga had my seat and rest sat on folding chairs. I sat on our photographer's camera case.

"August 18, 1931. Clark trial. Gave my seat to Eric von Stroheim. Stood up all day."

(*Please turn to page 56*)



IS THAT HOW YOU SELECT YOUR SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter—Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for *you*, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

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FREE

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (13)

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

Another way of saying charm

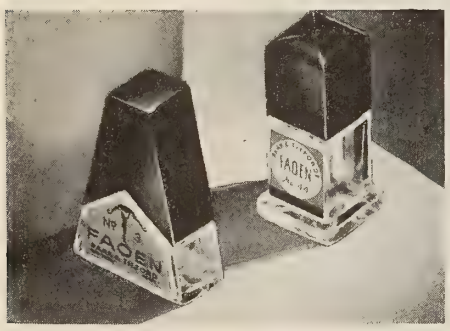
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FAOEN No. 12 Floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet.

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To the thousands of fascinating women who prefer FAOEN to more costly scents, FAOEN is more than a perfume . . . it is really another word for Charm.

It is amazing the way FAOEN can transform your personality. It's subtle, yet lingering fragrance gives you an entirely new sense of irresistible loveliness.

Let FAOEN enhance your charm and accentuate your hidden power of lovely, languorous allure!

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PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

(*Continued from page 55*)

AND here is where I get put out of one of Hollywood's very best homes. You wouldn't think it of Gloria, would you? Well, it was the butler who did it, anyway——

"November 7, 1931. Big news from New York. Gloria Swanson reported married to Michael Farmer. City editor sent me out to see her about it. 'Ask her if it is true,' he told me. I told him okay but the thing was, seeing her. It was only 7:30 A.M. but the maid said she had gone to studio. I went to studio. They said Gloria was home. Went back to Gloria's. Maid said she was at studio. Sat on porch for while. Went around to the side where porch chairs more comfortable. Rang bell. Maid said Gloria not back yet. Phoned studio. They said Gloria home. Kept this up all day.

"November 8, 1931. City editor thought maybe I could see Gloria today. Drove to her home 7 A.M. Maid said she had gone to studio. Phoned studio. They said she was home and so on until noon when butler, very hostile, said I couldn't sit on porch any more. Asked him why and he said never mind. I said all I wanted was to know whether Gloria was married to Farmer or not. He slammed door. Kept on porch—sitting until 2 o'clock when butler came out again. Said for me to leave. I asked him who said so and he told me: "Miss Swanson."

"I said, 'Ah, ha! Then she IS at home!' and he said: 'Young lady, you leave right now or else——' Decided he wasn't joking.

"November 9, 1931. City editor said never mind about trying to see Gloria today because we had a swell murder."

AND here are a couple of happy little entries connected with another famous Los Angeles trial—telling how Hollywood again came a-visiting and the result——

"November 12, 1931. Managed to get seats in court room for Florence Eldridge and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy. Florence especially chic. Nice, friendly manner. Reporters impressed.

"December 27, 1931. Florence Eldridge's secretary called today and said tickets for Florence's stage show, 'Private Lives' would be waiting at box office tonight. Arrived with boy friend to find SIX tickets, second row, center. Assembled four other pals. Swell show. Florence outstanding. Laurels to Fredric March for marrying her."

Now comes tragedy, centering about the platinum-haired Jean Harlow, with a lot of water under the bridge since she modelled that white satin dress——

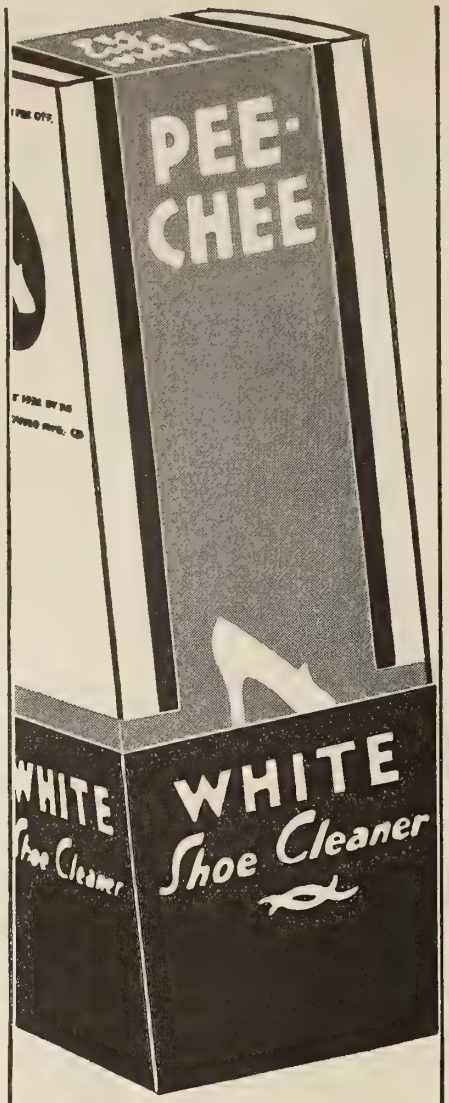
"Labor Day, 1932. Great excitement over Paul Bern suicide. Jean Harlow woman of sorrow. Pictures. Headlines. Mystery. City editor told me to go out and see Jean. Said to get inside story. Explained she was supposed to be seeing no one but told me to see her anyway. 'Don't antagonize her,' he instructed. 'Just get in with a photographer and take her picture.' . . . We didn't antagonize her. . . . We didn't get in. There are some things——"

More divorces! Kathryn Carver's from Adolphe Menjou.

"August 5, 1933. Kathryn Carver appeared in court today. Object: divorce from Menjou. But nothing doing because case hadn't been properly set. Kathryn wouldn't pose for pictures, so photogs. tried grab shots. She got hysterical. Called the press uncomplimentary names. Left in tears."

Finally, however, Kathryn did manage to get her decree, to wit——

"August 14, 1933. Kathryn C. got her divorce today. Very decorative in blue dress, red belt."



THE STYLISTS SAY "A WHITE SHOE SUMMER"

THE STYLISH SAY "A PEE-CHEE SUMMER"

PEE-CHEE

CLEANS WHITE SHOES W·H·I·T·E·R!

HERE'S still another entry about Jean Harlow, with still more water under the bridge——

"Jean Harlow eloped with Cameraman Hal Rosson last night. Excitement at Jean's home today. Press there in full force. Congregated on back lawn with Step-papa Mario Bello very affable. Jean in white sports dress, girlish, but not so very bridal. Rosson looked tired and nervous. Business of taking pictures. Jean wouldn't pose with arm around new husband. Beer and sandwiches after it was all over. Somehow, I don't think that marriage is going to work. No reason to think it. . . . Just a hunch. . . ."

Maybe you remember Los Angeles' William Gettle kidnaping a year ago? Here's a sidelight——

"Sunday, May 13, 1934. No late sleeping today. Working on Gettle case, assigned to stake home, Beverly Hills. Camped all day in backyard with other reporters, photogs., etc. Mysterious figure suddenly climbed over back fence, landing with a thud in geranium bed. It was Neighbor Winnie Lightner. Said she was lonesome."

Bing Crosby's voice may be soft and sweet on the radio, but when it says "No," it is a pain in the neck to a reporter. This is a two-installment report concerning his new babies and the picture he wouldn't allow taken——

"June 27, 1934.

"It was twins at the Bing Crosbys today. 'Marian,' the C. E. instructed, 'take a camera man, go out to the hospital and——,' I interrupted him, '—get pictures of the Crosby twins. . . .' 'Yeh,' he said.

"But that wasn't what happened. The twins were in incubators and the incubators attached to the far wall of the nursery. No one but nurses could go into the nursery. So all we got was a picture of Bing arriving with a radio in one hand and an electric fan in the other for Wife Dixie Lee.

"August 18, 1934.

"The Crosby twins came out of the incubator today and went home, not without some commotion. The city editor sent our new photog., Perry Fowler, and me out to get those long-anticipated pictures. The idea was to photograph Bing and the kids as they were leaving, but it wasn't so simple. Bing, arriving in sweater and slacks, preparatory to escorting the babies home in state, said nothing doing. He wasn't crooning, either. Said Dixie had told him not to let anybody take their picture. Said she would give him the devil if he didn't mind her. Perry and I disgruntled but not discouraged. Descended to the basement where the Crosby limousine waited. I hid in the receiving room and Perry in the laundry. When Bing arrived with two nurses, each carrying a baby, Perry stepped out and boomed his flash gun. Bing jumped in front of the babies and nurses and shooed them into the car. Perry shot again, catching Bing all scrooged down inside. The city editor swore when he saw the picture and ran a bathing beauty instead."

MARY PICKFORD has long been America's sweetheart. After the following recounted visit to Pickfair, I came away agreeing with America's taste in stars. She's swell——

"August 21, 1934.

"Drove to Pickfair at 7 A.M. Object: Interview with Mary Pickford about

Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

how she and Douglas Fairbanks will make it up, now he's back from Europe. City editor excited about the idea. Mary not. Sent word by butler to come back next week. Phoned the paper and was told to go back right away. Went back and parked in front. Butler came out and said would I please go away. I said I couldn't. He said Miss Pickford thought my car looked funny parked out in front of her house. I told him it looked funny anywhere.

"Rang door-bell at thirty-minute intervals. No luck. City editor irate. By 5 P.M. so was butler. Mary still sent down word she was "sorry." So was I. Stayed until 7 P.M.

"August 22, 1934.

"Pickfair at 7 A.M. Rang door-bell at thirty-minute intervals. Mary obdurate about interview. Douglas drove up in automobile and dashed inside. Rang door-bell at five-minute intervals. No one would admit he was there. City editor profane and impolite. Decreased door-bell ringing to former thirty-minute intervals. Butler still polite but with effort.

"At 3 o'clock butler came out and said Mary would see me. Said she felt sorry for me, sitting out there. Went inside, up long, green-carpeted stairs, through spacious salon to pretty little sitting-room overlooking garden. Mary very cordial and apologetic over my car-sitting marathon. Talked about the weather, books, pictures, various things having nothing to do with Douglas.

"Pinned her down about him and she said she couldn't talk about him. Said it was like wearing her heart on her sleeve to do that. I asked her if she was glad Doug was back and she said: 'Of course. One always is glad to see an old friend. But please don't ask me to discuss him because I just can't.'

"She was dressed in blue and looked sweet and tired and wistful. I liked her a lot. She wore a lovely string of tiny pearls and a big, square-cut sapphire on her engagement finger. When she looked at the ring, hurt would come into her eyes. I asked her about it, but she shook her head.

" 'There are so many things I cannot bring myself to speak of,' she said.

"She said a person never knows how much she can stand until she has to. Said life was a pattern, and heartbreak and loneliness are pieces in that pattern, mixed up like a jig-saw puzzle that maybe will make sense some day.

"The butler (his name is Joseph) served us wine and little cakes. I think Douglas was in the house all the time, but Mary wouldn't say so. When I left, she walked downstairs with me and shook hands three times. Thought I had a pretty good story, but the city editor was mad because she wouldn't say whether or not she would make up with Douglas. Cut me off at three hundred words. Life is like that."

Tragedy here for the lovely Carole Lombard and a thousand others, and maybe a smile, too, at the trials and tribulations of a harassed reporter——

"September 6, 1934. Covered Russ Columbo's funeral today. Terrible mob. Carole Lombard there in black and crying, with elderly woman comforting her. Our photog. took their picture as they were leaving. When I tried to find out name of the woman for caption some officious bystander jerked me back announcing: 'No autographs today, young lady!' By the time I got loose, Carole and the woman had gone. NOTE: Stick such oafs with a pin next time."

And I think tragedy is here, too——

"January 10, 1935. Kind of hate to make this entry. . . . Mary Pickford got her divorce from Douglas today. Came up to Judge Ben Lindsey's court and said just three words, all told—'Yes' when clerk asked her if she lived in Los Angeles County; 'Yes' when the judge asked her if a property settlement had been agreed upon, and 'Yes' when he asked her if the charges in her complaint were true.

"She wore gray. Looked tired and sad and almost old. Posed for pictures, but I had feeling she scarcely knew photographers were shooting. Our cameraman got another picture as she was walking down city hall steps, just at sunset. She stopped and looked out toward the red horizon. This was sunset, too, for Hollywood's most glamorous romance. I wanted to cry. Guess she did, too. But she didn't. She held her head high and smiled a little as her car drove away. But I can't forget her eyes. . . ."

Troubadour ob de Lawd

(*Continued from page 32*)

said he was asking every girl to marry him.

"Ah wouldn't marry him," Nina said disdainfully. "When Ah marry Ah want somebody up head of me. He throw his money away. He say de Virgin goin' take care of him. Ah say, boy, some day de Virgin goin' turn on yuh."

NINA was decidedly worldly for her years, sixteen. Her expressed ambition was to wear gowns like Miss Gloria Swanson's and have diamonds dribblin' all over her physique. The screen was but her stepping stone, she vowed. Her goal was Europe where she intended to challenge the supremacy of Josephine Baker, world's wealthiest colored entertainer and a Countess by marriage. Nina went to Europe a year or two later. While she did not exactly drag the throne from under Countess Baker, she did wriggle in the best night clubs of London, and recently returned to Hollywood, physique triumphantly adorned.

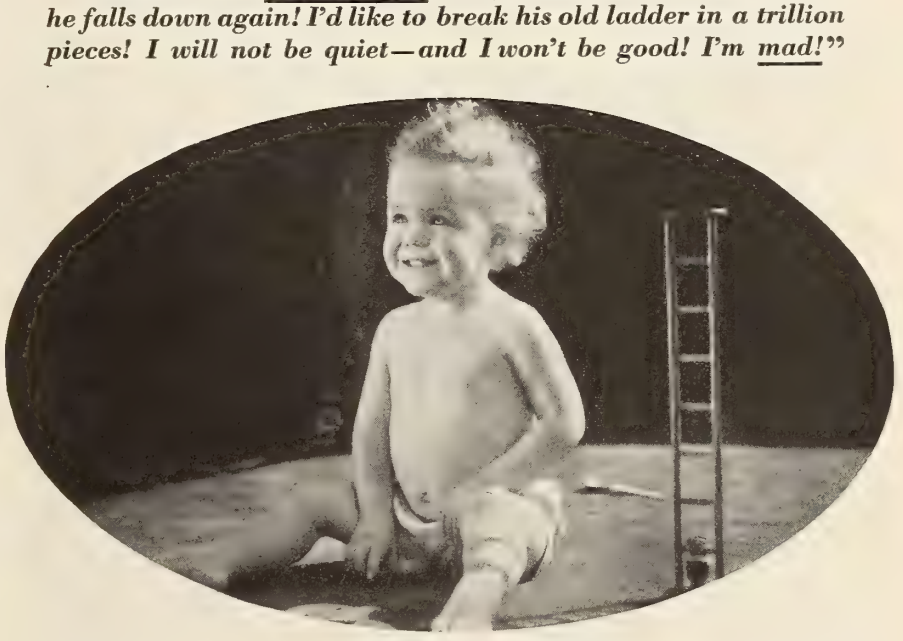
During the seven years that have elapsed since those merry Apex hours, Stepin's affairs have undergone tumultuous revolution. His spiritual and artistic conscience got to acting up violently. There were detonations in his love life, too, that all but brought the Marines. The flesh and the devil seemed to have a scissors hold. As if these personal commotions were not enough, the talkies came along to bust his career wide open by displacing the medium of his silent art. Only the world depression failed to affect him. He was depressed way ahead of that.

When I went to see the tempest-tossed soul the other night at the

(*Please turn to page 58*)



"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"

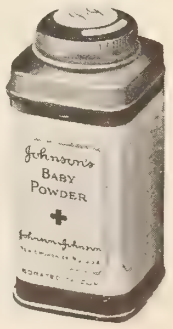


"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"

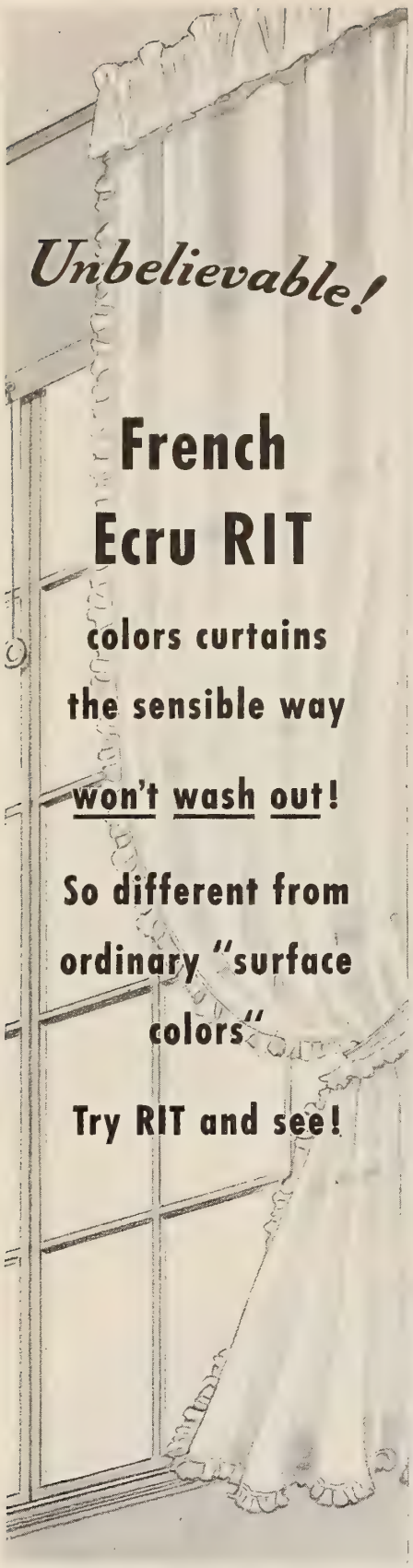


"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"



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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



• If you've used ordinary tints and dyes that have to be applied each time you wash your curtains—you won't *believe* that French Ecru Rit lasts through many washings—looks bright for months.

The secret is a patented ingredient in Rit that makes the color *soak in deeper.* When you take your curtains down for housecleaning—TRY Rit and be amazed at the difference.

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

For *all* tinting and dyeing, Rit is easier, quicker and more economical because more lasting. Even dark colors can be applied without the old-time prolonged boiling that weakens fabrics. Sold everywhere.

FRENCH ECRU RIT FOR CURTAINS



NOT A SOAP!

Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package

Troubadour ob de Lawd

(*Continued from page 57*)

Albee Theatre in Brooklyn where he was dragging himself on to the stage five times a day I was prepared to commiserate on his failure to achieve his exalted destiny, little guessing that through him the screen had been cleansed.

I knew he had sought refuge in wedlock with disastrous results. I was under the impression there had been a divorce. No, it seems his wife did suggest it soon after nuptials but the idea struck horror to Stepin's orthodox soul.

"It would make terrible scandal, me gittin' a divorce," said Stepin. "Scandal not fo' me only. Scandal fo' mah religion. Scandal all ovah de world foh mah religion."

The horror of it made Stepin writhe almost upright. His vehemence conveyed the idea the Church would have been rocked worse than by Henry Eighth's divorce.

"We jis separated," he said. "She was a good lil gul but she wasn't a showman. She didn't understan'. She finally git sick. Ah sent her to Arizona." He paused and his eyes glowed with glory. "She died a beautiful death."

She left him a four-year-old son.

BY this time his movie career had blown up due to his internal seethings. He couldn't get a job in pictures. Studios had him down as a problem child. Theaters refused to book him for personal appearances. In this, his hour of travail, he conceived a daring evangelical plan. He went back to New Orleans. He made a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Then he courageously set forth to wangle his way into legitimate theaters closed to negro entertainers. Managers refused to consider him. One night he went to a small theater with a poster he had had printed.

"Ah ax de manager could Ah please put it up in the lobby. Ah says, 'Jis let me stick it way back where nobody see it. Den if nobody git mad Ah will move it out jis lil bit every day til it's out front.' De poster say, 'Stepin Fetchit Coming.' Well, the manager he let me. He was good, cause like Ah say there is a law. Police can stop colored folks appearin' at legitimate theatahs in legitimate hours. Understan'? At other hours it's all right but not at regular legitimate hours. Well, nobody git mad. De police pay no attention. Folks want to see me cause day had seed me in pictures. Ah plays all de lil theatahs in N'Orlns."

After Stepin's southern crusade he went to New York. He dumbfounded managers of the big movie theaters by showing them the route he had opened up. Winnie Sheehan, Fox film producer, was in the city at the time.

"When Ah sees him he ax first thing, jis like yuh, 'Stepin is yuh still goin' toh mass?' He didn't ax cause mah religion mattered tuh him pusnlly, understan'. Ah doan know if he is religious. Yit Ah does know he is cause he live religion, allus doin' good fo' folks. He ax 'bout me cause he want to know am Ah steady. Am Ah stickin' by mah beliefs. So he take me back. Ah go back tuh de Fox studio. Ah nevah complains no moh. Dey aint no reason for complainin'. Nobody want nobody to speak impurities. Cause why? Cause de Legion of Decency. See how it all works out? Ah starts de power rollin' —unhunh—an' de power bring me back."



"I *wonder!*"

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

*

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not.*

*

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you.*

*

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

*

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

*

"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

*

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

*

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

*

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

*

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain.

MIDOL

When I told him some of his admirers complained that his vocal delivery was not as distinct as it might be, he became more animated. He said that in transferring his art from silent pictures to sound he was confronted with the same problem as Chaplin, only difference being he solved it.

"Ah solved the problem whereas Chaplin he couldn't. Ah solved it like dis. Ah make sounds but Ah make sounds what you can't understan'. Dat way, see, Ah don't destroy de illusion. Ah calls it audible pantomime. Da's right, audible pantomime."

Stepin added that he intended to become intelligible little by little until, I gathered, he would be enunciating with the clarity of Mr. George Arliss.

MR. STEPIN FETCHIT is not the mumbling sloth you see on the screen. His screen character is as much pure creation as Miss Mae West's. He strives to maintain the illusion in person but when the subject of religion is switched on he is electrified. He is slender, wiry, youthful and good looking. While his diction is negroid, spurning the elegance affected by many of his brethren, and his education has come mostly from "absolving," he is honest in saying he is bright. He has the intuitive precociousness of so many of his race. He has especially the racial gift of rapture. His religion, like that of St. Francis of Assisi who called himself a troubadour of Christ, is not incompatible with humor and gayety. With all respect, Stepin might be called the troubadour of de Lawd.

"Ah is thuty-three dis yeah," he said significantly. "Ah feels dis is mah big yeah. It is foh every man. Know why?"

"The crucial year," I said. "The year of the crucifixion."

His mother died when he was a child, a no good little darky, he says, allus shootin' crap an' stealin' an' crazy 'bout race horses, from one of which he eventually took his name. His mother was a seamstress in the employ of a southern lady. When she passed away the southern mistress took the young desperado into her home and gave him a mother's care. She sent him to school in Montgomery, Alabama. There he became a convert to the Catholic faith.

Grace did not instantly descend upon the young colored sport. He flew school one night and joined a carnival. His career had the breathless ups and downs of a roller coaster. Jails yawned for him. Once the law laid hands on him, took off his pants and found missing valuables sewed in his belt. He managed to fly the coop with a thirteen-year-old girl who had been implicated with him. They struggled through swamps all night. After seeing her to safety and admonishing her to say her prayers regularly he hurried on his versatile way. He didn't forget her. When he came into Hollywood affluence he purchased a trunkful of dresses and sent them to her down Mississippi way.

He never forgot the southern lady who mothered him. The wheel of fortune spun round. His benefactress lost all she possessed. Recently he found her working in a New York department store for fifteen dollars a week. Today she is in Hollywood with a home, fifty dollars a week, tending the four-year-old son of the no-good little darky she mothered.

"Yuh see how everythin' works out?" said Stepin softly, erect and luminous with exaltation. "It's all so beautiful. Seek ye the Kingdom of Heaven and all things thereof will be given unto yuh."

His eyes shone like Easter shrines, De troubadour ob de Lawd was seeing the Green Pastures.

Maureen O'Sullivan Gives a Bridge Party

(*Continued from page 33*)

amount of fullness as you go. When you get to the end you turn in the edges, and then sew on down the other side, joining the two loose edges. Then before rounding up and coming back on the top you slip the covering over one end of the hanger. The handle usually drops down through the hanger so you can fit it through the center hole. Then, still gathering, you sew up the top edge. And presto! that is all there is to it. Then you take the small narrow ribbon, and beginning at the top of the handle, wind it closely, to cover it completely. When you reach the wooden part, tie it securely in a small bow. Making a tiny pouch-like bag for the sachet is so simple that I do not need to give you directions for that, I'm sure. When you have finished it, tie it with a bit of the narrow ribbon to the hanger—and that is all there is to it. You can always add to the attractiveness of a present, of course, by boxing it artistically and neatly.

As for your actual bridge equipment you can buy such cute, inexpensive little score cards, with pencils attached, that there is no sense, really, in making them. You should not have to pay more than five cents apiece for them, which adds forty cents to our budget. Then you must have new cards. Two decks for each table at twenty cents apiece, or eighty cents for the four.

I don't think any kind of party is a party at all without flowers. They add an attractive air to any occasion. At this time of year a great many of you will probably have flowers in your own garden. But even if you haven't, there will be money enough for you to buy at least a few. Here is a fashion for using flowers, which I have observed recently, which is as practical as it is effective. Long-stemmed flowers, as you know, are usually more expensive than the short-stemmed ones. So we will count them *out* for our $5.00 bridge party. As a matter of fact, the new way of using flowers is to float just the heads of the flowers in a low, flat bowl filled with water. And a few flowers seem like many more fixed this way.

But regardless of what flower decorations you use, I think it would be nice also to give each of your guests a tiny flower corsage. When you have finished playing bridge and are setting the bridge table for tea, place a tiny nosegay at each guest's plate. Your friends will love them and wear them home. You can make these little corsages yourself. It'll take ingenuity, but you can do it on $1.00.

All this leaves $1.60 for tea. But I have some surprises up my sleeve for you on this, too, so don't be alarmed.

Remember that tea-time is, essentially, an informal hour. Casual and friendly. Therefore, this meal need not be elaborate. The tea itself, since it is one of the most important items (though it is too often neglected), may be either hot or cold, according to the season. If you are serving hot tea you will have the most success with it if you brew it in the room where you serve it. For you can't make tea carelessly or allow it to stand too long. For that reason I usually use little silver tea balls, which can be easily filled with fresh tea from the tea-caddy. Or you can buy tea-balls already put up in muslin. Remember this, too! Not only should the water for making the tea be boiling hot, but you should also heat your tea-pot with boiling water before making your tea.

One of the nicest things you can serve with tea—and probably it is a novelty to you and your friends—is Irish bread. Few people know about it, so you will have a "scoop"—and it is quite a change from the ordinary bread. Here is my own recipe—a recipe which my grandmother, incidentally, handed down to me.

First take one cup of white flour and two cups of graham flour and a pinch of salt, and sift them together. This measurement of the two flours, incidentally, will make a dark bread. If you prefer a light bread, you just reverse the measurements, and use two cups of the white to one of the graham. Then mix with this a half teaspoon of baking soda and a little sour milk, adding the milk slowly until you arrive at the same consistency you use in making baking powder biscuits. Then when you mold the loaf in its greased pan, mark a cross on the top of it—Irish bread just isn't Irish bread without that cross. Then bake the loaf slowly for about an hour, until it stands the "straw test."

This bread is such a delicacy, to me at least, that it may be served in thin slices with just butter . . . or you may make an even greater hit by serving it with honey.

At this time of the year the nicest tea-time sandwiches that I know—and unusual, too—are those made with watercress. They are very simply made by creaming the watercress with butter, and then spreading it on the bread. Pimento creamed with butter also makes a very tasty and colorful-looking sandwich. Try serving a few of each, making them just as small and dainty as you can.

Then of course you must have some kind of small sweet cakes or cookies. The cookies will be the least expensive, so let's try them. How about this recipe for ice-box cookies which takes only one egg? Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup of brown sugar; add one well-beaten egg, two cups of flour, sifted with one-half teaspoon soda, one-fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves; add three-fourths cup chopped nuts. Mix well together, make in oblong roll, place in ice box for 24 hours; slice thin and bake in oven, 350 degrees heat.

Oh, and I promised you a candy, too, all out of $5.00. Well, here is a confection which is about as greaseless and non-sticky as anything could be—and it's delicious. Not strictly a candy, it nevertheless takes the place of it—and it's so easy to do. Marshmallows with a half walnut inside! I don't know what else to call it—since I originated it myself, and it has no special name.

First you make your marshmallows by dissolving ½ box of gelatine in ⅔ cup of cold water. Cook 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup water till it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water and flavor with vanilla. Then beat syrup into gelatine and beat from 15 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares and roll into powdered sugar. Then after that is done "push" (yes, literally) one half of a walnut meat into each square. They are grand!

I haven't broken down the cost of each of these refreshments, but you can get them out of what you have left of the $5.00—because I tried it for you!

Have a good time at your party! I wish I could be there with you!

Recipe for Romance



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Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

Don't Forget the Girls

(*Continued from page 20*)

I HAD imagined a dance director to be a fluttery, "artistic" fellow given to tantrums and hysterical fits,—a sort of harem keeper who needed a kick in the pants. But believe me, I was more interested in Prinz than in the cuties he drilled! He is the kind of man a portable-whammer likes to run into. I began my soul-digging with him.

He is a small man, but powerfully built, and my first impression of him was that of a happy-go-lucky football player, or perhaps of a cheer leader, whom everybody on the campus hails with a cheery "Hi!" He carries a silver plate in his skull, and when he smiles, you notice his cracked jaw, acquired during his incredible adventures over the trenches in France, where he served as a hell-diver in the Lafayette Escadrille and Eddie Rickenbacker's "Hat-in-the-Ring" squadron. He has survived twenty-four crashes, and has been decorated with the French War Cross and six other medals. It's a far cry indeed from a legionnaire in Algeria, a balloon buster in France, a soldier of fortune in Latin American republics, going about his secret missions in stolen or borrowed planes, to a dance director in one of the major studios of Hollywood, teaching the secrets of leg-appeal to throngs of semi-nude chorines.

He is very strong for the Hollywood crop of chorines, and believes they surpass the beauties of the Follies, the Vanities, or the Scandals, not only in pulchritude, but also in dancing ability.

"Most of the New York show girls who flocked to Hollywood returned to Broadway in despair, so keen was the competition they met," said Prinz. "I gave tryouts to 800 girls for 'College Rhythm,' and of the 100 I selected only a few had had Broadway experience.

"There are times when almost every registered dancer in Hollywood is employed, as it happened while we were filming 'College Rhythm,' and there are times when the lot of chorus girls is no better than that of the extras who are used only for atmospheric work. It all depends on the number of musicals being produced. But on the whole, chorus girls fare much better than other extras, and the easiest way to crash the studios is via the dancing route.

"I am always on the lookout for girls who can qualify for my choruses. I like new faces. There are about 1,500 registered dancers in Hollywood available for studio work, but I do my picking from a selected 800. I have them all classified in my files as to looks, background, dancing specialty—whether tap, toe, acrobatic, ballet, etc.—and personality.

"When I choose girls for a chorus ensemble, I look for personality first of all. God save me from the chorus girl who is beautiful but dumb. Naturally, it takes a smart girl to be a good dancer but if it so happened that the world's greatest dancer was a stupid person, she would be a total flop in pictures. It requires an alert mind to grasp and remember the intricate routines of modern screen work."

So spoke the director. Now let me tell you about the girls themselves.

For the past several days I have been interviewing many of the Hollywood chorines. I could fill this whole magazine with their stories, but have to be satisfied by giving a few typical cases.

MEET Alma Ross, whose personality enables her to do occasional bits before the camera. She spoke a few lines in "Rumba," as a cigarette girl in a honky-tonk. She trotted in "College Rhythm," and will dance also in "The Big Broadcast" (tentative title) with Bing Crosby.

She is 19, has smiling blue eyes and light brown hair, is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 112 pounds. But these physical measurements cannot give you an idea of her school-girl charm. That a girl of her experience should be so wholesome and unspoiled is one of the pleasant surprises I received during this investigation.

Alma was born in Minnesota, the daughter of a Lutheran minister, and came to California when but a little girl. She is a graduate of the Fairfax High School in Hollywood, and lives with her mother and two sisters.

As a dancer she makes just enough to live on, averaging about $100 a month. When not working in pictures, she dances in night clubs or in theaters along the coast. She is an expert in tap dancing, the hula hula, and the tango.

Reading is her main hobby, and Edgar Allen Poe is her favorite author. "On the nights I don't go out," she said, "I like nothing better than reading an interesting book, having a package of cigarettes and an apple or some candy by my side."

She smokes, drinks on occasion, loves ballroom dancing, and is an ardent football fan. She thinks chorines are in no way different from other girls. "Before I went into vaudeville," she said, "I thought dancing girls were a tough, hot-cha crowd. But I found most of them extremely decent. You would be surprised to know how many chorus girls go to church regularly."

"What's your great ambition in life?" I asked her.

"I first wanted to be a dancer. But there are so many dancers, that I'd rather be an actress. I believe I can, if given the opportunity. But what I'd like to do most of all, is to marry and settle down. Marriage, after all, is really the greatest career a girl can pursue."

She prefers intellectual men, who are not jealous, and will trust her always. She likes caveman tactics. "I hate to be bowed down to and permitted to have my way all the time. I like rough treatment, provided it isn't abusive. My husband need not be rich, but he must be able to support me, and take me to Honolulu for our honeymoon trip. You see, I'm very romantic. Oh well," she exclaimed, checking herself, "what's the use of my raving like this? We chorus girls don't meet the kind of men we like, and the ones we like, turn out to be already married. To tell the truth, I don't believe I'll ever fall in love again. I did once, and it cured me. It's hell when the man doesn't love you as much as you love him. Love must be fully and absolutely mutual in order to give real happiness."

There, you have the eternal feminine protest from the lips of this lovely chorine.

THE Gold Diggers of 1935 are a select group of show girls, and pack a lot of class and pulchritude in their numbers.

Caryl Lincoln traces her family back directly to Abraham Lincoln. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1929, and is considered to have the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. She is five feet five inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes, and weighs 120 pounds. Born in Oakland, she was educated in St. Mary's Convent in Portland, Ore. She quit pictures to marry, but it didn't prove a successful venture, and she is now staging a screen comeback.

Ruth Moody is a niece of Albert H. Wiggins of the Chase National

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Don't Forget the Girls

Bank. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Born in Denver, she was educated at the Los Angeles High School. Trotted in "Dames."

EMILY LA RUE is Jack La Rue's sister. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Born in New York City, and educated in New Utrecht High School. Came to Hollywood in 1933. Trotted in "College Rhythm."

MARIE MARKS was Miss Missouri in 1933. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 119 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Her father is a radio announcer. Hails from San Antonio, Texas, the state that has sent a very notable contingent of beauties to Hollywood. Trotted in "Wonder Bar," "Fashions," "Midnight Alibi," and "Dames."

MILDRED REHN is the daughter of a wealthy importer and exporter of London, England. She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blond hair and gray eyes. Has been a stage dancer in London, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. Edu cated under private tutors, is a fluent linguist. Trotted in "Dames."

DE DAN DLUNIER was born on a ship and has traveled all her life. Came to America in 1930, from France. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Educated in various schools in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Another fluent linguist, and with many strong ideas on the problems of the modern world. Was under contract to Earl Carroll for three years. Trotted in "Dames."

VICTORIA VINTON was Miss Los Angeles in 1934. She is five feet one and a half inches tall, weighs an even 100 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Born in New York City, and educated in Hollywood High School. Trotted in "Fashion Follies," "Footlight Parade," "Wonder Bar," and "Dames."

PATRICIA HARPER has been a scenario writer and has had considerable journalistic experience. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blond hair and gray eyes. Born in Indianapolis, and educated in the University of Oklahoma, where she was a member of Chi Omega sorority. Trotted in "Kid From Spain" and "Dames."

AVIS ADAIRE has appeared in musical and dramatic productions in New York City for Earl Carroll, the Shuberts, Ziegfeld, and Arch Selwyn. She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Born in Chicago. Came to Hollywood in 1932, and has trotted in "Wonder Bar," "Footlight Parade," "Fashion Follies," and "Dames."

MIREILLE DE MARTELLY has a French title in her own right as the daughter of Count and Countess de Martelly.

ADA FORD attended the Ohio State University two years and is a graduate of Akron University. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, has blond hair and brown eyes. Came to Hollywood in 1932. Has trotted in "Dancing Lady," "Going Hollywood," "Hollywood Party," and "Dames."

I MUST end this partial list of Busby Berkeley's Gold Diggers of 1935 with the more detailed story of Ula Love. Her case should prove an inspiration, and perhaps a warning, to girls in small towns all over the country who have had some dramatic and dancing experience and will have to shift for themselves in the mad scramble for studio calls if they risk their all and come to Hollywood with the supreme courage and undying hope of youth.

Ula came to Hollywood in the Spring of 1933, just another movie struck girl, to whom all the discouraging statistics issued by the film capital meant nothing. She was determined to make good, and has gone a long way on her route toward that goal, with more pictures to her record than perhaps any other girl can boast of, for a similar period of time. She appeared in over 50 pictures during the past year!

All she needs now is that "big break" extra players hope and pray for. So far, her greatest handicap has been her striking resemblance to Constance Bennett. Such resemblances do not spell happiness in Hollywood.

"I'll lick this town yet," she said, "in spite of everything I have to overcome. I am from Tennessee, and they call me a Volunteer. You can't keep us Volunteers down. There have been times when I ate only one meal in 24 hours, lived on 25 cents a day.

"I never say 'no', I never admit I can't do anything. My father taught me never to say 'I can't', or 'I don't care'."

She is a gal of buoyant spirit all right, and the clown and philosopher on every set on which she works. She speaks her racy vernacular in a soft southern drawl. And if you think chorus girls are beautiful but dumb, you should meet her. She is sophisticated and looks stunning during the day in her slinky, fur-trimmed gowns and is positively ravishing at nights in her dark velvet ensembles and wide-brimmed chapeaux, but is not hard-boiled. She neither smokes nor drinks, not that she disapproves of smoking and drinking by girls; she is no goody-goody. But she simply does not care to indulge in those now so popular pastimes of women. She loves to skate, dance, swim, and ride horseback, but admits she is a "flat tire" on "wild" parties.

She does not consider herself beautiful, but is in reality one of the most gorgeous gals that ever kicked her legs in a musical; five feet five and a half inches in height, she weighs 120 pounds, and has great starry eyes and a crown of honey-colored hair. And her grace is the pure grace of a flame.

She was born in Paris, Tenn., daughter of a dental surgeon (deceased), and a direct descendant of Gen. Thomas Love, who fought under Andrew Jackson in the Florida war. She graduated from the E. W. Grove School and attended the University of Tennessee for a few months. She came to Hollywood in a day coach, when the banks were closed, and she was "just another victim of the depression." She rented a room for $12 a month in the home of a dressmaker, where she still lives.

She hoped to crash the studios, but meanwhile she had to make a living. She registered at every department store in Los Angeles, and that includes Hollywood. As she had some wealthy friends here, and did not want them to feel themselves obligated to help her, she went under the name of Charlotte Jones.

(*Please turn to page* 62)



It's Never TOO LATE
FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

THE world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

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Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35c a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

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Angelo Patri Says:

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The Selected Best Humor from School Publications
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Radio Personalities and Articles About Broadcasts for Young Folks
Movies—Illustrated Reviews of Recommended Pictures
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Selected Cartoons of the Week
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Puzzles and Prize Contests
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Interesting Interviews with Famous People
True Adventure Stories
Animal Club
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Don't Forget the Girls

(*Continued from page* 61)

"Otherwise, I put my pride in my pocket," she says. "I modeled in department stores and demonstrated a patented knot-on necktie. I could not help noticing that those who were most interested in me were fat, squatty people. Most of the people who passed by me seemed to be just drifting along as if they hadn't a place to go. I would get so interested in the crowds that I would forget my sales talk."

She was demonstrating exercising machines in a Hollywood department store when Sid Grauman saw her and offered her a job as an usherette at his Chinese Theatre. Meanwhile she got a few calls from studios, having succeeded in registering with Central Casting. She won the Constance Bennett double contest at RKO, and posed as the glamorous marquise in one of Sid Grauman's celebrated prologues.

Ula has a vibrant personality in addition to her beauty, and impresses one as a sure bet for featured roles. Talent scouts have been interested in her, but studio after studio has turned her down because she is a dead-ringer for La Bennett. Undoubtedly she would have done much better in pictures and come out of the extra and chorus ranks if she didn't look so much like the $30,000 per week star. She herself gets only $50 a week whenever she is put under contract for a musical, the contract lasting for only four or five weeks.

"One night I stopped in a shop on the Boulevard to buy a pair of gloves," she said. "It was closing time, but the clerks hopped around fast to show me their exclusive merchandise. I bought the gloves, and the clerk said: 'Shall I charge it, Miss Bennett?' 'I am Miss Love', I said. He would not believe me. 'I am afraid you are doing a Garbo', he laughed."

LIKE the other chorines I met, she spends her money very sensibly. She has to, so meager are her earnings, considering the lustre she has to keep. "I never buy anything until I can pay for it in full," she said. "I haven't been able yet to save enough money to buy a car. Keeping up my wardrobe keeps me constantly on the verge of bankruptcy. And yet, I am satisfied. I started from nothing. I don't owe anybody a nickel and always pay my rent in advance."

Her mother, who died recently, was the best friend she had. Her eyes filled with tears whenever she had to mention her. She went back to Paris to attend her funeral. The whole town seemed to be at the station to meet her; she was the home-town girl who had made good—a celebrity. Throngs of children begged for her autograph. Teachers asked her to make personal appearances before their classes. Their pupils would rather see her than Garbo, they said. A local theater ran a big ad in connection with its showing of Moulin Rouge, in which her name topped Constance Bennett's as the star of the picture. . . . There is local pride and loyalty to you!

"They looked on me as if I were a goddess, headed for stardom. I couldn't make them understand that I was a nobody; that there were thousands like me in Hollywood. You don't feel you can let down on people like that. I've got to make good!

"The trouble is they don't give us girls a chance to win the fight. So many of us are put under contract, and then placed on ice. I believe I should go to Broadway to get a real break in Hollywood."

Ula divides chorus girls into three classes:

1. Those who have drag.
2. Those who are beautiful.
3. And those who work hard.

"I am in the working class," she said. And quoted: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes the chorus girl healthy and wise."

But she hated to be called a chorus girl. They all do. "The name has been dragged in the mud," she said.

She wants to have six children when she marries. Like Alma Ross and nearly all the other chorines I interviewed for this article, she laments the fact that she has little opportunity to meet the really desirable prospects, the men who "will do" as husbands. She doesn't care to marry an actor. "I hate to have a man around me acting all the time," she said. And again, like all the other chorines I met, she despises the so called playboys, and would give her heart only to a man of intelligence and high principles.

She has learned to be tolerant toward men, and made the following pointed remark on the foibles of my sex: "You can't blame a man for trying."

She reads newspapers and magazines to find out what's happening in the world. And her favorite book is the Bible in Moffat's translation. It was the only book I saw in her room besides a treatise on palmistry, which she was going to take with her to the set at Warner Brothers Studio to tell the fortunes of her sister Gold Diggers. I myself had to submit to her analysis of my future as decreed in the lines of my palms.

I HOPE, by now you have changed your ideas on film chorines, as did I during the course of this investigation. I could not have interviewed a finer group of modern American girls anywhere.

These girls, favored as they are by the gods in a generous mood, are engaged, with very few exceptions, in a heroic struggle for a livelihood, and are fighting nobly precisely for the same thing that girls everywhere prize most.

Because of their beauty and special training as dancers, they are employed much more regularly than the extra girls who are used merely for background effects. Being employed more regularly, they escape the pitfalls and the terrible nervous tension that drive so many extra girls to rack and ruin, as they call Central Casting day after day, week after week, month after month, and get the stock reply: "No work" (which has recently been changed to "Try again.")

Chorus girls have another virtue that impressed me: they have not been spoiled by quickly-gained success and riches.

They have the humility and sweetness of common, struggling humanity, and lack the poses and caprices of those whom fortune has catapulted to starry grandeurs.

Yes, my friends, I have been reformed. I now see differently the luxuriant phantasies of harmonized movement executed by beauteous troupes of film chorines. Beneath those dazzling pageants of legs and arms and seductive smiles they weave before our eyes, I see patterns of a thousand hopes and dreams—the greater splendor of human souls in the full bloom of youth.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 31*)

him, begging him to go back to his music and regenerate himself. Several weeks later, she finds him directing the orchestra in a beer garden. Seeing her enter the place, Boyer plays the rhapsody she has composed on their honeymoon. And you just know that'll break the gal into ittsy bittsy pieces!

Well, so it goes. And, with the capable direction of Phillip Moeller, this ought to yank a few sobs out of you-all.

VILLAGE TALE
•
RKO

Kay Johnson is back in the fold! And all of you perturbed fans, who have been plaguing me with queries about the lady, can get back to your knitting until this picture (from the novel by Phil Stong) hits your local theaters.

It's the story of a small town. A lovely young woman, married to a stupid yokel. The wicked machinations of her jealous brother-in-law, who tries to turn the whole town against its leading citizen by sly insinuations of an affair between the man he hates and Kay.

And there is a fight between Randy Scott, the leading citizen, and Robert Barrat, the mean brother-in-law, that is second to none you've ever witnessed on the screen, even to that history-making brawl in the very first production of "The Spoilers," if you remember!

The shooting of Barrat's half of the battle was one of the most terrific things we've ever witnessed. Bruised, bleeding, and with his face apparently beaten to a pulp, Barrat stood before the camera. At the signal for "Action!" he threw himself backward against the barn door with a force that could only come from being on the receiving end of a Baer haymaker!

Sliding to the ground, he lies there, panting heavily for a moment. Then, as he pulls himself to his feet, his hand touches a wiffle-tree (part of a wagon, to you) that rests against the side of the barn. Raising it above his head, he hurls it with all the force of a madman toward the spot where Randy is supposed to be standing! But . . . Randy isn't there at all. He's over in the commissary, eating steak and potatoes and getting ready for the eighteenth round. You know, you can't do that kind of work on cream puffs.

THE INFORMER
•
RKO

Shure an' what would a lad by the name of Liam O'Flaherty write about, but the Irish Revolution? And who should be playing the leading role but that big-tough, Scotch-Irisher, Victor McLaglen? We're not sure about Director John Ford, but it does seem that there ought to be just a "tetch" of the blarney in him somewhere.

McLaglen, an expelled member of the Irish Revolutionary Army, needs money to keep in the good graces of his current girl friend, Margot Grahame; and, in order to get the reward, informs the police of the whereabouts of his pal, Wallace Ford, who is wanted for murder.

After Wally is cornered in his mother's home and killed, Vic magnanimously attends the "wake." Accidentally dropping some of the reward money, he figures that everyone will suspect him of being the informer, and, scared out of his wits, he bursts into a storm of unnecessary denials and dashes from the house.

Up until now, Vic has been as safe as a baby in its go-cart, but his excited outburst puts a bug in the authorities' good ear and right away they begin to figure on the best way to trap the rascal.

Very smoothly indeed they go to Vic and promise to reinstate him in the army if he will tell them who squealed on Wally. And Vic, big-heartedly, pins it on Donald Meek, an innocent bystander.

Meek, of course, has an air-tight alibi and, with the net of circumstance closing about him, Vic scrams away from there, hiding behind his girl friend's petticoats.

Slowly but surely the law sneaks up on him and, in another mad dash for freedom, Vic is shot and fatally wounded.

Dragging himself to the church where Wally's mother and sister are attending early mass, Vic begs the woman to forgive him. As the mother grants his last request, the misguided lad folds up and dies on the steps of the altar.

And let that be a lesson to you!

PEOPLE WILL TALK
•
PARAMOUNT

This is the result of a combination of two good stories, "Such a Lovely Couple," by Hugh Herbert, the actor, and "Kayo-Oke," by Sophie Kerr.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, together again, appear as a model married couple (for a change), whose daughter, Leila Hyams, isn't doing a whole lot to keep her own matrimonial canoe off the rocks.

Figuring that her husband, Dean Jagger, is being a little too nice to another girl, Leila ups and moves in on Papa and Mama, vowing that she'll never return to her faithless husband (who really isn't faithless at all).

Thinking to show the kids how silly it all is, Charlie and Mary stage a battle royal of their own, with malice aforethought, certain that when they make up the kids will follow suit.

Leaving the house in a synthetic huff, Charlie bumps into the gal Dean is supposed to be palling around with and gives her a lift in his car. Well, a nosy neighbor catches the act and, by the time he's finished spreading the news, Charlie is in the dog house right! Even Leila thinks Dean has been innocent all the time, carrying on as he did just to protect her philandering dad.

To square things up, Dean hires some thugs to kidnap Charlie and Mary, blindfold them, and leave them tied together in front of their own house.

Charlie shuffles out of his blindfold first, and, when he sees where they are, puts up a fake battle with his imaginary assailants. Half a dozen innocent bystanders, thinking the guy absolutely nuts, take to their heels just as Mary gets her blindfold off.

Seeing the scramming crowd, she believes it to be on the up-and-up, and that Charlie has really routed them to protect her honor.

It's a happy ending, with all four of them in a clinch that looks as if it's for keeps.

We didn't catch much that was interesting on this set. The day we were there, Director Al Santell was putting a group of typical Ladies Aiders through their paces as they decorated a prize-fight ring (set up in the Ruggles drawing room) chattering all the while they worked.

(*Please turn to page 64*)

ADDITIONAL STORES CARRYING SMART TOWER STAR FASHIONS

(Continued from page 34)

Page 34 was set aside this month to list the department stores where you can buy Tower Star Fashions. But the list grew larger and larger as more and more stores wanted to carry these smart fashions for you. Result: the store listing had to be carried over to this page. Stores like Tower Star Fashions! You'll like them, too!

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown—Zollinger-Harned Co.
Altoona—William F. Gable Co.
Braddock—Harry H. Levine
Bradford—Becky's
Brownsville—Goldstein's
Butler—Weiss's
Chambersburg—Worth's
Charleroi—Wayne's
Corry—The Nast Co.
Erie—Keefe & Johnson
Greensburg—S. W. Rose Co.
Harrisburg—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Homestead—Robbins Shop
Johnstown—Schwartz
Lancaster—Hagger & Bros.
Lansford—Bright's
Lewistown—Danks & Co.
Lock Haven—Grossman's
McKeesport—Cox's
New Castle—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Kaufman's
Pottsville—Skelly's
Scranton—The Band Box
Shenandoah—Goldberg's
Reading—Pomeroy's
Upper Darby—Mayer's
Wilkes-Barre—Fowler Dick & Walker
York—P. Wiest's Sons

RHODE ISLAND

Woonsocket—McCarthy D. G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson—G. H. Bailer
Camden—Fashion Shop
Clinton—Ladies Shoppe
Columbia—Haltiwanger's
Conway—Jerry Cox Co.
Greer—McHugh's
Kingstree—The Ladies Shop
Lancaster—Robinson Cloud Co.
Mullins—Razor Clardy Co.
Orangeburg—Mosley's Dept. Store

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell
Huron—Erickson's
Watertown—Schaller's
Mitchell—Butterfields
Sioux Falls—Aaronson's

TENNESSEE

Bristol—The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga—Miller Bros.
Dyersburg—Style Shop
Kingsport—J. Fred Johnson & Co., Inc.
Jackson—The Francis Shop
Knoxville—Miller's, Inc.
Morristown—J. W. Arnold
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Nashville—Cain-Sloan Co.
Paris—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)
Union City—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Austin—Goodfriends
Bay City—The Hurley Shoppe
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Beeville—The Parisian
Brady—Benham Style Shop
Breckenridge—The Belota Shop
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Bryan—The Smart Shop
Cameron—Lyon D. G. Co.
Cisco—J. H. Garner's
Denison—Richie-Freels
Denton—H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso—The White House
Gainesville—Teaque Co.
Galveston—Maison Myro
Greenville—R. E. King

TEXAS—(continued)

Houston—Hutton, Inc.
Kilgore—La Mode
Kingsville—J. B. Ragland Merc. Co.
Laredo—A. C. Richter, Inc.
Longview—Wolens Dept. Store
Lubbock—Freed's Women's Apparels
Lulling—O'Neill's
McAllen—The Fashion
Overton—The Model
Pampa—Mitchell's
Port Arthur—Worth, Inc.
Shamrock—B. & L. Store
Temple—W. P. Roddy
Texarkana—I. Schwartz Co.
Tyler—Miller
Vernon—Gold Feder's
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Yorktown—Goodfriend's

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Zion Co-operative Merc. Inst.

VERMONT

Burlington—Abernethy Clarkson-Wright, Inc.
Brattleboro—J. E. Mann
Rutland—The Vogue Shop
St. Johnsbury—The Gray Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Covington—The Quality Shop
Danville—L. Herman's Dept. Store
Galay—Claire's Fashion Shop
Harrisonburg—J. Ney & Son
Lynchburg—Baldwin's
Norton—The Ladies Shop
Richmond—Jonas Shop
Roanoke—Natalie Shop
Staunton—Helen G. Eastham
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith
Warrenton—The Fashion Shops
Waynesboro—Rosenthal's Style Shop
Winchester—The Smart Shop
Wytheville—Victory Mdse. Co.

WASHINGTON

Long View—Columbia River Merc. Co.
Pomeroy—H. H. Cardwell
Seattle—Jerome
Spokane—The Palace Store
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Beckley—The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield—The Vogue
Charleston—The People's Store
Clarksburg—Parson-Souders
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley
Hinton—Campbell's Quality Shop
Lewisburg—Yarid's
Logan—Manning Clo. Co.
Morgantown—S. M. Whiteside
St. Mary's—Everly Sisters
Weston—Polly Primm Dress Shop
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Williamson—National Dept. Store

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Greenen D. G. Co.
Ashland—Smith Style Shop
Beloit—McNeany D. G. Co.
Eau-Claire—Jos. E. Balderstein
Fond Du Lac—Hill Bros.
Madison—Cinderella Shop
Milwaukee—Reel's
Monroe—Link Store
Sheboygan—Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Cheyenne—Bon Marche
Douglas—Keller's
Lander—The Smart Shop
Laramie—Kepp-Boertsch

Stores from Alabama to Oregon listed on page 34

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.....

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 63)

One thrill we did get, however, and that was to find Frank Mayo, Big Moment of our high school days, standing in the background and looking as handsome as ever! Remember?

TYPEE
•
M-G-M

Taking Mala out of his Eskimo trappings, M-G-M hopped to Tahiti, land of warm sunshine and warmer romance, for the setting of this South Sea Island tale, from the novel by Herman Melville.

Twenty lovely Polynesian girls are disporting themselves beside a deep pool when the war canoe of a distant tribe approaches and the warriors, out for no good, pick themselves a beautiful number from one to twenty, and the chase is on!

Mala goes for Lotus Long, by far the most beautiful of the crowd, and, while she finds him not unattractive, still, it's in the order of things that she must run and pretend indifference.

Capturing her, at last, Mala retreats to his own village, where his Chief looks upon Lotus with a longing eye. But Mala reminds him of the tribal law, to wit: "That man who wins woman, keeps woman" . . . and that-a is that-a.

After a charming game of hide-and-seek, Lotus eventually confesses her love for the virile Mala, and they are happy as two moths in a suit of woollen underwear until white men visit the village, feed the teetotalling Mala a spot of hard liquor, and, while he's practically unconscious, sign him up for a five yard stretch in the phosphate mines in Patua.

For his bravery during a cave-in at the mines, Mala is told that Lotus will be brought to him. But, when the messenger arrives at Mala's old homestead, he finds Lotus married to the Chief, through no doing of her own, and, because the Chief's friendship means plenty to the white men, the messenger must return to Mala, empty-handed.

But Lotus has ideas of her own and, stowing away on the boat, she makes a neat get-away, landing happily in the arms of her mate.

To keep peace in the family, a South Sea gendarme drags the unwilling girl aboard an out-bound lugger, locking her in a cabin until sailing time.

A convenient hurricane perils the boat and, with the entire crew lamming to safety, Mala battles the storm, rescues his sweetie pie and a calm sea finds them floating to a distant island . . . and happiness.

Richard Thorpe directs the beautiful romance.

THE MYSTERY IN ROOM 309
•
M-G-M

Franchot Tone, a he-man from the wide open spaces, comes to the Big City to find himself a wife. All he has to go on is three telephone numbers of prospective candidates who might, or might not, work into the position of rancher's wife.

We caught Tone standing in the lobby, chatting with Una Merkel, the switchboard operator.

"You might try Regent 4-4278," he says.

She dials.

"How long since you've been in New York, Mr. Ridgeway?"

"Two years," he tells her.

Una turns her attention to the switchboard. "Regent 4-4278? . . . It has? . . . All right . . ." To Tone. "Sorry . . . that number has been disconnected."

Tone sighs. "You know, I'm beginning to think New York is darn lonely for a visitor."

"It can be darn lonely when you live here."

Una discovers that he hails from Wyoming. "H-mm-m," she says, "you don't look like as wild as all that. Do you live on a reservation?"

"Nope. I live on a ranch."

"With cows . . . and everything?"

"Say—if all my cows were lined up, nose to tail, they'd stretch from Columbus Circle to Albany!" He digs in a pocket and pulls out a snapshot. "Look . . . I won three blue ribbons at Cheyenne with that one!"

"Why, it's a calf, isn't it? What color it it?"

"She's an ash blond."

"Do you like blondes?" Una asks coyly.

"Yeh . . . if they're calves."

Which is just leading up to the beginning of a great romance.

After chasing down a murderer, uncovering the mysteriously missing body, returning a stolen bracelet to an innocent lady who might have been implicated in the murder on account of leaving it lying around in the corpus delicti's room, and generally having herself a lot of excitement, Tone tells Una to grab her hat, she's coming to Wyoming to take a crack at being a rancher's missus!

Jack Conway directs this original play, by Edward Childs Carpenter.

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE
•
WARNERS

What would you do if you were a widow and married a second time only to have husband Number One step into the picture again and demand a pretty penny, per annum, for staying "dead"?

Personally, we'd take the blackmailing so-and-such right down to the jail house and have him put in storage 'til he learned his manners. But, if Margaret Lindsay took our advice, there wouldn't be any picture and, as long as we've got to earn our salt, we'll just let her go to attorney Warren William for advice on how to get out of the mess with as many complications as possible.

Warren is a smart criminal lawyer who, after office hours, indulges a consuming passion to get into an apron and chef's cap and mess around with oil dressings, shrimp, crab meat, et cetera, just to see how it'll turn out.

Via the usual deductions, he discovers that Margaret's first husband has been engaged in a "marriage racket," wedding innocent women and then arranging his own "death" in order to blackmail them.

How the gal happened to make two mistakes in a row is something you-all will have to take up with the author, Erle Stanley Gardner, but the fact remains that husband Number Two isn't a whole lot ahead of the racketeer, inasmuch as he's a weakling son of a millionaire. And, when Margaret's first mistake is found, apparently dead, Number Two (Donald Woods) not only points (ill bred, eh?) an accusing finger at the little woman, but insinuates that she's had an affair with Phillip Reed, as well.

As to the denouement, complications and entanglements pile up as the mystery grows deeper and deeper. The cast includes such interesting personalities as Allen Jenkins, Warren Hymer, Olin Howland, Claire Dodd (Warren's secretary), and Winifred Shaw.

Then, too . . . there's Michael Curtiz directing.



Why spoil an otherwise flawless appearance by nails that show neglect. Brittle nails and delicate "Moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids—well balanced, keen-edged, scientifically designed instruments, turn an arduous task into a simple, pleasant duty. Wigder Nail Files have the new Improved Cleaner Point. Get a set of Wigder Manicure Aids today—your local 5 and 10¢ store has them.



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WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER
ZIP
THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

ST. CHARLES HOTEL
Entire Block on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City
A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction
Excellent Cuisine
Largest Sundeck on the Walk
MODERATE RATES
American and European Plans.



Freckles
Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50c *A Jar*

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 101
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a Free Booklet about Freckles.
Name .....
Address .....

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 27)

HERE'S a snappy item! Jean Harlow's brand new bathing suit is made of cellophane, believe it or don't! It's a bright platinum color and is in one piece, no skirt!

'T ain't fair, we says . . . 't ain't fair a-tall!

And Dolores Del Rio has a new fad. It's the wearing of two rings, identically the same, on the third finger of each hand. She has a set for every costume she wears, jade, metal, wood, etc. for day time. And usually diamonds for evening wear.

NOTE to Ripley:
Cora Sue Collins has a kitten and a canary bird that play together . . . and no blood shed. In fact, the birdie's favorite perching place is right on top of kitty's head!

FROM the type of adventure pictures he has directed, it would seem likely that W. S. Van Dyke feared nothing in the world. Weren't we surprised, then, to discover that the fellow has an absolute horror of high places and white moths!

YOU should get a look at Clark Gable's brand new car. "It's a twelve-cylinder roadster, ultra-sports model, and a shade of gorgeous powder blue that is going to make Clark about as inconspicuous as Jimmy Durante's schnozzola!

JOAN CRAWFORD had her home decorated in a peculiar shade that is now officially known as "Crawford Blue" by interior decorators, architects and paint manufacturers.

Also, Joan's newly installed bay window is supposed to be scientifically correct on account of having it's light tested with a light meter—whatever that is!

LIONEL BARRYMORE knows a guy who is so stingy, that, says Barrymore, if he dreamed he spent a dollar, he'd wake up screaming!

W. C. FIELDS wasn't a bit interested when we tried to tell him about the new golf ball which will have a core of dry ice.

"It's unnecessary as far as I'm concerned," he drawled. "My game isn't that hot!"

SMOKING a cigarette between scenes, Mary Boland narrowly escaped being painfully burned when the couch on which she was sitting went up in flames!

A dropped ash fell between the cushions, landed on a piece of film left there accidently and as the flames leaped up, Mary made a neat dive for safety!

The blaze was extinguished before it could do much damage, but Mary won't be the same gal for a day or two.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON is so weary of cluttering up his meals in the approved eating spots by having to stop every other bite and sign autograph books, that he hied himself to a drive-in sandwich stand the other day, to get away from it all.

But, what do you think? The girl who served him recognized him, told the other gals, and . . . in five minutes, Eddie was right back at the old racket, putting his monicker on napkins, bills of fare, and stuff, between bites of his hot dog!

WHEN Gene Markey's colored chauffeur took a day off for himself, the Japanese houseboy was, by some mischance, assigned to drive Joan Bennett to the studio.

Evidently in a driver's seat for the first time, the little Nipponese managed to gather up four traffic tickets in the first mile!

Standing the hectic goings on as long as she could, Joan was finally moved to take over the wheel, but, seeing as how she doesn't drive often herself, it would be hard to say which of the two of them was the more frightened by the time they finally reached the studio!

MIGOSH Department:
So Garbo had the courage to go shopping right on Hollywood Boulevard, and without her dark glasses!

WARREN WILLIAM has two adorable wire-haired terriers and some time ago we told you how they had killed seventeen chickens belonging to a neighboring rancher. Of course, Warren paid a good price for the fowls and was amply rewarded when the rancher graciously returned the birds, dressed and ready for the oven.

The other day, Warren discovered that some fiend had thrown acid in the dogs' eyes, burning them so badly that one of them has only partially regained its eyesight, while the other may never see again.

Because of his friendly attitude in regard to the demise of his blue ribbon chickens, we must absolve the rancher of any blame in the matter.

And as for the real culprit, the fiendishness of some so-called humans surpasses all understanding.

WE'VE known Ned Sparks to laugh only once since the first time we met him. That was when George White paid his lunch check the other day at the Fox cafe!

QUEENIE SMITH is finding Hollywood not quite as she expected it. After a lengthy conversation with W. C. Fields, she finally asked:

"Well, where are all these 'yes men' I've heard so much about?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Fields knowingly. "Since Ben Bernie's been on the lot, they've all learned to say 'Yawsah!'"

IF you can wangle an invitation to the Bill Gargans' on the cook's night out, you're going to taste such food as you've never eaten before.

Bill is the world's best chef, and it's too bad for the population that he decided to be an actor.

We were the lucky one, the other night, when Bill invited us over to sample his famous meat roll in a salt blanket, and, for you ladies who are trying to work your way to some guy's heart, via the stomach, here's a tip.

As far as we could find out, Bill takes the makin's for a regular meat loaf, pats it into a roll, and then, making a paste out of salt, he puts it all around the meat, at least an inch thick, and broils the whole thing.

When you take it out of the oven, it'll be so hard that you'll have to crack it open with a hammer, but . . . Mammy! what's inside will be well worth the trouble!

IN "Private Worlds," you'll see Claudette Colbert, sans the bangs she has worn for ever so long now. Banged or bangless, Claudette suits us right down to the ground, but—"I'm positively un-

(Please turn to page 68)

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to Get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance.
The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquise de C_____)

$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points?
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, *knowing* you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn the French Woman's secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy!

Send this coupon today For expert advice for you —*individually*

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

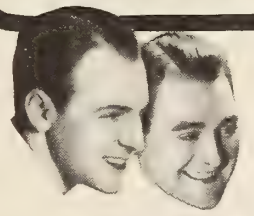
ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding,—Vacation.
OR
The French Woman's Technique of Make-up.
Enclose $1.00 and *this coupon* for either answer—$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below. Address:

PARIS PERSONAL FASHION CORRESPONDENCE
No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

*Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers T

YOU'RE TWICE AS PRETTY SINCE YOU GAINED 10 POUNDS



No need now to be SKINNY

When This Special Quick Way Puts On 10 to 15 lbs. *Fast*

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have gained solid attractive flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new energy and pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is now concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This rich yeast is *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron. Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 876, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman"

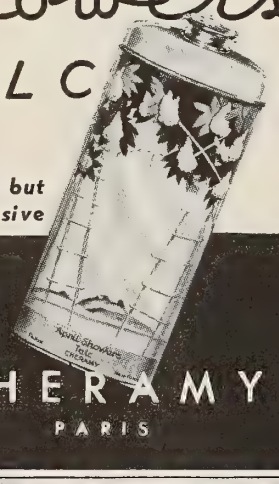


Says GEORGE RAFT

Paramount Featured Player

The fragrance is *April Showers, the perfume of youth.* You can enjoy its luxury at low cost... in *April Showers Talc*, the world's most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

April Showers TALC



Exquisite, but not expensive

CHERAMY PARIS



At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores



PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Few can resist the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL PERFUME. And *you* can enjoy this exquisite French *odeur* because domestic manufacture reduces the cost. You'll want RADIO GIRL FACE POWDER, too—its skin blend tones and its soft texture, are *so* flattering.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-6

Name .....

Address .....

It's a Fake

(*Continued from page* 15)

shaped interior scene) representing a parlor or hotel lobby, dining-room, a bedroom, and possibly an office or anteroom. Facing these sets are huge bunch lights, and on the side lines are old empty moving picture cameras, which, in all probability, haven't been used since Chaplin made his first picture. In spite of the antiquity of this equipment, it looks very genuine to the suckers who have never been in a real studio. Adjoining these studios, on the front, are the business offices. (The place where they give you the "business.") There is a large reception room with a stenographer at the Information Desk, and off this, six or seven private offices.

The men operating these studios have at some time or other been connected with some legitimate studio. Their character and past performances fully qualify them as first-class parasites. Let me give you the low down on the operators of one of these camouflaged studios. Of course, the real names are withheld, but the descriptions and background are all true.

"THE HOLLYWOOD STARS STUDIO"
Owned by Mr. A. and Mr. B.
Mr. C., Director General

A. is a man about 36 years of age, of good appearance and charming personality. Started in the picture business ten years ago as property man for a large picture company then engaged in making juvenile comedies. He stayed with this firm five years, during which time he advanced to assistant director. He was discharged for dishonesty. He then came in contact with a promoter who was selling stock in a company that intended to produce a series of comedies. A one-third interest was sold to a widow who wanted a screen career for her child. Mr. A. was engaged at a huge salary (which he split with the promoter), and directed four pictures in which the widow's child was featured. The pictures were not up to standard and couldn't be sold. The widow ran out of money—and the company went bankrupt. Mr. A. saw to it that all the beautifully colored lithographs and still pictures that were made carried his name very prominently, as the director. These he retained, and together with several personally autographed pictures from stars (given him when he was an assistant director) they make a very impressive display on the walls of the Hollywood Stars Studio.

Mr. B.: A man about 40 years old, with the appearance of a successful business man. Has had a very checkered career. Received his education selling oil stock. When the World War came along, he was rejected for having flat feet. He wanted to do his bit, so in a city close to an aviation training camp he conducted (under cover) stag shows at $2 a head for the soldiers. In his spare time he was a minute man, selling Liberty Bonds. He kept a list of all buyers, and after the war got in touch with these people, allowing them to turn their Liberty Bonds in on the purchase of (inflated) California real estate. When the crash came, he became sales manager for a legitimate Hollywood dancing school, with thirty solicitors under him. He continued in this field until he met Mr. A. and, as their ideas coincided, they organized the Hollywood Stars Studio.

Mr. C., Director General: C. is about 55 years of age, gray hair, and dignified. He used to be considered one of the ace directors in Hollywood. Some of the biggest stars of silent pictures were directed by him. He was in great demand and as his popularity grew so did his egotism. He was a heavy drinker, high-strung, and very temperamental. Little things would disconcert him, and in the middle of a picture he would go on a tantrum, walk off the set, and stay away from the studio for days. This was costing the studio thousands of dollars. Finally they grew tired of his actions and discharged him. Other studios had heard of his eccentricities, and refused to take a chance with him.

Through these three men, the walls in the offices of the Hollywood Stars Studio are very impressively decorated. There is the proof that you are dealing with men who have guided the destinies of many successful screen personalities.

The other five or six "directors" are unemployed actors trying to pick up a little change while waiting for a job.

The salesmen, who represent themselves as production supervisors, are all high-pressure men—though under strict orders not to misrepresent. They are cautioned against promising anyone employment, and must bear in mind at all times that it is not a school but a studio with a training department conducted by real directors.

With a mental picture of the studio and the people you encounter there the question arises, where and how do they get these would-be actors into their clutches? At the present time they are using three different schemes:

No. 1—Advertising: Here are two different advertisements which have appeared in daily and Sunday papers:

THEATRICAL
Radio—Stage—Screen

Motion picture studio now casting talented beginners for legitimate productions. Free microphone test. Those selected start rehearsals at once. A great opportunity—not a school. See director.

THEATRICAL

Motion picture studio seeking adults and children. Free tryouts. No experience required.

No. 2—Registration Boxes: Throughout the city on the counters of drug stores and other neighborhood establishments is a box about ten inches square. Above this box is the printed message, "Can you act? Have you a screen personality? Motion picture studio will give you free tryout—Fill out application card with name, address, phone, and deposit in this box."

No. 3—Solicitors (or Scouts as they prefer to be called): They approach anyone who might have money, and though they do not misrepresent, their methods are intentionally misunderstood. They introduce themselves as a scout for a moving picture company, and state they believe the prospect has a screen personality. If the person seems interested, the scout tells them that if they are serious and will respect a definite appointment, they can secure a free tryout by one of the directors at the studio. After they express their appreciation for such a chance the scout writes out a tryout pass—

No. 21,300 STUDIO
STREET
PHONE

TRYOUT PASS

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Phone .....
Date .....
Age .....
Previous experience .....
Date and time for tryout.....
Interview authorized by.....
Studio located.....

At a dance or dinner With F-O I'm a winner



F-O polish does not crack or peel... is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

At all 10c stores... **Cuticle Remover ... Creme Polish ... Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover ...**

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

Protects!



Renders a "weather-proof" complexion of entrancing beauty that neither sun, wind or water can destroy. Enjoy the outdoors without fear of sunburn, tan or roughened skin.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

ALWAYS WEAR PEDS!



PEDS proved to Hollywood that even the ceaseless activity of movie stars need not ruin stocking feet! Now thousands everywhere—housewives, business girls—wear these amazing little "shoe-hi" stockings and cut hosiery bills in HALF! Many save up to $25 a year on stockings, now! And when going barelegged Peds take away all the distasteful, unsanitary effects of bare feet next to hot shoe leather. They don't show above shoe tops. For sale at 10c Stores, Department Stores, Shoe and Hosiery Shops. Merc. Lisle, 20c; Super Lisle, 30c; Silk, 40c; Wool, 50c. Suntan or White. Sizes 8 to 10½. If you cannot be supplied send coins or stamps to RICHARD PAUL, INC., Cooper Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Peds TRADE MARK REG.

Made under U. S. Patent Nos. 1912539 and 1991624

It's a Fake

Of the three methods used, the last one (No. 3) produces the best results.

ON the night of the tryout the prospect, after identifying himself, is ushered into the office of a supervisor (salesman) where he is allowed to sit and gaze at the pictures on the wall while the supervisor finishes his immediate task (he is usually very busy sorting still pictures, reading a scenario, or making a fake phone call). He finally looks up, and, after getting the prospect's name, asks him if he is interested in making the stage or screen his future vocation. This must be answered in the affirmative or there is no tryout. He then proceeds to fill out an application blank as the prospect answers his questions. This questionnaire tells whether a prospect is alive or dead. Here are the questions: Name? Address? Phone? Age? Height? Weight? Color of hair? Eyes? Education? Do you ride? Swim? Dance? How many languages do you speak? Now employed? Salary? Number of dependents Married? Do you own a car? Have you a bank reference? Did you ever act on the stage or screen before? Where? What parts? What wardrobe have you? Can you afford to spend three evenings a week for coming rehearsals, for the purpose of appearing in productions?

Can you see all their angles? At the bottom of this application blank a space is reserved for the director's report.

The prospect is then taken into the studio and introduced to one of the directors (there are five or six, one for each set), the application blanks are turned over to him and with eight or ten prospects at his disposal, he goes to work. The director then explains to this group that in order to get a line on their ability they will rehearse and play a little scene. Each one will have a line or two to read, also an entrance or action of some kind. A short scene is concocted and the people assigned their bits. As rehearsals proceed, the prospects are criticized, and the reading of their lines and awkward movements or gestures are diplomatically corrected by the director. They appreciate his patience and realize the benefit they are receiving from his coaching.

After the first scene has been rehearsed for about forty-five minutes, a very impressive gesture is made. The director has carefully looked over the questionnaire of each applicant and it seems that he has had a great deal of trouble correcting the prospects who have stated that they are unemployed, had no bank reference and one or two dependents. So he tells them (so the others can hear), that they haven't the qualifications necessary and are excused from further rehearsals. This always creates the desired effect on those remaining.

When the failures have left, the others are told they have done fairly well, and one more scene will be rehearsed which will complete their tryout. For another hour they go through more of this monkey business, after which the director thanks them for their co-operation.

THE next day he gets a call, and is told to be at the studio at some specified time. He gets there ahead of time. When ushered into the supervisor's office, he is greeted warmly and told that the director has given him a very promising report—not good, but promising.

"Harry" (the salesman gets very personal), "the director says that you have fine possibilities. He had to correct you several times, but nevertheless you took direction well, and with a little training you should succeed in the acting profession. I am going to be very frank and explain just what we can do with you. First of all, we are a small independent studio and don't make many pictures—however, we operate just like big studios and are always looking for new faces. In order to build people so they will be of value to us, we have a training department. Before people can get into this department we must feel that they have ability. Our directors are high-salaried men, and we can't afford to have them waste their time on impossible people. You probably saw the director excuse a few last night.

"Harry, the picture business is a peculiar business. A lot of people can't understand why they don't give a newcomer a chance, but when you realize that it costs at least a thousand dollars an hour to shoot a picture, then you have some idea of why they can't take chances. You know they can't afford to waste time correcting inexperienced people—if they should take a chance and give you a part only with two or three lines, and then the next day, when they looked at the "dailies" (a review of the scenes taken) they found something wrong—you know what that would mean? They would have to go over everything they did, possibly rebuild a whole scene, and it would cost them thousands of dollars.

"In the play we are putting on, there is a part which our director feels would suit you perfectly. He would like to have you play it, and so would we. It is going to take a lot of hard work on your part—you will have to be here three evenings a week for rehearsals, and you will have to study. Do you think you can afford to invest this time and effort?"

Naturally you say yes.

"There is also another question: How is your wardrobe? I mean, in case you had to wear evening clothes or a riding habit, do you think you could get these on short notice?" (Clever, these parasites—if you can get money for wardrobe, you can also get it for this training.)

CONVINCED that you are ready for the kill, he continues: "Well, I think we can afford to take a chance with you. I say take a chance, because we have had several expensive experiences with people we have given this same opportunity to. Not long ago we had a very promising young man, and we gave him the leading part in a play we rehearsed three months. The night before the play was to go on, he ran off and got married. We were in a terrible predicament, and finally one of our directors had to go in and play his part. Well, right then and there we decided we were through investing our time and money on people who were unappreciative and insincere. So, ever since that time, we have each person entering our training department share in the expense of maintaining it. We don't intend to make any money out of it, and as long as you are the one to benefit, the small per capita fee of five dollars per week really amounts to nothing. I know you can see our viewpoint, and a person like you will be more than willing to cooperate with us to this extent. How about it?"

The way this is handled, the prospect

(*Please turn to page* 68)



Peasant Linens

. . . . . *for Pleasant Tables!*

COLOR is the motif for informal tables! Colorful dishes . . . colorful linens of peasant origin. Here in one set of diagram patterns are directions for making seven exquisite table settings: Czecho-Slovakian Table Doilies, Russian Table Covers, Applique Design for Table Spread, Pattern for Famous Assisi Chicken, Mexican Embroidery, Lace-Trimmed Table Spreads, Italian Table Linen.

Send 15c. for "Peasant Linens" No. Se to

FRANCES COWLES

Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Tasty, smooth, different and delightful



Enjoy **Beeman's** *Gum*

. . . AIDS DIGESTION



GET RID OF

BLACKHEADS

WHAT causes blackheads? Blackheads are a combination of dirt and skin excretions. If you have them your skin is not clean.

How can you clear your skin of blackheads? Tests made by a famous New York skin specialist show that blackheads begin to clear up in as little as three days with the regular use of Ambrosia, the liquid that *cleanses pore-deep*. You feel Ambrosia tingle the minute you use it; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

If your skin is oily follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. The Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If your skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. This cream is practically identical with natural skin oil; thus it ends dryness, smooths lines.

Ambrosia preparations are 75¢ each at drug and department stores. Smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

AMBRŌSIA

Approved and Accepted by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 326-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



Here is a safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you tint those streaks or patches of gray, or faded or bleached hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.

Over twenty-three years success. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. Imparts desired shade with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

It's a Fake

(*Continued from page 67*)

can't say no. Occasionally they say they haven't any money with them, but the majority take out their pocket-books right then and there.

Mr. Supervisor, however, continues talking—"Rehearsals will start tomorrow—that is, a reading rehearsal, and we will have your part all ready for you by that time. I am going to give you a studio contract, Harry, and have you definitely cast for this part. No one else will get it. In view of this, I know you will want to pay four weeks in advance and then continue the payments at the rate of five dollars per week. And another thing I want to tell you is, you may pay for thirteen weeks' rehearsals; if it takes longer than that, we stand all the extra expense."

A contract is then made out for $65—$20 down and $5 per week, and the prospect signs. After this is done, the supervisor says: "You are not under the impression that we are guaranteeing you a position, are you?" (Of course you say No.) "Then will you just write on that line below your signature, *I have not been promised a position,* and then sign your name again, and everything will be O.K." This is done to counteract any claim the prospect may make later on. They never refuse to write this in.

THUS the would-be actor is rehearsed in a play that is put on for one night in some small Hollywood theater. Tickets and photographs are sold to the actors, which more than takes care of the expenses. In many instances, three different one-act plays are presented, each with an entirely different cast. They fulfill their promises, which is all they intend to do. Not one sincere effort is ever made to develop a single prospect.

It is very obviously a racket. The prospect is rehearsed in one or two parts, but there is no attempt to give him real dramatic training. Diction and poise are practically ignored, and after thirteen weeks he knows little more than when he started. Invitations to the play are mailed to all the big directors, but they know of these racketeers, and very few, if any, ever attend.

The profits from this venture are quite substantial. The only expense they have is advertising, light, rent, heat, telephone, and one salary (the stenographer). Sometimes they even pay her off in lessons.

As a final bit of advice to anyone who has a desire to get into pictures, remember, your best chance is to get into a stock company or little theater group right near or in your home town. Studio scouts are constantly reviewing these organizations, and if you possess any ability, *they* will find you. But, whatever you do, by all means stay away from Hollywood.

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No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES

No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 65*)

happy without 'em," she confided. "The role simply required me to do several scenes with the bangs brushed back off my forehead, so I did it that way. Look!—" and she pulled down a handful of the suppressed bangs, "I've still got them and, as soon as this is over, I intend turning them loose again!"

THIS sounds like a press agent story, but you'll just have to take our word for it that it's strictly on the up-and-up.

With time on her hands (about two months of it), Bette Davis went north to visit her husband, who is leading his band in a 'Frisco night spot.

Finding it more convenient, Harmon had taken a cottage in an auto camp, planning to move to a hotel when the missus arrived. But Bette was so taken with the idea of roughing it that she shoved her trunk under the bed, slipped into a house dress and, for six long weeks, mind you, played at keeping house!

"Honestly," she told us, "I haven't had so much fun in years!"

She doesn't know much about cooking, but, by propping an old cook book up on the tiny sink, the Warner star turned out some meals that would have done credit to her worthy grandmother!

NORMA SHEARER always keeps with her a small jade elephant, sent to her by an admirer. It's a lucky piece, and Norma wouldn't part with it for a bag of diamonds.

Incidentally, at Dorothy Parker's recent party, there wasn't a woman in the place any more glowingly beautiful than Norma. I don't know . . . prospective motherhood seems to do something . .

IT'S a good thing that Gertrude Michael is fast on the pick-up! If she hadn't been out of her studio chair like a flash when a prop man yelled: "Look out!" she might be receiving visitors in one of our local hospitals, right this minute!

The boys were rolling in a camera when one of the tripod rollers caught in a cable, throwing the 400-pound camera off balance and smashing the chair in which Gertrude had been sitting, just a split second before!

SEEING Nelson Eddy in the long hair he had to grow for his part in "Naughty Marietta," Charles Butterworth has been calling him "Tarzan's Grandpa," ever since!

HERBERT MUNDIN has played so many butler roles that he's just on the verge of being tired of it all.

When they told him he was to be Gilbert Roland's butler, in "Secret Lives," Herbie inquired: "Good, bad, or indifferent?"

"Very good," they told him.

"All right," he sighed resignedly. "I'll have my shirt laundered, wash my neck and get a clean collar."

SPENCE TRACY is wearing four stitches in his forehead because he made a bum catch of a wet plate, tossed at him by Wendy Barrie in a scene for "It's a Small World."

Spence and Wendy were supposed to be doing up the dishes, with Wendy washing and tossing them to him to dry. All was well until one of the plates slipped through Spencer's hands and cut a long gash in his forehead. And production was held up three days until the scar was fit to be photographed.

The Film Stars at Play

(*Continued from page* 30)

EDDIE ROBINSON plays the harp, though few people know it. And he can sing, too.

Naturally, therefore, loving music and being a musician, he likes to entertain musicians, and he and his wife do this frequently. Then all the picture people who love music gather at his home.

Igor Stravinsky was guest of honor at one of the more important of these parties, and he and Max Reinhardt had a nice little argument regarding music as applied to pictures, a discussion to which Charlie Chaplin also contributed.

Charlie had brought Paulette Goddard, and Maurice Chevalier and Kay Francis arrived together, as did Reuben Mamoulian and Gertrude Michael.

Marguerite Namara, noted diva, was among the artists present.

AND speaking of how the Hollywood children stand with their elders—there was the party which Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles gave for their son, Charles Wesley, Jr., on the youngster's second birthday.

There was even a merry-go-round, out-of-doors, of course, operated by Papa Ruggles, with ponies for the children to ride, and toys of every description were given the children to amuse them. Balloons grew on trees, and each child picked his own off the tree.

Alas for small Charles Wesley! He was so exhausted from his morning activities, helping his dad decorate the trees, that he was asleep when his guests arrived! But he politely rubbed his eyes and greeted his guests.

Carol Ann Beery spent the whole afternoon riding on the merry-go-round. She even ate her ice-cream as she went round and round.

And there was a puppet show! And how the kids loved that!

Man From India Feted

NOT only from the four corners, but from all the little, in-between alcoves of the earth do they come to Hollywood.

Not that India is an alcove, but perhaps one might call a theater in India that, and all the way from such a theater, in Bombay, came Jam-shed Dinshaw Petit, who owns the theater, to be entertained by Mrs. Ida Koverman, of M-G-M.

Mrs. Koverman invited all Hollywood to her Santa Monica home, where her guests were quite free to play cards or ping-pong or go swimming in the ocean, after which a buffet supper was served.

The guest of honor expressed himself as especially thrilled at meeting May Robson and Clark Gable, and he declared both were highly beloved in India.

Corinne Griffith, star of another day, came all alone to the party. She still looks exceedingly young and lovely. John Farrow brought Maureen O'Sullivan; Jean Harlow was with William Powell; Edgar Allen Woolf was a lone wolf; and Jeanette MacDonald was looking a little lonely without Bob Ritchie, who is in Europe; June Knight was with Tommy Lee, and Joan Marsh, who used to be with Tommy all the time, was with Pat di Cicco, Thelma Todd's ex-husband.

Hollywood's Real Bohemia

A REAL Bohemia still exists in Hollywood! As witness the party which Mme. Namara, noted diva, gave at her home, when, besides entertaining with her glorious voice, she turned cook and performed on the gas range herself, with a very excellent spaghetti dish.

And have you ever heard a spinet? A spinet is a sort of grand-daddy to the piano, and lends itself especially well to accompaniments. Namara sounded its quaint notes and sang some of those gorgeous, wild, gypsy songs.

Douglass Montgomery was among the guests, and also performed on the spinet. (Is there anything that boy can't do?)

The musical stratosphere was represented among the guests by Mme. Nina Koshetz, Russian grand opera star, Mischa Levitski, pianist, Lillian Sloane, vocalist, Alexander Zudovsky, violinist.

Paul Kellys Honor Fritz Leiber

Fritz Leiber, noted Shakespearian actor, and his wife and son, young Fritz, having turned their backs on Shakespeare for the time being and settled in Hollywood, are being rather widely entertained.

Paul Kelly and his wife had some people in for a cocktail party, the other day—all students of Shakespeare and therefore all willing to argue any Shakespearian point that came up. But there were no casualties!

Stu Erwin, who plays comedy but reads Shakespeare, brought his wife, June Collyer; Ray Griffith talked shop with Leiber; Fred Keating, who plays drama in pictures and on the stage, but is more interested in magic than any other entertainment, let us in on the secret that he once played Hamlet in amateur performances. Roger Pryor told how he had hankered to play Romeo when he was very young.

In fact, a lot of Shakespeare "pasts" were unfolded, including the fact that Ann Sothern played the bard's heroines at school, while Pat O'Brien confessed to a deep and long-felt desire to enact Richard III.

Maxine Doyle arrived with Gordon Westcott, but was smiling over a wire she had just received from Owen Davis, Jr., who was on a business trip to New York.

Young Fritz Leiber is now in pictures, and father Fritz is going to be also. Young Fritz is well over six feet tall.

"I know what I'm for," he said. "I'm to provide something for tall girls to stand beside. I just stand still, and they always look me up!"

All the same, next minute he was kneeling beside lovely Ann Sothern's chair!

Astaires Entertain for Mother

Playing in more than a bit of luck is Mrs. Frederick E. Astaire, mother of Fred and Adele. Not only are her children both famous and popular—Adele is now Lady Cavendish, of Ireland—but they are so far separated, Fred now being a bright particular movie star, that she has two very lovely homes at opposite ends of the earth. She spends six months of the year with each one of her children.

Fred Astaire and his wife gave their very first Hollywood party at the Trocadero, and Mother Astaire met for the first time such notables as Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Whitney de Rahm, Sam and Frances Goldwyn, the Donald Ogden Stewarts, Elizabeth Allan, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Robert Montgomery and his wife, and the David Selznicks.



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YOU TELL US

On this page our readers tell us—and each other—what they think. It is our fan club. And all you need to get in the fun is a pencil and a three-cent stamp for Uncle Sam

Mrs. Vito Answers!

I would have responded to your challenge sooner, had I not been moving across the continent.

If it is not too late I would like to assure Mrs. Robert Bentley that, although I do not fight in phooeys, I could not resist sending W. C. Fields up even higher in your estimation via the raspberry route. In my previous letter, to which you have taken such violent exception, I was merely stating my opinion. Unfortunately, even your pæans have failed to change this opinion.

I have no quarrel with the late Mr. Ziegfeld's tastes. As long as W. C. Fields stayed in the comparative obscurity of the New York stage and was not inflicted upon such of his public as are unappreciative of his boring and obvious humor, I was satisfied.

Also, to your statement that a person drawing a huge salary must have brains, may I mildly bring to your attention history's impoverished geniuses, as contrasted with our wealthy movie stars, many of whom would hardly rate immortality? This is putting it gently.

Slapstick is quite all right in its place, but when a hulking idiot spends half hours at a time transferring a piece of paper from one sticky thumb to the other and back again, *ad nauseum,* then I write letters to magazines.

And, Emeroi C. Stacy, it would seem that the critics who really annoy you most are those whose opinions differ from your own. I would like to see W. C. Fields fade into complete oblivion.—Mrs. D. E. Vito, 14 Chestnut St., Beverly, Mass. *We are whistling and pretending to look out the window. We don't know anything about this, at all.*



"Stars may come and stars may go, but Lewis Stone goes on forever." "Let Marlene Dietrich go swallow a herring." And "Why haven't we seen Pauline Lord again?" ask our readers.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Close-Ups

I certainly agree with Mr. Barton, whose letter in your April issue advocates the abolishing of newsreel close-ups. The highly magnified features of ordinary human beings, who are without the screen stars' advantages of perfect profiles, make-up and movie technique, are usually nothing but hideous monstrosities. Such pictures add nothing and more often detract considerably from the importance of the message they are attempting to put over. Besides, why embarrass the innocent subject with these cruel exaggerations, when more often than not he has already undergone something of an ordeal in just the mere posing for the picture?

Having recently faced the scorching spotlights and relentless cameras myself, I know whereof I speak. Probably the only reason I didn't acquire a "lifelong inferiority complex" was because my Great Dane—the gorgeous international Champion Cyrus von der Pissa—was the one to have the close-up. —A. B. Vierhaus, Copake, N. Y. *You*

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

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6. **BEST MYSTERY PICTURE**
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8. **BEST COMEDY**
9. **BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE**
10. **BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE**
11. **BEST DIRECTION**
12. **BEST STORY**

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Move? (Title) .....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name..... Address.....

should rent Cyrus to some of the celebrities who get into newsreels. Then we could all look at Cyrus.

From England

I wonder if many of NEW MOVIE readers know of Marjorie Warby's novels. It struck me that two of her books would make delightful films—they are "A Husband on Her Doorstep" and "Too Many Girls." Janet Gaynor would make a delightful Ann in the first one and I can imagine Ann Harding in the leading part in the second. They are gay, lighthearted stories.

Here's three cheers and lots of good luck to NEW MOVIE—it's *easily* the best Movie Magazine on the newsstand—American or English. It's *swell*.—Mrs. Ivy Mountjoy, 9 Wenbury Rd., Highgate, London, England. *Perhaps the movie producers will heed your suggestion.*

In all the movie mysteries I've seen, the detectives have all been men. Why doesn't some movie company film a good mystery yarn with a woman as the master mind detective? Can't you just see Kay Francis or Claudette Colbert as a beautiful but clever private detective tracking down criminals in her own feminine way?—Judith Shane, 701 Oakmont Ave., Steubenville, Ohio. *That's an idea, but it has been done before. Long ago, Universal had a detective serial with Alice Joyce starred. Do you remember the title? "Madelyn Mack, Detective."*

Ouch!

If the studios take my advice, they will fire those unjustly famous dress designers and let their women stars appear natural and well-bred in their dress. Judging by their unposed photographs, such stars as Shearer, Crawford, Bennett, Ginger Rogers and even Garbo show much better taste in clothes of their own selection than in the creations they exhibit on the screen. Are they dress-models, or actresses? I heard many people come away from "Riptide" and "Chained" snickering at the outlandish gowns the stars paraded in. Of course, if it is the producers' desire to attract attention away from poor acting and poorer stories, they are succeeding admirably. — Gerda Browne, 9859 51st Ave., S. W., Seattle, Wash. *There'll be many a headache in the Hollywood fitting-rooms over this, Gerda. We are remaining strictly neutral on this.*

Comics

Hurrah for those four gloom-chasers—those four who, each in his own inimitable way, makes the unhappiest person become gay—I refer, of course, to Ned Sparks, Frank McHugh, Roscoe Karns and Charles Butterworth.

I, for one, thank them for the many happy hours they have given me. And may their strength increase (humorously speaking).—Mrs. D. M. Springer, 1727 Pearl St., Denver, Colo. *Ned, Frank, Roscoe and Charles all thank you, Mrs. Springer.*

Color

Movie fans are anxiously awaiting "Becky Sharp," the all-color picture. What a thrill it will give us to see our favorites in something besides black and white! But, if what I have been told is true, there is another side to it that will be a bit hard on the stars. It's this—not all stars are improved by technicolor. It does not bring out the something, the inner quality in some, that it does in others. In a way, stars will stand or fall by technicolor.

I feel that I want my favorite stars to remain beautiful, not to be overshadowed by a lesser one just because technicolor did not make her more lovely, while it did the lesser star.—Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N. J. *Change, in life, is inevitable, Mary Belle. The talkie stars supplanted the silent. If technicolor stars take the place of talkie stars, they in turn will give way some day to three-dimension picture stars.*

Herring!

"The Scarlet Empress" would have been a much more enjoyable movie if the director had not wasted so much film in showing close-ups of Marlene Dietrich registering an open mouth and eyes and a blank expression. If the directors want really to show us moviegoers something in close-ups then let them show Marlene Dietrich swallowing a herring, epsom salts or sarsaparilla. Until that time let us have more action and scenes of the story.—Chalmers Talsey, 1237 West Madison St., Milwaukee, Wis. *You'd better duck, Chalmers. Dietrich fans are going to start throwing things at you, now.*

Half-Wit Montgomery?

Hisses to those who permitted Robert Montgomery in "Forsaking All Others" to be so silly, slangy, and half-witted in his acting. He reminded me of a childish irresponsible grandma. "Montgomery at his best." Hooey. Whimsy in its place is quite all right, but there is such a thing as an over-dose and that is a pain in the neck. He spoiled the picture, which is a shame because the rest of the cast was very good.

Please give him a part where he can show that he is clever. He is too grand to be typed as a half-wit.—Helen McCleary, 902 Maple Street, Des Moines, Iowa. *You'd better duck, too, Helen.*

To "Coop"



I'd like Gary Cooper to know I got the drift of both his article *and* the sketches. If this is his maiden effort, Elsie Janis and Herb Howe had better look to their laurels!

Gary Cooper gives his finest performance in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," which I've just seen. He's been one of my favorites, since the "Shopworn Angel" with Nancy Carroll. How many remember it?—Silvie Wynne, 4742 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia, Penna. *Just about everybody remembers it, Silvie, and just about everybody likes our Coop.*

Blood and Thunder

The public is getting fed up with high-brow pictures. We are becoming weary of beautiful photography, fine sets and gorgeous costumes. A crowd of ten thousand extras carrying spears excites us no more than a dish of milk and mush.

More pep, say we!

More guns, more detective stories, more thrills, thrills that make you gasp; action, drama, punch, galloping horses, fires, suspense—suspense and more suspense!

We're not crying for crudity, but we are yelling for something to happen in the movies. We want the gosh-darndest drama anybody can give us, well done.

Why can't we have more "Devil Dogs of the Air" and fewer "Little Ministers"? Let Gary Cooper make more pictures like "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Give us something to feel and less to see!—F. W. Gilman, c/o International Business Machines Corp., 740 North Jackson St., Milwaukee, Wis. *Gosh, you almost scare us. You're right, in a way, though—adventure pictures do give you that good old thrill down the spine.*

A Scolding



I should like to take Mr. Ramon Romero seriously to task for overlooking—or was it ignoring?—in his "New Movie Forecast for 1935," one of the most attractive, talented, all-around fine performers in the movie world today, Mr. John Boles. When has he given anything but a graceful, convincing, dignified performance, no matter how poorly cast? In three of the best pictures I've ever seen—"Only Yesterday," "Back Street," and "Seed"—could anyone else have filled the roles so ornamentally as he did? And in musicals if they would only turn him loose in a really good musical picture and let the public hear his magnificent voice in something besides a snatch of drivel, his producers would find that the public has good taste and it pays to give them the best.—Mrs. Louise M. Connell, 200 W. High St., Lexington, Kentucky. *Hm! Something tells us you really like John Boles. We hope Mr. Romero will remember, next time.*



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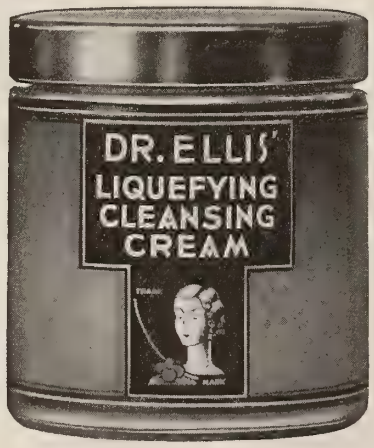
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Plastic Mask of
JOAN CRAWFORD
by Rosalie Rush

GETTING BACK AT EVE · By HERB HOWE

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"BARBAROUS!" *Says* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" *Says* YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it in a different light.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus. Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive ...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

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The slightest tinge of "pink" on your own tooth brush should make you start immediately with Ipana and massage. For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

IPANA and Massage mean Sparkling Teeth and Healthy Gums

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the benefit of the Ipana treatment with a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

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new movie



A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

PERHAPS you would like to know something about our cover, this month. For years and years motion picture magazines have given you the same old covers—always a picture of a star, always a woman, and always smiling. It has grown pretty tiresome. For a long time we have wanted to give you something new, something different. And now, at last, we have done it. New Movie, as always, is first with the new idea.

HERE is how it was done. Our artist, Rosalie Rush, modelled Joan Crawford's head with a special, patented clay on an oil base, which remains soft. Dozens of photographs, taken from all angles, guided her in keeping the true contours of the face. Such a method of working, we are told by other artists, produces a mask truer than a plaster cast actually taken from Joan's face would be. The mask was colored and "dressed" in a huge bow tie of snowy white tissue-paper, the tints of Joan's complexion being faithfully followed.

AS a final step, the mask was mounted on a panel of three ply veneer, colored with oil stain, and photographed. Here we ran into our greatest difficulty. So alive-looking was the mask that, under various lighting effects, it took on entirely different facial expressions, just like a real human being. But at last we struck the right combination—something which is not entirely a caricature, but shows you how Joan's face is really molded. We are eager to know what you think of our experiment. If we have pleased you, that is all we ask.

At top of page: The mask being photographed. Below: Three of the many attempts to get just the right effect.







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Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Amy Vanderbilt, Director of Home Service

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COVER DESIGN BY ROSALIE RUSH

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Thrilling Words—
but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

You needn't run this risk! For pure, white Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deep down into the pores, swiftly carries away every trace of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it delicately smooth and soft—follow this simple rule: Use this gentle white soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day and, of course, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap!

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

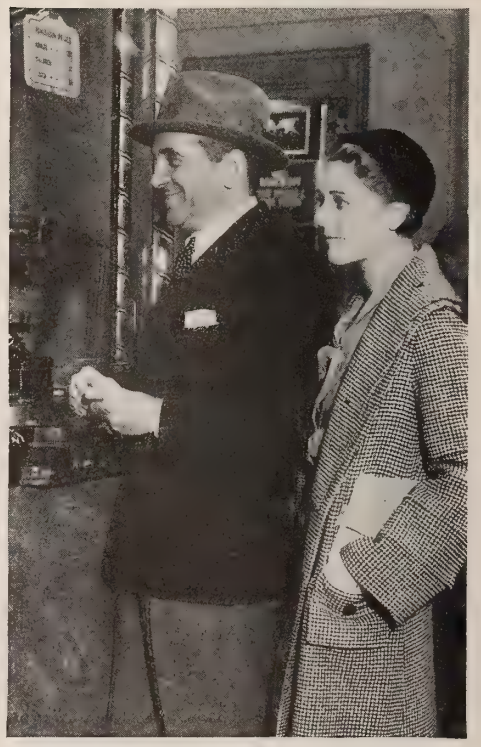
LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN





Norma's husband, Irving Thalberg, is her boss, while Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are both actors.

Joan Blondell's husband, George Barnes, is a successful and high-salaried cameraman.



And Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, married, both draw pay-checks as individual performers.

Who Pays the Bills in a Two-Star Family?

More than one movie divorce has come because the stars couldn't solve that problem. This story tells you something you've always wanted to know • By HELEN BURNS

YOU and I and the woman next door may argue with friend husband over who is to pay the bills because there isn't enough money to go around—but with the movie stars it's different. They have arguments, and many of them over who is to pay the bills because, very often, both husband and wife are earning too much money. The women can't resist flaunting their independence, and the men just can't help being jealous of their wives' earning capacity.

A dozen Hollywood bachelors have told me that they would never marry an actress who insisted on continuing her career after marriage. They had, they said, seen too many of their friends try it and fail. A man, they reasoned, could only be master of his home when he was the only wage earner in that home.

Yet there are two-star families, women stars married to male stars or to men earning the equivalent of a star's salary, who have successfully solved their financial problems. I decided to find out just who footed the bills in Hollywood's two-star families.

Immediately I encountered difficulties. Almost all the stars were reluctant to discuss the subject. That was the first rule they laid down for themselves—the refusal to talk about their money.

First I went to Norma Shearer, not only because she is one of the loveliest and most prominent of the happily married stars, but because she is both intelligent enough to analyze her reasons for doing things and gracious enough to discuss them frankly.

"Financial independence is not a woman's natural right," Norma said. "A man likes to feel that he's the provider. That's as it should be. I try never to act like a working woman when I'm with my husband.

"It's very dangerous for a wife to make more money than her husband. (*Please turn to page* 44)

NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*



An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

JOAN CRAWFORD ROB'T MONTGOMERY

in NO MORE LADIES

with CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.....Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

$10 IS A LOT OF MONEY

A date with a movie star on ten dollars? Think it can't be done? Here's how one writer did it!

I'LL bet she wouldn't do it."

"You couldn't take Carole Lombard around the block for $10."

"You can't take *any* girl out in New York for $10."

"She wouldn't do it anyway, but I'll bet you haven't the nerve to ask her."

I had provoked these challenges at a stag dinner-party by asserting in very positive tones that Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow and a number of the other feminine screen stars were really "good fellows" who could have a thoroughly enjoyable time on a $10 date in New York.

With a bet of four dinners at stake, I prepared the case of Carole Lombard and Escort vs. The High Cost of Dates. The appointed day for the hearing arrived and the hour of four in the afternoon found me thirty-six stories above Park Avenue in a regally appointed suite of the Waldorf-Astoria. On a 17th century *chaise longue* the blond movie ingenue reclined in all her loveliness, wearing a silver cloth lounging pajama ensemble, with a long tight-fitting and high waisted coat and high collar which made her look like a princess out of a story book. Here was beauty and personality and bewitching charm which would have made the knights of old rush out and fight dragons.

"I suppose I'm Joe Doaks Number 38 today," I remarked as the formalities of the introduction were completed.

"You're wrong," she replied, "You're the first Joe Doaks all day, up to now. I haven't seen anyone except Lizzie Doaks. But I've been on the interview griddle all day and, let me warn you, one question about my being selected as the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and out the window you go!"

"Have no fear," I assured her. "I have no intention of interviewing you. What I want is a date. And what's more, the date mustn't cost more than $10." Then I went into the whole story, explaining that I wanted to prove to four very strong-minded young bachelors that Carole Lombard, the movie star, could have fun on a $10 date. "It will be an experiment," I said, "the results of which young swains can show to their best girls and offer as Exhibit A to prove that if Carole Lombard can do New York on $10, then half that amount should be enough in Backhomeville."

TWO nights later, with ten well-creased one-dollar bills in my pocket, Carole and I climbed aboard a west-bound cross-town bus at the Waldorf corner of Park Avenue and 49th Street. The great social experiment was on and she was not shy in admitting, "I think this is grand and loads of fun," even before we really got going. "And let me warn you," she continued, "no extravagance and no money for taxis. We'll ride in buses and subways or anything else that keeps the overhead down."

Two dimes, three minutes, and four blocks later, we hopped off the bus at Radio City Music Hall, Carole breathing a sigh of relief that (*Please turn to page* 57)



John Casey, whose stories for New Movie you know, dated Carole Lombard. He swore he'd do it on ten dollars or not at all. They had dinner, they went to the movies, they danced, they took a ride on a bus, and they took a ride behind a horse in New York's great Central Park. And John found that Carole was one of the grandest sports he'd ever met. How did he spend the ten? Read this story.

Decorations by Charles Mulholland

The grandest of all melodramatic musical romances

With all the glory of her God-given voice... the star of "One Night of Love" brings you new hours of thrilling entertainment!



Entrancing

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

hear her sing the "MUSETTE WALTZ"

The Color Magic of Tintex Restores Gay, New Color to Apparel and Home Decorations





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- **SAFE!**
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  Slip-covers



Presto!–The Season's Smartest Colors for every Faded Fabric

Has your wardrobe the color-allure that the Spring and Summer months demand? Have your sport-togs that sprightly *chic* that Fashion demands? Are your summer curtains and drapes color-fresh? If not, don't delay one second... start Tintexing at once. For in a jiffy these magic tints and dyes will snap back faded apparel and home-decorations to gay-as-new color . . . or give them new Paris colors, if you prefer. Remember, it's so easy to be up-to-the minute in color-smartness with magic Tintex. Simply "tint as you rinse". 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
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Tintex

World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

The honor page to Grace Moore and a hope that "Love Me Forever" will be even more enjoyable than "One Night of Love"

Jones



FROM A. The pictures on these two pages give you an idea of the tremendous range of modern movie stories. In "Under the Pampas Moon" Warner Baxter returns to the sort of romantic adventure film which, with "The Cisco Kid," gave him his start. With him is little Armida, the whirlwind dancer.



TO Z. On the other hand, "The Flame Within" is about as far removed from adventures on the Argentine pampas as it possibly can be. Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall are cast as doctors in a hospital for the mentally afflicted, with their adventures limited to their own sensitive, tortured souls.

We Take You Right on the Set

Here is something new. For the first time in the history of the screen, we take you on the set and show you unposed photographs of a scene actually being made. The picture is M-G-M's "No More Ladies," with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery



4. A last hurried glance at the technical blueprint. Yes, this is the scene that should be taken now.



5. All the furniture on the set is in place. The tired grips step to the sidelines, hoping for forty winks.



6. "Hey! One of those light bulbs is out." Hurry! The head grip dives into his box for another bulb.



10. "Run through it for me, Joan." And Joan rehearses her action, for Director Edward Griffith.



11. "Now, Bob, yours. Yes, that's fine. Keep it light and gay. A nice big smile. That's the idea."



12. Joan and Bob walk through a rehearsal together, timing their dialogue to the action.



16. Grimly efficient, the man at the sound boom listens for the signal. Then . . . *"They're rolling!"*



17. With a soft whir the motors turn the cameras. Joan and Bob, at ease now, go into action.



18. Bob delivers a line of dialogue, and we catch him with his mouth still open. Joan laughs gaily.



1. Preparation for the take. At his rickety desk the harried script clerk gets the stars' cues ready.



2. High above the stage a spotlight man swings the beams of his great flood lamps into line.



3. Tense—working with high speed and precision—other electricians on the set balance lights with his.



7. Two burly prop men fuss around with a cake to be used later in the scene, getting everything right.



8. Hastily the second cameraman checks his focus. Head inside the camera, he peers through the film.



9. "Miss Crawford! Mr. Montgomery! We're lighting you from this side," says the cameraman.



13. "Take your positions." With Joan still rehearsing, the camera is focussed to the tip of her nose.



14. "Ready, Camera? Ready, Sound? O.K., we'll take it," says Griffith. "Here we go. Roll 'em!"



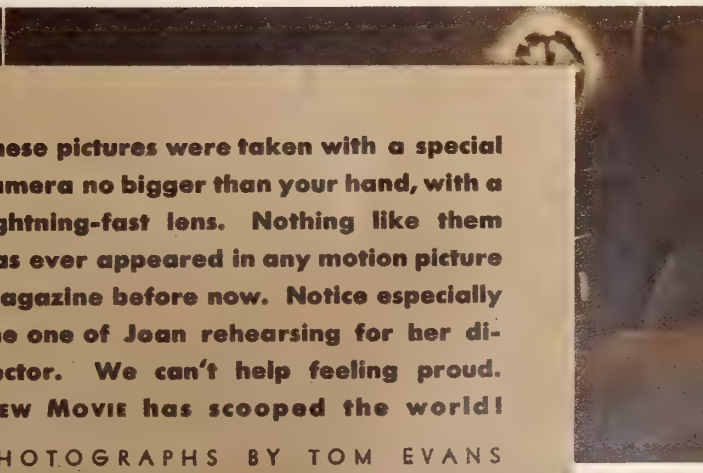
15. On the set, Joan and Bob go into character. Note Bob's closed eyes and Joan's lifted head.



19. Two seconds later. Bob has closed his mouth. Joan answers him. The cameraman watches them.



20. "Swell! Couldn't be better," smiles the director. "All right boys. *Cut!*"



These pictures were taken with a special camera no bigger than your hand, with a lightning-fast lens. Nothing like them has ever appeared in any motion picture magazine before now. Notice especially the one of Joan rehearsing for her director. We can't help feeling proud. NEW MOVIE has scooped the world!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM EVANS



Outside of Valentino no star but Clark Gable, above, has appealed to so many women. Below: Warner Baxter, Dick Powell and John Boles—is their appeal too specialized?



Valentino was a dancer. How different is the nimble dancing of bubbly Fred Astaire! Below: Jimmie Cagney, Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, too, show how times have changed.













COULD THE "SHEIK" WIN

The Great Lover, they called Rudolph Valentino. If he came back today, would he instantly outshine the other men of the screen? Or would he find himself outmoded, a man whose day was done? ● By IRENE KUHN

IF Rudolph Valentino could come back today from that unknown world beyond the grave, would he be remembered? Would he at once regain his magnificent stardom, snatched from him nine years ago by death, jealous of his ardent, avid life? Would he be the screen's great romantic lover? Or would he be just another of the current favorites whose appeal is, in no single instance, the all-in-one quintessence of male magnetism and mysterious glamour that made Valentino?

Would Valentino today learn that the fickle feminine public no longer wants one man on the screen to have all their worship, but chooses to divide it among the reigning stars with voice appeal (Crosby and Powell); with dance appeal (Astaire); with drawing room appeal (Menjou); and with all the other varieties of male appeal possessed by so many talented young men today, each with his particular flair, each with his special following.

Almost a decade has gone since there passed from the lives of screen fans their great romantic idol, Valentino, the man who had everything, who was all things to all women, who moved as mysteriously and swiftly into death as he had into spectacular fame, who died at the height of his popularity.

Perhaps a million women, to guess conservatively, women of all ages, from all walks of life, of varying degrees of intelligence and susceptibility, took Valentino's passing as a personal loss.

Fifty thousand of them, in New York City alone, beseiged the doors of the coldly commercial funeral parlors where the "Sheik" lay in state. They clawed and fought to get inside. Mounted police, perspiring in the August heat, were forced to charge the crowd of hysterical women, weeping for a man whose voice they had never heard, whose face they had never seen, except in its shadowy black and white image on the silent screen.

TO this writer, who saw the ghostly smile on Valentino's face as he lay in his expensive casket in that palm-studded, flower-banked funeral room, who heard the weeping of women filing past his bier, and the unbelievable clamor of others outside, the cries and pleas of assorted women fighting to break police lines to look upon the dead face that had epitomized the most important thing in the world to them—romance—it seemed then, as if Valentino *knew* that his oft-uttered prophecy was a true one.

For, more than once, this svelte, swarthy tango dancer with that intangible male magnetism that carried him so swiftly to fame and fortune, to public adulation such as is given to few men, had been quietly sure of his unique place in the movie world. He seemed to be sure with a confidence that was almost prescience, beyond argument and dispute, that attempts to find a substitute for him would



Bing Crosby's voice has the heart-appeal that Valentino had on the silent screen. If Valentino had talked—what then? Below: Fredric March, Herbert Marshall and William Powell.







HEARTS TODAY?

result in failure. "It can't be done," he always said.

His prophecy has come true. It is possible now, almost ten years later, looking backward across a depression, across a vastly changed world of ever-shifting values and loyalties, across a revolutionary change in pictures that made them "talkie" instead of silent, to see that Valentino was right.

THERE has never been a successor to Valentino; it is doubtful if there ever will be a successor to him who, alone, will appeal so strongly to so many women. New heroes have their following. Numerically each is strong. But where, in the roster of the great stars, Gable, Montgomery, Cagney, Chevalier, Crosby—even Novarro who most resembles Valentino facially—Lederer, who comes closest to him temperamentally; March, Baxter, Astaire—is there one who, through the sheer force of his own personality has behind him a record of $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 and more single-picture earnings such as Valentino had in "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?"

Valentino's death wrought havoc with the box office. Movie magnates searched frantically for his successor; the search grew more frantic as the possibilities were narrowed down and tried, one after another, without success.

The movie executives kept on trying. Year after year, through changing styles in heroes induced by fickle taste in screen drama, they pursued the search for a second Valentino. (*Please turn to page* 36)



Wide World

"Romance! It is inherent in all persons, that desire, and lacking in almost all lives." So said Rudolph Valentino, when he was alive. "I understand that desire, and that is why they will never find my successor." Was it a true prophecy?

Maurice Chevalier, on shipboard, turns the tables on the boys and gives them some of their own medicine.





News-snapping THE STARS

The trigger-fast news cameramen who snap the stars for the papers catch them in poses you and I will never see—but what they have to go through, to get them!

By GEORGE SHUTE

HIS chunky legs grasped firmly by his colleagues, the stocky fellow with the camera snakes along Indian-fashion on the topmost ledge of the Empire State Building. Hundreds of feet below, a steady stream of traffic flows onward. A few seconds later, the stocky fellow calls out, "Okay, boys! I got it," and is hauled to safety.

Sounds like movies being made, doesn't it? But you're wrong. It's only a news photographer taking a picture of one of your screen favorites. This photographer has just taken his life in his hands. Ask him how he felt and he'd reply, "It's all in a day's work."

In this particular instance, RKO-Radio Pictures' publicity department had decided upon a shot of its visiting star Wera Engels against a background of New York skyscrapers. The picture, photographers discovered, could be taken only if someone climbed onto the lofty ledge. And because they were assigned to the job, one of them took the picture.

NO two days are alike in the news photographing business. The men who meet the stars you see in pictures haven't the comparatively simple positions of studio photographers. They must take their pictures without lighting and often under great difficulty, especially when some of the stars refuse to pose.

Sometimes the job of snapping a celebrity is simple. More often than not it proves difficult.

Let us consider as experience number one the reluctance of Katharine Hepburn to pose, just after her sensational success in "Morning Glory" stamped her as the next First Lady of the Screen.

It is no longer a major secret that La Hepburn's countenance is generously sprinkled with those sun spots known as "freckles"; consequently, she frequently refuses to face a newspaper camera.

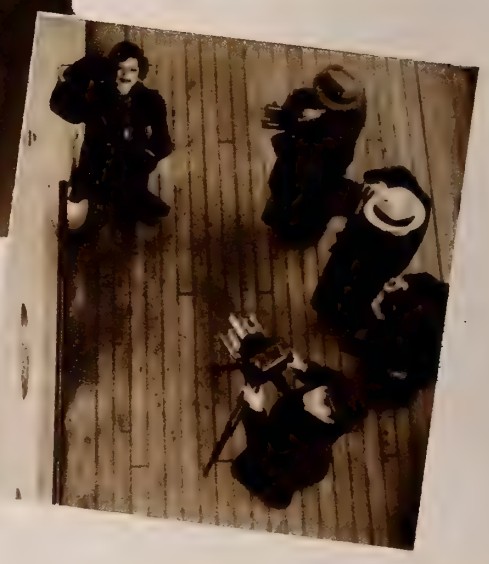
On her return to America following a quick vacation in Europe, alert city editors assigned their crack photographers to shipboard with definite orders to return with a Hepburn picture. (*Please turn to page* 54)



Above: A camera lad couldn't get the shot of Miriam Hopkins he wanted, so he followed her right into the theater and exploded his flash bulb there.



Left: Also aboard a ship, Katharine Hepburn dropped into novelist Ernest Hemingway's cabin for his autograph —and a cameraman was hiding in the corridor.



Right: And another of the boys practically climbed up the mast, aimed his trusty lens, yelled "Hey, Connie!" and shot Constance Bennett when she looked up.



Hollywood Scares HELL Out of Me

It takes a brave man to admit he's scared.

Dick is not only brave, but honest

By DICK ARLEN

As told to Oliver Wallace

RECENTLY, a friend of mine wrote a piece for the papers in which I was flatteringly extolled as "an actor who had conquered Hollywood." In terms of high eulogy, he pointed out that Dick Arlen had handled his career as a business man should handle his investments; that this same miraculous Arlen had made a success of his marriage in a town where they just didn't grow that way; and that, now, after eleven years in pictures, he need never worry another day. Everything he owned was clear . . . there was a trust-fund in the background and money in the bank.

It was a swell story. Unfortunately, however, I don't even know the guy he was writing about . . . this lucky Arlen fellow . . . it must be two other chaps!

If such a Dick Arlen exists, he lives right there on my friend's typewriter. For, while I contemplate his list of facts and realize, flattered, that they are more or less accurate, I still can't reconcile his picture of this all-conquering-captain-of-his-Hollywood-soul with the floor-pacing, hair-pulling, nail-biting person I know myself to be!

After eleven years in Hollywood . . . it still scares Hell out of me!

Though advertised as one ". . . managing his career like a business man . . .", I have never made a professional move that hasn't been accompanied by uncertainty, advice from everyone I know (including two maiden aunts in Duluth) and a slight hysteria plus a running fever.

If my marriage has been a success, all I can say is thank God for Jobyna, who has more than had her hands full for the eight years she has been wearing my name.

For the trust fund and the cash in the bank, which have somehow miraculously escaped both the stock market and Caliente, I am also grateful and mildly surprised. But even these two comforting boons to my peace of mind will never bring true those optimistic words of my writer friend:

He need never worry another day in his life!

I promise you that I shall continue to worry every remaining day I live. Worry is not a depressed state of mind with me . . . it's a talent. Only those born with the gift can even approach the fine art with which I be-devil myself. Those new patches of grey over my temples are not service stripes from the calm life I lead. They've been jittered there!

In some other walk of life . . . in another town . . . I might be able to look back over the work I have accomplished in Hollywood and feel a fair amount of security, peace of mind and even a pardonable pride. But Hollywood is synonymous with uncertainty . . . and the movie business is a game without rules. It is the only career you can name that recognizes no precedent. You cannot say to a young (*Please turn to page* 48)



Dick, Joby, and Richard Ralston Arlen, their son. How long you can keep the home fires burning in Hollywood is sheer luck, Dick says. And that's only one of the things that has him scared.

THE C'S HAVE IT



Captivating, Charming, Clever, Cagey Claudette Colbert! That's what Elsie Janis calls her in this breathless portrait written especially for New Movie

CLAUDETTE COLBERT wins Academy Award.
Claudette Colbert flying to New York.
Claudette Colbert changes plans takes train.
Claudette Colbert tells reporter in Kansas City she will not divorce her husband.
Claudette Colbert seems undecided about divorce on arrival in Chicago!
Claudette Colbert arrives in New York, mum about divorce, but admits bleaching her hair.

Like a series of headlines the Colbert bulletins hogged space in the New York dailies for a week. One thing I was sure about, she had won the Academy Award, and another was that the often planned and as many times postponed story about one of my favorite weaknesses would be written, if I had to drag her by her new hair all the way out to my old Manor House in Tarrytown. Fortunately this was not necessary. Her "Hello Darling" when I called on the phone, the facility with which I got her on same and her first line after greeting being "When am I going to see you?" drove away all thoughts of dragging the award winner to my manorial lair.

We started to make a date but a "landing" seemed to be more difficult than the "take off" had portended, aeronautically speaking. Claudette's so-called vacation was being turned into the hardest work she had done for months by that master slave driver, King Radio. Some wag in Hollywood had convinced her that a visit to New York by any screen luminary without an appearance as guest artist on a national hook-up was unheard of. Just a half hour's work. Be heard by fans all over the country and incidentally money! Money! Money! Easy, unexpected. In fact, just like winning it on a horse race. It all sounded very simple.

One obstacle that an award-winner does not have to leap over is a radio sponsor, so it isn't surprising that Claudette didn't know that, when those gents with bulging bankrolls remove the rubber bands to the extent of thousands of dollars for a few moments on the very precious air, they have to see something for their money. What they saw in Claudette's case was a somewhat disgruntled young lady rehearsing practically all day for almost a week prior to the half hour broadcast.

It was Wednesday when I called her on the phone. "Vacation! I'm laughing," she said. "They grabbed me right off the train for a conference and I've been living in their darned old Radio City ever since."

"What about coming to the country for the week-end?" I asked.

"I'd love nothing better, but the broadcast is Sunday afternoon. What a sap I was to—" Her voice trailed disconsolately.

"Do you rehearse Saturday, too?"

"No! Oddly enough. I guess I'm supposed to rest up for Sunday."

OF course I thought she would want to go to a matinee. Most ex-stage folk who have "gone cinema" spend their New York vacations in orchestra seats. I was astounded when Claudette said she would like to come out to lunch on Saturday. "I'd love to get out of town where I can breathe. New York is so—so—I don't know," she hesitated. Well, I knew, because I suffer from one of (*Please turn to page* 40)



At the far right is a lovely portrait of the lady, looking every inch a queen. And the small picture is one taken with hubby Norman Foster. About a divorce, Elsie says, "Will she? Won't she?"—and reminds you of that word 'cagey.'



Above: Claudette with Clark Gable, in a scene from "It Happened One Night" which won heaps of Academy awards for everyone concerned.

Dyar

ALICE FAYE

People said Alice Faye was popular because of Rudy Vallee, but Alice is building up a following on her own merits. Soft clinging, ultra-feminine, she has much the same appeal that won so many fans for Clara Bow. Right: With Rudy in a recent picture.



Ralph IS MY PAL

By FREDRIC MARCH

Some time ago we printed a story about Fredric March, by Ralph Bellamy. Here's where Freddie gets even

IF I were going to be isolated for six months in some spot at the end of the world and I was given the privilege of having only one male friend on this retreat, I'd choose Ralph Bellamy as the perfect companion . . . for the rich conversations, the mastery of emergencies, the sense of humor and the merciful silences he would bring to such an experiment.

On the other hand if some lofty-browed scientist could successfully throw me back to my college days and years and send me on a jaunt to Paris with a pocketful of money and a bucket of red paint I'd still pick Ralph as the ultra-streamlined ideal companion in whoopee!

For four years we have been the best of friends (our wives are friends from stage days) and we are as inseparable as studio callboards will permit. In that time I've seen Ralph the center of various and varied settings . . . discussing Russian literature with the literati . . . smashing out a victory on a tennis court . . . losing a rubber at bridge with as much sportsmanship as he won the previous one . . . delving into international politics with some visiting dignitary . . . rolling a mean pair of dice on a Caliente gambling table . . . spending hours alone on the sand at Laguna Beach . . . or rallying the craziest members to play the craziest game at a party. . . . but I have never seen him out of sympathy with the event of the moment.





At the left, in the small insert, there's a portrait of Freddie, and at the right is one of Ralph. Below you see Ralph answering his fan mail. As Freddie tells you in this story, he answers all of it personally.

His adaptability is a gift that makes it possible for him to get the greatest benefit, either intellectual or just plain pleasure, out of everything he does.

I am constantly amazed at the wide circle of friends he has. On every hand I bump into people who know Ralph and the group ranges from music reviewers to the kids at the corner gasoline stations. All children including my own are wild about him. . . . If his even disposition permits him any particular aversion it is for the man or woman who is easily bored . . . or pretends to be. Life is interesting and vivid to Ralph and his own sense of adventure and thirst for knowledge makes him impatient with people who do not get the utmost out of every available experience.

Though we have known each other only since our Hollywood days I have picked up enough of his background to realize this unquenchable zest for life must have begun in his youth. He is seven years younger than I, a mere stripling of twenty-eight, yet I find myself envying his background, the store of experience he has piled up.

He has done everything I should have liked to do. When he was a kid he ran away from home. . . . He's played in stock companies and tent shows acting one week and painting scenery the next. He's been broke and affluent . . . hungry . . . struggling in bit parts, recognized on Broadway and a success in Hollywood, but it has all been just so much adventure to him, the lean with the fat, the good with the bad. (*Please turn to page* 46)

TOWER STAR *Fashions*

Even stars shine brighter in lovely clothes like these. You can dress to the stars' taste, too, —on very little money









Above—Blonde Dorothy Mackaill selects for her summer wardrobe this town pastel ensemble with its striped collar and cuffs. The jacket is snugly fitted and has the new flared elbow-length sleeves. Right, seated—a printed chiffon afternoon dress gets her enthusiastic approval. It has the new capelet collar, full, banded sleeves and slim skirt silhouette. Right, standing—see her handsome tailored satin with notched collar and pearl buttons —a veritable contradiction in fabric and fashion that makes a dress-up outfit for any hour of the day.





Left, above—Binnie Barnes, Universal star, who'll be seeing you soon in "Diamond Jim," goes in for action in the smartest possible way. She wants you to like, as much as she does, her new sports dress of tubable, non-fading, non-shrinking, Tropical silk. Its back and skirt are especially designed for hard-swinging, full-striding sportswomen.

Next—for evening, informally, Binnie says her cotton net is just about perfect. All in one piece, its main attraction besides its lovely, practical fabric, is the trick pleating at neck and sleeves and the cunning piqué flower on the shoulder. Above—A second Tropical silk that's guaranteed against hard usage. It's another practical sports dress with action-back and commodious pockets.

Below, left—Dorothy Mackaill's afternoon frock of printed chiffon brings back the princess influence in the clever waistline shirring. The sleeves are elbow-length, intricately designed and very graceful. And right, below—Binnie goes in for prettiness in a summer evening gown of mousseline de soie. Its little jacket has a nipped-in waist and positively billowing sleeves.

By
KATHERINE KAREY

A Page of Pictures for Your Album



POLA NEGRI is making pictures in Germany, where she started. Pointing toward a come-back try in America? It seems to look that way.



LUISE RAINER is the latest of the many foreign importations. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feels she really has something. True?—or another flash in the pan?



JULIE HAYDON was once Ann Harding's stand-in. Now, starred by Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur, every studio is offering her a contract.



NOEL COWARD, author of "Cavalcade" and a dozen Broadway stage hits, makes his bow as a movie actor in "The Scoundrel," filmed in the East.



EVELYN BRENT lost out when gangster films went fizzle. She is coming back now in—of all things —a gangster film. Rather ironic, don't you think?



GUINN WILLIAMS was just a big mugg, they said. His performance outshone Claudette Colbert's in "Private Worlds"! We say so proudly and gladly.



DUDLEY DIGGES you usually see as a down-at-the-heel South Seas beachcomber or a slave-driving sheriff. He makes villainy a fine art.



HUGH HERBERT, a wistful little fellow whose pants never fit him, has brought us something new in the way of comedy. His popularity is steadily mounting.



REGINALD OWEN has been in so many pictures we can't even remember them. And every performance is a triumph for him. That's acting!

The Things Which Are CESAR'S

By LEON SURMELIAN





Fraulich



Once in a blue moon a newcomer really catches on, and then you have a Gable, a Garbo, a Great One. Have the breaks come now to Cesar Romero?

LADIES bubble up at the sight of this romantic hussar. He towers six feet two, has wild black hair, and full, sensuous lips, as if made for implanting hot cinematic kisses. This lanky chap with sunken cheeks and large pensive eyes of tropic warmth is perilously good-looking. There is an air of exotic tango tunes about him.

He was born in New York twenty-seven years ago, the son of Cesar Julio Romero, executive of a firm of sugar tycoons, and Maria Mantilla, beautiful Cuban concert singer. The picture of his mother's god-father adorns the one-cent postage stamp of Cuba. The family is distinguished, and the lad has class. His full name is Cesar Julio Romero, Jr.

A dark horse in the current race for leading-man laurels, the Herr Direktor Von Sternberg has pronounced him the best leading-man Marlene Dietrich has ever had. Potent film moguls have been yammering and dickering for his services. He is hailed as the nearest thing to Valentino.

He has been Trocadero-ing it with La Belle Dietrich, squiring Patricia Ellis at smart cocktail parties, escorting Sally Blane everywhere. He is the current best date among the party-trotting debs.

Life is grand, for Cesar. He has been having a marvelous time. He has intrenched himself at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Among his passions are swimming and horseback riding. He can pound the piano with a flourish. He laughs like a good-natured kid, eats anything and everything, has a yen for blondes.

In spite of his three years of professional dancing, his gait lacks the ballroom glide. He walks more like a spurred, jogging cavalryman, in long, swinging steps. He isn't a bit actorish. His modesty is disarming. A regular guy in every way, this Cesar.

His main handicap in the film capital is his thick mop of unruly hair. The other day he was walking down Hollywood Boulevard, and met Sally Blane, but didn't tip his hat. He met Patricia Ellis and didn't tip his hat. He saw Marlene Dietrich coming toward him up Vine Street, turned around and ran in the opposite direction. He couldn't take off his hat, for he had just washed his hair.

He was prancing and rattling his sword in the midst of wigged, be-plumed magnificos on the set of "Richelieu" when I called on him for an interview. He has been teamed up with Maureen O'Sullivan to supply the heart-tugs in this George Arliss picture. It seems studios that borrow him once are eager to have him back again. It was his second picture for Twentieth Century, the same studio having borrowed him previously for the role of the Indian prince, Mir Jaffar, in "Clive of India." But his present role is a meatier assignment.

Our chit-chat began in his dressing-room, and was continued in the studio restaurant. It was the first magazine interview he was enjoying, and he was greatly pleased with the fact that he was to make his initial bow before film addicts in the pages of NEW MOVIE.

"When I came to Hollywood ten months ago things didn't start off (*Please turn to page* 55)

GETTING BACK AT EVE



And will all the Eves go wild when they read this! Adam was an actor when Eve was only a rib, opines Herb Howe. In today's panorama of film successes the women stars are put in the shade by men, children, and even deer and pumas

By HERB HOWE, who has departed hastily for Russia



IN the Nudist bar of the Casino de Paree I got to thinking, as most everyone does, encircled by the leafless movie folk: Greta, Joan, Clark, Marlene, Gary, Mae, Will Hayes severely attired in a halo, in a frolicsome frieze of nude caricatures by Wynn.

The thought that came to this clean young thinker (sixty if he's a day, the dirty dog) was how pinky it would be to return to the leafless innocence of Eden before The Fall. I mean before Eve extended the apple, which in the language of the flowers was equivalent to Mae West's "come up 'n' see me some time." Quick as scat a chorus seemed to chime from the frieze of sunkissed favorites: "That's just what we're doing, tra la, tra la."

Boycotted by moralists, the Hollywood delicatesseners have dropped sex like a hot baked apple. Never subtle souls, they are not sure just where love leaves off and sex begins. But, then, are any of us? So, playing safe, they've sworn off women too, 'cept as pals.

Purged of carnality, Hollywood turns to brotherly love, kiddie love and animal love, the latter purely platonic as between puma and doe. As a result, the screen grows honest.

Not that sex is dishonest. Original Sin is a true Bible story. Trouble is scenarists think it still original and have been telling it over and over with various twists. Eventually they twisted it clear around. Instead of Eve luring Man with an apple, they had him tempting her with a penthouse. Instead of tragedy—and what could be more tragic than that first misstep which caused Man to go to work?—they served it as cocktail comedy.

The Legion of Decency brought the tragedy back home. When the box office did a Brodie, the Hollywood rajahs began to believe the Bible was right and the old apple woman really was responsible for man's downfall. The big pash *pomme* they called "love interest" was no longer golden. They could see that what happened to Adam might happen to them. They might have to go to work. Th'ell with love interest. Eve got the bounce. Fun in a penthouse was fini. Paramount felt so strongly they titled Marlene's picture "The Devil Is a Woman."

IT was a close call, this threat of eviction from the lush garden of Hollywood. The Eves were plainly to blame. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich—these were the consorters with the serpent according to the avenging furies. Gable and the other boys were merely victims, same as Adam. Not one male was held responsible for what Stepin Fetchit calls "impurities." Recognizing this, the producing pashas swiftly herded the houri back to purdah. The best films of the year are masculine. Clean, my men, clean. And, to the surprise of the old nibs, highly remunerative.

"Chapayev" is hardly fair evidence because it is a product of godless Moscow which apparently has never been stung sex-sluggy by the old serpent and therefore has no Legion to guide it. However it does bring home the point. The film had a nine weeks Broadway record and its only amorous gesture is an adjutant's pass at a lady machine gunner who quickly cuffs him into a comrade. The charm of the film is its news reelism. The story is wholly factual and frays out at the end, as life does, without a hug.

"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," without being as adult or actual, is Hollywood's most manful attempt of the Reformation. You expect the story to blow up when Paramount's Panther Woman comes hipping over the Himalayas to snake Dick Cromwell off to Cocoanut Grove. Happily the falsity is fleeting. The only sentiment is the three-musketeers variety. Hollywood is not yet so grimly Russian it can dispense with all sentiment.

Warner Brothers decanted the old buddy stuff for "Here Comes the Navy," "Flirtation Walk" and "Devil Dogs of the Air." You could grin and take it along with the side dish of girly pickalilly, because of the authentic performance of the U. S. Navy, West Point Cadets and U. S. Marines. These men doing real men's stuff never fail to enthrall the public.

"David Copperfield" is a triumph through honest effort to keep faith with Dickens' characters. There wasn't a glamour gal in the footage and if there had been Edna Mae Oliver could have sniffed her out.

"Ruggles of Red Gap" is another male triumph. True, it has that redoubtable femme fatale, ZaSu Pitts, but Mme. Pitts does not rely on sex appeal alone to earn that murmurous delight which her appearance evokes from every audience. Madame is gifted.

The Legionnaires of Decency pilloried the Eves at a strategic hour. Their posturings in clown make-up, as obvious as old-time vampires', were getting nose-thumbs even from us wild boys of the road who do not exactly reek of virtue.

The bromidic criticism of Mae West is that she can play only one character. By my computation, this is two more than the average sweetheart achieves. In film after film the babes trot forth the same accents and mannerisms. All they change is their clothes. Playing a Sadie Thompson they don burlesque outfits, when their own would serve better, stand with hands on hips and chew gum. The face remains beauty shoppe, the voice retains its culture as if to remind you that beneath the vulgar habiliments lurks a product of Miss Spence's school. The illusion is masque ball.

This is not true of male performers. Cagney, Muni, Robinson, Laughton, Spencer Tracy—all of them hole into their characters. When they play muggs there is no touch of Harvard.

Recently in listing the best actors and best actresses of the screen I found, to my surprise, three good actors to every first-rate actress. I take naturalness, freedom from affectation, as the first requisite. Second, the ability to personify an author's character. Few of our artists succeed in being themselves credibly, say nothing of realizing an author's conception.

The aim of most actors is to convince, the aim of actresses to charm. The violent attempts of some of our honeys to enchant by excess of vivacity is pathetic. They twiddle fake eyelashes at you, project the pearly fangs from between asphalted lips and gesture more lavishly than mutes. Eccentric make-ups offer further distraction; complexions as glorious as a corn starch rabbit's, eyebrows stenciled to resemble financial graphs, lashes like plumes on a hearse. The effects are often as ghoulish as anything Mme. Tussaud achieved in her wax works.

So saying, I hide behind Mae West while applauding such refreshing exceptions to my harangue as Kay Francis, Margaret Sullavan, Diana Wynyard, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers, Jean Muir, Loretta Young, Sylvia Sidney, Kitty Carlisle, Elisabeth Bergner, Janet Gaynor, Margo—yea, and the Misses West and Harlow because their tutti-frutti facades are compatible with the characters they play—and how them girls can play 'um! Incidentally, they are the only white girls I can think of whose personalities are not bleached by platinum hair.

In arraigning the screen Eves we must not forget the Eves of the audience who are responsible. Sam Goldwyn cites the guiding law of producers when he says pictures are made to please women, that no film can hope for financial success without their patronage. Women are responsible for the star system. Women demand love as the central theme of every picture. So Sam says. It's because they are idealists, he says. Idealism is responsible for "Riptide," "She Done Him Wrong," "The Divorcee"—for the Legion of Decency, in fact. Clark Gable recently took off in a plane from a Texas airport rather than risk passage through a crowd of three thousand Eves in a fever of idealism.

Men are not idolaters. They are realists favoring newsreels for diversion. They attend such documentary films as "The Last World War" while the tempting sex is beating it for "The Painted Veil." Men support stars solely for their ability to entertain. Their favorites have been men chiefly: Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Warner Oland, (*Please turn to page* 48)



ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. HOLCOMB

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

News flies out of Hollywood—and Nemo, the mysterious reporter no one knows, catches it in mid-air for you

REPORTED BY NEMO



Stat



The "Flame Within" company goes to lunch. Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, Director Edmund Goulding, Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward. While (Above) "Alfalfa" Switzer, newest Our Gang recruit, tips his hat to you.



Left: In real life Janet Gaynor is an enthusiastic athlete. Below: With May Robson, in M-G-M's "The Age of Indiscretion," is Flush, the lovable dog of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Dyar

Below: Walter Connolly returns to the stage to give a superb performance in "The Bishop Misbehaves." Alan Marshall and Jane Wyatt are with him.



White

WE'RE all upset this month, and no wonder.

After faithfully promising not to do any more costume roles for a while, Freddie March jumps into a Russian kimono and funny cap to do another dashing officer opposite la Garbo!

In his own words, he told us; "Enough is enough. I've done so many costume pictures that I can't even go out socially without wrapping a sword around me! I have to call in a technical adviser to eliminate the possibility of a sartorial faux pas



And twice this month Mrs. March had to drag me back after we'd started to a party and make me shave, because I've worn so many whiskers lately that it seems perfectly natural to let 'em grow! No more costume pictures. No, sir!"

And now look at the guy!

ONE of the most tragic events of the month occurred when Anita Louise's Spitz puppy chewed up the diary which she had kept faithfully for nearly four years. The record went clear back to Anita's first job, with Gloria Swanson, in "Untamed Lady," and had been brought up to date with an interesting account of her latest performance, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Knowing Anita to be one of the gentlest souls in the world, we wondered what sort of punishment had been meted out to the pup.

"None at all," she smiled sadly. "When he heard my wail of dismay as I came across the wreckage, he wagged his tail uncertainly, cocked his head on one side and looked up at me so penitently . . . well, what can you do with a dog like that?"

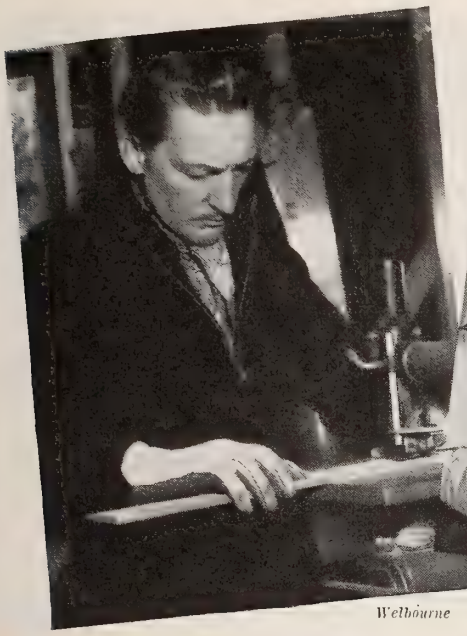
And, recalling the sad affair between our own wire-hair and a brand new spring fedora, we joined Anita at the wailing wall and agreed that you just can't do a thing about it.

CATCHING Anita doing the town with Tommy Lee several times recently, we were afraid it might be the end of a beautiful romance between the little lady and her long-time beau Tom Brown. But at a cocktail party in honor of Fred Stone and his charming daughter, Paula. it did this old heart good to see Anita and Tom, billing and cooing as of yore.

Premeditated or not, the party fixed up a lot of busted hearts. It might have been the very excellent punch, but whatever it was, Connie Simpson and Jack LaRue fixed up their erstwhile difficulties, deciding to carry on from where they left off several days before. And Cary Grant seemed to be finding complete solace from his Virginia Cherrill heartbreak in the delectable Ida Lupino, who looked as though she'd just stepped out of a Patou band-box!



JEAN HARLOW and Clark Gable had a hand in those three birthday cakes, delivered to Wallace Beery on the set the other day. One of the cakes was made of wood and frosted prettily, and Wally was all smiles until he tried to cut himself a hunk. The second was made of cotton, with Beery growing more and more perturbed all the time, so that when they brought in the third one, which was the McCoy, he flatly refused to have anything to do with it. So the others on the set pitched in and ate it up before Wally could change his mind! And was Wally surprised that it really was cake!



Welbourne

Left: Warren William's hobby is carpentering, and he keeps enough machinery in his cellar to make a planing mill jealous. Below: Willie Fung in "Oil for the Lamps of China," tries to teach Pat O'Brien to eat Chow Gai Pin with chopsticks.







Apger

Left: John Barrymore pays a visit to Noel Coward, making "The Scoundrel" at the Eastern Service Studios. Above: Jackie Cooper is growing up. He blames it on the milk Mom makes him drink.

DIRECTOR IRVING CUMMINGS . . . shooting a scene on the edge of a marshy duck preserve, anxiously warned everyone to be careful and not fall in.

Came the shot, and, right in the middle of a scene between Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie, there was a loud SPLASH!!

Interested in watching the action, Cummings had stepped too close and fallen into the marsh!

JOAN BENNETT and her husband, Gene Markey, have practically decided to get rid of that miniature electric merry-go-round, purchased as a present for their two youngsters.



Coming home early the other day, they were surprised to find the Japanese houseboy riding around and around in a flagrant imitation of Tom Mix while he endeavored to lasso passing objects with the family clothes line, made into a lariat!

That was cute, but the rear lawn was littered with a pack of the more expensive neighborhood dogs, lying about panting and slightly dizzy from the chase!

WE'RE still chuckling over the shock Monroe Owsley got in the cocktail lounge of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel the other afternoon.

Sitting at the bar with some friends, Owsley was trying to describe the ingredients of a certain drink he had tasted once long ago. It didn't sound familiar to the bartender, but being willing to try anything once, he put the makin's into a shaker and gave 'em the works.

As he shook the mixture he smiled graciously at his customer and asked: "What's your name?"

Well, that was bad enough, but thinking that maybe the guy didn't get around much, our actor friend swallowed his injured pride and said: "Monroe Owsley!"

"Ow as in cow," the bartender said pleasantly. "All right, we'll name this an Ow Cocktail . . . after you!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE was being accorded a place with filmdom's immortals by putting her footprints in the concrete of the Grauman Chinese Theater. The crowd was terrific and police were busy elbowing spectators back of the ropes.



"Say," a worried man exclaimed, "let me through. I'm Shirley's father!"

"Sure!" grunted a husky minion of the law. "And I'm Mary, Queen of Scots!"

"Shirley!" the man called.

"Yes, Daddy!" the little star answered.

"Stand aside, Queen Mary," chuckled George Temple in triumphant glee as he worked his way to his charming daughter's side.

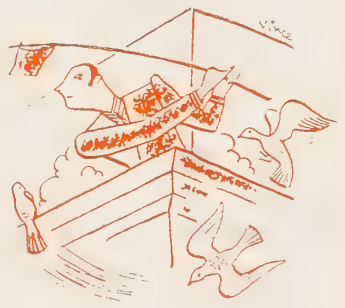
"You win!" muttered the cop.

JACK DONOHUE, dance director, has a few symptoms that should get him a membership.

All during the racing season, Jack would pick a horse in every race, put the names down in his little red book, and then go out to the track to watch his selections run out.

At the end of the season, Jack checked up and found that he had gone exactly $15,000 in the red on the gee-gees. But did he give a care? No, not one . . . because all he had to do was tear a dozen pages out of the little red book, and . . . the slate was clean!

WE repeat . . . there are birds . . . and birds.



George Raft awoke bright and early the other morning to find the bedroom of his penthouse literally swarming with inquisitive pigeons! A few of the fresher ones squatted right on the Raft chest, as much as to say: "What are you going to do about it?" And it took Georgie and his pal, "Killer" Gray, all morning to shoo 'em out!

Moral: Don't eat crackers in bed.

OF course, we've all heard rumors to the effect that Stepin Fetchit has a good big edge on the "laziest man in the world," but an out-of-town pal swears that, on a recent personal appearance tour, the Fox blackberry actually lolled back in an easy chair while his valet took bows for him?

AND that ought to get Stepin an honorary membership in the FITS and CONVULSIONS Club, founded by W. C. Fields (wouldn't you just know it?) in an irresponsible moment.

The club had four vice-presidents . . . and nobody knows who the president is. If you are caught talking intelligently to a sane person for more than four minutes, there's a twenty dollar fine . . . and no beefing about it, either!

There's a ten dollar fine for getting on a train without leaving some important luggage behind, and a twenty dollar additional tag for anyone caught NOT annoying the porter. And you're not supposed to know where you're going, either!

A special rule for week-ends dares anyone to go to bed before 4 A.M. . . . and demands that, on that same weary day, they be on the golf course not later than 9 A.M.! And, if you can see the golf balls, there's another fine of twenty dollars!

The game has its drawbacks, however, because one day a month *must* be spent with a sane person, and, while you continue to be plumb crazy, there's a terrific forfeit if you let your lucid victim get out of your sight for even five minutes!

It sounds like a lot of fun, and so as not to be left on the outside looking in, Papa NEMO thinks he'll follow the crowd and join up with the crack-pots.

(*Please turn to page* 50)



BROADWAY GONDOLIER. (Warners)
Adolphe Menjou is a broken-down old opera star, Dick Powell is his pupil and a would-be crooner, Joan Blondell works in a radio station. Hilarious farce.



THE RAVEN (Universal)
Boris Karloff in a composite version of two Edgar Allan Poe stories built to specifications for the horror fans. Bela Lugosi and plastic surgery are also in it.



THE FLAME WITHIN (M. G. M.)
This will remind you of "Private Worlds." Ann Harding, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Herbert Marshall venture into an insane asylum, only to befuddle themselves.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

On this page BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's Studio Scout, tells you which of the pictures in production you'll want to see

ANNA KARENINA
•
M-G-M

YE olde gray-haired reporter will never forget this one, made 'way back in the silent days when the Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance was at its sizzlingest.

At that time, we wouldn't have believed that any man living could top Gilbert's romantic characterization of the dashing Prince Vronsky. But then, we didn't know Freddie March in those days, either. And, while Freddie declared he had done enough Tolstoy and would have no more of it, here he is . . . and we're glad he changed his mind.

You must remember the story of the tragic Anna, who left her dull husband and adorable son to seek happiness with her princely lover? Only there was little happiness, after the first flush of passion had passed, for, finding themselves ostracized by society, they fled to Italy with their baby daughter, only to find that conventional standards are the same the world over and society refuses to condone illicit love, no matter how deep and true.

Forced to live apart from the world, Anna and Vronsky find themselves becoming bored with each other, and wishing to save the illusion of the great love that was theirs, Vronsky leaves.

Too proud to return to her husband (Basil Rathbone), Anna wanders down to the station, where she had seen her lover for the first time. With memories crowding in around her and finding life a desolate thing, Anna throws herself before the onrushing train.

It is a tragic ending to a tragic tale but, if we would be true to our Tolstoy, there is no other.

BEST BETS

ANNA KARENINA, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.
THE FLAME WITHIN, with Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall.
CHINA SEAS, with Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
SHE, with Helen Gahagan and Nigel Bruce.
THE RAVEN, with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.
THE GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE, with Bette Davis.
LOVE ME FOREVER, with Grace Moore and Leo Carrillo.
BROADWAY GONDOLIER, with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.
NO MORE LADIES, with Crawford, Montgomery and Tone.

The cast is excellent and includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Freddie's fiancée before going Garbo; Freddie Bartholomew, as Garbo's son; Cora Sue Collins as the daughter; May Robson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, Sarah Padden and a host of troupers.

Clarence Brown directs.

THE FLAME WITHIN
•
M-G-M

WE'VE been expecting a follow-up on "Private Worlds" and, here we are . . . back in the psychopathic ward again!

Edmund Goulding, M-G-M's triple-threat man, writes, directs and produces this picture and if it's half as good as "Private Worlds," we'll take three hats off to Mr. Goulding.

Once more, we have a beautiful young psychiatrist (Ann Harding) in love with her chosen profession to an extent that she completely overlooks the honest devotion of the handsome doctor (Herb Marshall) who has worshipped her from a respectful distance, lo, these many years.

When Maureen O'Sullivan attempts suicide because the man she loves is a no-good elbow-bender and won't marry her because she's rich (of all things!), Ann promises to do what she can for the lad (Lewis Hayworth) in the way of releasing his enslaved soul from its convivial reflexes. *But,* while straightening out his soul, Ann gets her own heart tangled up in the mess, and it's too bad, too, because Lewis is engaged to Maureen and, being an honorable woman, what can Ann do but sit back and suffer in silence?

So—to the tune of Ann's aching heart, the kids are married and go away.

A year later, however, (*Please turn to page* 58)

LET 'EM HAVE IT. (United Artists)
An inspirational picture urging Americans to get together and put down organized crime. With Richard Arlen, Bruce Cabot and Virginia Bruce featured.

ALIBI IKE (Warners)
The late Ring Lardner's screamingly funny story put on the screen with Joe E. Brown. A conceited baseball hero and his pals. Fun even if you don't like Joe.

HOORAY FOR LOVE (R K O)
Gene Raymond, a college boy actor with Broadway ambitions, gets the father of his girl, Ann Sothern, in Dutch with complications. Light romance and song.





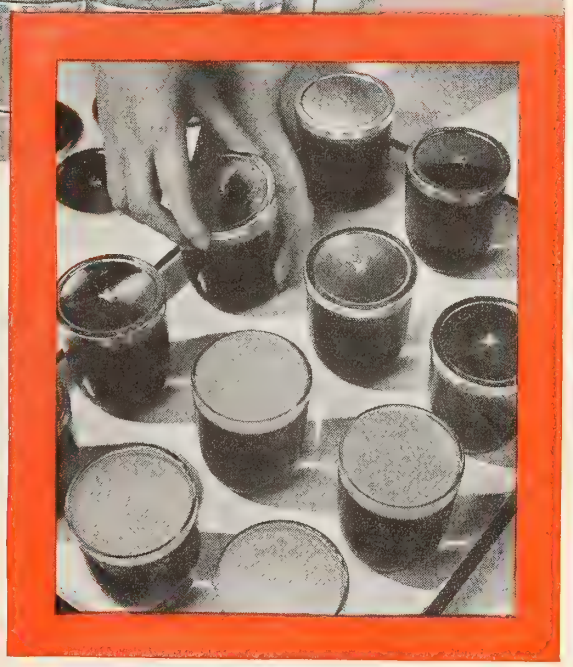


By
MARY
MARTIN

REAL Ideas that JELL

Gertrude Michael, Paramount player, contributes a page of jams and jellies from home





GERTRUDE MICHAEL'S too much of a southern belle to ignore totally the lure of the kitchen. Especially now when berries are ripe and crying in the markets to be made into beautiful transparent jellies to bring the taste of summer into the winter months.

Maybe she plays an interlude or two while the jam pot bubbles, for Gertrude is an accomplished pianist as well as a knowing cook. One of her recipes is one that can't be followed by most northern cooks because it requires the guava—a beautiful fruit, which, if it does grow in your part of the country, you know as a versatile one, too. Miss Michael's mention of it applies only to guava jelly, but the pulp that's left from the jelly-making can easily be made into jam, as you guava lovers probably know. Here's the jelly recipe, anyhow, from Miss Michael's Alabama archives:

Guava Jelly

3 lbs. of very ripe guavas
Sugar, cup for cup of cooked pulp

Slice thin, add water to cover, and boil well, crushing the fruit to better extract the juice. Strain and add sugar, cup for cup. When the new mixture has boiled thoroughly, test, pour into glasses and paraffin when cool.

Red Raspberry and Gooseberry Jelly

2 quarts raspberries
1 quart gooseberries
Sugar, cup for cup of cooked juice

Boil each fruit separately as gooseberries take longer to cook. When both are well done, strain, blend juices and measure, adding sugar cup for cup. Then boil about 20 minutes or until the mixture thickens on a saucer. Pour and seal when cool.

And here are a few reminders in jelly making. If the fruit is over-ripe, add one or two tart apples, the juice of one lemon, or a portion of tart plums. This will add the necessary pectin to make your jelly "jell."

After straining the juice, and before adding the sugar, boil the juice for ten minutes to remove excess water.

And the "scum" that comes to the surface during the boiling process should be skimmed off so that your jelly will be crystal clear. And here are more ideas to try right now:

Carrot Marmalade

6 carrots, medium size
3 oranges
1 lemon, juice and rind
Sugar

Scrape carrots and cut in half-inch pieces. Cook in small amount of water until tender. Cut the oranges and lemon in small pieces. Measure the total amount and allow ⅔ cup sugar to each cup of mixture. Cook until thick. Pour into clean, hot glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

Peach Butter

4 pounds peaches (prepared)
2 cups water
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
Sugar

If fuzz is heavy, peaches should be peeled, either by means of a sharp knife or by scalding. If fairly free from fuzz, a thorough washing is sufficient. Remove pits and all spots. Place in kettle with water and cook until tender. Rub through a sieve and measure. To each cup of fruit pulp allow 2/3 cup sugar. Addition of spices is optional. Cook until thick. Pour at once in clean, hot jars and seal when cool.

Tomato Butter

5 pounds tomatoes
1½ pounds tart apples
¼ ounce stick cinnamon
¼ ounce ginger root
⅛ ounce mace
⅛ ounce whole cloves
2 cups vinegar
2 pounds or 4½ cups sugar

Peel tomatoes, put in kettle with sugar, vinegar, and spices tied in a bag. Cook together for three hours, stirring frequently. When thick, remove spice bag and pour into jars. Seal when cool.

Pineapple Marmalade

6 cups shredded pineapple
1 orange
2¼ pounds or 5 cups sugar

Place pineapple in kettle, add sugar and pulp of orange cut fine. Stir thoroughly and let stand several hours or overnight. Also chop the yellow rind of the orange very fine, cover with cold water and let stand over night. Then cook rind in water until tender. Add the rind to the fruit and sugar mixture and cook until very thick. It will take about 40 minutes. Pour into jars. Seal when cool.



A cool young bachelor in the firmament surprises us with an idea or two on domestic activities. Here's to you. Drink them down!



Mac MURRAY QUENCHERS

Fred's a long drink of water and a star who knows where he shines. Try these tricks of his with a syphon and the makings

By AMY VANDERBILT

●

FRED MacMURRAY, six foot three Paramount ex-saxophoner, who's broken the feminine heartline, likes his drinks long and cool this time of the year. Fred was once star athlete back in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, so maybe that accounts for his preference for simple thirst quenchers.

As the true-to-life reporter in "The Gilded Lily," Fred often got that tired feeling. Remember how he ditched his shoes on the library steps? That was the time when his favorite drink—he calls it a "Dummy"—would have trickled down a grateful gullet. Here it is, now, just as Fred mixes it for himself.

Take a tall glass (the taller the better), add 1 pony of grenadine, the juice of 1 lime, and ½ teaspoonful of sugar. Stir briskly with a cocktail spoon, add 2 ice cubes. Fill to the top with charged or sparkling water and decorate with a Maraschino cherry.

Fred's just young enough to feel the need of something sweet. He even suggested a drink for his cookery page with a little of the fruit of the vine in it. Port, no less. We couldn't hold on to him long enough to find its name, but here it is anyhow and the thirstier you are the better it will go.

To 1½ jiggers of Port (probably California's) add ½ spoonful of sugar and fill up with charged water, well chilled. Don't add ice to this one.

On that Fred had a touch of conscience and quickly rattled off another white-ribboner to make up for it.

Julep

To one Collins' glass of ginger ale add two ice cubes and a tangy sprig of mint.

This is a synthetic mint julep, and you can add the missing whatzis if your Aunt Emaline is out.

And here are two quick ones—a bridge punch and a Strawberry Fizz. First the

Bridge Punch

For one serving, the juice of ½ lemon, two cubes of ice, ½ pint of ginger ale, in a man-sized glass. Float a glass of claret on top and add some fruit.

For a Strawberry Fizz—

1 pony of strawberry syrup, juice of ½ lemon shaken together with two ice cubes. Strain into a tall glass and fill with charged water.

And now to the sody fountain for us to quench that thirst! But first, for good measure a few good, housewifely recipes of our own for warm sessions:

Ginger Punch

1 quart water
1 cup sugar
¾ cup chopped Canton ginger
¼ cup ginger syrup
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1 quart charged water

Boil water, sugar, ginger, ginger syrup, 20 minutes. Cool. Add fruit juices and charged water.

Raspberry Punch

1 lemon
1 cup raspberries
1 cup currants
1 pint boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 cup tea infusion

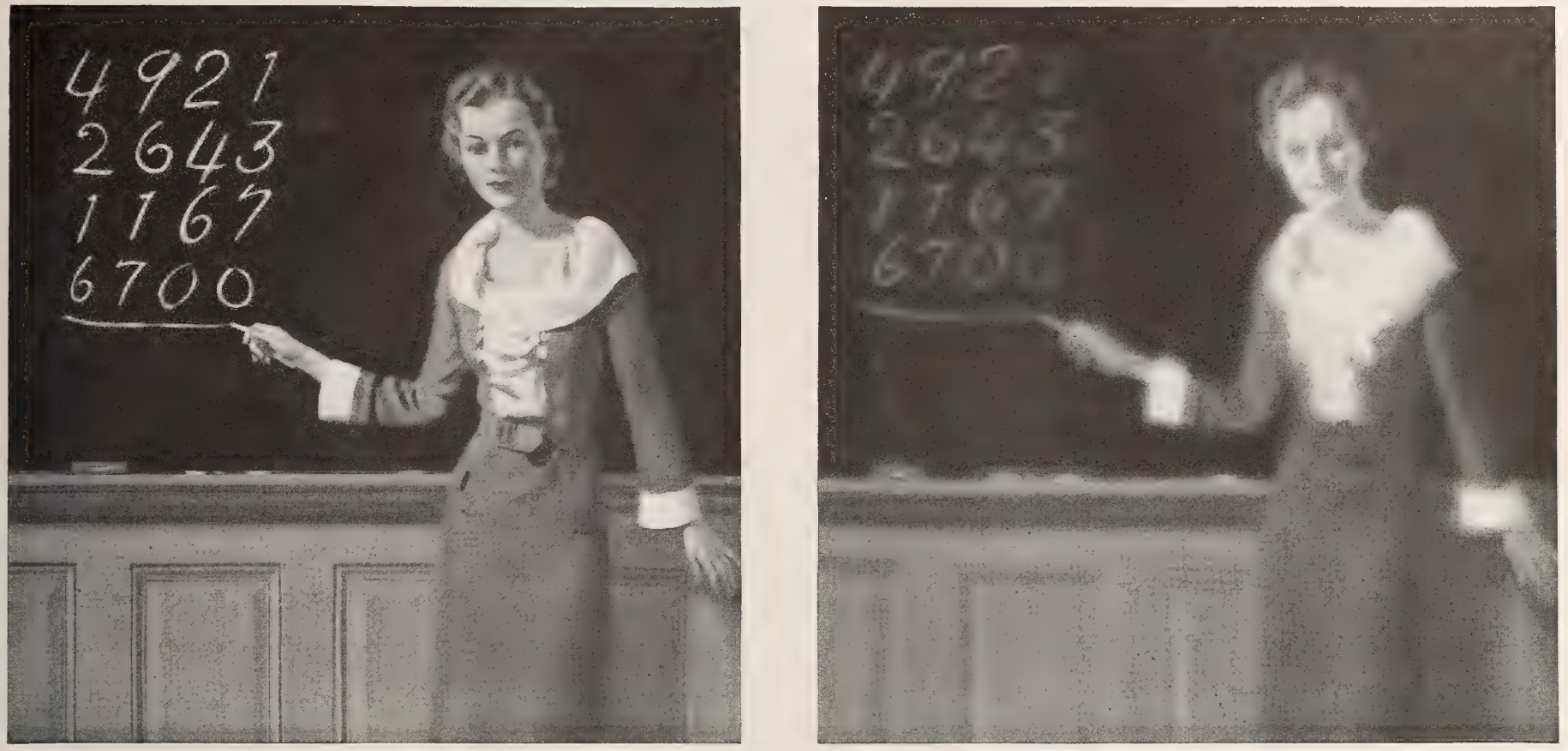
Crush fruit and strain through a cloth. Without taking the pulp from the cloth, put it into another dish and pour boiling water over it. Drain off, but do not squeeze or it will be muddy. Add sugar, cool thoroughly, add fruit juice and tea.

Orange Lily

½ cup white grape juice
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Fill glass half full of shaved ice. Add grape juice, orange juice and sugar and fill with chilled water. Serve with two straws thrust through a thin slice of orange.

Test Eyesight Regularly



The Blackboard Problem—as it looks to Jim and as it looks to Bill

BILL failed in arithmetic. He couldn't add blurry figures that wouldn't stand still. Poor vision is a tough handicap to a child in school. At least one in every ten has some form of defective eyesight.

A Special Warning

Contrary to a widespread idea that the Fourth of July has been made "safe and sane," the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that the toll of accidents from fireworks was greater last year than in many previous years.

Many of these uncorrected defects are progressive and cause increasing eye-strain and impairment of vision. Eye-strain may lead to severe recurring headaches, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, dizziness and other disorders.

In older people there are other conditions of the eyes which are far more serious than imperfect vision. If untreated, they may eventually lead to blindness. Glaucoma and cataract can be present and in the first stages give little indication of their threat to your sight. Recognized early, glaucoma may be successfully treated; a cataract may be removed by an operation.

Good reading habits of young and old prevent many eye troubles. Have your eyes examined regularly, even though they seem to be normal. Never wear glasses which have not been prescribed. Don't read with the light shining into your eyes, or without your doctor's consent when recovering from serious illness, or when lying down—unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your eyes below the line of vision. Hold your work or book about 14 inches from your eyes.



Don't use public towels or rub your eyes. Conjunctivitis and other communicable diseases may follow. Do not use any medication for diseases of the eyes unless it has been prescribed for the purpose.

Make sure that no member of your family is endangering his sight. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Care of the Eyes." Address Booklet Department 735-B

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THE *Make-up Box*

NO OFFENSE MEANT: Perspiration is an ugly word. It's uglier when it makes its appearance on your summer gowns, and unspeakable when malodorous. The truly fastidious young woman keeps three types of deodorant handy . . . powder, liquid, and cream. Illustrated below are three on which the immaculate modern can pin her faith. There's a grand new powder deodorant in the cylindrical black-and-gold container. You dust it on while your body is still wet from a bath. It's unscented



but I detected a fresh, clean new-mown hay odor that clings for hours after you use it. There's also a liquid nonperspirant in a crystal clear bottle, as well as the fragrant cream deodorant. I could write reams about all three, but when I say they fill the bill for summer daintiness, it sums it up completely.

GET A GOOD FOUNDATION: And this is sound advice whether you are buying a girdle or deciding upon the first course at dinner. But what I am so steamed up about is a foundation cream that's unlike any these sharp eyes have ever seen before. It's smooth and creamy, it blends perfectly, it gives the skin a velvety finish, and it comes in a russet shade (a rosy-beige) that covers up the first faint sprinkling of summer freckles in a way that is astonishing. And if that isn't enough, it holds face powder for hours and hours.



WHAT'S NEW? Just heaps of suntan and sunburn preparations . . . a creamy body rub that does wonders for scaly, sandpapery surfaces especially nubbly elbows and heels . . . a brushless mascara in a flip-stick container . . . a curler gadget which clasps fly-away strands and rolls them into neat little curls . . . a pearl type polish in a topaz jewel shade, very zwicki . . . Until next month . . .

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



TAKE TIME TO TAN



Rochelle Hudson, vivacious young star, tells how she acquires a glorious honey-beige tan

"IT takes time to get a good coat of tan—and it took me a long time to realize it," said Rochelle Hudson, whose honey-beige skin is an attractive background for her vivid beauty.

"When suntan first became popular, I used to dash right out in the sun and literally broil for hours. Perhaps I'd have a new evening gown and want to change my winter pallor to a sun-kissed glow in a few hours. Well, I could and did. But pretty soon my skin would flake and peel in a most unattractive and uncomfortable manner. Of course, when the vogue for tan was new, most of us were so concerned with the health aspects of sunbaths that we gave little thought to protecting the texture of our skins and substituting oils for those dried out by the sun.

"It isn't always convenient to get to the beach, and when I do go, I like to spend most of my time in the water swimming. So my sunbaths are taken right in my own back yard, even though the theory is that salt air and sunshine produce the best suntans. I've a little contraption made of canvas which is ideal for the purpose. It has four sides which slide down and insure privacy as well as plenty of sun.

"I never stay in the sunlight longer than one-half hour for the first sunbath but increase the time of exposure by ten minutes each day. Neither do I expose myself to the direct rays of the sun between ten and two o'clock. It is during this time that the sun is strongest and most likely to burn. I wear pique shorts with a bra top, bind my hair in a bandana and wear sun-glasses, thus protecting hair as well as eyes. Sometimes I study my script, but most of the time, I must confess, that I just drowse. Then a shower, followed by a brisk rubdown with my favorite toilet water—and what a grand and glorious feeling after a sunbath!"

Miss Hudson doesn't believe there is such a thing as getting too brown. But one time her director thought otherwise and insisted that she lighten the color of her skin and do it within ten days, too. So poor Rochelle, having achieved a glorious toasty-brown color, had to set about getting rid of it. Bleaching creams, hot baths, mild solutions of peroxide and ammonia were prescribed. For ten days she worked valiantly until the luscious brown turned to a creamy white.

When asked about summer make-up, Miss Hudson offered the following suggestions:

"I like a rather heavy powder with an oily base in a suntan shade. I apply it generously to my face and neck with a piece of cotton. Then with a soft camel's hair brush, I brush off the surplus. A piece of cotton moistened with skin tonic and patted over the entire powdered area gives a slightly dewy finish. Rouge and lipstick should, of course, be of matching shades — bright but never with an orange cast. The rouge should be blended lightly. Lipstick should be indelible, and I apply it the full length of my lips following the natural line. Right now, I am using black mascara and violet eyeshadow, but these only at night. I believe that eye make-up in the sunlight is apt to be artificial looking although under the nightlight it's quite effective. I do a little trick with an eyebrow pencil that makes my eyes appear much larger than they actually are. From the outer corner of each eye, I draw two fine lines with the pencil, and carefully blend these lines to a soft shadow with my fingertip.

"The principal thing to remember about summer make-up is that it should harmonize with suntan, be carefully applied, and often renewed."

"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—

1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under* tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this condition, the nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within the skin*. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip of this clogging matter dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging of the pores.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under* tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Do Coarse Pores come from Neglect?

Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within the skin*. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 Is Dry Skin a Sign of Age?

All skin, as it grows older, becomes thin and dry, as the *underskin* loses vigor and the glands produce less oil. Dry skin is helped by the use of penetrating oils and by restoring the oil glands to normal activity. Excessive dryness demands medical care.

6 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Rarely before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, failing nutrition of the underskin. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.





The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—wrinkles!

Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."



MRS. GEORGE BOLLING LEE of VIRGINIA

beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious General Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my contour firm and lifted. I use it every night to cleanse my skin. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Keep *Under Skin* Active

to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers above, skin faults do have one thing in common—they practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under* tissues vigorous and the skin *clean*.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world—for Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse again, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING and in the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, will bring you enough for nine treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free.

Mail this Coupon—**for Generous Package!**

POND'S, Dept. G48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Like Chocolate?



. . . Then make genuine Ex-Lax your Laxative

A treat to your taste—and gentle, painless, safe relief from constipation

WHAT'S the most popular flavor in the world? Chocolate . . . of course! Everybody loves its deliciousness.

So, when occasionally Nature demands the assistance of a laxative, take yours in chocolate. Take Ex-Lax. Not only because it is pleasanter to take than some nasty-tasting cathartic. But because it is mild—gentle—safe. Because doctors, nurses, physical trainers recommend it . . . and use it themselves. Because for 28 years it has proved its merit.

Don't punish your palate with unpleasant tasting cathartics. Don't punish your system with harsh ones.

Enjoy safe, gentle relief . . . by taking just a little piece of delicious chocolate with the word EX-LAX stamped upon it. You must look for the "EX" to get Ex-Lax results. 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Could the "Sheik" Win Hearts Today?

(*Continued from page* 15)

Valentino's name came up again and again. The demand for another Valentino would not be stilled permanently, it seemed, until, finally, the women themselves solved the problem for the movie makers by abandoning their own desire for the one perfect screen hero who had everything, and compromising on dozens of men.

It became evident that some women liked some male stars for their he-man qualities; others for their drawing-room manners; others for their humor; others for their love-making.

It became apparent, too, that some male stars appealed to certain types of women, and to them alone. But no star, except Clark Gable, has appealed to so many different types of women, and Gable thus becomes the closest runner-up to Valentino. Yet, popular as he is, he has not ever come within the circle of complete appeal—again, all things to all women—as did Valentino.

There are women now who go to pictures to hear voices—Bing Crosby's, Nelson Eddy's, Dick Powell's, John Boles'. There are others who are Fred Astaire fans because of his inspired dancing. Still others go for the continental appeal of Robert Donat, Maurice Chevalier, Francis Lederer.

The dark, suave, iron-fist-in-white-kid-glove type like Ricardo Cortez, George Raft, Jack LaRue, attracts a number of women; the airy, charming type, sophisticated in the best Park Avenue manner, boyish, lightly romantic (like Fredric March in his lighter moods, and Bob Montgomery, in most of his roles), draws other women.

The American Arrow-collar-ad, regular-guy type, the kind of man who can be man-of-the-world and yet boyishly awkward, appealingly clumsy and pretty much like the men in real life that American women know best and usually marry—Gable, William Powell, the always dependable and durable Ronald Colman (with the touch of the buccaneer, the adventurer), Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Ralph Bellamy—even Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard fit into this pattern—are the choice of a greater number of women from more varied strata of life than any others.

Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney have their own following—the gangster brutality of their earlier pictures appealed definitely to many women; their unique personal attributes—neither can be called handsome, yet each has a compelling charm—in less sordid, brutal pictures—that has won them new fans.

THERE are many other male stars who number thousands of women as their worshipers; but those above are the ones with the largest, assorted feminine following—dowagers and debs, professional women and housewives, rich girls and poor ones.

Radio, which has advanced materially since Valentino's time, created a tremendous audience for Bing Crosby, the original crooner, before anyone ever saw him on the screen. The peculiarly ingratiating quality of his voice, with its "heart appeal," its romantic undertones, its wistful, nonsensical "bub-a-bub-bubbings," trailing off into humming and whistling, had feminine ears glued to radio receivers to the infinite disgust of husbands who hate all crooners on principle. The voice had so much sex appeal women wanted to see the face; so he went into pictures. They did a lot for him. He was a little chubby at the beginning; his rounded outlines did not fit into the picture of slim romanticism the radio listeners carried; but their loyalty was great, and Crosby slimmed down. His voice is insured for $100,000.

He's five feet nine inches and weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. He's thirty-one years old, married to Dixie Lee, and the father of three boys, a single and twins. He wears a hat when he sings because he is slightly bald and is nervous about a toupee.

When he was in Paul Whiteman's band he was a cut-up. That he admits frankly, now. "I was pretty bad," he says. "I got into fights and things like that. Whisky has ruined my career five times in five years. I don't touch it now. I can take it or leave it."

His $100,000 voice won him the biggest vote in the annual World-Telegram poll in 1934 as the most popular male singer.

Nelson Eddy is moving up in picture popularity on a voice, too. He used to be a switchboard operator for a plumbing concern, but found that too dull. He tried newspaper reporting but was fired for singing at work all the time. Then he sang outside the office and won a contest, going into the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and in Grand Opera with the Philadelphia Operatic Society. You'll remember him (if your memory is good) from the pictures, "Broadway to Hollywood" and "Dancing Lady," and you'll be seeing and hearing him in some more.

Dick Powell is Warner's fair-haired boy. In musical after musical from that musical-conscious studio, with the talented Ruby Keeler, Dick has made the box-office registers sing almost as melodiously as he does himself.

John Boles, a little older, with a wealth of stage experience behind him in "Little Jessie James," and other hits, was leading man for Geraldine Farrar in her light opera venture, and started in pictures with Gloria Swanson in the "Loves of Sunya." He's played singing and non-singing roles in about thirty well-known films; displaying a more and more finished acting ability and a voice that wins him more followers with each new film.

Fred Astaire of the nimble feet, is a name to conjure with on the screen, as his was a name to conjure with on the stage. With his sister Adele, now Lady Cavendish, he made the name Astaire synonymous with smart dancing; so smart he eventually became a "must" with the gentlemen in Hollywood who keep their fingers on the public pulse and hear it beat in advance for what it wants to see on the screen.

Adele and Fred parted after "The Band Wagon," the New York hit, Adele to marry her lord, Fred to try Hollywood. He did "Flying Down to Rio" for RKO, and "Gay Divorcee" and "Roberta." He is established strongly in pictures, now.

THE continental appeal of Robert Donat has registered hard with women fans in just two pictures he's made so far, "Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Count of Monte Cristo," the former a British film, the latter an American-made product, in which he was a sensation.

Chevalier, combining that French come-hitherness, gay-dogginess and provocatively-accented voice—and that

(*Please turn to page* 38)



DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by DR. HENRY KATZ

"I AM a constant reader of NEW MOVIE and always read your 'Diet Problems of the Stars,' conducted by Dr. Henry Katz.

"Here is my problem. I am about twenty or twenty-five pounds overweight, and have been on a doctor's diet for about a year, with no encouraging results. I have taken such things as 'saccharin' in place of sugar, 'thyroid' for my glands, cut out sweets, white bread and starchy foods. As I work as a hostess in a tea room, this requires will power, as we see plenty of pastry, good food, etc.

"I am only five feet, three inches, and 29 years of age.

"Would it be possible for you to write out a diet for me to follow? Something within reason, as I must work in the meantime."

A person can be made to lose weight simply by adhering rigidly to a proper diet. Such things as thyroid extract are of no value, unless controlled by one who knows how to use it.

A girl of your height and age should weigh about 124 pounds. Once you have reached this weight and maintained it for a while by adhering to your diet, you will find it easier to stay at that constant weight.

The cardinal principle of a reducing diet is that your calorie intake be less than the number of calories your body uses in the course of a day, so that your body is obliged to burn its excess flesh—fat. This object is attained, as I said by a diet low in calories—a diet in which your intake of starchy and fatty foods is cut as much as possible.

I am including here some low-calorie diets.

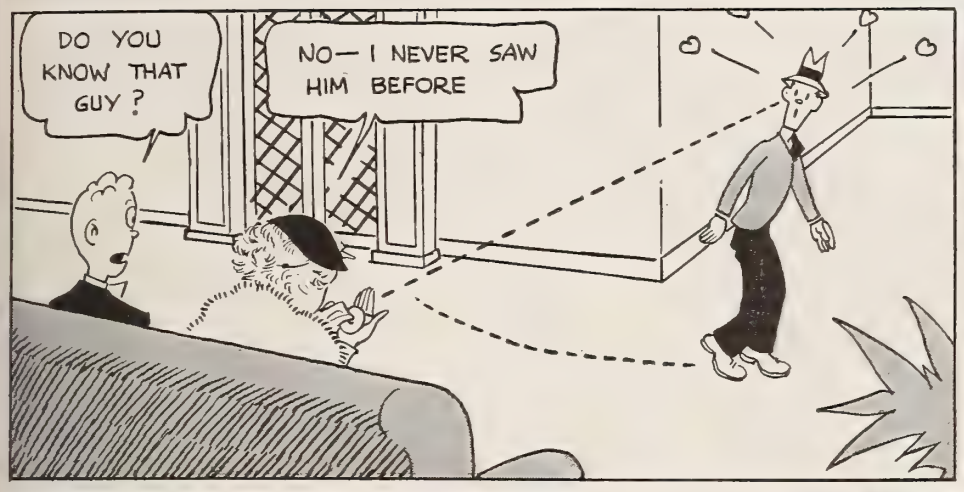
Breakfast
Fresh Peach Omelet Thin Slice Toast
Skimmed Milk
Luncheon
Clear Soup
American Cheese Orange Salad
Bran Roll Milk
Dinner
Tomato Consomme Broiled Fish
String Beans Celery Cole Slaw
Raspberries with Cream and Sugar
Black Coffee

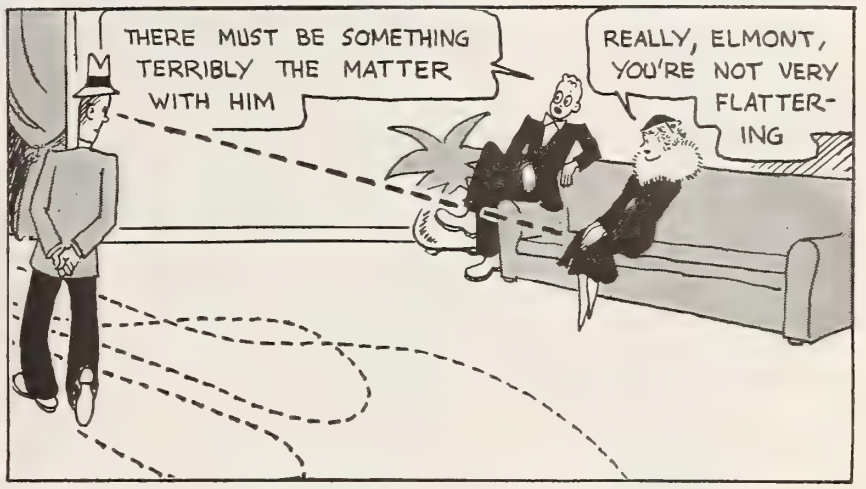
Breakfast
Huckleberries with Sugar, Whole Milk
Cornflakes with Sugar, Skimmed Milk
Bran Muffin Butter Clear Coffee
Dinner
Fruit Cocktail
Roast Chicken Celery Squash Salad
Black Coffee American Cheese
Supper
Clear Soup
Chicken Salad Bran Muffin Cauliflower
Lemon Ice Tea

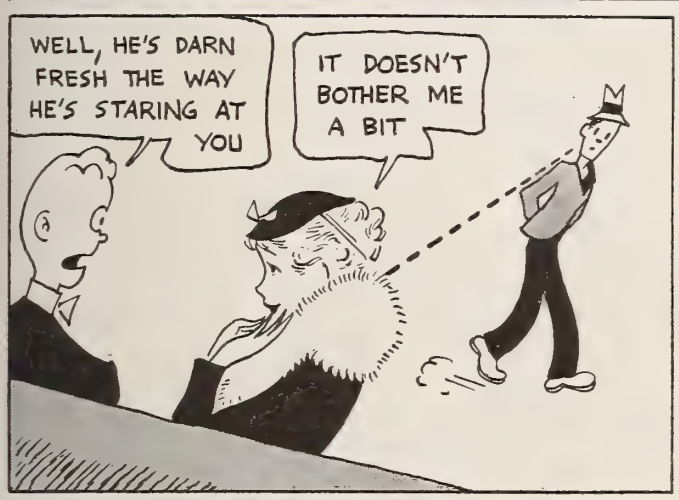
CUTIE

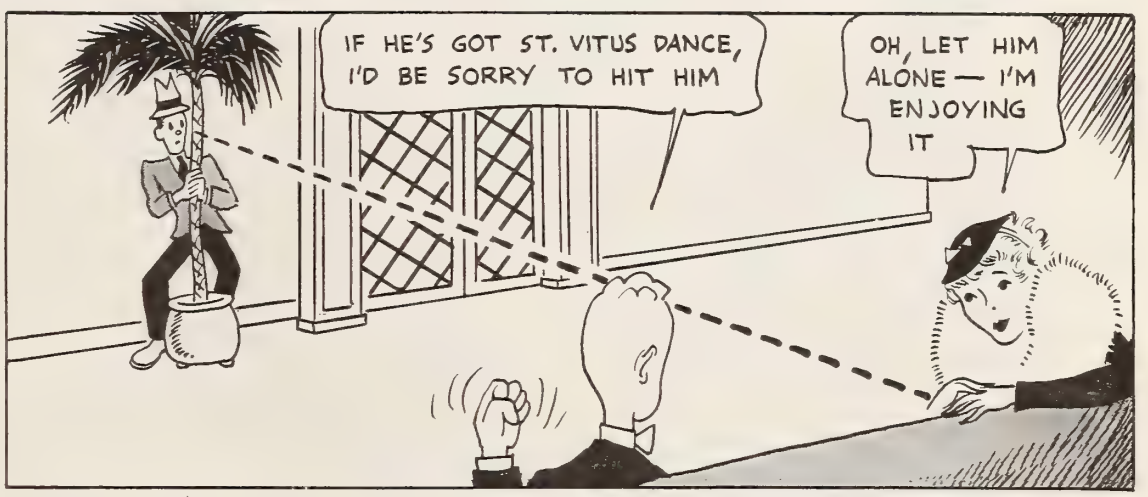


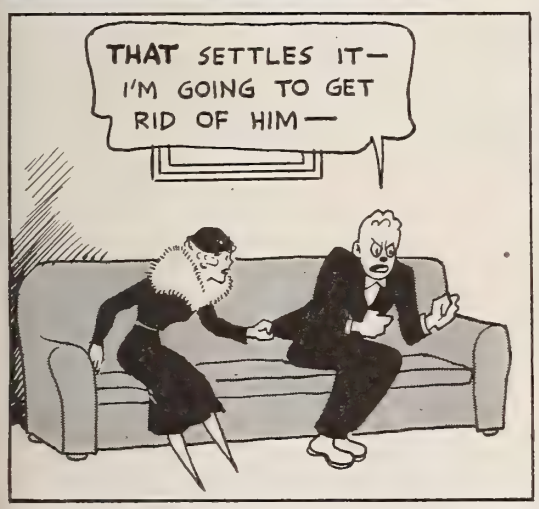
ANYTHING TO AVOID A SCENE















Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the new bright Cutex Nails . . .

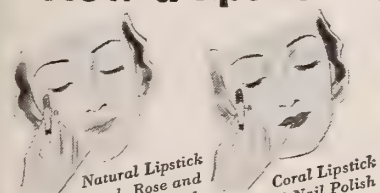
If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely *fashion-right*. Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now—Crème or Clear. The Crème hides nail blemishes. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



CLIP COUPON BELOW FOR SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

Mail 14¢ with this coupon

Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish . . .





Perfect harmony between your lips and finger tips from now on! Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish.

They're grand quality. Ideally creamy—without being greasy. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 5-Z-7
191 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.

Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

Name_____

Address_____



(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

Could the "Sheik" Win Hearts Today?

(*Continued from page 36*)

accent is an asset of his personality—is among the high-priced male stars—$150,000 a picture, two pictures a year.

Francis Lederer, who made women swoon when he burst on Broadway in "Autumn Crocus" and revived the cult of the matinee idol, has dark brown eyes that glow like open fireplaces, and that intangible, provocative something in his temperament that Valentino had—but not to the same degree.

His screen career has not given him the opportunity to be the sensation among women that his two stage appearances in "Cat and the Fiddle" and "Autumn Crocus" provided. He was cast as an Eskimo by RKO in "Man of Two Worlds," a singularly inept choice for the young heat wave from Prague. Lederer, six feet tall, one hundred fifty pounds, has "it" and fire and the ability to excite by remote control, from across the footlights, ladies from suburban sewing circles, stenographers from Wall Street, debbies from Park Avenue, and co-eds from New England. He's 28. Give him time—and some good pictures.

CORTEZ, Raft and LaRue are the villain-you-love-to-touch-you type; and when they're heroes, they have about them a darkly sinister quality of brooding or actual mystery that gets the girls who like to guess and wonder—about the facts of life and the factors therein. Cortez, in particular, has a tear-jerking quality that pulls women's hearts right out of their bosoms, a gift that insures his popularity with a large section of the more sentimentally inclined among women with deep-rooted maternal instincts intertwined with their romantic impulses.

Freddie March, Bob Montgomery and the gallery of 100 per cent American real-guy types—Gable, Tone, Powell, Baxter, Bellamy et al—are all exceptionally versatile actors who have played in a variety of roles, living courageously, dying heroically, laughing and clowning through life, being misunderstood and too well understood, being victims of wiles and the wily users of same—all in all, the kind of fellow who bobs up everywhere in America. You see him at the country clubs, the beaches, in the Pullmans, the transcontinental busses, on the steamers and the ferries, in the trolleys and the de luxe roadsters. He works in a bank sometimes, in a gas station often; he's a small town boy and a big city fellow. He's a cross-section of American male, this type. When he's glorified in the movies he's every girl's ideal, for he's the prototype of her adored brother, her football hero, her fiance—and always, the husband she'd like to have.

English stars who have won American women fans are Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman. Howard, a great actor, with a delicacy and strength, with a spiritual quality and physical charm, with sensitiveness and wit, has won a following that is as much intellectual as it is average. That, in itself, is a tribute. Marshall's appeal is also on the side of acting and charm—charm of an evanescent, undefinable quality the very mysteriousness of which makes him alluring.

When America was in the grip of prohibition and its attendant evils, when the gangster was glorified in movies because he represented a contemporary part of American life and was attractive even when he repelled, American women took to Edward G. Robinson and Jimmy Cagney. Both of them symbolized brute strength, ruthlessness; maleness rather than masculinity, a quality still appreciated by American women who like their men to be men.

They were so evil on the screen, these two, that they were attractive. They brought to life in movies the men whose dark deeds were being scrawled across newspaper headlines daily. They injected into life that fearsome quality that makes home more attractive and causes endless speculation about the evil doers.

With the virtual passing of the gangster on the heels of prohibition those qualities of rugged strength which had caused Cagney and Robinson to be selected to push people around, take others for rides, and go trampling roughshod on laws, conventions and life generally, were translated into more heroic, normal roles which in Robinson's case have been definitely inspring and thrilling and, in Cagney's, on the lighter, more humorous side, intensely amusing and entertaining—the tough guy with the heart of gold who gives the bully his come-uppance. The movie makers found that Robinson's ruthlessness would fit nicely into stories of earlier, ruthless Americans who pioneered in the creation of America as a great nation out of a wilderness. As Cagney is the embodiment of the independent middle-class young American, both these stars mirror a new and more constructive phase of life in these United States.

Valentino, wherever Valhalla is, must look upon the divided loyalties of women and find Valhalla even more satisfying.

Two and three and sometimes four thousand letters a day came to him, from his faithful fans, back in those early days when the screen had only one hero whose name was Valentino. Why? The answer is very simple. He gave the women what they wanted, what every woman everywhere wants. Romance!

"It is inherent in all persons, that desire," he said once, "and lacking in almost all lives. I understand that desire and I give to those who have it, release from sorrow, from pain, from boredom. I give them Romance, those who come to the darkened theater seeking in the shadowplay a little moment when they can get away from the harsh realities of life. And that is why they will never find my successor. It can't be done."

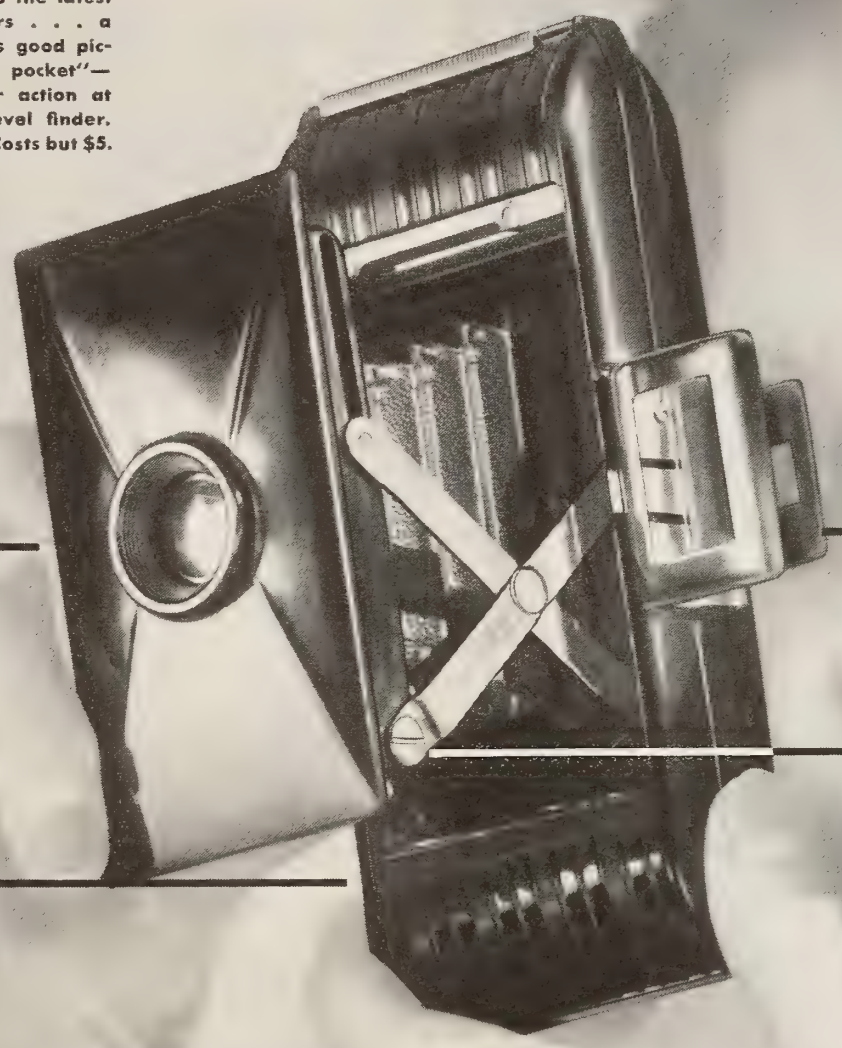
HE may have been truly prophetic, realizing perhaps that he symbolized an age that would pass with his passing, that era of the nineteen twenties, an age that was acutely romantic in its post-war desire to find in superlatives of joy, of freedom, of life, of love, a complete panacea for the black horror that had befogged all lives remotely or intimately touched by the war.

So for Valentino, in Valhalla, the toast: *"Le Roi est mort"* must finish there!

No one can add, as is done when a king passes and his successor steps to the throne—*"Vive le Roi."*

There IS no new king to wish a long life. The toast is complete only when it is halved. It is a fitting epitaph, its finality a tribute to the one screen lover who meant all to all women.

JIFFY KODAK V. P. — gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. Costs but $5.

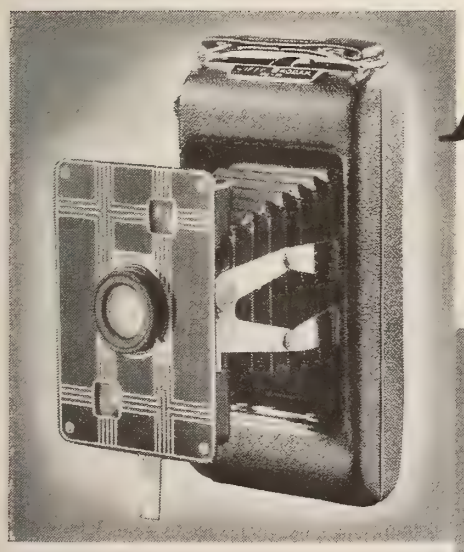


MODERN STYLING

EYE-LEVEL FINDER

ACTION FRONT

MOLDED CASE



JIFFY KODAK — It works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. It's the folding camera that works as easily as a Brownie. Extra smartness in its etched metal front and leather-like finish. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $8. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.

These newer Kodak features

show what your old camera lacks



YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera — any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. See for yourself what infinitely better pictures you get. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from $5 up; Brownies as low as $1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little? . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

BROWNIE — Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, called the Six-16 and the Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Extra-large finders. Six-16 Brownie makes 2½x4¼-inch pictures, costs $3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes 2¼ x3¼-inch pictures, costs $3.



WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. Beautiful Prevent-Tarnish Chest or Tuck-Away, regular $5.00 value.

RICH design, substantial silverplate, satin finish! It looks expensive. It has all the features of expensive silverware, including the smart new Viande* Knives and Forks. Yet the price is so low!

Never has there been such luxurious quality in an inexpensive service!—Only $21.50 for a service for six. Burgundy, Guild, Paris or Mayfair are equally moderate in cost. You will save money no matter which you choose.

Cream Soup Spoons, Salad Forks, Butter Spreaders and many other necessary pieces are available in all Wm. Rogers & Son patterns.

And now, at these prices, every woman can afford a "guest" set of silver—for those occasions when she uses only her best linen and china!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOOK FOR THIS MARK IS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

WM. ROGERS & SON
ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

The C's Have It

(*Continued from page* 19)

the most acute cases of "openspaceitis" extant. During seven months in the East I've remained in the city only ten evenings and seen but three shows. It isn't New York. It's just that "I reckon my city days kinda git me down and I'm durned glad to git back to the farm fur my nights."

I did not, however, expect to find the young and dashing Colbert with any mental hayseeds in her keen mind. She's got 'em, by gosh! And I found out why, but wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. The cart before the horse or the party before the broadcast. Neither is practical as you will see. It was arranged that I would send in for Claudette. I asked if there was anyone she would like to bring out with her. "Not here," she said, which led me to believe that there might be someone somewhere.

"Shall I call out my reserves?"

"Not for me!" she said. "I'd much rather just have a good visit with you." I was flattered to the eyebrows. She had never met my young husband and probably thought he had been left in Hollywood, not knowing that my views on married life are as narrow as her own slim hips. As long as one is in the game, I say no "time out" to pick up another set of signals. I told her I was going to risk all and give my Benedict the joy of an hour's drive with her.

"That will be fine!" said Cleopatra Colbert.

"I hope so!" said hold-your-man Janis.

Claudette gave those two huskily staccato sounds which constitute the ever ready Colbert chuckle. "Flatterer! I don't work that fast," she said.

Came Saturday—My young man up betimes and to shaving, combing, brushing, to say nothing of anticipating. He left the Manor at eleven A.M. At eleven-ten A.M. Miss Colbert on the phone! Miss Colbert with a "code id de dose" and a temperature of 101. "'No broadcast tomorrow, if you get out of bed today,' the Doctor said. I'm furious!" Claudette sniffed, "but I don't dare take a chance." I agreed that it would be pretty sad to do nearly a week's work and not be in on the pay-off. "Your poor husband! He will hate me the rest of his life, taking that long ride all the way in to town and all the way back for nothing. Is there any way you can stop him?" Claudette said.

"Don't worry about him. Just get well for tomorrow and I'll call you after the broadcast." Well, I was worried enough about the young man's fruitless quest to call my friends, the cops at Yonkers, which is half way to New York. Result, one blond and handsome young man in a blue De Soto coupe pinched at Yonkers. At least he thought he was until a motorcycling arm of the law said, "Elsie says come back home!"

CLAUDETTE'S broadcast showed the results of all that rehearsing. She was splendid in a condensed version of the comedy, "Holiday." At least she was herself, which is "sumpthin." Many stars of stage and screen on their first introduction to the great unseen audience are script-conscious, and no wonder. They spend their lives learning to say lines without one and then find that they are not permitted to say lines without one.

The broadcast over, Claudette started vacationing with real Colbertian vigor, which in spite of her rather frail appearance is tremendous. Theaters, night clubs, parties given in honor of the visiting "award-grabber-offer." It was, consequently, a fairly tired gal who arrived at the Manor house the following Sunday.

No, my young man did not drive her out. Having made my gesture of wifely generosity, I reverted to type. Claudette came out with another handsome and blond young man. We were six at lunch and had no sooner started nibbling than another young man who had evidently given up reading the papers for Lent said brightly to Claudette, "How is Nick?" Nick being the name by which most of his pre-marriage men friends address Norman Foster—the charming young man who up to time of going to press is still the husband of Claudette Colbert. It had been my intention to give her a pleasant surprise by proving that there was one stop on her vacation itinerary where she would not be asked anything about her husband. Unfortunately I had not rehearsed my guests. "How is Nick?" The airy query bounced across the table and landed right between the Colbert super-orbs.

"Nick?" She smiled quizzically. "Oh, you mean Norman. Funny, I never could understand that Nick business. I never called him Nick. I—" She smiled again, charmingly, as she added, "but I believe he is fine. You know I haven't seen him for five months." Obviously the young man did not know. Neither did I, but believe me Norman Foster as a subject of light conversation dropped into the clam broth just in time to be removed.

Claudette sat opposite me facing the early afternoon sunlight which floods the little dining-room of the aged Manor House. I had a great opportunity to study her as she talked. Two men on either side of her kept her fairly busy. At my end of the table I listened, which was a great change for me, and I should think a delightful change for my young man. She looked extremely young. Not that she isn't, but she looked like a child at times. A simple brown tricot dress with what would have been a Buster Brown collar a few years ago, but it probably has some swell new name now. I wouldn't know.

Claudette is consistently interesting, but I was astounded at her occasional flashes of naïveté. Not the assumed kind either, because she really muffed a couple of triple meanings that I slipped in from my quiet (?) end of the table. The next minute she would sound like old lady Aristotle herself. Her modesty about the award is not so much modesty as it is sense of humor. She cracks little jokes about it, which is the modern manner of receiving any honor, but you feel that she is mighty glad she won it.

All four men were obviously much intrigued by the simplicity and naturalness of the lady who happens to be their favorite screen actress. One gent in particular, who had confided to me beforehand that he thought she really must be Cleopatra. I have not seen him to collect his reactions, but if he expected Claudette to have any of Cleo's barge manners he must have been disappointed. Claudette's seductiveness lies in her complete unawareness that it exists. Naturalness is her keynote and so far as I've seen or heard she is generally right on pitch.

I've heard lots of tales out in Hollywood about her temperament, her arrogance, and her stubbornness. I've also heard about Garbo's big feet, which I

(*Please turn to page* 42)

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts



CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW

Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



Can't chafe

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn.

Can't fail

A special center layer is in the heart of the pad. It has channels to guide moisture the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use. No twisting.

Can't show

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always.

I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive features that bring you the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, other kinds are really no economy.

Remember, the Kotex absorbent, Cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals. Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder . . . QUEST, *for personal daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa.

The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade, regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for *you!* You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (14) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyrighted by Lady Esther Company, 1935

The C's Have It

(*Continued from page* 40)

happen to know are the perfect size for her height and weight, so I'm just taking Claudette as I find her and I hope I find her again soon. Temperament she must have. No actress could gallop from role to role scoring bullseye after bullseye in such a variety of characterizations without temperament and temper. Stubborn she must be to hold out and get the kind of roles she wants, but arrogant, well, I've always found that arrogance manifests itself toward so-called underdogs. Not that stagehands, electricians and propertymen are really under anything but I've been on studio sets with Claudette enough to know that the "gang" thinks she is swell.

The adjective "cagey" trailing the other C's in my title may need a bit of explaining. Perhaps you don't know what a handy little word it is when you want to describe someone who is cleverly cautious. Our award winner was interviewed at every railroad station on her trip East. She was met at Grand Central in New York. Photographed and again interviewed. She received the Press at her hotel later. She was here nearly three weeks, met many old friends, was quizzed by all of them, myself included. She was interviewed again when she sailed back to California via the Panama Canal and no one knows any more about her personal affairs than they did this time last year. That, my friends, in case you are not a slang addict like myself, is a sixty-five word definition of the pseudo adjective "cagey."

About everything else but her marital status Claudette is more than frank. For instance, the new hair. She doesn't even bother with that old West Coast alibi about the California sun bleaching hair. She gives full credit to the beauty parlor, but she is not happy about it. When she arrived at the Manor I met her at the front door. She held her hands over the proof of her light headdress, saying, "Don't look! It's terrible." She looked at my thatch waving happily in its chestnuttiness and said, "How I envy you. It's not really blonde though, is it?" She took off her hat and stood looking at me apprehensively. I allowed as how I thought it was slick. "But I don't feel like myself. I can't get used to it, and I want to explain to everybody that it doesn't photograph as bad as it looks." She sighed and started combing "it" before the mirror in the hall.

As a matter of fact it's only about three shades lighter than it was and photographs brown. Imagine feeling embarrassed by new hair in these days when women will meet you face to face with a newly lifted face and calmly tell you they have just been having a good rest when you remark that they look fifteen years younger.

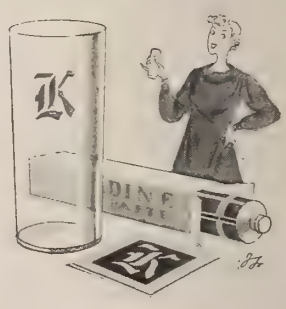
NOW about those mental hayseeds. That feeling of being hemmed in while visiting the Metropolis, that "glad to be here but I'll be glad to get back" attitude of the "cagey" one. Of course I suspect a romance. I will keep on hoping for romances for everybody until I check out for another world which I hope will be eternal romance, but meanwhile in Claudette's place I would have the same far-away look in my eyes if I were building my first house.

I doubt if any hidden Romeo could make her eyes shine brighter than the very thought of that paneled wall in the dining-room. The location is Holmby Hills which is a few miles nearer to the Pacific than Beverly Hills. The house is to be, in fact it nearly is right now (of course it will be by the time you read this), Old English. It sits far back in the Hills. "Not perched on top of one like a glorified cliff dwelling as so many are. I've got plenty of ground," Claudette said proudly, "and the garden is going to be marvelous." I nipped her in the midst of the delphiniums. Again she has proved her cageyness by waiting through years of undisputed success in films before making the gesture that most stars make before the ink on the exercised option is dry.

I'm not going to allow you to think that I didn't find out a few more things about this Franco-American charmer, but I found them out upstairs in my sanctum sanctorum after lunch. Her new hair and my old hair both came down a bit as we talked. Claudette thinks a lot about public opinion. "If I get a divorce, that is if we decided to. Elsie, do you think people would think—"

I interrupted briskly. "Concentrate on your screen performances and don't worry about what people think as long as you are not hurting anyone. As long as you keep on turning in successes like 'Torch Singer,' 'Cleopatra,' 'It Happened One Night' and 'Private Worlds,' the public will go to see you and admire you no matter who you are married to or divorced from. Give a few bad performances and they will leave you flat whether your halo is worn at the conventionally discreet angle or tip tilted over a winking eye. "Croyez moi, ma petite amie!" I added and suddenly we were off in a cloud of French. When she speaks her native tongue she is a couple of other gals. In English she is all American but en Francais the Latin side leaps forward to remind us that perhaps it is responsible for a lot of the Colbert charm.

Incidentally, I'm not sure that the word "cagey" didn't come from France by way of England just after the War. Anyway, vive la France, vive la Colbert, vive la Old English House in Holmby Hills and vive the idea that perhaps Claudette is going to buy my 1814 King's pattern Georgian silver which has been in a vault for years and is tarnished by a desire to go to work for a Queen.



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Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.



Who Pays the Bills in a Two-Star Family?

(*Continued from page 4*)

Many Hollywood marital upheavals can be traced to this very thing. Of course this doesn't apply in my case because, as a matter of fact, Mr. Thalberg makes more money than I do.

"The actual earnings of a motion picture star extend over a limited number of years. We can't count on more than our popularity of the moment. We hope we may continue for a long time, but we never know.

"I never mention my money in front of Mr. Thalberg. I never pay for anything in front of him. He cured me of that a long time ago. Now I'd let him change a five hundred dollar bill to buy me a magazine, a soda or a stick of gum before I'd take a nickel out of my purse.

"I buy my own clothes because I feel that a woman's clothes are a gift to her husband. And, besides, I like to feel free to be extravagant in this direction. If I were spending Mr. Thalberg's money for clothes, I'd worry about it. Not that he would object, but I'd feel that I should be more economical because it was his money. Then too, you can't expect any man to understand why a woman's clothes should cost what they do.

"Mr. Thalberg gives me my furs and jewels and automobiles at gift times. The lasting things all come from him.

"My husband and I have the same business manager, but our accounts are kept separately. In addition to my clothes, I take care of my own business expenses, my secretary, hairdresser, and my own family responsibilities. I buy the gifts for my personal friends, but presents for mutual friends are paid for by Mr. Thalberg."

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon have worked out an entirely different system for handling their respective incomes.

"We never mention money in our house," Bebe told me. "That is, money as belonging to either Ben or myself. We just put our earnings together and count them as one. We have the same business manager and the same bank account. Ben attends to most of the business affairs, and I run the house. We buy our cars or anything along that line together. We've found that the wisest solution.

"Of course the clothes problem is no problem for me because I have a gown shop and all of my things come from there."

RUBY KEELER has little or nothing to say about the family finances, for Al Jolson has very definite ideas on the subject and insists that things be handled his way.

When Ruby first started to work in pictures Al said that he wanted it understood that he was to continue to pay all the bills. He will not let Ruby buy a dress, a handkerchief or even a soda with her own money. There are only two things Ruby can do with the money she earns—she can save it or give it away.

With some of her money Ruby has purchased a home for her family at Toluca Lake. Christmas and birthdays she revels in spending sprees and loads her family down with gifts. Al has had the same business manager for years, and he practically manages Ruby himself.



Doctors Say *Morning*
Is the Best Time to End
CONSTIPATION



PLUTO WATER
GIVES SAFE RELIEF
IN AN HOUR

Of course, morning is the best time to treat constipation. That's just common sense. Any woman knows that a laxative drug, if kept in her system all night, is liable to harm delicate tissues somehow, some way. That's why doctors say, "Wait until morning before taking a laxative. Then, if nature still refuses, you can always depend on safe, gentle Pluto Water for a natural flush within an hour".

50,000 Doctors Recommend It

50,000 doctors recommend Pluto Water, the saline mineral water that comes from French Lick Springs. And here are four important reasons why it is preferred above all other forms of laxatives: *First,* it is not a drug or a medicine and is therefore non-habit-forming. *Second,* Pluto is prompt—works in an hour. *Third,* Pluto is gentle, it simply flushes the intestines naturally. And *Fourth,* it is practically tasteless when properly used—1/5 Pluto, 4/5 water.

Next time you feel dull . . . when your digestive system is sluggish . . . take this safe way to more natural relief. Take Pluto Water *before* breakfast. In less than sixty minutes you'll be your old energetic self again—happy, active, clear-headed—for Pluto will cleanse your system gently and completely of all waste poisons. No risk of doping your system overnight, either. You can get a bottle at any drug store—two sizes—25c and 50c.

When Nature Won't Pluto Will

PLUTO WATER
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The stars will tell you that no system for the solving of money problems can be laid down as the most successful because it depends so much on the temperaments, the earnings and the philosophy of the individuals involved that each couple must work it out for themselves.

SALLY EILERS and Harry Joe Brown handle their affairs in almost the same manner as the Thalbergs. However, Sally does not buy her own clothes.

"Harry wants to pay for everything that I would have as Mrs. Brown," said Sally. "He pays all the household expenses and buys my clothes. We have three bank accounts, Sally Eilers', Harry Joe Brown's and Sally Brown's. The Sally Brown account is kept up by Harry, and I draw on it to pay the household bills.

"I pay all the expenses incurred by my work. For instance, I pay for my maid and chauffeur because it would not be necessary to have two chauffeurs or a maid at the studio if I did not work.

"I pay my secretary and take care of my own family responsibilities. If it's necessary to buy clothes for the screen, I pay for them, but Harry buys everything I wear off screen. Harry says he feels better about handling it in that manner."

JOAN BLONDELL and George Barnes go fifty-fifty on expenses.

Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton also put their money together, and Leslie manages their business affairs.

Joel McCrea pays all the bills in the McCrea-Frances Dee household. Frances buys things for the house and for herself out of her own money if she wants to, but Joel is the head of the house and pays all bills and gives her money if she wants it just as if she did not work.

"Her conscience is her guide as to what she does with her own salary," says Joel.

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE works in pictures only around Christmas time. She is such a capable actress that there is always a place for her on the screen, but she prefers to remain just Mrs. Freddie March. However, she says that she never could get used to the idea of buying Freddie's Christmas present and those for her own family with Freddie's money—so she sees to it that she has several salary checks of her own coming in around the holiday season.

ALL the household bills in the Cedric Gibbons—Dolores Del Rio home are paid by Mr. Gibbons. From her salary Dolores takes care of her personal wardrobe and buys such knick-knacks as she chooses for the house.

When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot were first married they worked out a detailed plan for the handling of their money. Bruce pays all the household bills. Adrienne buys her clothes, pays her beauty shop, maid and secretary.

She takes care of all the expenses pertaining to the upbringing of her daughter paying for her schooling, clothes, and doctor bills. Adrienne also pays the insurance on her own automobile and on her jewels and furs.

The old adage that "the woman always pays" doesn't go in Hollywood, at least financially speaking. The consensus of opinion among the women stars seems to be that it pays them not to pay either their household or personal bills. They all stress the point that the most important thing of all is not to discuss their earnings—at least within earshot of their husbands.

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Summer calls for Lorraine hair protection

SAVE THAT WAVE with Lorraine Hair Nets when you're playing golf, tennis or hiking. All shades, including grey and white. In double and single mesh, cap and fringe shape, regular and bob size.



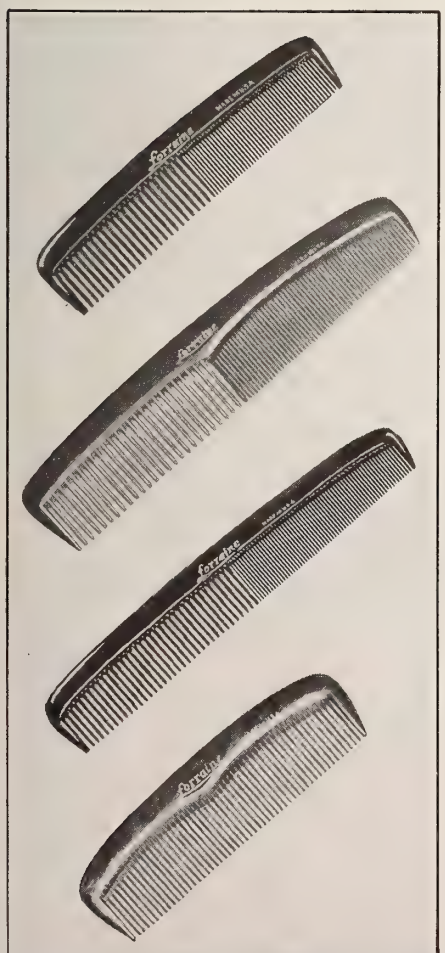
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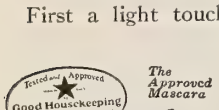


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Ralph Is My Pal

(*Continued from page 21*)

If I seem to stress this point it is only because I think it explains so much of his personality, so many of his actions. He is indeed fortunate that he is married to a girl like Catherine who shares this same outlook on life. I can't imagine two people more ideally mated. Catherine is a girl with a marvelous background. During her youth she lived in London where she met the most interesting and colorful personalities of the Continent (her mother was editor of the London Vogue) and when she married Ralph she gave up a brilliant stage career of her own . . . just as Florence did in my case. Ralph and I frequently "kid" the girls demanding to know how two such intellectual ladies happened to "take up" with a couple of mid-Western hicks like us and devote their lives to "improving our minds." Many people look on the Bellamys as allied with the "artistic, intellectual" circles of Hollywood, New York and London, completely ignoring the swell, carefree, unpremeditated pattern of their married life. With Ralph and Catherine there's never a dull moment . . . for instance:

Florence and I were expecting the Bellamys for dinner one evening when about two o'clock in the afternoon we received a wire saying they would be unable to keep the engagement as they were riding as far as Palm Springs with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Daniel Steele who were en route to New York by motor. The Bellamys said they'd be seeing us in a few days.

It was exactly three months before we put eyes on them again!

In Palm Springs they had decided on the spur of the moment to drive on to New York with the Steeles and they wired the servants to close the house. But that is not all. In New York they went down to see other friends off to Europe . . . and decided to sail with them at the last moment! This, mind you, beginning on a little jaunt to Palm Springs . . . "back in a few days!" Nor is this anything unusual. I understand his studio has threatened to hire a detective to accompany Ralph and Catherine whenever they decided to "see someone off," as they think nothing of hopping a boat or a train with only a couple of toothbrushes between them.

They are confirmed "spur of the momenters." Six months ago they bought a farm in Connecticut (they were just passing through) and they haven't seen it since! At the time of the purchase it was supposed to be the site of their future home. Now they're talking about building in California!

In view of Ralph's unpremeditated manner of living (at least it seems hectic to such staid old tax-payers as Florence and me) one might suspect a slightly rattlebrained element in his zest for adventure. Nothing could be further from the truth. I've never known anyone so thoroughly capable of handling an emergency . . . maybe because he's had so much experience in living them!

The day of the disastrous Southern California earthquake, Ralph and I were working in Hollywood at our respective studios . . . and Florence and Catherine were at our Laguna Beach home 70 miles away. No sooner was that dreadful jar over, or the worst of it, when I received a call from Ralph.

"We've got to get going," he yelled into the phone, "I've just had word that the worst damage was at Long Beach . . . buildings are completely demolished . . . fire is liable to break out at any minute . . .!" Laguna is only a short distance from Long Beach, scene of the greatest disaster, and we were beside ourselves with worry.

Five minutes later Ralph picked me up and we were on our way. My only thought was to get to Florence and little Penelope . . . every other detail had left my mind. It was Ralph who, in his own deep anxiety, had remembered to get a police pass that would get us through the lines of the barricaded district! Without it it would have been utterly impossible to get through. When we arrived we found the girls calmly cooking dinner and thoroughly surprised to find us on the scene. We were so relieved we had three highballs then and there . . .!

I have always believed a man gets to know a great deal about another man by the way he handles alcohol. Some of the "best guys" I have ever known when they aren't drinking do a right-about-face and become quarrelsome, argumentative and quite impossible when they get in the same room with a bottle of brandy. With Ralph it's this way . . . he doesn't drink much or often. But when he does it makes not the slightest difference in his appearance or his manner. He drinks as he does everything else . . . like a gentleman!

Though he loves discussion on all subjects from religion to politics he refuses to argue and is the first tactfully to "sign off" any conversation that is reaching the heated stage. He loathes rows and will do anything to avoid them . . . or to steer others out of the mire of argument. I have seen him sit and swallow ideas which I knew were foreign to his private beliefs without any sign of disagreement. When I have questioned him about it later he has said: "But he wasn't expounding ideas . . . only prejudices."

This innate tactfulness has earned him the reputation of being extremely easy to get along with . . . and a few misguided souls may have the idea it would be easy to take advantage of him. On the contrary, it is impossible to fool him. His knack of seeing through people and ideas is uncanny. He might sit and listen carefully to the outlining of some "gold brick" scheme merely because the tactics might amuse him . . . but he would not be fooled for a minute. He might deliberately "draw out" the wise guy and let him think he had made a sale but when it was all over the spellbinder would be exactly nowhere. It is impossible to talk him into anything. He resents high pressure salesmanship in everything from politics to religion.

To his work in Hollywood he brings the same balance and sanity so apparent in every other important thing in his life. He is wholly untormented by Hollywood . . . by professional jealousies . . . by worries over billing or whether some other player gets a portable dressing-room on the set and he has to walk a half-mile to his. His only interest is in his performance and he feels that if his work is good he needn't bother getting temperamental about things that never show on the screen. He thinks about his work a great deal . . . and talks about it very little.

I have often wondered what would happen to many Hollywood actors if movieville should suddenly blow up in smoke . . . or if they legislated against it or something. The business is overrun with players who eat, sleep and breathe Hollywood. They can't talk or think anything else.

But Ralph is not one of them!

His life is filled "with a number of things" . . . !

I am proud to call him my friend!

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The beautiful **FAY WRAY**, a Columbia Pictures star

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These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night — one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

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Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the eight smart shades.

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Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Tomato Red ( ) Platinum Pearl.

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"Lovelier every day". . . I Could See for Myself

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You have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. For glorious hair, for smooth, peach-downy arms and legs.

1. **BLONDES**—if your hair is darkened, faded or streaked, Marchand's used as a rinse will secretly restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

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Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package is waiting for you at your drug store. *Start* using it.

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A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest, healthiest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today.——→

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Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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The new book *"Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health"*, contains many up-to-date facts regarding the various vitamins and mineral salts. Also information on infant care and feeding. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods or 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG207, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Getting Back at Eve

(*Continued from page 27*)

Wally Beery, James Cagney, Paul Muni, Charlie Ruggles. Men want facts or comedy. When it comes to romance men seek it in a parked car rather than on the screen.

Recently I read an article by a woman explaining Mr. Gable's special appeal to women. She said women flock to see him because they are emotionally starved. What's the matter with the gals? For years we've been told the American men aren't romantic enough for the American women. Hooey! Even the Mdivanis can't seem to satisfy them.

Personally I don't think women are as "idealistic" as producers believe, not the young ones anyhow. Each week I see more of them at the newsreel theaters. Mr. Goldwyn says men see pictures with their minds while women see them with their hearts. Yet George Bernard Shaw titled his book "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" because, he said, women are the reading thinkers in America today. Certainly they have supported such comparatively loveless films as "Chapayev," "David Copperfield," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Ruggles of Red Gap."

The sexes found common interest in "It Happened One Night" because it was honest. Men certainly do not object to romance when it is treated realistically with its inherent comedy. God knows we all support Miss West in her honest endeavors.

Frank Capra, the young Italian humanist who directed "It Happened One Night," says: "If you could take the actor out of motion pictures, pictures would be better."

That has been the cry of every honest director since D. W. Griffith, who once said:

"Everyone can act except an actor."

The proof is children. They are always natural actors—until they become professional. The same applies to adults.

FOR spontaneous realism there isn't an actress in Hollywood who can compete with Miss Shirley Temple. And after seeing some of them on the set, snippily insouciant, with no memory for their lines, I should say Miss Temple, who always knows hers and can even prompt her fellow players with theirs, rates pretty high in the intelligence tests too.

Freddie Bartholomew is awesome even in such a superlative cast of players as "David Copperfield" presents.

I'm no fan for kiddie actors but I'll lie down and roll over for Mickey Rooney. As Puck in the Hollywood Bowl performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he impressed me more with Shakespeare than I ever gleaned from stage or classroom. The boy was pure translation.

Jackie Coogan at four was co-starred with Chaplin because Chaplin considered the child an equal.

Veteran Jackie Cooper held his own with such a trained sparring partner as champ Wally Beery.

Even among the kiddies the Adams seem to lead the Eves.

But give the Eves a chance. They haven't been acting for as long as the Adams. In Shakespeare's time boys played all parts, including Juliet.

And don't forget, Adam was an actor when Eve was only a rib.

So saying, your faithful serpent glides fearfully off to Russia.

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SAVE MONEY THIS EASY WAY

YOU can serve Hires Root Beer generously because it costs so little to make this delicious, wholesome beverage at home.

8 glasses for 5c! Nothing equals this economy. One bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer by just adding sugar, water and yeast.

More money can't buy a finer beverage than Hires Root Beer.

MAKE THIS TRIAL

No matter what beverage is your family's favorite—make up some home-made Hires Root Beer. Let them try it. Serve it to guests. It's nutritious and wholesome, accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. So it is as good for children as for adults. Hires Extract is for sale at all dealers.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. T.M.-7

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Hollywood Scares Hell Out of Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

man starting out in pictures that famous line: "Study hard . . . apply yourself and surely your chance will come." It applies to every other business in the world . . . except movie acting. In Hollywood you can burn the midnight oil and apply yourself until your head reels . . . and get exactly nowhere; while just around the corner, some mass of sex appeal will be hog-tied into stardom with no effort on his part beyond a boyish smile.

Even the experiences of other actors in your same bracket of success can seldom if ever be used to cover your own particular case. Actor "A" may get temperamental, refusing to do a certain part and the studio will reward his artistic integrity with a broken contract. Actor "B" may do the identical thing and get a boost in salary. A few go on salary strikes and get away with them . . . while others go on salary strikes and their names are mud! Walking out on a contract has led some actors to greater heights at other studios . . . and in other cases it has meant the end of the road.

WHEN I walked out on my Paramount contract six months ago . . . after eleven years with that studio . . . I had no more idea as to whether I was doing the right thing than I would have had I just set foot in Hollywood and knew nothing about it! Naturally, I thought I was doing the right thing . . . my advisors thought so . . . but at the very best, it was a stab in the dark, a long-shot, a stack of chips on a roulette number with Hollywood, herself, turning the wheel dizzily for my future.

What I am about to say is not intended as a stab-in-the-back at the organization that brought me along from $75.00 a week as a stock player to the $2,500.00 a week starring contract which I cancelled. Actually, we parted on the best of terms and I know that the old Melrose Street lot will always be "home" to me. But I sincerely believe that if I had remained at Paramount another year, my career would have been at an end!

You may well ask: "How is it possible for him to be worth thousands of dollars to a producing organization one year . . . and be totally valueless at the end of that time?" Only in Hollywood could such a thing be true. The reason is simple:

It is utterly impossible for a movie actor to accumulate fame!

A bank president can accumulate a reputation for honesty, in eleven years, that will last him the rest of his banking life . . . if he continues honest. A painter may create one great masterpiece and be remembered for it always. The writer of one great novel is never forgotten.

But a Hollywood actor is only as good as his last picture . . . or at best, his last two. It makes no difference that he was nick-named "Joe Box-Office" two years ago . . . or that he was formerly acclaimed a great actor. If "Joe Box-Office" puts out two or three bad pictures in a row this year, he might just as well have been a ham actor all along. The last year of my Paramount contract, I made nothing but mediocre pictures. I could see the handwriting on the wall . . . not to mention the wail of the critics in my ear:

Hollywood Scares Hell Out of Me

"Is Arlen really an actor, after all?" Well . . . am I?

THAT'S another thing I haven't learned in my years of Hollywood service. That's not phony modesty, either. It is, instead, a delicate point that has always intrigued me. After the release of such pictures as "Wings" . . . "Ladies of the Mob" and "Touchdown," I was called by the newspaper gentry such endearing terms as: ". . . that sterling actor . . ." ". . . a splendid performer" and so on down to such nice-to-hear adjectives as "swell . . . sincere . . . natural charm . . . and talented." On occasion, since that time, I have been rated by the same critics as "Dick Arlen, as usual" . . . "Arlen walked through his part" . . . or . . . "the disputable ability of Dick Arlen." I ask you!

The greatest opportunity of my career came in "Wings" for which I was paid $75.00 a week. Since I got over the $2,000.00 a week hurdle, I haven't had anything to compare with it . . . and all the while at the same studio! Over and over again, I ask myself the same question: "Was I faking in 'Wings' and 'Touchdown' . . . or was I really doing a capable acting job?" I can't answer that question. But I am quite sure that if I was an actor then . . . I still am.

Since leaving Paramount, I have done one picture: "Heldorado" and it has been very well received at the box office and by the critics. Who knows, maybe I am an actor again!

BUT the dangers and uncertainties of our profession are few compared to all the dangers of Hollywood. The personal, private-life hazards are just as great, just as frightening.

Jobyna and I have been married eight years. During that time we have been ardently publicized as a "happy marriage" . . . maybe we've had too much of it. A little over a year ago, Ricky was born . . . the crowning happiness for both of us. I had the impression that it was pretty well understood Jobyna and I were making a grand go of things, that our marriage was more or less free from the scare-rumors that infest most Hollywood unions.

Yet, the other day, I was playing golf at Lakeside when a newspaper reporter came tearing out of the clubhouse and dragged me away from my impatient foursome. "Listen, Dick," he panted, "you're an old friend of mine and I wanted to check with you before we did anything about the story. The tip just came into the desk that you and Joby have separated, that she's moved to Palm Springs with the baby and that your house is up for sale. Have you anything to say about it?"

Does Hollywood scare me? I'm telling you, the perspiration stood out on my forehead. I was no good for golf after that. It took my breath away that such a story could have landed in a newspaper office . . . carrying such an implication . . . from such an innocent series of events.

It was perfectly true that Joby was at Palm Springs with the baby. She had gone down there for a little vacation and a chance to sunbathe a cold out of Ricky. I had given the servants a few days off because it was really easier for me to eat at the club. I was in town (and not at Palm Springs where I wanted to be) because I had been detained a few days for re-takes on the picture. But never, in my most Hollywood-scared moments, did I ever dream that such circumstances could be twisted into a divorce story . . . to be denied immediately . . . or be flashed on the wires all over the country as a rumor.

Suppose this friend of mine hadn't been able to locate me? Or, suppose his editor had decided to put through the story without bothering to investigate? Imagine Joby's feelings, to read such a thing in the papers. Realize *my* feelings, when I thought how accidentally it was that I had been able to stop it!

I'M going to admit it. I'm scared of Hollywood rumors. Oh, of course, you can deny them and try to laugh them off. But, believe me, they actually do something to the people involved! True or not, they are equally terrifying. Even if your wife has the good sense not to become suspicious following every silly story . . . rumors have a way of making you both prisoners of: What will people say? You don't dare take a vacation apart because the old divorce rumor will start again. You become self-conscious if you are caught walking across the lot to the studio restaurant with the leading woman in your latest picture. On parties, you must be careful not to dance too often with another woman . . . and your wife must be equally careful of her dances with other men. For the finger of suspicion will rest on you . . . and once it has pointed your way, you're never free of it again.

I think more marriages have been wrecked in Hollywood because of trying to live down the rumors of divorce . . . than by all the other women and other men put together!

But I can just hear you saying: "Yeah . . . sure . . . but when you have laid all your criticisms end-to-end, think of all the MONEY you get. That ought to make up for everything . . ."

Well, I'm not going into the details about what happens to movie money in Hollywood . . . you've probably heard it all before. But after the government gets its half . . . your trust fund gets a portion of the balance and you live up to your reputation . . . there isn't even much for the get-rich-promoters! And, Lord knows, Hollywood has a promoter hanging from every tree looking for some of that so-called easy money from the movies! Hollywood may be uncertain on careers . . . death on happy marriages . . . and generally tough on the nervous system, but it's a magician where money is concerned! Now you see it . . . now you don't. And it isn't always a case of squandering it, either. I've known actors who have "invested themselves into the poor house" just as sensibly as others have thrown it away. For instance, there is the little matter of those business lots I own over in . . . but there, that's a sore point at our dinner table now, so I won't go into it.

Seriously, though, Hollywood has the ability to send you straight up to Paradise at a million miles a minute . . . but before you get a chance to look around and get your bearings, ZOOM . . . down you go again even faster.

Your money is over three-quarters gone before you have a chance to count it . . . your home life and even your baby is constantly at the mercy of rumor and libel, and you know ten times as many questions as you ever will answer! I'm sincere when I say: Hollywood scares hell out of me!

Not all Sun-Tan is Becoming

Optical Machine finds Answer to

DULL TAN.. HOT RUDDY TAN.. FADING TAN



(above) **MISS SALLY HANFORD** uses Pond's Brunette in winter. In summer, Rose Brunette. (right) **MRS. ALLEN WHITNEY** uses Natural in winter. When sunburned, the new Pond's Sun Tan.

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

EVERY SUMMER your face changes its color scheme! That bright sunlight makes it creamy instead of white—brown instead of creamy.

Only—sometimes—the creaminess is just unbecoming yellow. The brown is dull and dingy. The rose is hot and muddy! *It's time for a new shade of powder!* Not just any dark powder, but one that actually transforms dull tan or hot ruddiness into a sunny glow.

With an optical machine, Pond's found the surprising hidden tints in skin! *Bright green*—even in the brownest skins. *Brilliant blue*—in the blondest skins. They found the tints to brighten a dull skin, to tone down high color. They blended these *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

SEE WHAT these entirely new Pond's shades will do to bring summer enchantment to your face:—

Sun Tan (Dark Brunette)—different from any other sun-tan powder. Gives a *glow* to dull tan—a lovely, sunny look to all skin—reduces over-hot coloring.

Rose Brunette—gives warmth to early or fading stages of tan.

Brunette—for a clear, creamy skin.

Rose Cream and Natural—if you are blonde and trying to keep your winter complexion.

To know which is yours, try *all* of these shades. When you test them for color, notice how smoothly this powder goes on—how closely it clings, yet never clogs the pores—and what a flattering finish it gives to even an outdoor skin.

Send now for your gift supply—enough of each shade for a full five-day test. You will discover the exact shades of Pond's Powder that will make your skin look its loveliest through every stage of its summer complexion.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

. . . mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. G92, Clinton, Conn.
Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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These lovely women prefer

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

so will You!

I prefer FAOEN because it's different!



Countess de la Vairin

Prominent society leader and arbiter of fashion prefers FAOEN No. 44.

Some call it Glamour—I call it FAOEN!



Frances Williams

Internationally-known stage star, now appearing in Life Begins at 8:40.

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN!



Mimi Richardson

Well-known model and New York debutante prefers FAOEN No. 12.

To me, FAOEN is the essence of romance!



Anne Parker

Popular society debutante—a descendant of Duncan Phyfe.

10c in tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids



Sam Sax

STAR MAKER

WHERE do those "short subjects" come from?

At the Vitaphone Studios, in the East, a chap named Sam Sax turns out two of them every week of the year. He is just rounding the one thousand mark. In five years he had made more stars than Hollywood has!

Coming from the Independent production field of Hollywood, Mr. Sax assumed charge of what the Warner Brothers considered their prize white elephant. In a short time he had carved out of chaos an organization that functioned with such perfect results, that what was meant to be an experiment became a permanent fixture. Thus, in the oldest studio in the United States, where such former great stars as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Edith Storey and Maurice Costello soared to the heights of stardom under the banner of the old Vitagraph, a new University of motion picture acting came into being. Professor Sax issued diplomas to Hollywood with such rapidity that Warner Brothers have practically built up their entire stock company with the graduates from Brooklyn.

Joan Blondell began her motion picture career in this Flatbush Fraternity of the movies, as well as Jean Muir, Dick Powell, Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis, Phillip Reed, Hal LeRoy, Evelyn Knapp, Dorothy Dare and Pat O'Brien—all of whom have been or are now Warner stars or featured players.

Sylvia Sidney did her first picture in this studio, and the same is true of Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Lillian Roth, Joe Penner, Vivienne Osborne, Queenie Smith, Jimmy Dunn and Jack Haley. When Madge Evans was trying to come back in talking pictures Sam Sax gave her the opportunity in a two reeler, which led to her long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What Hollywood executive can show such a list of big names, and take the credit for their discovery?

Mr. Sax boasts, and rightfully, that his studio is the most complete in the East. Not only does he maintain a scenario department, a music department, a stock company; but a staff of directors, cameramen, publicity men and still-photographers. In his studio are three sound stages, a commissary, a rehearsal hall and a gym. With the whole of Broadway to draw upon for his talent he never has to resort to talent raids, like his brothers on the West Coast. He feels that in the next five years he will have created another hundred stars.

CUPID



ONE cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes. Cupid cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that *does not rub off!* You can't go wrong with Cupid. Try it today . . . either a bottle of the liquid form; or a tube of the paste that's so convenient when you're traveling.

10c *in liquid or paste form*



AND FOR YOUR OTHER SHOES—

Whittemore's, who make Cupid, have been making shoe polishes for almost a century. They also manufacture superior Oil Pastes for leather shoes in all colors — black, tan, brown, ox-blood and neutral—in convenient cans with the easy-opener. For only ten cents. Whittemore's Oil Pastes polish, preserve and soften your shoes. Will not crack the leather. They give your shoes a mirror-like shine—whether they're wet or dry. Add it to your shopping list this week.



10c

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 29*)

VERY forlornly, Joe Morrison says: "Sometimes I wish I'd never sung 'The Last Round-Up'"! So that makes it unanimous.

PAUL KELLY got a "bird" the other day, but, seeing that it was just a little bluebird, Paul didn't take it too hard.

It seems that our recent phenomenal hail storm just about wrecked the bird's nest, leaving this bedraggled little fellow sole survivor and in a bad way.

Taking it in the house, Paul fixed up a warm berth for the bird and tried to coax it to have a spot of lunch with his canary. But the little thing just turned its face to the wall and refused to touch a bite of it. After a frantic day, Paul discovered that there are birds . . . AND birds. And the kind of food it takes to make a canary happy is just so much dog biscuit to a bluebird.

So Paul and the whole family went on a fly, worm and bug hunt, and the way that birdie went after the feast would do your heart good!

It's going to live, and Paul is so pleased with his bird doctoring that, if the two canaries will move up, "Blooie Looie" can stay right there just as long as he likes!

WITH a wardrobe stocked with the latest Paris creations, Ketti Gallian attended a smart dinner party wearing a gown that cost only a few dollars.

On location in the desert, Ketti had only lounging pajamas and riding clothes to her name when she ran into some old friends from Bakersfield who invited her to a formal dinner.

Dashing into Bakersfield, twenty-five miles from "location," Ketti found only one small store open, and the only halfway presentable gown in the place was a black affair.

That wouldn't have mattered so much, either, but later, when she sent out an SOS for the hotel manicure girl, the modish cuticle-clipper walked in attired in the identical model that Ketti was wearing!

WE noticed Joan Crawford invariably standing up between scenes while other members of the cast slid down in their respective chairs and stayed there until the next call for "Action!"

"How come?" we asked Joan, curiously.

"It all started during that period when Adrian was designing my gowns so tight that I couldn't sit down," she told us. "When, by the time his styles swung back to the fuller skirts, standing up had become such a habit that it just doesn't occur to me to sit down when I do have a chance!"

A FRIEND of Mae West was all excited over his coming marriage.

"It's a gala day in my life!" he declared enthusiastically.

"M-mm-m . . ." murmured Mae. "A gal a day ought to be enough for anybody!"

WE always thought our Mae could "take it," but now, we sorrowfully relinquish the leather laurels to Paul Cavanaugh.

In a scene, Paul was supposed to take Mae in his arms and kiss her ardently (everything happens to some guys!) until Director Al Hall yelled "Cut!"

Hollywood Day by Day

But, Hall didn't yell "Cut!" And, for three minutes, Mae and Paul stood, toe to toe, in osculatory embrace (some fun, kid?). It might have lasted a lot longer, too, if Mae (and here's where she disappointed us) hadn't finally pulled out of the clinch, glared at the absent-minded Hall and demanded to know "what's the idea?"

So, our fedora's off to Cavanaugh, who instead of being carted away, feet first, merely lighted himself a smoke and strolled off, nonchalant as you please!

Ah, there, Paul. . . .

JOHNNY MACK BROWN happened to be just around the corner, the other night, when his five-year-old Jane Harriett, was saying her prayers.

Full of paternal pride, Johnny stood by until the child said her "now-I-lay-me" and finished by blessing everybody in the house. Then, turning to the Brown police puppy who had been watching the proceedings with great interest, Jane Harriett said: "You better pray, too, 'Baron'. And you better pray hard. 'Cause I promised a kid down the street a couple of puppies, and if we don't get 'em pretty quick, he'll pull my hair"!

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton are taking a course in German. And you'd be surprised at the reason. Coming into possession of a strange and rare animal, called a wire-haired dachshund, the kids discovered that he would take orders from no one unless said orders were given in German. So, Ann and Leslie dashed out to the nearest deutschmeister for instructions.

Ja, das ist ein schnitzelhund!

THIS seems to be a very doggy month. But, dogs . . . horses . . . what's the difference, as long as I like pink giraffes?

With Alan Hale's police dog on the job the family should give a care about bodyguards. Every night, "Ringo" plants himself right by the front door, nor will he budge until every member of the Hale household is in for the evening. Then, satisfied that all is well, "Ringo" stalks out to his kennel, stretches out on the mink coat he dragged from the scene of the Voltaire apartment fire and goes sleepy-bye with one eye open and one ear cocked for marauders.

AND, speaking of marauders . . . Douglass Montgomery got the scare of his life the other night.

Doug was lying in bed talking to a friend on the phone, when he noticed that the bedroom door knob was turning . . . slowly. . . . Breaking off his conversation in the middle of a sentence, he gasped: "Call the police! . . . Call the police!!" into the phone.

The knob flew back into place, there was the sound of scurrying footsteps and, by the time Doug could leap out of bed and yank the door open, the place was as empty and quiet as a tomb!

Upon investigating, the police discovered that there had been a prowler in the neighborhood but were unable to run the fellow down.

Next morning, bright and early, Doug got a license to tote a nice little gun. And now, even the house boy had better watch his step!

STILL, it might have been the same ghoul that ha'nted Dorothy Tree's new house the first night she spent there?

Right in the middle of the night, Dorothy was awakened by a terrific crash when a picture in the library mysteriously unhooked itself and fell to the floor!

Then, next morning in the bathroom, a bottle of double-strength ammonia slipped from her hands, and, before she could get away from there, Dorothy fainted from the strangling fumes. Luckily for her, however, her maid happened to come in before she was thoroughly asphyxiated and dragged her to safety.

We don't know how Dorothy feels about it, but, personally, we'd have a moving van backed up to that house r-rr-right *now!*

BACK to the dog house. And Clark Gable so tickled over that litter of fourteen Irish terrier pups that he's passing out cigars!

Which sorta takes the starch out of Cora Sue Collins, who's been gloating over the five baby kittens that arrived at her house, via the kitty stork. But, at that, she has an edge on Clark who's going to have a tough time digging up monickers for his brood, while Cora Sue has her family all nicely labelled already. And what high-powered names, too! They are "Garbo," "Shearer," "Billie Burke," "Pat" (O'Brien) and "Mayer"!

Take a bow, Louie!

YOU'LL be seeing the Crosby twins in the new Fox picture, "Redheads on Parade." Or rather, you'll be *hearing* 'em, which will give you all a chance to decide whether or not the youngsters have the makings of potential crooners.

It all happened when the kids' mama, Dixie Lee, and John Boles were going through a love scene in a synthetic movie theater, surrounded by hundreds of extras in the roles of spectators.

During the height of the action, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael Crosby, visiting the set with their nurse, interrupted the proceedings with what might be called crooning, or just plain bawling, it all depends on the way you look at it.

Anyhow, instead of tearing his hair, Director McLeod said: "Swell! We'll leave it in. I've never been to a movie in my life that some little bundle from heaven didn't set up a howl right in the middle of the most interesting action. That's realism!"

WE spotted Norma Shearer at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening and, so help me, Norma never looked more beautiful. Dressed all in white, she was, and looking utterly radiant as she sat between hubby Irving Thalberg and boss Louis B. Mayer.

Much as it pains us, it's our bounden duty to report that the Bill Powell-Jean Harlow romance looks very much as though it may have struck a snag. Across the room, at a secluded table, we spied Jean with a good-looking chap who was a perfect stranger to us. And the guy was that *attentive!*

LOOKS like Cupid must have got his wires crossed this month? Dick Powell, who has been a one-woman man, lo, these many years, has suddenly switched out on the Mary Brian angle and is paying heavy court to the delectable Virginia Bruce!

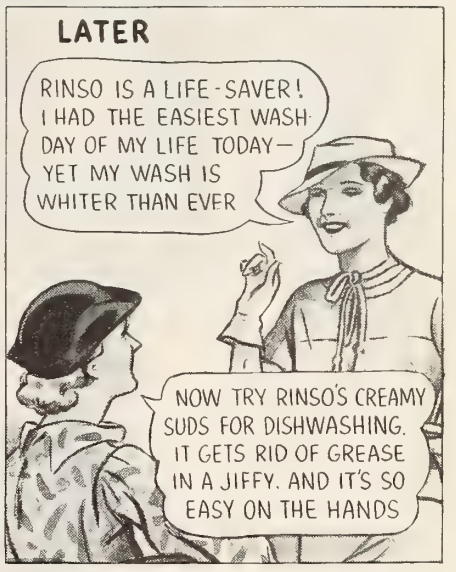
And Mary (for goodness sake!) is trotting hither and yon with the attentive Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, apparently not missing Dick for a split second.

(*Please turn to page 52*)









WANT to see the snowiest wash ever? *Try Rinso!*—in washing machine or tub. See how this famous soap *soaks* out dirt—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. See how a little Rinso whips at once into creamy, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* See how bright colors come! Clothes last longer washed this gentle way—they're not scrubbed threadbare.

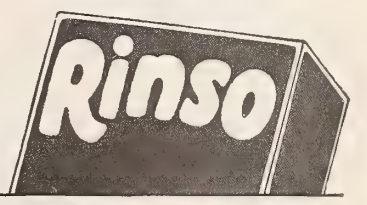
"Use Rinso," say washer experts

The makers of 34 famous washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. Marvelous for dishes and all cleaning. Grease goes in a jiffy, dishes and glassware *shine.* Easy on hands. Keeps them smooth, white. Get the BIG package. It's economical.

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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



An Old Favorite in a New Dress

● Look for the new ColoRinse package the next time you are near a beauty counter. For this new-old aid to well groomed hair now has a package as distinctive as the results it produces. There's nothing like a ColoRinse to put new sparkle, softness and that glowing, colorful "Sheen of Youth" into hair that is fading or showing age. ColoRinse is harmless—it doesn't dye or bleach—and there are ten lovely, natural shades to choose from!

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SAVAGE
LIPSTICK



A transparent, entirely pasteless lipstick that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night! Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips without coating them. A moment after application, the color separates from the cosmetic and melts right into the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and there are your lips pastelessly colored to a stunning hue that stays thrillingly bright for many hours. And on the bright, silvery case, tiny savages whirl in a maddening dance . . . provocative as the lipstick itself!

Four Really Appealing Shades

TANGERINE . . . has a light orange flare that does wonders in combination with blonde hair and a fair skin.

FLAME . . . is a truly exciting, brilliant red that's decidedly bizarre in its smartness.

NATURAL . . . a true, blood color that augments the charm of brunette beauty.

BLUSH . . . the kind of transparent lipstick that changes color on the lips to brighten the lips' own natural color.



20c
at all 10 cent stores

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 51*)

WAITING for the attendants to bring our old car, we watched a snappy sport roadster pull into the parking lot, radio going full blast. Stopping on a dime, the door banged open and out stepped Buddy Rogers, who sky-rocketed to fame and clunked back to earth while we were still knocking out confessionals in Grand Rapids.

Interestingly gray at the temples, Buddy looks like a million dollars and we wouldn't be too surprised if he might make one of those rare "come-backs," seeing as how he's all grown up now.

AL LEVY'S new cocktail lounge, adjoining the Tavern, strikes us as being the neatest job we've seen in a long time. Centrally located, it is the obvious spot where the stars can gather for a cocktail before lunch or dinner and, having gathered, stick around to swap stories and play "bean bag" with dropping options.

The place had been open a week before we got around to the christening and we're glad we waited. Because there sat Gordon Westcott, Paul Muni, Guy Kibbee and Edward Everett Horton, a quartette of swell guys if there ever was one. And Guy, proud father that he is, working in a few anecdotes on his bouncing offspring.

WHEN Mrs. Pat O'Brien opened her new gown shop, Pat invited a gang of his tough mugg pals to sit in on the fashion show. There was Joe E. Brown, Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, Lyle Talbot, and Frank McHugh, all sitting there with their necks washed and faces shining. Out in front, scrooged back into a secluded corner, we glimpsed Jimmy Cagney, looking shy as anything.

"Why don't you go on in?" we asked him.

"Sh-hh-h!" he cautioned. "I'm waiting for Allen Jenkins. I'm scared to go in without him, and he's scared to tackle it without me. Stand in front of me 'til he gets here, will you?"

THE male element seems to be going cream-puff these days. While in London, Lilian Harvey bought herself a fancy high-powered gas buggy with a chauffeur thrown in for good measure. Not satisfied with the speed the fellow was making, Lil made him climb in the back seat while she took the wheel. Stepping the car up to 90 miles an hour, Lil looked over her shoulder to ask the chauffeur how he liked it. There was no chauffeur! Frantically slamming on the brakes, Lil jumped out and peered down the road. No sign of anybody lying on the highway! Leaning weakly against the side of the car, what did she see on the floor of the tonneau but the chauffeur, all crumpled up and fainted dead away!

JUST for convenience, Chic Sale's sister, Virginia, bought an antique Chevrolet and the whole family was more than surprised when the thing showed a very affable inclination to go places without being pushed!

Imagine Virginia's surprise, however, when, on backing into a parking space, the horn began to blow, long and loud! Nor did it stop until she had successfully parked and switched off the motor!

Psychoanalyzing the mechanical marvel, it developed that "Chevvy" suffered from a peculiar inhibition to roar when in reverse! Not occasionally, but unfailingly! And now, Chic is trying to get it away from his adamant sister, for comedy gag purposes. He even offered to swap his brand new Cadillac for the crazy Chevvy. But Virginia won't give it up! She insists that her purchase included sound picture rights.

WE thought it was all settled between Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor until, all of a sudden, Ann started going places with Gene Raymond. That lasted long enough almost to convince us that Cupid had done a good job this time, when . . . out of a clear sky, Gene starts rushing Janet Gaynor!

It's the old Hollywood merry-go-round and, for goodness sake, who can you depend on?

WHAT did we tell you? With the ink hardly dry on our statement of the Dick Powell-Virginia Bruce romance, Dick ups and transfers his attentions to Olivia De Haviland, beautiful brunette heroine of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"!

AFTER fooling around with a trick moustache, in "Here Is My Heart," Bing Crosby was so deluged with fan requests to make the adornment a permanent institution that he let nature have its way with his upper lip, sprouting as neat a moustache as ever draped itself over a moustache cup! See "Mississippi" and let us know what you think!

PULLING on his new whiskers, Bing told us about asking George Burns and Gracie Allen for an autographed photo to decorate his dressing-room.

George was busy, so Bing foolishly agreed that it would be all right if Gracie did the autographing for both of them. And here's how it turned out:

"To George Burns and Gracie Allen—Love—from Bing Crosby."

And if you don't believe us, go right over to Bing's dressing-room and look for yourself!

WHEN their adopted baby, Sandra, sneezed the other day, George and Gracie yelled for the nurse, telephoned for the doctor and practically wrung their hands clean off at the wrist until nurse discovered that a bit of fuzz from the blanket was tickling baby's nose!

EVERY day, Tullio Carminati receives a mysterious telegram, signed merely "Carmen," and the lad is intrigued, no end.

HOW we laughed as Randy Scott futilely attempted to shake a couple of nice looking gals who were insisting that he take a chance on a punchboard.

How we laughed as poor Randy weakened finally under the high pressure sales talk and paid out for one punch.

And how *Randy* laughed when that one chance out of a thousand got him a beautiful and expensive electric clock!

SIXTY miles out of Hollywood, Will Rogers telephoned Irvin S. Cobb and invited him to drive out for lunch.

"Oh, say," Will added, after Cobb had accepted with pleasure, "would you mind stopping by my house and picking up a parcel for me?"

Of course, the humorist was only too glad to help a pal out and readily assented. But, when he arrived at the location, he discovered that Rogers had merely made a non-union messenger boy of him, as the comedian needed his blue suit.

"And all I had to eat was a box lunch!" Cobb wailed.

Hollywood Day by Day

ACCORDING to the script, Mary Boland was supposed to be slapped playfully on the back by Hans Steinke, wrestling champ of no mean ability.

All went well and Mary was standing there, fearing nothing when Steinke pulled back one of his ham-like "dukes" and let her have it, nor' by nor'east and smack between the shoulder blades.

Again, according to the script, Mary was supposed to just bounce a bit and glare at the sock-disher-upper. But, the "pulled" slap sent Miss Boland flying across the stage, knocking Charlie Ruggles into a cocked hat and making a perfect three-point landing in a stack of "flats." And it was a good five minutes before Mary really breathed according to Hoyle!

Mary isn't mad. On the contrary, she's thanking her stars that Steinke "pulled" it!

DIRECTORS may come and directors may go, but Cecil DeMille will go on forever. Spectators on a DeMille set have grown to expect a show, and C.B. (Lor' bless 'im!) never disappoints them.

One day, on the "Crusades" set, DeMille was giving his synthetic temper a swell work-out. Extras trembled in their boots, and the air was a fancy shade of indigo. . . . In other words DeMille was doing his stuff.

A feminine visitor eased onto the set just in time to get in on the tail-end of the explosion. Spotting her, C. B. turned off the expletives and turned on the charm. And let us interrupt to say that the DeMille charm is something to write home about.

Not knowing him for a quick-change artist, the lady was amazed . . . and showed it.

And so . . . Henry Wilcoxon to the rescue.

"The trouble is," he told the gal, "C. B.'s tongue is hinged in the middle. But you never know which end he's going to use!"

BUT the funniest thing happened the day Cecil came to work so hoarse that he couldn't raise his voice above a whisper! Picking himself a stooge, DeMille whispered instructions and the stooge yelled 'em to all and sundry. And did the lad take it big!

But it *was* a favor and ye Olde Mastere didn't forget it. With his voice back, C. B. promoted his stooge. So now the stooge has a job handing him his cough medicine!

OR maybe this is funnier?
Jean Harlow's mother calls her "Baby" and her step-father calls her "Lamb Chop."

EDMUND LOWE, long famous for being Hollywood's prime scene stealer, met his come-uppance last week, and from his own cat, too.

The scene was laid in an English Inn and the script called for the presence of a drowsing cat. Several felines were given screen tests but not one of 'em could be induced to lie down and go night-night. So Eddie solved the problem by bringing one of his own mousers to the studio.

All was well, with kitty stretched out peacefully before the hearth in accepted cat fashion. Camera! And enter Eddie.

Turning her head as her lord and master entered the scene, pussy got up, walked slowly across the room, sniffed suspiciously at the cuffs of Lowe's trousers, looked up into his face, meowed plaintively, arched her back and majestically side-wheeled to an exit!

Director Howard howled with delight, and, as the take was perfect, it went into the picture in spite of Lowe's protests!

THEY were talking about automobiles when Sterling Holloway approached Will Rogers and said: "Say, Mr. Rogers, why don't you buy a new car? That one of yours is three years old now."

"Son," Will replied, "I can't afford to trade that car. It has one feature you won't find on most of these new cars."

"What's that?" asked Holloway.

"It's paid for," said Will comfortably.

AN inventor at heart, Ann Sothern's chauffeur spends all his spare time in the garage inventing things, and his latest contribution is an elaborate system of bells . . . ranging from tiny ones of dulcet tones to wake the sleeping family gently, to a brash, clamorous one that will warn the household of a prowler.

Ann really gave the fellow a lot of credit until early one morning when the bells got a mite gummed up and the burglar alarm threw the family out of bed and on the run, scared plumb out of their wits!

Since then, Ann has issued an ultimatum that the lad confine his activities to plain old chauffeuring.

BUT then, even with the best intentions, we all make mistakes.

In celebration of the good notices he received in "One More Spring," Walter King declared a holiday in his home, bought tickets for all the servants and bundled them off to see the show.

While Walter and the missus scrambled their own eggs and burned the toast, "Snippy," the Scotty, was busy, too. With no one around to interfere, he chewed a big hole in an exquisite oriental rug that adorned the living-room floor.

Walter might not have minded so much but the house is rented furnished, so he is frantically trying to have it repaired to look as good as new before the owner spots the damage.

And the next time he scores in a picture, Walter declares he'll let the servants see it, one by one, so one of them can keep an eye on "Snippy" at home.

WE should be just about used to it by this time, but studio pettiness continues to gripe us.

If an extra has a "line" to read, his check for the day must be boosted from $10 to $25. And you'd be surprised at the way high powered executives waste company time in an effort to figure out a way to beat the poor fellows out of that extra fifteen bucks.

The most satisfactory stunt is to have the extra turn his back to the camera and then, after the shot is made, someone already on the studio payroll (and a lot of times it's the exec himself!) reads the line onto the sound track!

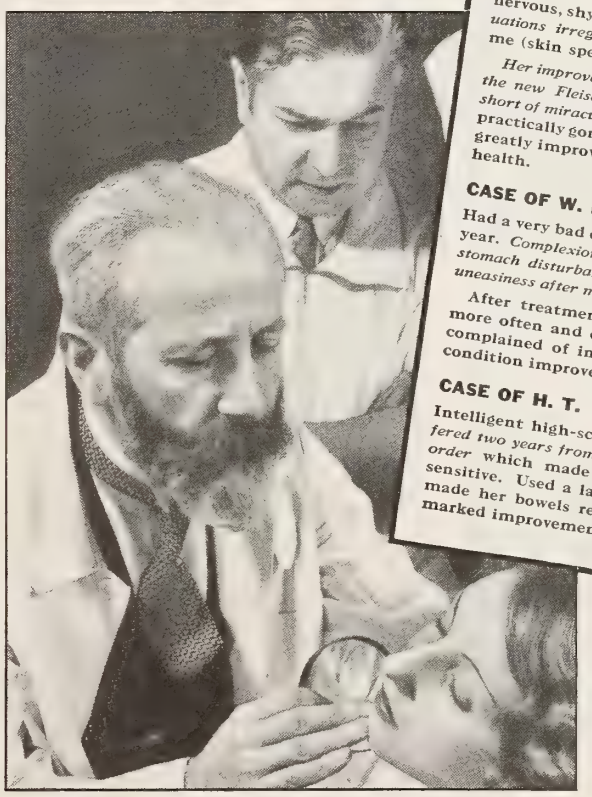
The Roman Nero threw his victims to the lions, but at least they were soon out of their misery. Yea, verily, Hollywood has a good edge on the Spanish Inquisition!

AND while we're on the love subject, our heretofore self-sufficient Katie Hepburn is all of a dither over what *leading man?*

Be seein' ya' next month.

SKIN TROUBLES
that had Defied Treatment
—*completely cleared up when treated this way*

Pimples (ACNE) and boils entirely disappeared as cause was removed



In a noted U. S. Skin Clinic, patients got these results:—

IN a leading American private clinic and two American hospitals, the new Fleischmann's Yeast gave improvement in 77%, 83% and 89%, respectively, of skin cases ("improvement" being defined as "a satisfactory clearing up of the skin lesion"). Typical cases from one hospital's records are:—

CASE OF L. T. WOMAN. AGE 27
Patient had very bad acne vulgaris. Was nervous, shy, shunned company. *Evacuations irregular.* This case surprised me (skin specialist's comment).

Her improvement under treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast was little short of miraculous. Her skin trouble is practically gone. Her nervous condition greatly improved . . . also her general health.

CASE OF W. D. YOUTH. AGE 18
Had a very bad case of pimples for one year. *Complexion sallow. Complained of stomach disturbances, belching, gas and uneasiness after meals . . .*

After treatment, his bowels moved more often and easily. He no longer complained of indigestion. His skin condition improved.

CASE OF H. T. GIRL. AGE 17
Intelligent high-school girl. *Had suffered two years from a common skin disorder* which made her irritable and sensitive. Used a laxative. The yeast made her bowels regular and gave a marked improvement in her skin.

"Best corrective for most skin troubles," says Dr. Hufnagel.
"I used the new fresh yeast in three clinics with very successful results," writes Dr. Léon Hufnagel (at left), head of Department of Skin Diseases, Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation, Paris.

Famous dermatologists found it astonishingly effective.

New food supplies "Protective Substances" not abundant enough in your diet. That's why it corrects an important cause of skin ills!

DISTRESSING skin troubles overcome—and general health greatly improved—simply by adding *one food* to the diet—

American hospitals are reporting this result in hundreds of their cases!

The commonest *cause* of common skin troubles, such as pimples and boils, is constipation. Constipation, it has now been found, can be *completely corrected* by supplying certain "protective substances" in the diet.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances. One food supplies them in abundance . . . the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a more *active* condition of your intestinal tract, increases the flow of stomach juices, and strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles.

As a result, your digestive tract works better. Bowels become "regular." Your skin clears up amazingly.

Eat the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast *regularly*—don't stop after a few days. And eat it *right*—according to the directions below. Starting today!

Eat at least 3 cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Some people eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day.

Eat it one-half hour before meals—on an empty stomach. If you miss a cake before one meal, eat 2 cakes before your next meal, or a cake at bedtime.

Eat it just plain—or dissolved in a little water, milk, or fruit juice.

Discontinue laxatives gradually (not all at once). After the yeast has strengthened your bowels thoroughly, you can stop using cathartics entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

The new Fleischmann's Yeast speeded up elimination 48% after one month's feeding—as shown by patients' "charcoal time."

It is not only the richest *vitamin*-"carrying" food (supplying Vitamins A, B, G, D); it is extremely rich in a substance resembling a *digestive hormone*. Being fresh, this yeast releases its properties in the body in their most active form.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . help *keep* you free from constipation. It's a food, you know—not a medicine.

To make sure of the cause of your skin trouble—see a doctor.

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10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

News-Snapping the Stars

(*Continued from page* 16)

The boys deployed down the bay en masse, grimly determined to photograph the elusive star.

Clambering aboard ship from the cutter which carried them to Quarantine, the photographers rushed immediately to her cabin only to discover, that Hartford's first citizen had disappeared, and searching seemed futile. Suddenly, while a council of war was in progress, a grinning photographer was observed trailing behind the supposedly elusive star. Without quarrel or equivocation, Hepburn posed for the astonished news photographers, who mechanically went through their routines. Later, they discovered the reason for the star's willingness.

"When I couldn't find her," revealed the photographer who had followed Miss Hepburn on deck, "I figured she must be hiding out in somebody else's cabin, so I picked out Ernest Hemingway, the writer, and hung about the companionway near his door. Sure enough, out came Hepburn and from my hiding place, I let go with the flash bulb. Pow! She jumped into the air. "Oh, don't use that picture, please," she said. "No lady," I said, "not if you'll come up and pose for the rest of the boys."

And Katy did.

SHIPBOARD is an ideal place for thrills. Sometimes it is even fraught with sorrow.

Usually, eight cameramen will be covering the boats, the trains, or the airports, depending upon the importance of the arriving celebrity. Connie Bennett was a young lady who always managed to bring the boys out in full and, on one occasion, almost managed to give one of them a "ducking."

The photographers decided upon an "angle" shot, one that would show them, as well as Connie, standing against the gunwhale of the ship. To obtain this angle, one lens man was delegated to stand on the rail, his camera poised high in outstretched arms and "shoot." Everything would have been perfect except for a playful breeze that whipped against the photographer's legs, causing him to lose his balance. As he teetered perilously on the rail, one of the ship's officers, who had been watching the proceedings, grabbed him and balanced him back to safety. After the picture had been taken, he promptly forgot the incident.

Maurice Chevalier is one of the photographer's pet subjects. The personable French star often plies his press guests with delicacies calculated to tickle the palates of a king. Maurice owned two small turtles whose backs were studded with tiny diamonds. These turtles were great favorites with the news photographers, who spent many moments playing with them, sometimes getting them to race and laying wagers on the outcome.

Fearlessness is apparently necessary in a news photographer's make-up. It is probably two-thirds of whatever character he happens to possess. When he is denied a picture, he tries to get it regardless of the outcome. Miriam Hopkins discovered this.

The blond charmer arrived at the world premiere of a motion picture, stepped from her limousine and with a curt "no" to the newsmen's request to pose, sped into the theater and was ushered immediately into her seat just as the auditorium was darkened and the picture flashed onto the screen.

The picture had been on scarcely three minutes when a brilliant flash of light directly in front of the Southern star transformed the darkened amphitheater into daylight for a split second. Startled ushers immediately rushed to the amazed star's seat, but could not find the perpetrator of the deed. That's because he had taken the picture in front of Miriam, retreated toward the screen, recrossed from the first row and was already up the aisle and on the way to safety while all was consternation. And in his black box was Miriam's photo!

Like that slogan on the facade of New York's post-office which states that "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," the newspaper photographer's "get that picture" spurs them onward, and helps them through many difficult spots, such as the one confronting them when Frank Buck and Helen Twelvetrees attended a pet show.

This assignment wasn't what one would term difficult, but it did call for a great deal of ingenuity. Photographers take great pride in their ingenuity and do not like to take poses which appear the same. Even when they attend their familiar routine of "shooting" a female star with her legs crossed, they try to see that the angle is different.

Casting about for a new idea around which to photograph the big game hunter and Miss Twelvetrees, the boys decided to construct a Hollywood set that would look as though it actually had been made on the "lot."

Partitioning off an ante-room, the newsmen set up flood lights, scouted up a newsreel camera and prepared to do their stuff.

After a few shots of Buck and Helen had been taken, some inspired soul suggested that the intrepid "bring 'em back alive man" be photographed with a chimpanzee, an idea which met with instantaneous approval from all parties concerned.

Getting the "chimp" was an easy matter and he was brought to the set and placed alongside Buck. Immediately, the "chimp" began wailing. Nothing appeased the creature until Buck moved from its side. Immediately, the noise ceased. Queried later on this, the man who tamed the jungle smiled. "He's afraid of me," he said. And, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, that's exactly what was wrong.

EVERY profession has some type of person who becomes a nuisance to them. The "lens louse" is the news photographer's pet hate. A "lens louse" is a person who insists on having his or her picture taken while a news photographer is working. The "louse" may be someone, a merchant from Tuscaloosa or the president of the Ladies' Aid in Punxatawney, or anyone who has struck up an acquaintance with a celebrity while on shipboard or on a train, and tries to get into the picture.

How would you like it, if your job called for you to obtain pictures of Jean Harlow or Mae West or Clark Gable and while you were trying to perform your task without holding the celebrity in front of the camera too long, someone insisted you take his picture too? That's what a news photographer usually has to contend with. Naturally, a remedy had to be found and, no doubt you'll agree it's a corker.

When a "lens louse" now approaches the photographer, the newsman willingly agrees to pose the persistent person if he'll wait until the job in hand is done. Nine times out of ten, the "lens louse" will agree.

True to his word, the photographer later poses the "lens louse," goes through all the motions of taking the picture,



So He **SAYS**—
But He's **THINKING**—



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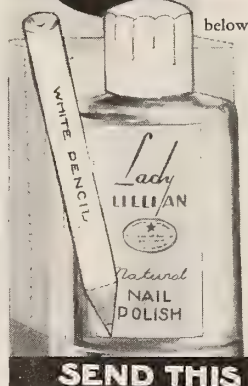
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I enclose 25c for a full-size bottle of LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish with FREE White Pencil. I prefer ( ) Creme or ( ) Transparent. Send shade best suited to my type for ( ) Day or ( ) Evening Wear. I am ( ) True Blonde, ( ) Ash Blonde; ( ) Light Brunette; ( ) Chestnut Brunette; ( ) Dark Brunette; ( ) Titian Red; ( ) Silver Hair; ( ) Black Hair; ( ) Black with Silver.
Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

News-Snapping the Stars

but, unknown to the "louse" who is smiling like a toothpaste ad, fails to snap the shutter which impresses the picture onto the negative. This expeditious practice is known as "Frenching." But despite this, it seems as though the "lens louse," like Abou Ben Adhem's tribe, will ever increase.

While on the subject of technical terms like "Frenching" perhaps you'd be interested in "cheese cake." We don't mean the tasty baker's product, but that of the photographic variety. No one knows why photographers call it by its present name, but that's what they call it. "Cheese cake" is any "leg" picture such as you've seen many times, especially on shipboard when a lovely star arrives or departs and is photographed with her shapely under-pinnings crossed.

Among the many Europeans who have been initiated into "cheese cake" are Binnie Barnes, Marlene Dietrich (a favorite subject, but one who confounded the boys when she appeared in pants), Benita Hume, Elizabeth Allan, Drue Layton and Ketti Gallian. It might not be amiss to mention here that Websterian eloquence, torrents of it, was wasted trying to persuade Anna Sten, Merle Oberon and Evelyn Laye to pose for "cheese cake." Those stars knew all the answers.

Recently, two famous English actors arrived aboard the Berengaria: Leslie Howard and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Through some misfortune, one of the photographers failed to procure a required shot of Howard. He discovered this hours after the ship had docked. Finally, a happy thought struck him and he called Sir Cedric, whose hotel he knew, to obtain Howard's New York address. The genial Sir Cedric himself answered the phone and listened attentively to the photographer's woeful tale. At its conclusion he said:

"Certainly, I'll be glad to assist, old man. But, really, I don't know Mr. Howard's address because I failed to mark it down. But I do know it's one of your hotels with the towers on!"

The photographer never did discover the hotel. He called twenty before he finally admitted defeat.

Weather and crowds conspire most against the news photographer. Now and then, especially if it's very cold, a plate may slip from benumbed fingers. Sometimes, when use of a tripod is necessary, the moment it is set up a crowd collects magically. At other times, an enraged bodyguard employed by a male star to shoo cameramen away may wreck the camera or deal bodily injuries with reckless abandon.

From day to day, the photographer plods along, apparently nerveless, yet the nerviest of nature's noblemen. When he scents the picture trail, he's impervious to insults, immune to rebuffs. Portrayed as unkempt and hard-hearted he still bears no rancor against the authors of the sketch. He knows his job and fulfilling its rigorous requirements is all he cares about. His romantic side? Well, like all true knights of the highway and by-way he has his credo. It's: "Don't 'shoot' until you see the whites of their eyes!"

The Things Which Are Cesar's

(*Continued from page 25*)

so well for me," he said. "I was playing the lead in Frank Craven's 'All Points West' when Ben Piazza, then the casting director at M-G-M, saw me and brought me out here. My first picture was 'The Thin Man,' in which I played a comparatively small part. Then I played the French consul in 'British Agent,' but M-G-M did not take up my option, and I felt pretty discouraged. I was thinking of going back to New York when Universal gave me a test, with Rochelle Hudson, and signed me up to a term contract.

"I had played minor roles in only four pictures when Paramount called me for a try-out to take Joel McCrea's place opposite Marlene Dietrich. I was very anxious to make good, but didn't think I had a chance. I was a newcomer in pictures, I had no following. This was a break that was simply too good to be true.

"When I went to the studio I asked the casting director: 'What's all this about? Are you serious?' As I was led before Von Sternberg I thought he would just look me over, tell me 'We'll let you know,' and forget all about it. But he seemed to like the way I read my lines. Then Miss Dietrich came in and took a look at me. Was I nervous! They talked together in German, discussing me, but I couldn't understand a word of what they said. Presently Von Sternberg turned around and told me, "You are hired." I couldn't believe my ears.

"I acted very nonchalant, but really was scared stiff when I started working with Miss Dietrich. It was the biggest break I had had in my life, and I was afraid they would fire me. But Miss Dietrich was very sweet to work with. I felt very much at home in this picture, because of its Spanish atmosphere. I am holding my breath, to see how the public will receive me."

When Mae West heard about him and had a look at some of his amative work in the Von Sternberg-Dietrich spectacle, she told Paramount executives to "get her that man." But Universal had gotten wise, realized his worth in spilling manly charms across the screen, and refused to loan him out to play opposite the curvaceous Mae. Paramount succeeded, however, in getting him for the leading role in Damon Runyon's "Hold 'em Yale," which also features Patricia Ellis. Today Cesar is a hero on his home lot. Carl Laemmle Jr. & Company are scouting around for stories that will do justice to his romantic talents, and are to produce a picture giving him stellar billing.

Reviewing his career as a jigger and Thespian Cesar said:

"As a boy I always wanted to be an actor, not a dancer. But I never thought I would be able to go on the stage, because my father planned on my taking his place in the firm. However, by the time I graduated from the Collegiate School in New York the sugar market had collapsed, and there was no business for me to go into. I became a messenger in the National City Bank of New York, hoping some day to be a banker and recoup our lost fortune.

"One day I met a charming society girl, Lisabeth Higgins, who liked dancing and was looking for a partner. Well, I had always danced, I knew the latest steps, so we got together and rehearsed nights, after my working hours. After three months' practice we got a job in a

(*Please turn to page 56*)

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

EVERY sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet *but dry*. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is *not the sure way*.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. No matter how little you perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

Although chemists have worked on the problem for more than 25 years, no quick, easy way has yet been discovered to avoid this unpleasantness.

That is why women who want to be sure *never* to offend use Liquid Odorono.

SAFE . . . ask your physician

Ask your own physician about Odorono. Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for use on his hands in operating. And medical authorities agree that it has no harmful effect on the underarm. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm in any way. It merely draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

Examine your dress tonight

If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you.

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even dry cleaning, will completely remove this musty smell, you will understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always come back to Odorono. In the end, Odorono is easier. It ends guesswork and worry scientifically and safely.

ODORONO comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

Make Odorono a serious habit, and you will enjoy complete freedom from moisture, ruinous and humiliating stains and careless, untidy "armhole odor."

There will be no more fuss and bother with shields. Your dresses can fit snugly and smartly without causing you one moment of worry or self-consciousness. You will always feel and be to others exquisite, poised—a woman of the world.

Both kinds of Odorono are on sale at the toilet goods counters of all drug and department stores. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



CAREFUL WOMEN avoid all "armhole odor" in their dresses by gently closing the pores of the underarm with Liquid Odorono. Millions of bottles are used every year by women who insist on being sure.

● **To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents.**

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The Things Which Are Cesar's

(*Continued from page* 55)

musical comedy, I left the bank, and went on the road with her. It was too late for my parents to interfere.

"When I returned to New York, they came to see my specialty dances in 'Lady, Do!' My father forgave me. 'I didn't know you were as good as that,' he said. I danced in night clubs and swanky hotels—Park Central Roof, the Club Richman, Ambassador Roof, St. Regis Roof, Montmartre, etc., with Miss Higgins and other girls. I have had, altogether, five dancing partners. For some reason or other the dancing teams of which I have formed a part have never lasted. Something must be wrong with me!"

We were still in his dressing-room, and he burst into another of his hearty laughs.

"After three years of dancing I was fed up with it. I wanted to go on the stage. I felt I belonged to the theater, not the ballroom. One day an agent called me up and asked me if I could play Tullio Carminati's part in "Strictly Dishonorable." Carminati was going to London.

"I had never spoken a line in my life, but I wasn't going to throw away a chance like that, and assured him that I could.

"The director, taking me for an experienced actor, told me, 'Come tomorrow morning and read your lines.' That night I went to see Carminati play, and the next morning, imitating him, read my lines so well that I got the part. To this day, it remains my favorite role. I was a year on the road with this production, which was a terrific success. Margaret Sullavan was the understudy for the feminine lead.

"I was in the New York cast of 'Dinner at Eight,' and played in a number of other productions, most of which were commercial flops. I have had my ups and downs.

"I started off in my theatrical career with my most embarrassing moment. On the first night of my appearance, as the scene ended with the girl lying dead on the floor and I standing over her with a tragic expression on my face, the audience, instead of applauding me, was thrown into a roar. The curtain, you see, had descended behind me."

Cesar has been compared to Valentino. If you ask him if he thinks the comparison is warranted, he says:

"No, I don't. I don't believe I have much in common with Valentino, except that I am a Latin. I'd rather not be compared to him. The public must take me for what I am, and not because I may remind them of this or that actor. Plugging the Valentino angle will do me harm instead of good because people seem to resent aspirants to his position, which was, after all, unique. I may also be a little—" he hesitated.

"Go ahead and spill it! I won't have it in the story if you don't want me to."

"Well, I may be a little superstitious. I don't like to be compared to him because of a sort of instinctive fear, a painful doubt, concerning my future. Valentino was stricken dead at the height of his career."

A worried look clouded his honest eyes, even though he said this in a casual tone, as if it were just a silly notion of his. I should have laughed it off, but I did not, because I too have been bothered with such crazy feelings. Not in regard to Valentino. Heavens, no! The gods have not favored me in that way. But I have resented comparison to others belonging to the writing clan, who withered before they bloomed.

I switched the conversation to the ever-refreshing topic of the fair sex. I asked him to describe his "Ideal."

He grew lyrical as he praised the charms and virtues of a truly charming gal, whose name, however, I agreed not to divulge. Cesar is still innocent of space-grabbing gags. I told him to keep 'em guessing. My own guess is he is in no danger of being snatched off by any fair siren at the present time. In fact, he told me he wouldn't consider marriage before two years. But I am certain that when he does sign the pact of marriage, he will stay married, going through hell, if necessary. He is the loyal kind. A true caballero.

To him, marriage is the most sacred and serious business on earth, and as a husband he has to carry on the fine traditions of his family.

His devotion to his family is one of the most attractive traits of his personality. When I asked him what was his main purpose in life, he said:

"To assure a happy old age for my father and mother. Take care of them. Give them everything they need. And to send my younger brother to college and see that everything goes well with him. I want to spare him the hard knocks I received. As for my two sisters, I hope they'll be married and won't need my assistance. The youngest is engaged to a West Point cadet."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is lovely! She has light hair, and looks just like an American girl. My oldest sister, on the contrary, is dark like me; distinctly Latin in type. She teaches Spanish and French in New Jersey." And he mused, like a good boy: "I hope I'll live up to their expectations."

May he be a pillar of support and glory to them!

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He is the best bet for male honors in years. Hollywood is definitely Cesar-conscious.

His chances for ruling the romantic roost are excellent. Top-heavy with S.A., he looks like a prince charming, and conforms to the fixed ideas of romantic young womanhood concerning the ideal man.

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LAST CALL

This is your last opportunity to join the People's Academy for the award of gold medals to be given for what you consider the twelve outstanding achievements in the movies for the year. See page 62 of this issue for details concerning this interesting contest, and send your letters immediately!

$10 Is a Lot of Money

(*Continued from page 6*)

the other bus passengers were not made up of autograph fiends. It was a little after eight o'clock and the dark-eyed brunette behind the ticket window took $1.98 of our precious hoard.

We chattered through the show, not permitting the woman in front or ourselves to get a very good idea of just what Mr. Arliss was doing as "The Iron Duke." We discussed where we would go next and I said, "What happens if we run out of money? Do I dig in the other pocket and call the experiment a failure?" This Carole vetoed with no uncertainty in her voice, saying, "No, we've just got to do this evening on $10. If we run out of money, you'll have to borrow from a policeman or somebody." And the tone of her voice proved there was no appeal. It was $10 or borrow!

Leaving the Rockefeller showplace, we climbed a long flight of stairs to the Sixth Avenue Elevated, and soon were banging and bumping down to Greenwich Village on the aged railroad. Near the Eighth Street station is a typical Village place called The Barn. "Do you like rough-hewn timber, waiters in old-fashioned redshirt fireman uniforms and electrified milk cans for lighting?" I asked Carole.

"I've never seen them all in one place," she replied, "but if the music is good and we can afford it, I'm all for it."

"All right, then, here we are," I said, and we half-skipped down a flight of stairs into the second stop on our "Round New York on $10" tour. I had inadvertently told my four doubting Thomases that I would go to The Barn. And there they were, faces wreathed in smiles, apparently looking forward to meeting the blond star. Being a mean fellow, I succeeded in over-looking them completely until Carole said, "Those four boys at the floor-table—the way they're looking our way I'm a bit afraid they will be starting an autograph stampede any minute. And just when I thought I'd have fun and not be noticed."

"Those are only my four conspirators," I assured her, "and if you want to do me a favor, don't even look their way. I'm having too much fun to add any competition in the way of unattached males. And anyway, I want to dance." And dance we did, until the Barn's country night club floor show got under way. Then we munched on chicken sandwiches, and drank old-fashioned egg noggs, with coffee for a chaser. Carole leaned across the table and said in worried tones, "Have you got enough to pay the bill?" And I beamed as the waiter relieved me of only $3.95, including tip.

AS we were leaving, the proprietor, Mr. Horowitz, insisted that we paint something on the old Barn wall, a quaint custom of this joy stable. Carole agreed, and taking the moth-eaten paint brush slapped up our names and under that, "$10 Is a Lot of Money."

We walked around the corner and then under the arch in historic old Washington Square. There, under the glow of a street-light, I pulled out our somewhat diminished capital and said "Here's what's left." Ignoring my remark a bit, Carole said, "And where to now?"

"Will you leave the entertainment in my hands?" I asked, ushering her at that moment on to an uptown Fifth Avenue bus.

"Yes," said Carole, "if the rest of your program is as good as what has gone before."

I agreed and cautioned her to be patient. With a bit of sight-seeing bus dialogue, such as "Look down the street and you can see Union Square" and "That's the Empire State Building," we were soon up to 59th Street, and as we hopped off the bus in front of the Plaza Hotel, at the entrance to Central Park, it was just 11:45. Escorting Carole across the square, we stopped at the hansom cab stand, and the cabbies, whom I knew to start at a high fare and then bargain with their prospects, all perked up at the sight of a potential customer. I picked out a likely-looking old fellow who eyed us carefully and said, "I was that way once myself, young man, and excuse me if I say its a pretty girl you have with you. I'll be taking you around the park for whatever you can afford to pay."

With fortune smiling upon us, up we climbed into the high, two-wheeled, old-fashioned vehicle and soon were spinning along at a smart pace. A half a mile or so into the park the cabbie yelled "Whoa" and we pulled up short. Then opening the trap-door in the roof of the cab, he looked down in and said to Carole, "Miss, some day when you're rich you ought to go over there." He pointed across the park to the Central Park Casino, where muffled music was rhythmically beating. The cabbie continued, "This is the place where all the society people and movie stars come to dance. You'd like it, I'll bet, but it costs an awful lot of money." Then with a perfunctory "Giddap, Betsy," he lapsed into silence and we moved on again.

At the "Tavern-on-the-Green," a city-run restaurant for "Just Folks," I called a halt and we hopped down and ran in to the bar for a pleasantly warming hot toddy. Carole with her kind heart said, "Let's bring the cabbie a mug of ale, and don't look—." With this last I saw her take the sugar bowl from the table and practically empty all the lumps into her purse.

"What's the big idea?" I demanded.

"You haven't forgotten Betsy so soon, have you?" she returned.

I admitted I had, for the moment, and then we left the place where the kind of people go who spend a whole evening on $10. Needless to say, the cabbie liked his ale but not half so much as Betsy, who seemed quite flustered by the sugary attention from Carole.

With a neigh of approval, Betsy was on her way and it seemed no time until we were back at the cab stand. The cabbie looked down at us from his seat and I passed him $1.95. He appeared quite appreciative and said, "Where to now?" Carole started to say "the Waldorf" but I interrupted and said, "To Lexington Avenue and 50th Street," which incidentally is one of the entrances to the Waldorf. The old man, somehow sensing that my purse was badly diminished, said, "I know that subway station and, because you're so kind, I will drive you over there free."

A few minutes later we said our thanks and good-bye to our most agreeable host, and as soon as the sound of Betsy's hoofs was out of hearing we ducked into the hotel lobby.

I sighed with relief. Carole looked questioningly at me and I explained, "It's darn lucky that old fellow brought us over here free. The buses have stopped now and we might have had to walk the mile home. If he hadn't brought us I hate to think where I would have had to go at 1:30 in the morning to borrow taxi fare."

(*Please turn to page 58*)





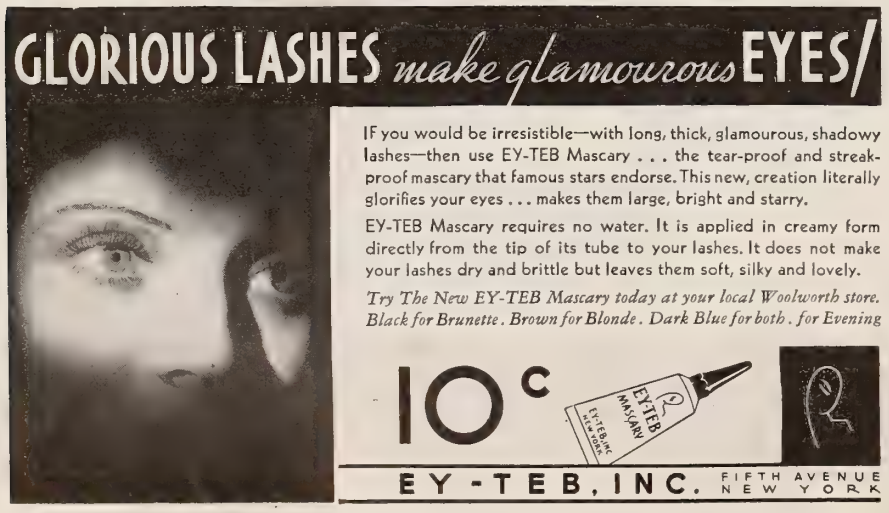
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$10 Is a Lot of Money

(*Continued from page* 57)

Carole laughed and said, "But how much did you have left?"

I held out my palm with seven pennies and said, "Here, the remnants of our fortune. Do you mind if I keep it? I have a friend who has a baby with a penny bank, and I promise you I won't so much as buy a morning paper. It will all go right in the bank."

"Permission granted," said Carole, "and what's more, thanks for the most fun I've had since I don't remember when."

The Mary Smiths and the Betty Joneses can step out with their Joe Colleges and have fun on $10 or even less. So too can the Carole Lombards and Jean Harlows step out with their Joe Doakses and have fun on $10.

Whether it's Hollywood or Ashtabula, $10 Is a Lot of Money!

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Tavern-on-the-Green	1.55
Pennies for the Bank	.07
Round-the-town	$10.00

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 30)

their paths cross again and this time Lewis confesses his love for Ann, saying he has loved her all the time. Which just knocks Ann for a row of ginger-ale bottles. And here's where we come in.

In her elegant Park Avenue apartment, Miss Harding paces the floor wearily. Marshall, still wearing his overcoat, watches her sympathetically.

He says: "My attitude toward you, at the moment, is that of a doctor toward a patient. . . ."

"And . . . you have a diagnosis?"

"Yes, I have. Your complete return to the normal depends upon how expediently we can separate a young man from his wife—and give you Mr. Kerry. . . ."

"Gordon!" Ann gasps.

"You *are* in love with him . . . ?"

She shakes her head.

"Don't lie! . . . you are!" Marshall declares.

"Don't raise your voice to me!"

Marshall loses control. "I'll shout it from the house tops!"

"GO SHOUT IT THEN!!" Ann tops him.

Maureen is plenty mad and threatens to slap Ann's name all over the front pages, but Herb . . . good old Herb! saves the situation by calmly announcing that he and Ann are to be married.

So . . . giving Lewis back to Maureen, Miss Harding squashes her broken heart against the Marshall chest, and we go home hoping it'll all come out in the wash.

LOVE ME FOREVER
●
COLUMBIA

You who have been holding your breath while waiting for another Grace Moore picture can sit back and relax now because here 'tis. And we know you are going to like it.

Miss Moore plays an erstwhile heiress who has suddenly gone broke and doesn't know what to do about it.

On a last fling, at Lake Placid, she meets Robert Allen who wants to marry her and is wealthy enough to help her carry on in the style to which she was accustomed.

Not sure that she loves him, Grace returns to New York to auction off her furniture for enough money to pay her outstanding debts. And, coming to the auction to bid on some pieces he wants for his night club, Leo Carrillo hears Miss Moore pitching a few high C's in an adjoining room.

He invites her to sing at his club. But the jazz-mad patrons boo her simple little folk song off the floor and that seems to be that, until Carrillo gets another idea.

Corralling every dime he owns, the fellow builds a lavish club that appeals to the elite who buy season tickets to the Metropolitan Opera House. There, Miss Moore sings to an appreciative audience, but, even with the place packed to the gunwales, the expense of keeping up such an elaborate club is so great that poor Leo finds himself in the red, and getting redder all the time.

Meantime, Grace has met up with another singer, Michael Bartlett, and, while their mutual interest draws them together, we can't help hoping that she will eventually come to appreciate Carrillo, who, by this time, has broken himself completely to finance Miss Moore's debut in grand opera.

Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman have outdone themselves on the story, but the studio isn't telling how the thing will end. Which is all right by us. We love our denouements, we do.

In their respective dressing-rooms, Bartlett and Miss Moore were vocalizing with all their might. And, with "Pagliacci" coming in one ear, and "Carmen" coming in the other, we were just a little sorry we'd left our earmuffs back in Michigan.

But Director Schertzinger stood there with eyes closed and such a beatific expression on his sensitive face that he might have been listening to an angel chorus!

HOORAY FOR LOVE
●
RKO

Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, erstwhile sweetie pies, aren't speaking any more because of a rumor that Gene had sent a dozen orchids to the object of his affections. It was just a rumor and nothing more, but, not wanting the American public to think him such a spendthrift, Gene ups and denies the allegation. A bit testily, Miss Sothern declared she didn't see any reason in bothering to deny the tale, but . . . Gene *still* did, so-oo-o . . . it's synthetic romance on the set where they can't get out of it. *But* glares, and how, between shots! With Director Walter Lang and the rest of the crew getting a chuckle out of the squabble.

But, on with the play. Lawrence

On-the-Set Reviews

Hazard and Ray Harris got together on this story of the trials and tribulations of a fair-haired boy whose success with college musicals has led him to believe that Broadway is panting for his services (or will be, when they get a peek at what he can do!).

Out of money, Gene persuades Thurston Hall (Ann's papa) to marry a nice old dame, called the "Duchess," who will back the show for a husband. Hall gets as far as the "Will you?" stage, but with the coveted check in Gene's jeans, and the "I do!" business just around the corner, papa gets cold tootsies and scrams. And, on the opening night, "Duchess" stops payment on the check unless papa comes back and follows through. Which he finally does, out of desperation.

So, the show goes on to the usual bang-up success and everybody lives happy ever after—except papa!

Sitting on the arm of the davenport, Gene looks down at Ann, tenderly. "You're great stuff, Pat," he says.

"I think so, too," she agrees.

"Tell me—" he goes on, "were you ever born in a big white house, surrounded by a high green hedge?"

"With an orchard and a patch of woods and a natural spring?"

"Yeh . . . and little taxes growing all over the place? Nothing like walking out in the garden and picking yourself a nice bunch of taxes! Boy! am I glad I got rid of that place. Just think, I might have had to get married in that old shack."

"Not to me, you wouldn't!" Ann declares.

"Let's see," Gene meditates, " . . . lost my house, lost my show, have no prospects—say, don't I get anything out of this?"

Ann looks up at him. "All you have to do is take it," she says.

"Let's have it then!"

So they kiss (like they—meant it, too!) and we stagger out into the rain, wondering how they make it look so real . . . mad, like that, and everything?

STRANDED
•
WARNERS

After finishing this one, Kay Francis dashed cross-country, hopped a big boat and landed in Paris, where, the gossips say, she will put her head into the marital noose with Maurice Chevalier, who beat her to Gay Paree by about seventeen knots. But, don't look at us, my friends. We don't know how true it is.

Anyway, we'll still have this to remember her by, and if this story, by Frank Wead and Ferdie Reyher, is as good as it sounds, Kay can put another notch in her gun.

Kay works for the Travelers' Aid Society, and, from behind her counter at the Union Station, she looks after children traveling alone; helps distracted mothers find their wandering daughters; locates living quarters for timid strangers; and generally, behaves like a "good deed in a naughty world."

To her counter comes George Brent who is supervising the construction of a steel bridge nearby. And, before Kay can open her mouth, George shouts:

"Whenever Januschek gets drunk, he wants to go back and see his wife! If you people didn't butt in on other people's business, he couldn't get there! He's the best steel worker on the Coast and you've got to get him back for me!"

And that, kiddies, is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. They argue a lot, and Patricia Ellis, who has moved in on Kay, tries to get Brent for herself, but George knows his own mind. And just as he's about to get down on one knee to propose, trouble breaks out at the bridge.

Fearing for him, Kay follows along to the scene of action and, sure enough, there's her boy friend knocked cold for trying to make a dozen mugs listen to reason!

Taking him home, she puts him up on her davenport for the night. And Patricia, getting in in time for breakfast, is tickled to death to put her own construction on the situation. That day Kay is kicked out of the Travelers' Bureau for having a man in her apartment all night.

Next day there's another fight at the bridge. And if you don't mind seeing a man take off into empty space from the tip end of a steel girder, come along . . . I'll look, too!

The way Kay fixes things up is something Director Frank Borzage would rather I'd not tell. Suffice it to say, it's a breath-taking finale, with all's-well-that-ends-well-but-keep - away from-that-edge-there! for Kay and George.

CHINA SEAS
•
M-G-M

Captain of a ship that is suspected of running fire-arms from Hong Kong to Singapore, Clark Gable is annoyed to find Jean Harlow, the gal he intended to leave behind him, on board. A five-year-old romance, Rosalind Russell, whom Clark has loved and left because she happened to be a married woman, is also aboard, and, when she tells him that her husband is now skeet shooting in the Happy Hunting Ground, Gable is more afraid than ever that Harlow will gum up the works.

Truly loving the man, Jean determines to fight for her rights and, donning an irresistible (to everybody but Gable) evening gown of ashes-of-roses satin, she goes to his stateroom. He isn't a bit glad to see her but, belonging to the Hollywood Northwest Mounted, Jean turns from the door and languidly selects a book from the table.

"I was just looking for a book, lambie," she says casually. "I've decided to improve my mind. . . ."

"Hm-mm," Clark says indifferently, "pick out *two* books. Give yourself an even break!"

Looking in the book, Jean says: "It says here 'his very words caressed her' . . . I bet you get hot and cold flashes when you read that—"

"Yeh? Maybe you don't know it, but I'm the guy they're writing about —now go on, scram out of here, little one."

Jean sits down and looks up at him. "That's right . . . you don't have time to fool around with the passengers."

"It's your fault," Clark grins and buttons his collar, "you wanted to be one!"

Heartbroken when Gable announces his engagement to Miss Russell, Jean consoles herself by playing "Put and Take" with Wallace Beery, a rascally China Seas trader. Winning most of his money, Jean proceeds to drink the big fella under the table and when Beery wakes up to discover that she has taken him for a hundred-pound note with some Chinese characters written on it, well . . . to put it mildly, heck breaks loose!

A pirate junk comes alongside and there is a battle to the finish, with

(*Please turn to page* 60)



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"

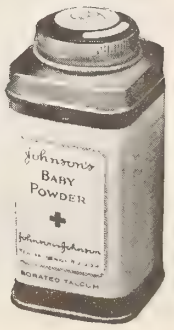


"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured — even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Perstik

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

explosions, tortures 'n' everything. But, in the end, Clark (with an eye on the Hays office) decides to make an honest woman of Jean, discovering that, after all, Miss Russell would hardly fit in with his rough-house design for living.

Jay Garnett directed.

FRISCO NIGHTS
•
UNIVERSAL

Hugh O'Connell had just returned from a trip to New York when we caught him on the set and demanded to know all about it.

"Well . . ." he said seriously, "I was sort of disappointed all the way along. Y'know, I stopped off at all the towns I'd played, thinking perhaps I'd see a familiar face or something to remind me of all the good times we had in those road show days." He sighed forlornly. "It was pretty discouraging. Hotels had changed . . . the theaters were all stepped up . . . depots were bigger and better. But, one thing had stayed the same. The hash we got at the lunch counters! And boy! Did I eat a plateful!

Hugh is playing a dumb detective in this L. G. Blochman story, and having a lot of fun doing it. That's if Director Murray Roth isn't looking, Hugh is having a lot of fun. And if Director Murray Roth *is* looking, then they both have a lot of fun!

Anyhow, in the story, Lyle Talbot is a demoted government agent who is driving a Chinatown sight-seeing bus to keep the gas heater burning. Escorting his party through a chop suey joint, he runs smack into a mysterious murder, and it's like the smell of the smoke of battle to a war horse!

Sleuthing around, he discovers Valerie Hobson acting very strangely and wanting to get out of there. Well, that looks bad. But the dame's so beautiful, and . . . you know our Lyle? He just tucks her under his arm and makes the best of it.

It's exciting enough, as mysteries go. Anyhow, there are secret panels, dark alleys, apertures opening to admit hands with revolvers, knives, etc., and finally, the real culprit dragged through a sliding panel right alongside the booth where the body was found.

We won't tell you who done the dastardly deed. It'll be more fun if you go and see for yourself. And with O'Connell, Henry Armetta and Andy Devine in the case, there ought to be enough laughs to make it interesting. Our old friend Leslie Fenton is there, too, playing an Oriental. BUT swell!

GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE
•
WARNERS

If you read Hubert Henry Davies' novel, "Outcast," then we won't have to tell you the plot of "The Girl from Tenth Avenue."

Ian Hunter is the man, and gals, here's something you're going to learn to care for! Tall, handsome, with a charming British accent. And he can act, too. We watched him at a table in a French cafe, where Bette Davis had steered him after dragging him away from the scene of his fickle sweetheart's wedding.

Ian is filling the champagne glasses.

Bette says: "Say, mister . . . I'm beginning to feel this!"

"You're lucky," he says bitterly.

"I wish you could have the fun I am. I never expected to find myself in a joint like this!"

"You've been swell . . . keeping me from going nuts all day," he looks at his watch. Bette covers the watch with her hand.

"Please don't . . ." she begs.

His eyes are heavy with bitterness. "The boat left the dock half an hour ago. . . ."

"Let's dance," she is trying to get the man's mind off his tragedy. "What do you say?"

Hunter looks blindly into space. "She . . . she's alone with him now."

Impulsively Bette puts her arm around him. "You've been swell up to now," she says. "Don't go to pieces!"

"Don't leave me!" he groans. "I can't be alone. . . ."

"I'm sticking," Bette assures him. "I have my arm around you . . . right here in a public place." She puts her lips on his hair, gently. "You're just a poor little kid that wants to be petted. . . ."

He moves his head on her shoulder. Le's get drunk. . . ."

"Sure!" Bette agrees.

And do they get drunk? My goodness, so much so that they wake up next morning married! And it works out nicely, too, until Ian's erstwhile fiancée gets tired of listening to her ancient hubby's bones creak and goes on the make for Ian again.

But Bette stands by faithfully and you just know that even though her husband makes a fool of himself, well . . . what are wives for but to stick around until their men get sense?

Al Green directs, capably as usual.



SIX years ago Gerber began saving young mothers hours of daily tiresome work . . . began giving babies strained vegetables richer in *vitamins* and *minerals,* more scientifically prepared than home equipment permits.

This year's babies have a *special* treat in store. They'll find their Gerber's Strained Vegetables finer than ever in flavor . . . fresher-tasting, brighter in color, more uniformly cooked because of Shaker-Cooking, an exclusive new Gerber process that shortens cooking time 50% to 60%.

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MOTHERS! Send for these helpful books. "Baby's Book"—practical information on daily care of baby, by Harriet Davis, R. N. "Mealtime Psychology," by Lillian B. Storms, Ph. D.—widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical suggestions in developing normal eating habits.



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SHE
•
RKO

If you go for the bizarre in pictures, then this is the one to check for future reference. H. Rider Haggard could have written it for no purpose other than pure entertainment, because we're telling you right now that it couldn't possibly have happened. And, if it did—we still don't believe it!

Randy Scott and Nigel Bruce go off in search of an element of "eternal life." They believe this is a flame, so hot that, instead of destroying, it preserves, just as a million volts of electricity may be harmless, while a mere thousand volts will kill you.

Furthermore, there is a family legend to the effect that, five hundred years before, another explorer (who looks so much like Randy that we suspect it might have been Randy!) had found in Muscovy a flame of eternal life!

Crossing the unchartered Sugul Barrier, Randy, Bruce and Helen Mack find a perilously poised glacier *and* . . . will you believe it? . . . frozen in it are the members of Randy's ancestorial expedition!

In attempting to cut through to get at it, Helen Mack's father causes a landslide that destroys the entire expedition, with the exception (and didn't you guess?) of Scott, Bruce and Helen!

Rescued from a savage tribe by Gustav von Seyffertitz, they are led before the throne of "She" (Helen Gahagan) and, because she has had a big crush on Randy's ancestor, five hundred years before, she is just in the mood to carry on from where she left off, all those years ago!

Jealous of Helen Mack, "She" diabolically plans to use the poor girl as a living sacrifice at the yearly Ceremony of the Flame.

Incidentally, the fire dance is one of the most colossal (really) spectacles we have seen in many a day. Wearing gold masks, a la Benda, the dancers execute a weird routine to the maddening beat of the tom-toms and, watching

On-the-Set Reviews

it, the thrills chased up and down our spinal column.

Of course, Randy rescues his trembling girl friend and, in giving angry chase, "She" steps into the flames that have given her eternal life up 'til now. But, this time there seems to be a short circuit some place. For an instant, "She" is glorified. Then, before their amazed eyes Miss Gahagan is reduced to a hag-like old woman, who dies at their feet!

And then, all the kids have to do is go home and try and make their friends believe they were sober all the time!

It took two directors, Irving Pichel and L. C. Holden, to keep track of this one. And we're not surprised at all.

ALIBI IKE
•
WARNERS

You deserve a good laugh after that one and who can dish out the giggles any better than Joe E. Brown?

Joe is back on the ball diamond again, but this time, instead of thinking he's a combination of the Dean boys and Babe Ruth, Joe never makes a home run nor a swell field catch without apologizing for it!

If he makes a mistake, he has an excuse, and if he makes a triple play all by himself, he swears he could have done better if the short stop hadn't got in the way!

Falling in love with the team captain's daughter, Olivia de Haviland, Joe declares that the letters he gets from her are from a college chum. And when Olivia blossoms out with a diamond the size of the Kohinoor, he says he just loaned it to her to fool a friend.

Olivia overhears this and, that night, Joe finds his ring and a note informing him that the engagement is off. And right there our hero's batting average drops from .400 to .000.

With the World Series just around the corner, the rest of the boys write to Olivia, assuring her that Joe is so bashful that he was afraid to come right out and admit that he asked such a beautiful girl to be his bride! So, what does Olivia do? Well, she does exactly as you and Director Ray Enright want her to do.

So, with Olivia in a tender mood, Captain Bill Frawley arranges to give Joe a few days off to go to Boston and do a little scouting.

"Have a good time!" the boys call as he starts to leave.

But you can't change the leopard's spots. "I ain't lookin' for no good time," says Joe. "I'm just goin' scoutin'."

"Aw, c'mon," the boys insist. "You better have a drink on us before you go."

"Well . . ." says Joe, "they do claim it helps a cold!"

Ray Enright directed this famous Ring Lardner story.

THE RAVEN
•
UNIVERSAL

This one, taken from Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven" and "Gold-bug," contains a little bit of both and not much of either.

There is a raven, all right, but it's no more than a stuffed one and simply hangs innocently on Bela Lugosi's wall as a symbol of ill omen and . . . death!

Operating on Irene Ware, Lugosi goes for her in such a big way that he casts a spell on her, hoping to get her for himself. Which doesn't go over at all with Irene's fiancé, Lester Matthews.

Boris Karloff, a notorious criminal, comes to Lugosi to have his face reconstructed and the surgeon agrees to do the job if Karloff will help him turn a mean trick he has up his sleeve for Irene. Karloff agrees, figuring that he can slip out of the dirty work once his face is fixed. But, when Lugosi removes the bandages, the Karloff "phiz" is "phixed," all right, and so horribly that the poor fellow will do anything Lugosi says in order to have his features restored.

Well, to think up so much dirty work, Lugosi should be quintuplets, at least! With Karloff's unwilling assistance, he chases people all over the spooky house, finally coralling Miss Ware and Matthews in a trick room that is controlled by a switch that brings the walls together!

We're going to leave you here, because Karloff and Matthews are having "tiffin" on the other side of the set, and have given us a hearty wig-wag to join them!

The left side of Karloff's face is presentable, but, getting around on the other side—so help me, we dropped a perfectly good cup, full of tea, too! Horribly twisted and scarred, the right side looks as though it might be a relief map of North America! An artificial eye has been slipped over Karloff's own right eye and the thing, besides being painful, points off at a crazy angle that gave us the jitters in no time at all!

But we drank tea and inquired of Matthews how he liked our country. And here's another British charmer, ladies, that might do things to your blood pressure if I weren't obliged to warn you that he's already married! He thinks Hollywood is slightly mad, "but," he assures us, "I don't think people are interesting unless they *are* a little mad, do you?" which pleased us no end, being the way we are!

These tea parties are all right and we were just reaching for our third cup (counting the one we dropped) when Director Louis Friedlander called, "On the set!" And that was that until next time.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER
•
WARNERS

Because we can't hear too much of Dick Powell's voice, and because it sounds like a swell story, and because it took three good writers (Sig Herzig, Hans Kraly and E. Y. Harburg) three weeks to throw the tale together; and because three's our lucky number, well . . . for reasons of our own, we're putting this one in the Best List! Furthermore, we're crazy about the Mills Brothers and Director Lloyd Bacon. So there!

Dick, a New York cab driver, is the pupil of Adolphe Menjou, a broken-down old opera singer, whose faith in the lad is only exceeded by his determination to put Dick across.

With a couple of drunken opera critics in his cab, Dick turns loose a few arias, and the soaks are so impressed that they give him a letter to one of the better radio stations.

However, on the night of his scheduled try-out, a pair of cops hop on the running board and order our would-be crooner to "follow that car!", so, there he is, stuck with a mouthful of "bo-bo-bo-boes" and no place to put 'em!

Louise Fazenda, owner of a cheese corporation, goes to Europe to unearth

(*Please turn to page* 64)





WHEN PEE-CHEE CLEANS

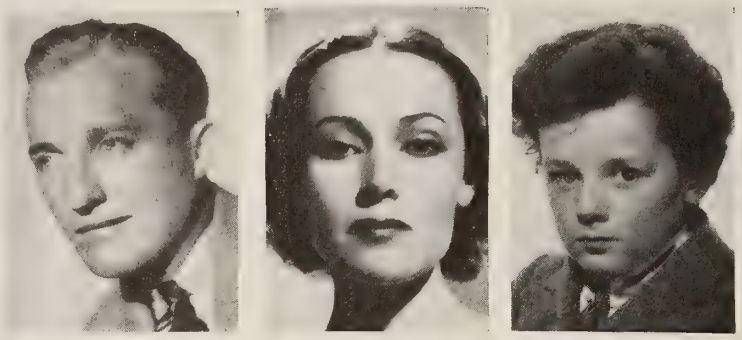
THEIR WHITENESS GLEAMS

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES
W·H·I·T·E·R!

YOU TELL US

A page which is growing to be one of the most popular in the magazine. Your page. We reserve it for your opinions. Say what you like about pictures, or about us, and you may see it in print

WE feel that we owe you an explanation. In the past few months this page has grown so popular that we are simply swamped with letters. We could fill the whole magazine with them, but you wouldn't like that. So the best we can do is print one or two out of each hundred that come in. We make no pretense of printing the "best" letters. We try to print the ones that are interesting to the greatest number of people, that's all. For instance, we are still receiving scores of answers to Mrs. Dorothy Johnson's letter of three months ago, saying she wished the old stars would quit. And we remember one, this month, about Gareth Hughes, that brought tears to our eyes . . . Just to show you what would happen if we printed every letter that came in, we are taking one line each from just a part of the letters that have come in in answer to Mrs. Magley's, and printing the excerpts below.



"Bing Crosby can do no wrong," say twenty-nine letters. "Are Dolores Del Rio's lips actually the shape they are in photographs?" "Freddie Bartholomew is a full-fledged artist." So say other interesting letters received in this department.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This is your last chance to win a grand trip to Hollywood or New York with all expenses paid. The contest for this year closes with this issue. Awards will be made soon. Find complete details below

Mrs. Magley Please Notice . . .

"A scallion to Mrs. J. Magley for her sarcastic comments on my ideal, Bing Crosby." —*Miss Frances McCann, Hartford, Conn.* "My dear Mrs. Magley. Not onions to Bing Crosby, but onions to you. I agree with you in saying that Rudy Vallee has a goofy map, but at that he reigns over Lanny Ross."—*Dorothy Goans, Lafayette, Indiana.* "I have just read what some lady thinks about Bing Crosby. Don't you mind, Bing!" — *Pearl Sykes, Smithfield, Va.* "Orchids to Mrs. J. Magley for her letter in regard to Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee. All they've got is a lot of ballyhoo." —*Frank Guest, Ashton, R. I.* "Let me impart a few well-chosen words to Mrs. Magley and her ilk. When criticising in the future, stop and think before writing words that don't hold together."—*Cecilia Joseph, North Vassalboro, Maine.* "Mrs. Magley: I know the people who read your letter would like to shake you, so you would wake up."—*Miss Alberta Robinson, Chesterfield, Indiana.* "So Mrs. Magley thinks Bing Crosby deserves tomatoes and grapefruit. It really is a shame millions don't agree

(*Please turn to page* 66)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE _____
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS) _____
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR) _____
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE _____
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE _____
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE _____
7. BEST ROMANCE _____
8. BEST COMEDY _____
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE _____
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE _____
11. BEST DIRECTION _____
12. BEST STORY _____

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name..... Address.....

MUSIC in the Movies

By
JOHN EDGAR WEIR

The Hollywood song factories are shutting down for the Summer, but such tunes as the new films offer are good



Maria Gambarelli, who dances in the picture, "Hooray for Love."

"HOORAY FOR LOVE," the RKO musical production starring Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, offers music written by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields, famous for their writing of hits for night club floor shows, and whose contribution to last year's list of ace tunes was the popular "Lost in a Fog." Included in the score of the film we have "You're an Angel," a love ballad; "I'm Living in a Great Big Way," a rhythmic tune, and the title song, "Hooray for Love."

Mae West also presents a few of her characteristic songs in her new Paramount picture "Goin' to Town." The erstwhile Belle of the Nineties sings "He's a Bad Man," "Love is Love in Any Woman's Heart" and "Now I'm a Lady," a blue tune written in a minor key in which Mae tells us she has reformed.

So much for the current picture songs, and while the Crosbys, Vallees, Cantors, Powells and Astaires are busy planning and preparing those pictures which give us many big song hits, let us look at the current records.

"I'M LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY" from "Hooray for Love" is played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. This is a contagious rhythm number and the whole outfit rocks with rhythm. Benny, himself, sizzles in a lively interlude which will give you a lift. If you like a great dance band you'll love this recording. Buddy Clark does justice to the vocal chorus.

The reverse side carries "Hooray for Love" from the picture of the same name, also played by Benny Goodman. This one is a more melodic tune with the tempo cut down a bit, but the band rides through it in jazzeroo style. Benny's clarinet is again featured in a half chorus and he does a masterful job. Helen Ward handles the vocal in a pleasing manner. (Victor.)

"YOU'RE AN ANGEL," also from "Hooray for Love," is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. This charming love ballad is probably the best song in the picture and Jan Garber's silken-smooth style serves to emphasize its beauty. The popular sax section, which is so similar to that of Lombardo's, has the major role, but a muted interlude also meets with approval. The lyrics are fresh and lovely as sung by Lew Palmer.

The opposite side presents "To Call You My Own," also played by the Jan Garber band. A slow tempo fox trot ideally suited to the suave style of Garber. The saxes are superb. The vocal is sung by Fritz Heilbron. (Victor.)

"THE LADY IN RED" from the forthcoming picture, "In Caliente," is played by Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. This is a typical rhumba and Cugat's outfit, a top band in this field, gets plenty of Latin color into the arrangement. Some very original tricks are employed in a string interlude, but when it's all over we must confess we can't get excited over these rhumbas. However, when we see Miss Del Rio dance to their Latin strains we may change our minds. Don Reid sings a vocal in English.

The other side brings us "Tina" also played by the Cugat crew. This is in tango tempo and falls a bit easier on the ear. Incidentally, the melody was composed by Will Grosz who gave us that country-sweeping "Isle of Capri." Of course "Tina" is a long way from "Capri," but Cugat's string section does a fine job. Don Reid again sings an English vocal. (Victor.)

"MUSIC IN MY HEART," from "Nit Wits," is played by the Jan Garber tunitians. We have no desire to crowd you with the Garber band, but at this writing, his is the only recording of the number. The tune is of the sweet melodic type and is well executed by the leader and his mates. The smooth saxes have the spotlight most of the time. Lew Palmer sings an alluring vocal.

"Now I'm a Lady," from Mae West's picture, "Goin' to Town," is featured on the other side of the disc. Written and played in a minor key, this is the sort of song that features the lyrics, which in this case are comical a la West, in spite of the minor strains. Lee Bennett handles the lyrics. (Victor.)

FOR the Vallee fans we wish to recommend his latest and incidentally his last until he returns from the Coast. The number is "Life is a Song," written by the composer of Crosby's "Where the Blue of the Night." This is a beautiful melody wedded to a fresh lyric and virtually made to order for the popular crooner. A pleasant recording with Vallee at his vocal peak. If this song isn't a hit we miss our guess.

Rudy returns on the other side with "You Opened My Eyes," another popular tune, and does an equally fine job. This time the Connecticut Yankees turn in a fine performance in a medium tempo. A splendid couplet, this.

"THE ST. LOUIS BLUES," W. C. Handy's perpetual favorite, seems to crop up on new records every time you turn around, each time dressed in a different fashion. But for entirely new treatment, listen to the Charioteers, a colored male quartet singing it in genuine concert style and without one ounce (*Please turn to page* 65)

HITS OF THE MONTH

"YOU'RE AN ANGEL." Played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LIFE IS A SONG." Played by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Victor)

"EVERYTHING'S BEEN DONE BEFORE." Played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY." played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Victor)



—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

* * *

Millions of vigorous outdoor folk put crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat on the diet list that builds glowing health.

Why? Because Shredded Wheat is made entirely of one of Nature's most perfect creations. *It's whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away!* Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.

Try this favorite breakfast tomorrow morning. Heap it high with fresh, juicy fruits of the season.



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

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New-Skin—"the product of 1,000 uses"—known the world over for 35 years. A waterproof covering for hangnails, blisters, cuts, scrapes and little hurts of all kinds. A drop or two at each end of a stocking run STOPS it! Will stand washing. At all druggists and chain stores 15c.



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Skour-Pak is the perfect steel wool Brush. It comes complete. Its steel wool is fastened in a unique holder which peels down when you need more steel wool. YOU NEED NEVER TOUCH THE WOOL—thus keeping hands out of trouble.

Skour-Pak is easy to handle—makes for quicker, better scouring. Skour-Pak keeps clean—is treated to resist rust. One little Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary loose steel wool.

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THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 61)

some real talent for the "Choosey Cheese" program she is sponsoring on the air. Joan Blondell, who has met up with Dick when he came up to the radio station where she works, goes along.

With Menjou leaving for Europe, Dick figures "what the heck!" and stows away on the same boat with his vocal teacher, unknown to anybody.

In Venice, Menjou, who could find nothing to do but peddle vegetables, gets Dick a job on a gondola. And there is where Fazenda hears him singing, thinks it is too, TOO romantic and totes him back to New York to star on her cheese program!

Bill Gargan, in love with Joan, threatens to expose Dick for a four-flusher unless he gives up either his career or Joan. And, right in the middle of a program, when Dick sees Gargan leering at him, he stops the program and tells the whole, wide world that he is not a romantic Italian at all, but just a plain ordinary New York cab driver! And what are you going to do about it?

So the good old American radio audience comes through with such a demand for the Broadway gondolier that there's nothing for meanie Gargan to do but bow himself off and mend his evil ways!

NO MORE LADIES

•

M-G-M

In a very swanky dancing salon, Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery are gliding languorously around the floor, looking very much "that way" at each other.

Bob says: "Sometimes . . . when I'm dancing with you, I am tempted to forget the philosophy I've acquired during a long and useful life."

"Philosophy?" Joan wonders. "Do you *have* a philosophy, darling? I thought it was . . . well, just your natural cussedness that makes you the way you are."

"Does capacity—a *large* capacity for living—indicate 'cussedness'?"

"I don't know, Sherry," Joan says seriously. "I . . . hope not."

"We do have great times together," with that Montgomery murmur.

And so they are married, and Bob promises to be a good boy (as nearly as possible) and declares that if he *should* fall from grace, he'll come to the little woman and confess before the town gossips can do the job for him.

Of course, he does fall, but thinking to "larn" him a lesson, Joan stays out all night with Franchot Tone (in a nice way, and we can prove it!) and is Bob mad!

But, instead of hopping off to Reno, he takes the missus in his arms, forgives all and, while he still doesn't know what she did on her night out, determines to turn over a new leaf and make it work this time.

A. E. Thomas wrote the play. The cast includes Crawford, Montgomery, Tone, Reginald Denny, and for comedy relief, Edna May Oliver and Charlie Ruggles!

LET 'EM HAVE IT

•

RELIANCE (UNITED ARTIST RELEASE)

Aroused by an unprecedented wave of organized crime, America declares relentless war against gangsters and public enemies.

Richard Arlen, an attorney, disgusted with the ease with which lawbreakers beat cases in court, joins the drive, and with him, Harvey Stephens, wealthy sportsman, who has given up a big game hunt to pursue more dangerous human quarry; and Gordon Jones, a dead-shot cowboy who is infuriated by the ruthlessness of modern bad men.

Nipping a daring plot to kidnap Virginia Bruce, the "Three Musketeers" see to it that the gangsters get life sentences, while, much against their better judgment, they allow Virginia to talk the law out of holding her chauffeur, Bruce Cabot, who is in line for a three-yard stretch for carrying a gun.

With Cabot loose, everything happens. He engineers a jail break and a reign of terror sweeps the Middle West, featuring bank hold-ups, the slaughter of innocent bystanders and other gangster atrocities that shock the country.

Among other things, Virginia's brother, Eric Linden, (and we haven't seen that boy for too long) is murdered because the gang thinks he knows too much.

With his face done over by a plastic surgeon, Cabot becomes bolder. And he might have gotten away with it, too, if his girl, convinced that he had been unfaithful to her, hadn't revealed his hideout.

The finish is spectacular, and we've just got to move over and make room for a romantic clinch between Arlen and Miss Bruce. Director Sam Wood says so! The story was written by Joseph Moncure March and Elmer Harris.

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1

•

M-G-M

To get the low-down on a desperate Public Enemy, Chester Morris, a justice operator, allows himself to be put in the same cell with Joe Calleia, the better to get in his confidence.

Calleia is planning a daring jail break and, in order to keep the guy fooled, Chet has to fall in with his plans, which puts the well meaning fellow in a bad spot, believe us.

Wounded in the break, Calleia hides in an abandoned shack and sends Chet for a doctor. And in his mad dash Chet crowds a bus off the road, salvaging a beautiful young passenger, Jean Arthur, who persuades him to take her along.

Falling in love with the girl (just like that!) Chet is amazed to discover that she is the gangster's sister who is trying to find her brother in order to inform him that he has inherited some money.

Discovering that Chet is after her brother, Jean naturally turns against him. But when our hero is seriously wounded in a gun battle in which Calleia is killed, Jean takes him to her heart and tells him that she knew "crime didn't pay" all the time!

The day we watched them, Morris was supposed to pick up Lionel Barrymore (who plays a doctor) and throw him over his shoulder. And, in spite of the fact that he outweighs Barrymore, he was surprised to find that the trick just couldn't be done!

Seeing his chagrin, Lionel chuckled. "Don't feel badly about it," he said. "Zbyszko couldn't do it, either!"

And seeing as how Zbyszko is a one-time wrestling champ of the world and he and Barrymore used to work out together, Chet felt a whole lot better about it.

And that just about takes care of the Hollywood working class for this month!

Question

What To Give Tommy For A Birthday Present?

Answer

Why, Tiny Tower, of course . . . A magazine all his own!

● There's a whole year of fun ahead for the child who receives a subscription to Tiny Tower. It's full of all the things small boys and girls like best. Tiny Tower keeps them busy with puzzles, cut-outs and drawings . . . keeps them laughing with comic strips, jokes and games . . . stimulates their imaginations with the wonderful adventures of Tinker and Taffy and other delightful stories. No wonder children are impatient for the next issue to arrive. There's nothing else like it published!

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OLIVE REID
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Child's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Your Name and Address.....

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 63)

of rhythm. These boys are as different in their style as the Mills Brothers are in their hot style. An unusual recording that we feel sure you'll like.

On the other side The Charioteers sing "Peaceful Road," written by Hoagy Carmichael, who gave you "Star Dust" and "Lazy Bones." This song is reminiscent of "The Last Roundup," as the boys produce some unusual vocal harmonies that may strike your fancy. (Decca.)

Ray Noble's recording of the song, "Down by the River," from Bing Crosby's film, "Mississippi" is as fine a bit of work as we've heard in some time. This is played by Ray's new band, and although we don't think that it's quite up to his English combo, without a doubt it will get there. The saxes don't have the lift and the rhythm isn't so pronounced but these are offset by the brass work, this section having his former unit stopped a dozen different ways. The genius of Ray Noble's arranging is found in every measure and without doubt, he could pick up a band on a street corner and turn out good records. Al Bowlly is Noble's featured vocalist and although he has had plenty of ballyhoo, we can't get very excited over his work. Bowlly has a pleasing voice, but there are plenty just as good who have never gotten the breaks.

Another tune from "Mississippi" is heard on the other side as Ray Noble and his orchestra play "Soon." A slow tempo bit with plucked fiddles and the brass cut short. Another example of Noble's versatility, with Al Bowlly doing the vocal chorus. (Victor.)

"IT'S AN OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM" is next and it's played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. This melody is from George White's "Scandals of 1935" and is a typical southern show tune. Reisman does a surprisingly good job of recording, good all the way through, with a bit of trumpet work that does much to make the record a success. Phil Duey is the vocalist. Another tune from the Scandals is on the other side. "According to the Moonlight" is the title and it's also played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. Again we have nothing but praise for Reisman. Most leaders play this song to a fairly fast tempo, with the result that much of the delightful melody is sacrificed for the sake of rhythm. Reisman converts it into an excellent slow tempo dance number that is very pleasing to say the least. Again it's Phil Duey who does the vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

FROM the film, "Reckless," Richard Himber and his orchestra select and play the number, "Everything's Been Done Before." Needless to say, Himber turns out a fine platter. It is a smooth rhythmic melody with a nice vocal bit by Joey Nash. You ought to go for this.

"Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt," also from Reckless, is played on the reverse side. Jan Garber and his orchestra do the recording, and if you are a Garber fan, no doubt you will find this entertaining. Played in the approved Garber-Lombardo-Kassel fashion, this one, like "Old Man River," just keeps rollin' along. Lee Bennett does the vocal refrain. (Victor.)

"I THINK I CAN" is from the picture, "Brewster's Millions," the song being written by Ray Noble and in this case played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra. Since Noble left London, Jackson seems to have taken his place, and without doubt, they could have found a much worse substitute. Jackson really has the stuff, and we believe that you'll agree after hearing this record. There is one chorus of French harmony and brass figures that is a masterpiece. You'll like it.

Back to this side of the pond as we listen to the other side played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. "So Lovely and So Sweet" is the title and we certainly find no fault with the recording. The arrangement by Felix Mills coupled with the vocal work by Hugh Grant goes to make a record that is entertaining all the way through. (Victor.)

TED FIO RITO and his orchestra entertain us next with the recording of "Got Me Doin' Things" from "Love in Bloom." Fio Rito and his orchestra have changed their style considerably in the last few months and, in our estimation, the change is for the better. The new style tends for more solo work, and we believe that it's always a good idea to let the good men in a band show what they can do. In this case, we enjoyed the accordion and trumpet interludes. Muzzy Marcellino is the featured vocalist. Another song from "Love in Bloom" is heard on the other side as Ted and the boys play "Let Me Sing You to Sleep With a Love Song." A waltz this time and affording an agreeable contrast. It's Howard Phillips who is heard in the vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

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. . . as he does tonight

Will the sunlight tell tales that soft lights conceal?

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BRIGHT TRICKS WITH NEW COLORS

Hollywood dyes for economy plus style



HOLLYWOOD has one disadvantage that the stars will grudgingly admit. That drenching sunshine has a habit of taking the sparkle out of gay-colored clothes. Many a Hollywood personal maid and many a star-in-the-making resorts to the simple, economical methods modern dye technique makes possible in the renewing of dainty underthings, draperies or a whole wardrobe. And the refurbishing job can be done with no fuss and for as little as a dime.

What a marvel of modern science this *selective* dyeing is, for example. Think of dropping your best nightie into a colorful bath and bringing it out with the lace still white, while the silk itself is new with another color? Imagine too, with a swish, being able to take the color *out* of this or that and then present it with another one, without doing one whit of harm to the fabric. We can call it a swell way to vary your wardrobe if the exchequer needs watching—and whose doesn't?

Still another dye manufacturer has thought up an idea that links his dyes with Paris' latest whims—with a little simple cooperation on your part. He stresses the point that dye manufacturers must all turn out standard colors every year, fashion or no fashion. People always want pink and blue and brown and green. There would be a great waste of profits and to-do if every dye man restyled his whole line four times a year to suit the stylists' moods. But they do concede us our fashion idiosyncrasies. It is now possible to buy, with your dye, instructions on how to combine one or more colors, and in what proportions, so that you can get the shade of the moment. Each wafer is scored so that there is no question about the proportions. There is an elaborate system that keeps the manufacturer advised far enough in advance as to the new seasons' shades so that his chemists can work out the proper formulas. The underlying idea is that clothes, instead of being re-colored, should be dyed *into* style, maybe while they are still more or less new, if it's necessary for you to satisfy that yen for the *dernier cri*.

Color is so important psychologically that, these days, it is positively foolhardy not to clutch at its possibilities for one's clothes and surroundings. Fresh paint and paper do the household job and good dyes can make shabbiness in curtains or clothing into style or, at least, livability. An article well and tastefully re-colored can pull itself promptly into fashion and a fine new spot in your affections.

We can send you helpful folders issued by various manufacturers describing the newest dyeing methods if you will write to the Home Service Department of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, for them.

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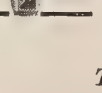
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There's a subtle allurement in this exquisite odeur. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have *added* charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—*they cost so little!* RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odeur as Radio Girl Perfume.

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Send me FREE Regular Size *Radio Girl* Perfume and Trial Size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)



Name _____

Address

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 62*)

with her."—*Paula Lister.* "Mrs. Magley: If you don't like them, stay home and gaze at your husband."—*Georgene Lez, St. Cloud, Minn.* "Mrs. J. Magley certainly threw mud in my face."—*Mrs. Allen Jones, Madisonville, Ky.* "When I read the insult to Bing Crosby thrown by Mrs. Magley, it was just the same as if she had insulted me personally."—*Dorothy Gray, Wilmington, Del.* "Now for Mrs. J. Magley. I agree with her, too, only instead of tomatoes and onions I would like to use nice soft custard pies."—*Margaret W. Kille, Collingswood, N. J.* "Mrs. Magley had better save her onions and study them carefully."—*Mr. Art Millan, Hollywood, Calif.* "It sure is disgusting when people like Mrs. J. Magley do not like such lovely, charming and sincere stars as Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee."—*Marian Fretz, Bedminister, Penn.* "Please, Mrs. J. Magley! What you say about Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee is really shocking."—*Margaret Dlouhy, Cleveland, O.* "It doesn't seem right that a person should criticize an actor or actress so rudely."—*Lorene Houstead, Boise, Idaho.* "It made my blood boil. I resolved that I would post an indignant answer to know-it-all Mrs. Magley. Here it is."—*Miss Gloria Judge, Flushing, L. I.* "My dear Mrs. Magley, Bing besides being a very good actor and singer has to his credit three handsome sons. Do you think Lanny will establish such a record? Did you?"—*Miss Olive Banks, Cincinnati, O.* "Please allow me to set Mrs. J. Magley of Chatham, N. J., on the right track."—*Kathdryn W. Jacocks, Norfolk, Va.* "Mrs. Magley: I don't think you have any right to criticize. I'd like to see you get up before those cameras and do half as well. I can just picture you stumbling all over the place."—*Edna Mannes, Toledo, O.* "To Mrs. Magley. You seem to be quite fond of passing out onions, so kindly accept a few prunes and a coupla scallions from me."—*Miss Madge Riley, Newcastle, Indiana.* "When you can give radio performances such as Bing and Rudy do, Mrs. Magley, or when you have taken leads in as many successful pictures as they have, then you may well be able to criticize them."—*Gloria Wood, Los Angeles, Calif.* "I'm for tolerance in fans."—*Mrs. M. Thrasher, Philadelphia, Penn.* "Thank you, Mrs. Magley. Your criticism I quite agree with."—*Beverly Gunn, Austin, Tex.* "The first thing I want to say is 'Razzberries' for Mrs. Magley."—*Mary Ann Jones, Indianapolis, Ind.* "I don't mind appearing equally foolish by saying that onions and tomatoes are nothing compared to what I would like to see thrown at Lanny Ross."—*Miss A. Ficken, Brooklyn, N. Y.* "With good intentions, try looking in your own mirror and see if there is perfection in your map. Tch! Tch! Mrs. Magley, such words you use!"—*Mildred Rinck, Philadelphia, Penn.* "I daresay Mrs. Magley of Chatham, New Jersey, is going to be a target for many a curdled custard pie, and please let me sling the first one."—*Mrs. L. W. Black, Chicago, Ill.* "I hope the lady will take her tomatoes and onions into the kitchen to cook."—*R. W. Pearl, Toronto, Canada.* "After reading Mrs. J. Magley's letter I admire Bing Crosby a thousand times more."—*Mrs. Ann Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.* "I'd advise Mrs. Magley not to go to see Bing or Vallee. Her empty seat will make room for someone who appreciates their efforts to please us."

And letters were still pouring in as we went to press.

You Tell Us

So now you see, fans, why we don't print every letter that comes in. Whew! Well—let's cool off, now. We've had our fun. NEW MOVIE *hereby declares this subject closed, unless Mrs. Magley wants to write in and reply. That's good sportsmanship.*

Thoughtful Criticism

Certainly John Boles is a wonderful singer and actor, and "Back Street" was a wonderful film, but why should many of his later films be copies of "Back Street"? Many good actors lose their popularity through this method. Intelligent audiences demand an original story, not rehashing of material to suit an actor's ability. The insertion of an impromptu song does much to break the interest of many a story. The casting of actors in roles for which they obviously are too aged insults the intelligence of observing theater-goers. Recently Jack Holt, an excellent actor, was cast in a role in which he was utterly incapable of attaining the more youthful appearance demanded of that characterization. Yours for better pictures.—Roy O. Phelps, 4441 Easton Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas. *Actors and actresses resent being "typed" too, Roy.*

A Good Sport

What about three loud cheers for NEW MOVIE! What other movie magazine would have dared to publish such an article as "It's a Fake," which appeared in the April issue?

I, for one, applaud this warning article—even if in the second paragraph of the third column, you did practically call me a sucker. I can take it, but next time I hope to receive your warning before I have swallowed the hook, line and sinker. It's fun to be fooled, but that is a rather expensive pastime for us poor folks (trying to get rich quick).

Thanking and cheering very, very much, I am, Helen Herrington, Box 218, Route 3, Beaumont, Texas. *Thank you, Helen. If the article helps a few people, that's all we ask.*

Discussion

NEW MOVIE has raised an interesting discussion as to the desirability of trailers in picture theaters. They appear, from a managerial point of view, to be necessary, and are as helpful as are free samples of any other products. Advertisements of physical "foods" as being opposed to mental stimulation should be vetoed. Most movie programs are too long, and I think the ideal entertainment should consist of: a sequence picture, a travel film, and a "short" and news (minus natural but unlovely portraiture of people). A few minutes' pause before pictures would rest one's eyes and ears and conduce to perfect enjoyment.—Connie Cowell, 2 Manhattan Apartment, Thurloc St., Vancouver, B. C. *How do the rest of you feel about those trailer films?*

Youthful Ronald

One question has been bothering me since I saw "Clive of India." Has Ronald Colman found the fountain of youth? In the early sequences of the picture, he looked like a man in his twenties, and I know he's much older than that. If it's the lack of a moustache, then, please, Ronnie, don't ever grow it back. You were just too, too, handsome as Clive.—Jennis Carry, 125 W. Chestnut St., Lawrence, Mass. *It was the lack of a moustache, plus good make-up, plus years of clean, athletic living, Jennis.*

Newsreel Close-Ups

I wish to voice my approval of Mr. Barton's stand, in regard to newsreel close-ups.

After seeing a close-up of a well-known personality in the newsreels, I always wonder how he feels when he sees himself as thousands of other theater-goers see him. How I pity him!

He does not have the advantages of a good director, the magic touch of a make-up artist, and no helpful lighting effects. He usually just has to stand—frowning at the sun—give his speech, and finally bestow a toothy grin on the public. Just consider what happens to a star's popularity by bad direction, make-up, lights, or one story. Oh, my! What a catastrophe!

Just a distant shot of a famous person is all that is needed; except for laughs. Why not let a person keep a little self-confidence, instead of an inferiority complex?

Congratulations, NEW MOVIE, on your grand new magazine. —Mrs. Geraldine Gay, c/o The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 131½ S. Central Ave., Glendale, California. *And yet the realism of the newsreel is one of its most delightful characteristics.*

For D. Rissmiller

After reading your letter in the NEW MOVIE, D. Rissmiller, I cannot seem to agree with you. I think that *Sailor* in "The White Parade" played her part splendidly, but as for taking Marie Dressler's place, it seems impossible.



May Robson

If any of the stars now on the screen can take Marie's place, it is May Robson. Have you seen her in "Lady by Choice," with Carole Lombard? If not, see it. You might then go back to your first opinion, that May Robson will take Marie Dressler's place. But I am quite sure that in the hearts of the American public no one will ever take the place of the late Marie Dressler.—Miss Mabel Corson, 7657 Amboy Road, Tottenville, S. I., N. Y. *It will be hard to replace Marie in the hearts of the picture public.*

What One Reader Likes

Barbara Barry's "News of Forthcoming Pictures."

Nemo and Herb Howe and the clever sketches accompanying their columns.

Stories by Elsie Janis and Jack Jamison.

Douglas Gilbert's interesting series, though he sometimes is irritating.

Stories discussing development and progress of the screen—including the ones on the new color process and on opera in the movies.

Stories about Hollywood itself—like the ones about Hollywood Boulevard and about the fake schools of acting.

What I don't like about NEW MOVIE:

(*Please turn to page* 68)



MINE is a perfectly thrilling job—something new and exciting every day. You see, *my* job is being Tom's wife—and the mother of two small children. It's no snap, of course, but I'm just as determined to make a success of my job as Tom is of his. The most important thing, I figure, is feeding my family well. When you've got a man coming home tired and hungry, and a couple of youngsters who have been playing hard all day, why you've simply got to make their food interesting.

That's why I depend so much upon the food pamphlets I get from Tower Magazines. How Tom loved that fresh ham steak baked with pears! Then I followed that with Southern Sweet Potato Pie which was really delicious. Both recipes I got out of "American Cooking"—and there are 60 other recipes in that pamphlet every bit as good.

If you, like this young woman, are determined to be successful in your home-making job, send right away for

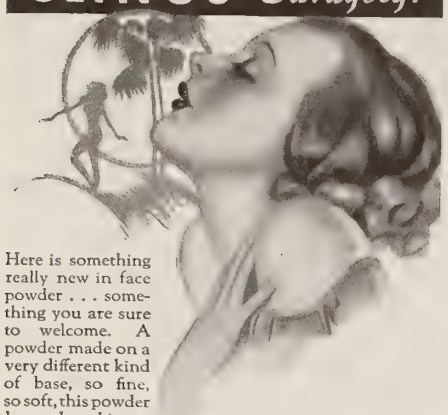
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Rita Calhoun

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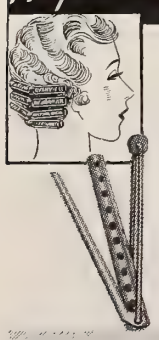
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AT 5c and 10c STORES
and at NOTION COUNTERS
5¢

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 67*)

The new size.

The absence of reviews of current pictures.

The insipid department called "Hollywood goes apartying."

Miss O. Oneal, 4062 39th Street, San Diego, California.

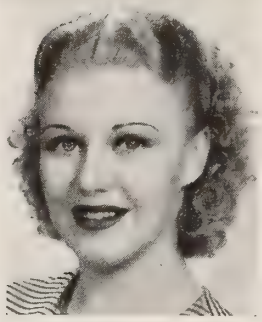
We print pre-reviews, Miss Oneal, to show you how things are going on the sets, and then Barbara Barry tells you which pictures each month she thinks you'll enjoy. As for the new size, that seems to be a personal preference. Most people like it much better.

Whiskers

"Whiskers, whiskers, who hasn't got the whiskers?" or something to that effect. Oh, you movie idols, why must you don moustaches? First King Gable went that way, than Ricardo Cortez, and now even Bing Crosby has decided to decorate his upper lip for his forthcoming picture, "Mississippi." I'm beginning to wonder if I can depend on Baby LeRoy now. What do you think? —Miss Gertrude Hunt, 26 Clonard Avenue St. Vital, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. *Baby LeRoy is growing a long purple beard, Gertrude. We are casting him as Moses in a Cecil DeMille picture.*

Conclusions

I would like to meet Dolores Del Rio to see if her lips are actually the shape they are in photographs, or if it is artistic make-up, and to see if her eyes are as beautiful as pictures show them to be.



Ginger Rogers

I would like to meet Constance Bennett to see if she has as much to be conceited about as is often implied in news notes and to see if her hair is as golden as it looks.

I would like to meet Ginger Rogers just to satisfy myself that she really isn't as coarse-looking as her later pictures show her to be—especially "Romance in Manhattan." I'm sure it's make-up—at least I hope.

I would like to meet Loretta Young to find out why she is considered beautiful, since I think her eyes are too small and her mouth is too large.

And, more than anyone, I would like to meet Jean Parker, because she is Jean Parker.—Jean Darling, 237 Roberts Avenue, Glenside, Pa. *Dolores' lips are really that way; Connie's hair is really golden; Ginger Rogers is anything but coarse, and Loretta is really beautiful. And Jean is Jean, that's true.*

Stone Forever

Stars may come, and stars may go, but Lewis Stone seems to go on forever. His performances may not have set the world on fire, but he has gone on through the years giving a fine performance always, regardless of whether his role was small or large, and never has he disappointed me. The picture in itself may have been a mediocre one, but Mr. Stone's performance was always everything that could be desired.—Adriana Leynaar, 6210 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill. *We all have great admiration for Mr. Stone.*

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

CURTAIN PATTERN

To be made from scrim and checked gingham. With this are directions for making checked flower pot holders to match. Very decorative.

CROCHETED STOOL COVER

It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS

Empty tin containers can be transformed into good-looking, serviceable canisters with the aid of waterproof paint and simple stencils.

LETTUCE BAGS

Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS

No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE

A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

TWINE HOLDER

You'll never be without a ball of twine in a handy place when you have this wall holder.

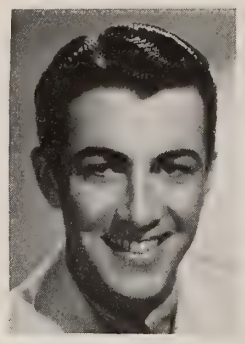
Send for these diagram patterns today . . . all seven for 15 cents

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Ah-ha!

The first time I saw Robert Taylor was in an M-G-M short. I was impressed by his acting ability, liked his looks and hoped he would be given bigger parts. He did get one in "Society Doctor" and, in my opinion, he nearly stole the picture. As for his possibilities of being a star, I think he could be compared to Clark Gable.—Mrs. Rose Mutulo, 445 West 9th Street, Pittsburg, Calif. *Pleasant words, Mrs. Mutulo. We were the first to single out Robert Taylor back in April.*



Robert Taylor

We Bow

I'd like to tell you how much I've really enjoyed NEW MOVIE in the last five months. You see, although I had bought one of your magazines occasionally, it wasn't until you started this new policy that I felt as if I just couldn't miss a copy. In fact I raved about it so much that a friend of mine gave me a subscription for Christmas in desperation.

I'm very much the movie fan, and in the last two years I've made three scrapbooks of my favorite stars. Naturally, the bigger and more lifelike the picture, the more valuable it is to me. So you can imagine how much pleasure I get out of your "Gallery of Stars."

I read "You Tell Us" every month, too, and that's why I'm writing to you now. It has puzzled me that no one else seemed as thrilled about the "Gallery" as I am. And I do believe in giving credit where it is deserved. So NEW MOVIE, take a bow!—Jess Grimsley, 16 Fort Marion Circle, St. Augustine, Florida. *Thank you, Jess.*

From a Prominent Clubwoman

This is to thank you for your letter of February 18th. The information contained therein was very valuable. We held our meeting last evening and at the close of the meeting it was voted one of the best of the year. Thank you again for your suggestions.

It was also brought out that there are 32,000 club women in Indiana alone. If all these club women had a program such as ours, only once a year, it would reach that many folks in one state alone. All seemed to think that pictures have improved tremendously in the past year and will continue to do so. They felt they were a wonderful medium for culture; that good music, fine dancing, good diction, manners, customs, etc., are in short—the finest educational features. Again thanking you, and if there is any way we club women can co-operate, we will be glad to do so.—Gamma Omicron Literary Club, 204 E. Foster Parkway, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

P.S.: This might interest you, that we had copies of NEW MOVIE, in fact that was the only Movie magazine at the meeting. We discussed its merits and the fact that it was the cleanest of its kind and that the articles therein were written with intelligence, and that the magazine avoided so-called "scandal."

Members of Gamma Omicron: Pardon us for not printing your exceedingly interesting letter in full. Space limitations forbid.

You Tell Us

Generous

For the obvious reasons that they detract from stars and men and women who have devoted their lives to developing a dramatic technique, almost all the professional theatrical world hates the average child actor who gets top billing merely for cleverness or native childish appeal. Therefore, accept for once the unlimited praise of an actor for a youngster whom he considers the greatest child actor ever to come to the screen, the Mozart of dramatic endeavor—Freddie Bartholomew, in the same breath "David Copperfield," but a lad to whom we look to re-create all our favorite childhood heroes.

This small-timer only wishes he had one-eighth the genius that young Freddie B. possesses, and wishes through this medium to send him and those who also anticipate great things from him, the very best wishes.—Robert Downing, Showboat Dixiana, Diversey Parkway Bridge, Chicago, Ill. *A generous letter, Mr. Downing. We cannot help but admire you.*

Mr. Smock

This is my first letter to this department but the criticism of James Smock made me see red. In the first place if he wants technical articles let him buy the technical magazines on the market. If a vote were taken I am sure it would be in favor of more gossip and pictures. How about it, fans? And another thing, Mr. Smock has no reason to criticize the NEW MOVIE reviews. In what magazine, I'd like to know, are there any better?

That's that. Now I would like to toss a few bouquets.

Fred Astaire—In my humble opinion the most talented, charming young man on the screen.

Walter King—He played his role in "One More Spring" superbly. He's a natural comedian. More power to him!



Hugh Williams

To the man, whoever he was, who played the part of Steerforth in "David Copperfield." He has a compelling personality. What is his name and where can I write him?

NEW MOVIE—one thing I'd choose to take along anywhere. The grandest, most complete movie magazine in every department. —Shirley Leiser, 280 LeMoyre Avenue, Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa. *"Steerforth" was played by Hugh Williams. Write him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. As we told Mr. Smock, most people feel as you do, Shirley.*

Six Greatest Actors

This is just one movie-goer's opinion, but I should like to mention the names of the screen's six greatest living actors. They are:

Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Charles Laughton, and Warner Baxter. —J. Walter LeBon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, La. *And a pretty good choice, too, Mr. LeBon.*



Accentuate the alluring beauty of your eyes with graceful, well trained eyebrows. Scientifically designed, well-balanced, Wigder Tweezers make plucking a painless, pleasant duty and quickly banish bushy brows and "wild" hairs.
Wigder Tweezers and Manicure Aids are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get yourself a set today.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.
Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co., 326-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

More on Taylor

Have seen a great many so called hospital pictures, the latest one being "Society Doctor." It is not, strictly speaking, a hospital drama, but rather a chronicle of human emotions, crowded into a few short hours, making a very interesting film, with the love interest supplied by Chester Morris as the doctor, and Virginia Bruce as the nurse. Both turn in excellent performances and so does Robert Taylor (a newcomer to the screen) as the third member in the triangle. He seems to have everything: good looks, personality plus, and histrionic ability. We shall be hearing more about him, if he is given the right parts.



Chester Morris

I have always liked Chester Morris, with his crooked smile and virile strength.—Mrs. Betty Toles, 514 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Title Changes

I've read a lot of complaints in the Fans' Department against the constant "title-changing" upon completion of a production. Well—I'll take the opposite side, and say to the producers, "Go on—change titles a million times if you wish, but don't pull a "boner" like the one I'm going to mention."

It seems that there were two pictures with titles alike—"The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Countess of Monte Cristo." Surely United Artists and Universal were aware of the similarity—but did they do anything about it? Oh, no! If they only knew how much misunderstanding, confusion and ill feeling that error caused, they would certainly have had a "story conference."

Many a theater manager was perplexed with the situation—wondering how he was to exploit both pictures to the "un-movie-wise" patrons. That "ess" on "Countess" didn't mean a thing except that movie-goers thought it was a typographical mistake in the "Count" title. In other words, they thought they were on the verge of seeing the second-run of "Monte Cristo."

Of course there are those who read both stories and knew which "Cristo" was which—but how about those who don't read?

When two companies happen to possess a similar title, for heavens' sake—why don't they compromise?—Mrs. Mary E. Padgett, 619 Vermont Street, Quincy, Ill. *And then there were "Paris in Spring" and "Spring in Paris," Mrs. Padgett, and other similar titles.*

A Thoughtful Letter

After reading the "You Tell Us" page in the NEW MOVIE Magazine for the past several months, I came to the conclusion that, although I never before have written a letter of any kind to any magazine, I at last have good reason to write one. So here goes. I hope you will survive the shock.

To begin with, I LIKE your magazine. It is the most complete and satisfying publication of its kind that I have seen. I like your editorial page, and I like its place right at the front, where I can read it and go on through the book,

(*Please turn to page* 70)



You bet 3-in-One Oil will make that mower easier to handle! It prevents rust while it lubricates. Handy cans and bottles.

Blended from 3 oils for better protection

CLEANS - LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST



Trial bottle FREE



WOMEN ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW 3-IN-ONE FURNITURE POLISH

Beautify furniture and woodwork with this creamy new polish. Removes dirt and film; rubs to a quick lustre and dry, hard finish. At your dealer's—or sample free.

Three In One Oil Company, Dept. 16-B
170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.
I'll try your new furniture polish!
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS AT 10¢ STORES



ECZEMA TORMENTS quickly pacified. For efficient help use concentrated POSLAM

Send for FREE SAMPLE Poslam Station G New York



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar*

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 102
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a Free Booklet about Freckles.
Name.....
Address.....

. . . Continued. . . .
The List of Stores Where You Can See Tower Star Fashions

Please see also page 72 for stores from Alabama to South Dakota. Pictures of Tower Star Fashions are on page 22.

TENNESSEE

Bristol—The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga—Miller Bros.
Dyersburg—Style Shop
Harriman—Dress Shop
Jackson—The Francis Shop
Knoxville—Miller's, Inc.
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Nashville—Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
Morristown—J. W. Arnold
Paris—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)
Union City—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Athens—Mandelstein's
Austin—Goodfriends
Bay City—The Hurley Shoppe
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Beeville—The Parisian
Brady—Benham Style Shop
Breckenridge—The Belota Shop
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Cameron—Lyon D. G. Co.
Cisco—J. H. Garner's
Corpus Christi—Smart Shop
Denison—Richie-Freels
Denton—H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso—The White House
Gainesville—Teaque Co.
Greenville—R. E. King
Houston—Hutton, Inc.
Kingsville—J. B. Ragland Merc. Co.
Laredo—A. C. Richter, Inc.
Lubbock—Freed's Women's Apparels
Lulling—O'Neill's
McAllen—The Fashion
Overton—The Model
Pampa—Mitchell's
Port Arthur—Worth, Inc.
Shamrock—B. & L. Store
Temple—W. P. Roddy
Texarkana—I. Schwartz Co.
Tyler—Miller
Vernon—Gold Feder's
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Yorktown—Goodfriend's

UTAH

Logan—Milady's Shop

VERMONT

Burlington—Abernethy Clarkson-Wright, Inc.
Brattleboro—J. E. Mann
Rutland—The Vogue Shop
St. Johnsbury—The Gray Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Covington—The Quality Shop
Danville—L. Herman's Dept. Store
Galax—Claire's Fashion Shop
Harrisonburg—J. Ney & Son
Lynchburg—Baldwin's
Norton—The Ladies Shop
Richmond—Jonas Shop
Roanoke—Natalie Shop
Staunton—Helen G. Eastham
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith
Waynesboro—Rosenthal's Style Shop
Winchester—The Smart Shop

WASHINGTON

Long View—Columbia River Merc. Co.
Pomeroy—H. H. Cardwell
Seattle—Jerome
Spokane—The Palace Store
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Beckley—The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield—The Vogue
Charleston—The People's Store
Clarksburg—Parson-Souders
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley
Hinton—Campbell's Quality Shop
Lewisburg—Yarid's
Logan—Manning Clo. Co.
St. Mary's—Everly Sisters
Weston—Polly Primm Dress Shop
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Williamson—Schwacter's

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Geenen D. G. Co.
Ashland—Smith Style Shop
Beaver Dam—Heuton & Wenz
Beloit—McNeany D. G. Co.
Kenosha—Betty Shops
Madison—Cinderella Shop
Milwaukee—Reel's
Monroe—Link Store
Sheboygan—Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Cheyenne—Bon Marche
Lander—The Smart Shop
Laramie—Sheridan—Kepp-Baertsch

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 69*)

from front to back, reading everything in its logical order.

Your articles about the great and near-great in Moviedom are not only interesting, but well-written, and in good taste. The movie reviews are very good, and I have yet to be disappointed in a show that NEW MOVIE said was good. Your special articles are fine, and to top it all, you carry better quality advertisements than most of the movie magazines.

There is one thing more that I would like. I would like, on an imaginary trip through the studio, to turn my back for a while on the actors on the set, and see what the electrician, the camera-man, the prop-man, the script-girl, and any others working on the set but not in the picture are doing, and why. Such an article once in a while would give us a better understanding of why it costs so much to make a picture; why some pictures can be made "on the set," and some have to go "on location"; and it would, I believe, answer a lot of questions a visitor on the lot would naturally ask.

After seeing "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," it occurred to me that those same characters could make a fine show of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." I can just see Jeanette MacDonald as "Ellen," Sir Guy Standing as Ellen's father, C. Aubrey Smith as "Allen-Bane," Gary Cooper as "Roderick," and Franchot Tone as "James Fitz-James." What a grand and glorious spectacle that would make! And the director of the "Bengal Lancers" could do it to perfection. And would the company go on location to Loch Lomond, in Scotland? Hmmmm? What a swell time the boys and girls would have!

And I still like your magazine.—Mrs. Don Nutt, 718 Russell Avenue, El Dorado, Ark. *See the Joan Crawford-Robert Montgomery photos in this issue, Mrs. Nutt, for a glimpse of a set in action.*

Ladies' Aid

NEW MOVIE looks imposing and attractive, and stands out distinctively on news-stands. Its increased size makes it tower over and above other Movie magazines, but being a Tower publication, I suppose that is to be expected.

When one looks at the space devoted to fan letters it's heartening to see what a number of such letters there are. I can recall some movie magazines that print barely five letters from fan readers, and in these magazines it's disappointing to turn to that page and find so few opinions about pictures, and stars, and things pertaining to them.

It's but natural for one to want to hear others express appreciation of one's own favorite star, and in thought silently condemn a few opinions that other readers have entertained.

To read a good batch of such fan letters is like going to the Ladies' Aid, or some sewing society, of an afternoon, and listening to the harmless gossip about things that all are interested in.

I thank NEW MOVIE for such an interchange of thought among ourselves, that the large letter department gives to its fan letter writers.—Mary Belle Walley, Butler, New Jersey.

Charlie

Charles Chaplin is making a picture! Such interest has not centered in a single production since Garbo made her first talkie. One well remembers when she appeared on the threshold of the rum-soaked bar-room in "Annie Christie" and a breathless movie public waited for her to utter her first word into a microphone.

Will Chaplin speak? Let us hope not! The picture should have sound effects, but not the spoken word. He is a genius in the art of pantomime and his expressive hands, mobile features and characteristic gestures are all that are necessary to get his laughs and emotions across. Being a consummate artist he does not need the spoken word, silly gags and ridiculous situations to keep a theatre full of people entertained. Chaplin's appeal is world-wide and he should wisely remain unfettered from the bonds of language. —Mrs. R. W. Ballard, 506 Clement Ave., Charlotte, N. C. *Sound effects and no dialogue—that's just what the picture has, we're betting, although we haven't seen it yet.*

Silly Clothes

Producers evidently have a very poor knowledge of the psychology of the human mind. Interest should be allowed to center round the plot of the story and the acting, yet distractions, such as ridiculous and inappropriate costumes, often succeed in diverting one's mind entirely.

Adrian frequently designs such extreme clothes that he actually caricatures instead of compliments. Garbo and Shearer are his pet victims, and their talents are often subordinated to the glitter of the bizarre and the fantastic.

The picture "The Painted Veil" is a case in point. In the latter scenes Garbo's clothes bore the stamp of extreme Oriental influence and were the last word in exaggerated eccentricity. Such clothes, too severe even for the classic features of Garbo, resulted in a hardness of feature and expression, to say nothing of divorcing our attention from the plot and the cast entirely.

Costumes should be appropriate and becoming, but unobtrusive. Claudette Colbert's clothes in "It Happened One Night" were an example of perfect costuming, yet who remembers the details? The plot and the excellence of the acting were allowed to take precedence over clothes.

Please, producers . . . give us proper balance in our movie diet!—Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 2709 Lochmore Avenue, Raleigh, N. C. *And a lot of other people feel the same way, Mrs. Cooksey.*

Men!

Congratulations to Joseph Vojacek, for his note asking why more men do not have letters printed. I have often wondered the same. Don't men go to the movies and have a voice about their favorites too?

If I had two weeks to spend in Hollywood with the stars, here is my plan.

1st week

Monday—Dick Powell—I met him personally, and have never forgotten his powerful boyish personality.

Tuesday—William Powell—I never did like him on the screen, and want to know him in real life.

Wednesday—Fred Astaire—I am also interested in dancing.

Thursday—John Boles—to meet him, and see if he is "Just plain John" as our Elsie Janis says he is.

Friday—Freddie Bartholomew — A great star for the future also.

Saturday—Joe E. Brown—Because he is truly so human.

Sunday—Bing Crosby—A type of man we all enjoy and worship.

2nd week

Monday—Minna Gombell—Because

Are You Clever With a Needle



Modern Table Linen Must Be Beautiful. Here Are Six Smart Diagram Patterns

•

Beautiful tables make food seem more exciting! And no one has to long for lovely table linen when it's so easy to make. These diagram patterns will show you how to make six exquisite cloths. All six patterns and complete directions for 15c. Get started right away on:

A Peasant Table Cover. Designs and diagrams for making cross-stitch designs—flowers, animals, people.

Smart Crochet Designs. For bridge or luncheon cloths. So very good-looking and so easy to make.

Coarse Linen Doilies. Made gay and bright with stripes from colored seam binding. Very decorative.

Inexpensive Cloths. Plain material trimmed in gingham with gingham napkins to match. Clever as can be.

New Crochet Edgings. New edgings which are sure to bring out the "ahs" and the "ohs". For many trimmings.

Six Applique Designs. Made from colored linen or cotton in fruit designs. For table spreads or doilies.

Send your request to Miss Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue **New York, N. Y.**

You Tell Us

she is so real in reel life; so dear.

Tuesday—Merle Oberon—to see those wonderful eyes.

Wednesday—Ginger Rogers—Full of pep, and expresses "kindness."

Thursday—Jean Harlow—She seems so friendly and like a fan herself.

Friday—Mae West—I am a prize fight fan also.

Saturday—Mary Pickford—Because she is everyone's Sweetheart.

Sunday—Shirley Temple—To go to Sunday school with her and on a picnic.

These would be Real days, not just Reel days. Huh?—Charles Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Illinois.

We like your itinerary, Charles.

Another Man

Personally, I usually leave the letter-writing honors in the wife's capable hands—but just to keep Mr. Vojacek (who asked for more letters coming from male members of your audience), company, I want to contribute this bit of well-meant criticism that I know would somewhat embarrass Mrs. Stone herself to write about:

We had seen George Raft and the lovely Carole Lombard in "Rumba." The whole story seemed far-fetched, even ludicrous at times, and not because we didn't like the acting by two who are really among our favorites, but because of *a pair of trousers!* Yessir, some dancer or well-dressed man ought to tell George Raft that he wore 'em so high that he absolutely looked deformed. Trite, perhaps? Well, it seems to this he-man, that if George Raft is to continue reminding his admiring public of the late Valentino, he would do well to remember that part of that artist's Art was the minute attention he paid to every costume he appeared in—and never did he seem to deem it necessary to make himself look deformed in either following the dictates of an extreme style or in selecting trousers (?) suitable for dancing.—Ulysses A. Stone, 67 35th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *See the other letter on silly costumes, Mr. Stone.*

A Shock

The article "Stars of Yesterday" in the March issue is indeed a very shocking revelation.

One does not need to be very old in years to recall many fine pictures, many fine performances and many hours of real pleasure provided by these actors and actresses of other days.

With the passing of the years they have ceased to be stars. Probably it is only right and just that youth should have its chance to replace them.

But these former stars are merely seeking work in very minor "bits" or as extras. Any system which denies them preference in securing such work is heartless and cruel. Obviously it is a system which cannot have the sympathy of the theater-going public. Neither ignorance nor apathy should allow it to exist.—R. Nicholson, 243 Robie St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. *Thank you. We will fight, as always, to get jobs for these fine deserving folk.*

Pictures That Disappear

For some unknown reason Anna Sten's picture, "We Live Again," has not come to our neighborhood theater. Three months or more have passed since it left the down town theaters, and it has not been shown in the city since.

I fail to understand any reason for withholding this picture. It seems to be unfair to the public. They are introduced to a new star; they are made to wait for the release of her new picture; and they are unable to see this picture after it is released because it does not come to the neighborhood movie.

Personally I have watched and waited patiently for the arrival of this picture. For all I know it may never come.

Can you explain, and possibly aid, this situation?—Albert S. Weiman, 4002 York Road, Philadelphia, Penna. *Your neighborhood theater has signed a contract to take some other studio's pictures, probably. You can find out by asking the manager.*

Applause

My hat is off to NEW MOVIE. I find it is the only magazine pertaining to the screen that I care to put in the hands of my niece (14) who is movie mad. I feel she gets only wholesome reading that instructs as well as entertains; and she sees the inner life of worthwhile men and women who can make or mar our morals.

Your sketch of Janet Gaynor is calculated to make any girl want to build for a sane and more normal life than the present day trend leads them. I have had only three copies, but I pat myself on the back, for spending my dollar for a year on NEW MOVIE. The pictures are good, and of interesting people, the sketches show us the human side of our favorites and the articles are uniformly clean.

I thank you, and I hope you can hear the applause I am sending in this letter.—Miss Carrie Moore, 300 N. Lombardy St., Richmond, Va. *We can hear it, Carrie—and we are grateful. My, all the letters are congratulatory, this month! Hasn't anyone any knocks?*

More Boosting

I thank you for your advice in answer to my letter published in the April NEW MOVIE. I appreciate the fact that you thought it good enough to publish. And I thank you for the prize awarded me.

The "A-Dollar-For-Your-Thoughts" department is one that I like, and enjoy very much. You are rendering your readers a real service in exposing "rackets" with such articles as "It's a Fake."

NEW MOVIE is one of my favorite magazines. As long as you keep it up to its present standard, you will have a satisfied reader in me. C. E. Gilstrap, Rte. 1, Neosho, Mo.

Nelson Eddy

Hats off to M-G-M for giving Nelson Eddy a real chance to show his ability in "Naughty Marietta"! They took him away from the concert stage and then ignored him for about two years. And does he sing his way into our hearts—he and Jeanette MacDonald! And how!—Leslie E. Dunkin, Wolcott, Indiana. *The returns that are coming in seem to indicate that "Naughty Marietta" will be regarded as one of the leading musicals of the year. We think you'll be seeing more of Nelson Eddy, Leslie.*

American Beauties

A big bouquet of American Beauties for Joan Crawford, a real live American Beauty. Her role in "Forsaking All Others" proves she isn't a type player. She can play either dramatic or comedy parts perfectly. Her new way of make-up for her lips is much more natural and becoming. She should top the list of outstanding stars. Let's see her in another comedy.—Mrs. Wm. Thurwanger, 549 Tenny St., Kewanee, Ill. *Joan is talented, Mrs. Thurwanger, or she wouldn't be where she is today.*

QUICK, SURE RELIEF
CORNS
CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



ACTS 2 WAYS
(1) Ends pain; stops pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters.
(2) Quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes—you'll have relief! It's the soothing, healing medication in them that ends pain so quickly. The pressure-removing feature of these thin, cushioning pads immediately stops the *cause* and prevents corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots from new or tight shoes. To loosen and remove corns or callouses quickly and safely, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box. After that use the pads only to stop shoe pressure or friction. Only a thorough, complete, scientific, double-purpose treatment like Dr Scholl's Zino-pads will do all these things for you. Always keep a box handy. They're sold everywhere.


CALLOUSES


BUNIONS


SOFT CORNS

NOW 2 KINDS
STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢
New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35¢

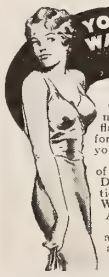
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

ITCH
STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE
Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.
D.D.D. *Prescription*

Betty Lou
TROPIC TAN
FACE POWDER
Loveliness for your Summertime Complexion



Purse Size at all F.W. WOOLWORTH STORES
Regular Size ONE DOLLAR
10¢
Betty Lou Allan 500-5TH AVE. N.Y.C.



YOU WANT A LOVELY BUST & FORM
WHY BE SKINNY OR FAT
HAVE A FASCINATING FIGURE
Overcome your FIGURE FAULTS by a new, easy method. Avoid unattractive SKINNINESS—flat chest, flabby breast, thin neck and limbs; or dispose of uncomfortable over-weight and surplus flesh. You can mold yourself into a SUPERB FIGURE if you listen to this.
BETTY RUTH GRAROD SYSTEM
of BEAUTY CULTURE AND SYMMETRICAL BODY DEVELOPMENT, with Secret Formulas and Instructions, opens the way to FEMININE CHARM, LOVELY WOMANHOOD, PERSONAL MAGNETISM; and ALLURING CURVES on both body and limbs.
No longer need you be ashamed of your figure whether in a bathing suit, evening dress or negligee. Results are astonishing!
ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL
Write TODAY, NOW, for complete information to be sent in plain, sealed envelope. Enclose 10c for postage, etc. Mention what you wish to accomplish.
BETTY RUTH GRAROD, Suite 6G, 45 BRANFORD PLACE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. I enclose 10c for information about your Secret Formula and subjects checked:
☐ DEVELOPING ☐ REDUCING ☐ BEAUTIFYING
☐ BUST ☐ ARMS ☐ NECK ☐ ABDOMEN ☐ HIPS
☐ CHIN ☐ LEGS ☐ HAIR ☐ COMPLEXION ☐ FIGURE
NAME (Miss or Mrs.).....
ADDRESS.....

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



. . . or all night! Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE · FLAME · NATURAL · BLUSH

20c • at all 10 cent stores

SAVAGE
DRY ROUGE



I'd show you how ColorShine White Kid Cleaner (10c) keeps new shoes *white* and bleaches old shoes in three applications—without harming the leather. Then it polishes beautifully (*or leave dull if you prefer*), and "won't rub off." That is ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write *Irene Marchant*, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES
No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Whitens!



Bring the touch of Springtime to your complexion. Lighten your skin and revive its youthful freshness with this charming, pearly-white appearance. Gently bleaches.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
Purse Size at 10c Stores
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

NEW TOWER STAR FASHIONS

are now on display in these leading stores



Lives there a woman who hasn't looked longingly at the fashions worn by her favorite star and said to herself, "*That* would look well on me!" The new Tower Star Fashions—worn by popular stars—are pictured on page 22—and displayed in the stores listed below. For further information write Tower Star Fashions Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ALABAMA

Birmingham—New Williams
Huntsville—Mary Shop
Montgomery—Alex Rue
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—Smart Shop
Douglas—Hosiery & Art Shop
Phoenix—Goldwater's
Tucson—Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS

El Dorado—J. F. Sample Co.
Ft. Smith—Tilles, Inc.
Helena—H. S. Cooper
Little Rock—M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—The May Co.
Oakland—Zukor's
Pomona—C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco—The Emporium
San Jose—M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara—The Smart Shop

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—C. V. Clamp
Denver—Denver D. G. Co.
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta—Holbrook Costume Shop
Meeker—A. Oldland Co.
Pueblo—Colorado Supply Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford—Brown Thomson Inc.
New Haven—The Gamble-Desmond Co.
Torrington—Dankins Inc.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Woodward & Lothrop Inc

FLORIDA

Arcadia—Personality Shop
Gainesville—Geiger's
Miami—Burdine's
Ocala—Blocker's
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co., Inc
St. Petersburg—Rutland Bros.
Tallahassee—P. W. Wilson Co
Tampa—Ernest Maas Inc.

GEORGIA

Athens—Michaels Bros. Inc.
Atlanta—Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners Shop
Blakely—Daniel's
Cordele—The Everstyle Shoppe
Macon—Mayson's
Waycross—The Fashion Shop
West Point—Cohen Brothers

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Willis
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Mandel Bros.
Du Quoin—Ross Store
Galesburg—Kellogg, Drake & Co.
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Marion—C. W. Hay
Mattoon—M. M. Lewis
Mount Vernon—The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro—Ross Store
Rochelle—Whitson D. G. Co.
Rockford—Wortham's
Springfield—Myer Bros.
Streator—Opdyckes
Waukegan—Hein's
West Frankfort—Burg's

INDIANA

Bloomfield—Stalcup's
Crawfordsville—Adler's, Inc.
Frankfort—The Adler Co.
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg—Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis—William H. Block Co.
Lebanon—Adler & Co.
Logansport—Schmitt & Kloepper
Newcastle—Woodbury's
Peru—Senger D. G. Co., Inc.
Richmond—Sittloh's
Shelbyville—Morris's
South Bend—Ellsworth's

IOWA

Atlantic—Bullock & Sons
Boone—The Riekenberg Co.
Cherokee—Ellerbrook Bros.
Des Moines—Younker Bros.
Dubuque—Roshek Bros., Inc.
Mason City—D. K. Lundberg Co
Oelwein—Connor's
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay's
Coffeyville—Cole's
Manhattan—The Parisian
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Parisian
Topeka—Edward's
Wichita—George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland—The Smart Shop
Fort Thomas—The Ft. Thomas Shoppe
Glasgow—H. W. Jolly & Son
Hazard—Major Store
Henderson—Bohn's
Louisville—Kaufman-Strauss Co.
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.
Paris—Model Dress Shop
Somerset—The A. J. Joseph Co.
Winchester—Vic Bloomfield & Sons

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Hixson's
Lafayette—Davis's
Lake Charles—Maurice's
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co Ltd.

MAINE

Bangor—Cortell-Segel Co.
Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—Pattee Co.
Houlton—Bennett's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—The May Co.
Frederick—Gilbert's
Hagerstown—Eyerly's
Sparrows Point—Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS

Allston—Lila Dress Shop
Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co
Gardner—Rose's
Haverhill—Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence—Russem's
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
Salem—Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield—Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Albion—Vaughn & Ragsdale Co.
Alpena—Thomas Gown Shop
Battle Creek—Schroeder's
Bay City—Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids—Wilson's
Birmingham—Twin Shop
Detroit—B. Siegel & Co.
Flint—King Clothing Co.
Goldwater—Vaughn & Ragsdale
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sanders
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Mt. Clemens—Marshall's Store
Saginaw—Heavenrich's

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea—Skinner-Chamberlain
Austin—M. Lewis & Co.
Detroit Lakes—L. J. Norby Co.
Duluth—Geo. A. Gray Co.
Faribault—Gray's Style Shop
Fergus Falls—Norby Dept. Store, Inc.
Hibbing—Nide's
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's
Redwood Falls—The Wm. R. Wingate Co.
Rochester—Ladies Shop
St. Paul—Golden Rule
St. Cloud—Fandel's
Stillwater—Kolliner's
Wadena—James Hart & Son
Winona—The Fashion, Inc.
Virginia—Johnny's

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—The Madeira Shop
Columbus—The Fashion Center
Greenville—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.
Grenada—The Leader
Jackson—Fried's Shop for Women
Meridian—Kay's, Inc.
Vicksburg—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.

MISSOURI

Booneville—Sunny Day Stores
Brookfield—Vogue Shop
Chillicothe—Lewis Anderson, Inc
Hannibal—Reib's
Jefferson City—Peltason's
Kansas City—Geo. P. Peck
Kirksville—Herman's
Laplata—Tansil-Grantges
Mexico—Phillip's
Moberly—Grand Fashion Shop
St. Joseph—The Paris
Trenton—Ellis'
University City—Rubenstein's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co., Inc.
Chinook—Princess Pat Shoppe
Columbus—The Boston Shop
Great Falls—Stiles' Style Shop
Helena—Fischer Mill'y. Co.
Sidney—Yellowstone Merc. Co.

NEBRASKA

Fall City—Jenny's
Fremont—Marson's
Omaha—Goldstein-Chapman
Lincoln—Gold & Co.
Scottsbluff—The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont—Pelletier & Snowman
Concord—Betty Alden
Littleton—C. A. Libby Co.
Lebanon—Richardson & Langlois
Manchester—Rogers, Inc.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park—Dainty App. Shop.
Freehold—Pearlman's Dept. Store
Guttenberg—Florence Shoppe
Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Maplewood—Constance Harris
Newark—Kresge's
New Brunswick—Zarra's
Passaic—Charlotte Shop
Paterson—Anne Shop
Trenton—Lillian Charm

NEW YORK

Albany—Davids
Baldwinsville—D. Cooper
Binghamton—Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca—Pritchard's Style Shop
Newburgh—The Sonia
New York City—Macy's Cinema Shop
Norwich—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Ogdensburg—Nathan Frank's Sons
Oneonta—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Rochester—David's
Saranac Lake—Altman's
Sidney—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Staten Island, St. George—Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse—David's
Utica—Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
Watertown—Frank A. Empsall Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosler's Smart Shop
Gallup—R. & R. Mill'y

NORTH CAROLINA

Albemarle—G. M. Dry & Sons
Asheville—Brener's
Burlington—B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Charlotte—Darling Shop
Durham—R. L. Baldwin

NORTH CAROLINA—*Cont'd*

Goldsboro—Niel Joseph
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville—C. Heber Forbes
Hickory—L. Herman, Inc.
High Point—Beavans Quality Shop
North Wilkesboro—Spainhour-Sydnour Co.
Red Springs—Graham Co.
Reidsville—The Hazel Shop
Rocky Mount—Rosenbloom-Levy Co.
Washington—Carter's Dress Shop
Wilmington—The Julia
Wilson—Lucille's
Winston Salem—Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—A. L. Moody
Grand Fork—Herberger, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson's, Inc.
Kenmore—Knudson's, Inc.
Minot—Sgutts Store for Women
New Rockford—Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City—Fair Dept. Store
Williston—G. M. Hedderick & Co.

OHIO

Ashland—Max H. Zola
Athens—Slingluff's
Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co. Budget Shop
Cleveland Heights—Polly Style Shop
Dayton—Elder-Johnson Co.
E. Liverpool—Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay—Simon's
Hillsboro—Rothman's
Kenton—F. W. Uhlman
Lakewood—Bailey's Lakewood Store
Mansfield—The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon—Van Horn's
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion
Toledo—Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington—Lacy's
Youngstown—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Altus—The Vogue
Ardmore—G. H. Henley
Blackwell—Pollyanna Shop
Bristow—The Globe Store
Chickasha—The Eagle Merc. Co
Duncan—Hollywood Shop
Enid—Garfield's
Frederick—Mark's
Guthrie—Davenport's
Miama—Rose Bud Shoppe
Sapula—Katz Dept. Store
Sulphur—Sulphur D. G. Co.
Vinita—Zimmerman's
Wewoka—J. M. Davidson

OREGON

Medford—Adriennes

PENNSYLVANIA

Aliquippa—Pittsburgh Merc. Co.
Allentown—Zollinger-Harned Co.
Altoona—William F. Gable Co.
Bradford—Becky's
Butler—Weiss's
Chambersburg—Worth's
Charleroi—Wayne's
Corry—The Nast Co.
Erie—Keefe & Johnson
Greensburg—S. W. Rose Co.
Harrisburg—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Homestead—Robbins Shop
Johnstown—Schwartz
Lansford—Bright's
Lock Haven—Grossman's
McKeesport—Cox's
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Kaufman's
Pottsville—Skelly's
Reading—Pomeroy's
Scranton—The Band Box
Shamokin—Worth's
Shenandoah—Goldberg's
Upper Darby—Mayer's
Wilkes-Barre—Fowler Dick & Walker
Williamsport—Worth's
York—P. Wiest's Sons

RHODE ISLAND

Woonsocket—McCarthy D G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson—G. H. Bailers
Camden—Fashion Shop
Clinton—Ladies Shoppe
Columbia—Haltiwanger's
Conway—Jerry Cox Co.
Kingstree—The Ladies Shop
Mullins—Razor Clardy Co.
Orangeburg—Mosley's Dept. Store

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell
Huron—Erickson's
Watertown—Schaller's
Sioux Falls—Aaronson's

• Turn to page 70 for stores from Tennessee to Wyoming •

Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids—

The Modern Woman The Modern Product



DR. ELLIS' BEAUTY AID PRODUCTS

Be modern! Exquisite loveliness is the mode of the day. Quality and quantity are combined in Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids to make beauty culture a pleasant daily routine of home grooming within your means instead of an extravagant luxury.

Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids contain the finest and purest of ingredients. They have been tested and approved by the leading skin specialists and beauticians.

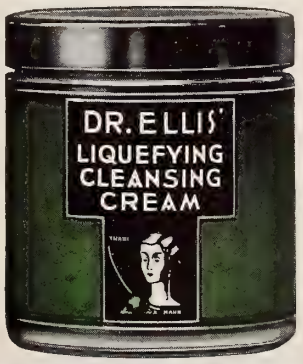
Keeping young is the duty of every woman. Dr. Ellis' research, skill and experience has placed beauty culture within the reach of all.

In hot, sulky, sultry summer weather the care of the skin presents "Touchy" problems. Dr. Ellis' Creams solve these problems one by one. In Dr. Ellis' facial creams lie the secret of skin loveliness. They are scientifically and dermatologically tested. Each cream is compounded and prepared to accomplish a definite purpose. Whether your skin needs stimulation, nutrition or cleansing, you will find a Dr. Ellis' cream for your individual need. Your complexion is precious—guard it as you would a treasure, by using Dr. Ellis' Creams.

There is a wealth of satisfaction in knowing that you use the *Best*. You have *that* satisfaction when you buy a Dr. Ellis' Product. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" WAVESET gives that rich, gleaming lustre of a lemon rinse to the hair. It does not discolor hair; waves become more beautiful and last longer.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK-DRY" WAVESET LEAVES NO POWDER. Sold in the original comb-dip bottle. . . The name Dr. Ellis' on the package is your definite assurance of superior quality.

Dr. Ellis' Liquefying Cleansing Cream	1½ oz. 10c.
Dr. Ellis' Vanishing Cream - -	
Dr. Ellis' Lemon Cleansing Cream	
Dr. Ellis' Tissue Cream - -	4 oz. 20c
Dr. Ellis' Cold Cream - -	
Dr. Ellis' Hand Cream - -	
Dr. Ellis' Original Skin Balm - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Waveset -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine—Rose & Amber -	10c



DR. ELLIS' SALES CO., INC.
PITTSBURGH, PA. • TORONTO, CAN.

Dr. Ellis' Lemon Oil Concentrate Shampoo	10c
Dr. Ellis' Waveset Concentrate - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Waveset Powder - - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish (Clear or Creme) Ruby, Cardinal, Coral, Natural, Rose, Crystal	10c
Dr. Ellis' White Tip (in Creme only) -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Cuticle Oil and Remover -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Polish Remover, Plain and Oil	10c
Dr. Ellis' Lilac Astringent (Freshener) -	20c

We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —

No "Nerves"! "Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor! "In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!



NO BOTHERED NERVES FOR MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

"REFRESHING," SAYS MRS. ROBERT R. HITT



"FLAVOR," SAYS MISS MARY DE MUMM

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*

MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*

MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *New York*

MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*

MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*

MISS EVELYN CAMERON WATTS, *New York*

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*

Mildness! "Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "They are the most popular cigarettes... every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves—that is why they are so enthusiastic about Camels! The finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels make a real difference—in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing!

"Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel rests me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift" by releasing your latent energy in a natural way. They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos—both Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.



MILDNESS IS WHAT MISS DOROTHY PAINE PREFERS IN CAMELS



Copyright, 1935, R. J Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

New Movie

1980

AUGUST

10¢

15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

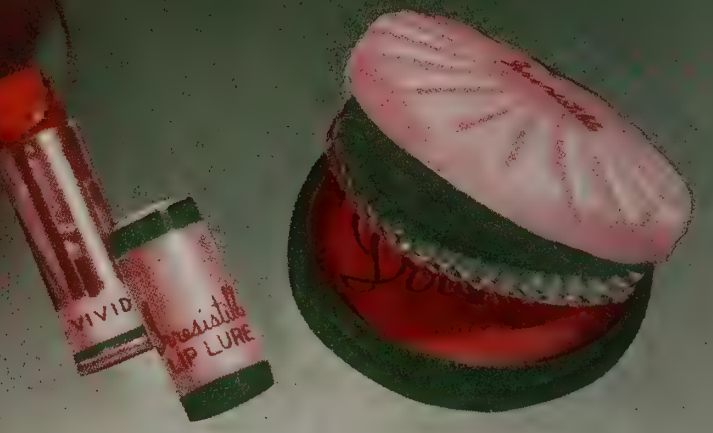


Plastic Mask of
JEAN HARLOW
by Rosalie Rush

PICTURES NEED SEVEN KINDS OF LOVE

NEW! Irresistible ROUGE

GIVES YOU A VITAL, GLAMOROUS LURE THAT'S IRRESISTIBLE





This gorgeous, new kind of dry rouge actually stays on all day and gives you a vital, glamorous lure that's irresistible. Because of its superfine texture and special quality, IRRESISTIBLE ROUGE blends perfectly with your skin...defies detection...and looks like the natural bloom of radiant, sparkling youth.

And such ravishing colors...utterly life-like...utterly thrilling! Four shades, created after months of experiment on living models. Choose your individual shade...see how it instantly glorifies your cheeks and sets off the beauty of your eyes. See how its rich, fascinating color clings *indelibly* and lasts until you choose to remove it with Irresistible Cold Cream.

For perfect make-up, match your lipstick to your rouge. Irresistible Lip Lure is made in the same four exciting shades. Try this new, different cream-base lipstick. Notice how it melts deep into your lips...leaving no paste or film...just soft, warm, red, ripe, *indelible* color glowing from *beneath the surface.*

To have natural lasting beauty, use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you divine, new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved. Only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT YOUR 5 AND 10¢ STORE

ASK FOR Irresistible PERFUME AND BEAUTY AIDS FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, ROUGE, LIP LURE, FACE POWDER, LIQUEFYING, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

"I want my sleep to be <u>beauty</u> sleep—*so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night*"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

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new movie

VOL. XII No. 2 • • • AUGUST 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

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A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THE movie year is closing as this is being written. Nearly all of the studios shut down during the Summer. It has been an unusual year for the producers and, in a way, a most significant one.

Grand opera, for instance, which everyone thought would be "too highbrow" for the fans, was introduced through the combined efforts of the Cohn Brothers of Columbia Pictures and Miss Grace Moore. And this subject, which many producers shied away from, became an outstanding success of the movie season. It seems to show there isn't anything too lofty for the fans. If the producers will only take the chance, and give a sincere and capably-wrought test to any subject now being held back for this reason, they may find themselves pleasurably surprised.

AND this is just what Pioneer Pictures, under the aegis of John Hay Whitney, is doing. Soon, to your local screen, will come a picture entitled "Becky Sharp," which will be presented to you in color—not the kind of color you have previously seen on the screen, but a vastly improved, three-color process film which will enable you to catch practically every tint of the color chart. (The old method could reproduce, perfectly, only green and a particularly garish shade of red.) Miss Miriam Hopkins will play the leading role. Experts say she is the star most likely to stay in pictures if the color revolution proves as sweeping as in some quarters it is expected to prove—this, because of the especially satisfactory bony construction and complexion-tints of her face. And the entire picture, as far as color arrangements and color lighting-effects go, was directed by Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage designer and color expert, whose work on the New York stage has won him international notice.

THESE two outstanding steps, into new realms, were part of last year's program.

THIS year, you may be sure, new steps will be taken into unknown fields, and many producers will follow the lead of these pioneering producers. This means we can expect more pictures along operatic lines. In fact, Miss Moore has already completed one. And upon the success or failure of "Becky Sharp" will depend just how many more color pictures will be made, in this year's offerings to you.

YOU may be sure, also, that films will become more and more artistic and entertaining as the months of the new season pass. There are several reasons for this. First, a number of independent producers have now stepped into the picture-making business, not to turn out hundreds of films a year but to make a few, and make those few good! They are not hampered by traditions of the past, nor by the tremendous overhead of a large, established studio. Such pictures as "The Informer," "Les Miserables," "The Scoundrel" and others were made in this new way, and the success they have achieved is bound to bring about many more changes in this direction.

No longer can the producers "get away" with inferior films. There will be too many competent men and women engaged in making good films to take a chance on poor ones. In other words, pictures will not be made just to fill the required running-time for the theaters, but they will have to stand on their own merits as entertainment.

THIS brings us to a second reason: the success which is attending pictures being brought into America from other countries, especially England. "Henry the Eighth," with Charles Laughton, "The Iron Duke," with George Arliss, and "Escape Me Never" and "Catherine the Great," both with Elisabeth Bergner, pointed out the significant fact that good pictures can be made elsewhere than in our much-vaunted Hollywood. And you may rest assured the Hollywood producers are not going to let any other country get far ahead of them, if they can help it. It means they are going to make even greater efforts to keep pictures, especially the finest pictures, an American achievement.

AND so you can promise yourself that you will see, during the rest of 1935, the finest pictures you have ever seen. Even as this is being written, the great majority of the producers with their assistants and advisors are planning what those pictures will be. And when the new season's product begins to come out, within these next few weeks, you will be able to go to your neighborhood theater and see for yourself how much finer and better pictures are being made.

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

Discovered IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR!

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper . . . the whisper rose to an audible hum . . . and in less than five minutes everybody knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes... and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!

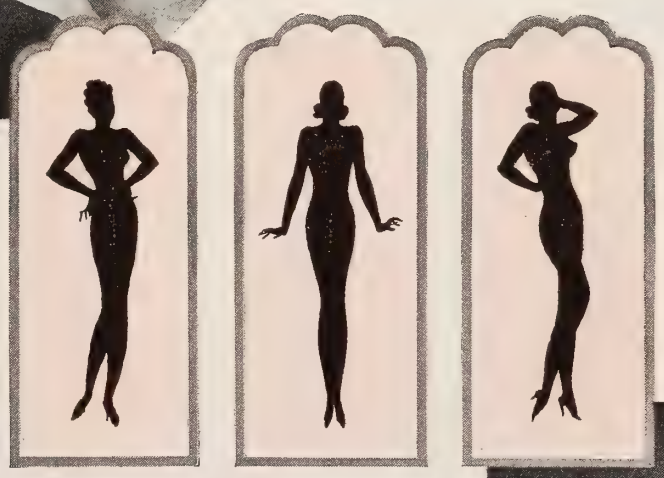
WILLIAM POWELL *in* Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it . . . sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints . . . and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

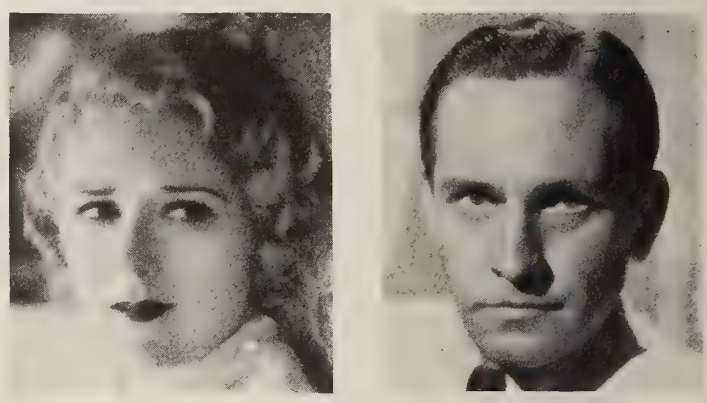


SCOUTING for New Stars

New Movie brings you information straight from the men who know. Here you learn what those talent scouts look for, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Producer, and Vice-President of Twentieth Century Pictures



Clark Gable, winner of the 1935 Motion Picture Academy Award, has perseverance as well as personality.



Does Hollywood want "copies" of Mary Pickford and Fredric March? No, no, no!

HOLLYWOOD must have new stars—and Hollywood, acutely conscious of its need, is constantly combing the earth to find them.

Every major studio spends a small fortune each year to maintain its staff of "talent scouts," men who are trained to seek and recognize those qualities which set certain personalities apart as likely material for stardom.

Year by year, since the arrival of "talkies," scouting has become more intense and the need for new stars greater—yet, ironically, with each successive year, it has become more difficult to find personalities which offer definite promise of developing into first class stars.

The reason for this dearth of material is, I believe, that too many of the screen's younger players—as well as the majority of the screen's would-be players—are trying to ape the already established stars. By so doing, they inevitably destroy the most important of those qualities which, properly developed, might raise them to stardom.

JUST what are the qualities which Hollywood values most highly in a new prospect—just which qualities would I consider of paramount importance if I were a talent scout?

I have been asked that question, in one form or another, at least a thousand times. Every producer, in a sense, is a talent scout, for it is up to him to make the final decision on each new prospect unearthed by his scouts. Furthermore, he is the final judge who must determine from time to time whether or not his contract players have earned promotion to stardom.

If I were starting out to scout for new stars, I should list the qualifications of each new prospect under these headings: 1. Personality. 2. Talent. 3. Character. 4. Intelligence. 5. Appearance. 6. Determination. 7. Training. 8. Adaptability. 9. Age. 10. Background.

BEFORE attempting to evaluate those qualities, I want to state that only one of them definitely determines the applicant's chances for stardom. Personality is all-important. It is a composite quality, which includes and is influenced by all of the other nine on my list. In the career of a capable actor personality is the magic ingredient which determines whether he shall continue to be merely a fine craftsman or become a great star.



Personality determines whether Helen Hayes shall be merely a fine artist, or a great star.

Personality is more than the sum total of my other determining qualifications. It also is *individuality!* And I underscore that statement because not one would-be star in a thousand seems to grasp the fact that individuality is an absolute prerequisite to the "personality" which they claim!

It is no wonder that producers decry the growing tendency of young players to ape established stars. That imitation is robbing the picture business of its life blood. Knowing that we must find new stars, we are spending millions on the search—and what is the usual, disappointing result? A steady flow of girls whose appearance, voice and mannerisms have been carefully tailored to resemble Garbo's . . . or Crawford's . . . or Shearer's . . . or Harlow's. A steady stream of boys who have tried to make themselves carbon copies of Gable . . . or March . . . or Cagney.

It can't be done! Personality is the expression of one's innate qualities. It is the result of the cultivation and development of one's true self. There is no such thing as a synthetic personality. The imitation of others is the very opposite of the expression of individuality.

Were I a talent scout, I should immediately eliminate from consideration anyone who was not natural—no matter how superlative that person's other qualifications might be. Hollywood does not want "another Garbo" or "another Pickford." Hollywood knows from bitter experience that Mr. and Mrs. Public will not accept carbon copies. We want new personalities, as individual as Garbo and Pickford, who will have as (*Please turn to page* 66)

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Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs





Tintex—brings Color Magic to Summer Curtains and Drapes—Slip Covers and all Home Decorations



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TINTS AND DYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

"The TITLE has been Changed—"

Why does a story called "How to Feed Goldfish" reach the screen as "Penthouse Love"? If title changes make you mad, read this story!

By LOWELL BRENTANO



A pat on the back and a raise in pay go to the lads who think up "hit" titles. They grind out titles all day long — and you see them on the theater marquee.

Illustration by Charles Mulholland

A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet? Oh, no, it wouldn't—not in pictures. Call a good film by the wrong name, and see what happens—particularly to the box office. On the other hand, give a mediocre story with a mediocre cast a fast and snappy title, one that provokes the imagination, and watch the shekels roll in.

That's the reason why "title conferences" in Hollywood are so important—why a picture may be called by twenty different names before its producers are satisfied that they have hit on the right one.

That's the reason, too, why many books and plays which have already appeared between covers or on the stage are renamed when they find themselves on the screen. They may have called "read me, see me!" loud and profitably on book jackets or theater programs, but they may fail in the judgment of The All Highest in Hollywood to provide that little fillip, that "wonder what it's all about" reaction in the minds of the movie-minded, which keeps the industry going, and going strong.

They know all too well, these screen magnates, that the title is the public's first introduction to a picture, and that the appeal of an intriguing name is one of the most powerful persuasions to the pocketbook. And since pictures are made not for the pleasure of it, but for the profit of it in dollars and cents, it is vitally important that they greet the public under the sweetest-smelling name, to return to the rose, that can be devised.

All right then—since we've all nodded our heads in answer to the question, "Is the title for a picture as important as the story?" how do pictures ever get named? And why are they named as they are, and why do moving picture producers sometimes throw away what looks like a perfectly good moniker and select something which (to the naked eye) seems more far-fetched than the original?

First of all, a movie title should be short, and to the point. So that it will stick in our minds, and so that it will fit on the marquees of the many moving picture theaters throughout the country. Incidentally the average marquee has room for only about twenty letters.

And also incidentally, what electricians can do to a title on a marquee is heart-breaking and scandalous. There was the time the light behind the first "D" went out for "Devil Dogs of the Air," and that other awful night when something happened and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" became "Wives of a Bengal Dancer."

But to go on—titles must also be easy to spot on billboards, posters and in newspapers and so put together that they will fit into costly advertising space neatly and compactly. They aren't so dumb, these movie press agents. "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" was turned into "Seven Days' Leave," "The Queen's Husband" to "The Royal Bed," "Private Pettigrew's Girl" to "Shopworn Angel"—all chiefly for the sake of brevity.

Then, again, a successful title must be one which can be easily read and easily understood—which means something to Grandma, and little Bobbie, aged twelve, as well as to the college professor, and Yetta Svenson, who hasn't been in this country very long. Take the Anna Sten picture, "We Live Again." As most of us know who have seen it, it is a film adaptation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." But try and bill a picture as "Resurrection." An earful of the title conference on that picture probably sounded something like this—"There must be at least ninety million clucks in this country who don't know what 'Resurrection' means, and another ten million who'd think a picture called 'Resurrection' was all about religion. The other twenty million" (there are supposed to be one hundred and thirty million of us rolling about in this fair land of ours) "are either in baby carriages, confined to the home by extreme old age, or don't like the movies, so where are you?" The smart producer at once will answer, "In the red."

Or look at "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—a grand picture, which deserved to win approval on all sides. But what happened? Half of the women who asked their husbands "What's at the movies tonight?" said, "Oh—a picture about prize-fighting—then let's not go," when they were offered a jaunt to the picture house on the corner. The title department at M-G-M forgot to think of (*Please turn to page* 57)



A romantic leading man with his romantic leading woman. Do you remember "Bright Eyes" as fondly as we do? Now Jimmy Dunn is making "Welcome Home" and Shirley Temple is in "Curly Top." How long shall we have to wait before we'll see them together again?





Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris, Lita Grey, Paulette Goddard — two have been his wives, all he has loved.

LOVE LAUGHS AT the LITTLE CLOWN

Charlie Chaplin seeks, in women, a heart-breaking dream that is lost and gone, never to be recaptured

But the girl who has been Charles Spencer Chaplin's ideal, his dream, whom he loved more than life, no one ever saw, and no one knew.

By DICK HYLAND

ONE evening at Hollywood's famed Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel Charlie Chaplin was accompanied by a girl he had been with almost daily for a fortnight. It was, Hollywood felt sure, a budding romance. Perhaps this one . . .

Chaplin said something to her and she laughed; a high, shrill, metallic laugh. His smile disappeared and he stared at her across the table as though seeing her for the first time. Surprise and wonderment were upon his face. He might well have said aloud, "Who is this girl? What is she doing here with me? What am I doing here with her?" He was never seen with her again.

The first time Charlie Chaplin really looks at a girl he is through with her.

That is a hard statement to make of any man. It indicates a shallow, callous, selfish nature. It has been true of Charlie Chaplin. Yet those close to him know he is not shallow, not callous, not selfish; they know instead the depth of his feeling and compassion is such that, as I saw one day on the beach at Santa Monica, tears well into his eyes at the sight of a hurt bird.

The ladies and loves Charlie Chaplin has known through the years have been many. Edna Purviance, smiling, carefree daughter of the Golden West, his first leading lady; blonde and ringleted Mildred Harris; exotic and foreign Pola Negri—and her counterpart, Sari Maritza; May Collins, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy; swarthy Lita Grey; young Virginia Cherrill; the semi-mysterious "Mary" Reeves of Europe. Others who touched his life so fleetingly failed to leave their imprint upon the memories of his most intimate friends.

We can conjure in our minds a parade of beauty which suggests his heart is the surface of a pond rippled by every passing breeze. Only—Chaplin's breezes have always been quickly forming tempests of the same furious, intense degree. They have lasted alike—until—he really looked at them. Then they have been swiftly dropped into the limbo of forgotten things.

So we start a story that in its entirety has never been told because where facts have been known reasons and effects have been hidden. It is the story of a boy-girl love that outlasted the years. A story that explains and gives rhyme to the conflicting, incongruous actions of a man who has puzzled Hollywood for years: Charles Spencer Chaplin, the ace of the world's comedians. I have known it for six years. It has not been told before because, well, we'll come to that.

Sid Grauman, great showman and theater owner, Charles Furthman, ace scenario writer, Harry Crocker, young California newspaper man then living with Chaplin, the comedian himself and I dropped into the Cocoanut Grove one night after witnessing some boxing bouts. Chaplin was but recently divorced from Lita Grey—and there she was dancing on the floor before us.

Chaplin followed her with his eyes, but they seemed focused on something distant, as if he were seeing far into the past. Furthman, noting, grinned and said to him: (*Please turn to page* 62)


Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
DOUBLE, DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
DOUBLE, DISTILLED PEPPERMINT
FIVE STICKS
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.

I'll never let you down

I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Try me
I'll never
let you
down

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

Gallery of Stars

We give the opening page of our gallery, this month, to a pair of stars you never expected to see together—Greta Garbo and little Freddie Bartholomew, as her son, in "Anna Karenina."

Grimes



IF A KING CAN TAKE A WIFE. King Richard the Lion-Hearted, Henry Wilcoxon, crowns Loretta Young his Queen. It happened way back in the 12th Century but you'll be seeing it happen again in Cecil B. DeMille's newest picture, "The Crusades." Admirers of DeMille will find all the pomp and glorious pageantry they love.



—SO CAN A FARMER. And in the picture called "The Farmer Takes a Wife," from the Broadway play of the same name, Janet Gaynor plays opposite a young man in whom we are all interested. He is Henry Fonda, and he comes to pictures from the stage with such a splendid reputation that his ears must tingle all the time.

Our Family Album of Stars When



1-See those expressive hands



2-Those rosebud lips



3-Her eyes are still roguish



7-Tough guy and he-man



8-Maybe fans had n't been invented then



9-What, no sweatshirt?



10-He liked cowboys

Do you know who they are? Read the clues, then

They Were Just Beginning to Twinkle



4-She looks just the same



5-Adrian dresses her now



6-He parts his hair the same way



11-Biggest box-office name



13-Not a star. H----C------



14-Always using the phone



12-In "The G-Men"

turn to page 50 and see how good you are.

PICTURES NEED





Above left: Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," gave us true romance. Above right: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers quickened the rhythm of our souls with their singing and dancing. Below, left: Francis Lederer's "Romance in Manhattan" let us share a man's love for a woman. Below, right: "Broadway Bill" intensified our love and respect for animals.





We all know there would be no movies without love, but have you ever stopped to wonder why? Not one, but seven kinds of love are necessary, says this author, DR. LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D., Ph.D

MANY reasons have been advanced why the movies are so popular, yet the deepest and most fundamental reason of all is always overlooked.

To be sure, pictures are inexpensive; most of us can afford such a show at least once a week. Secondly, the movies are entertaining, therefore also distracting, and heaven knows all kinds and conditions of mankind these days need to forget themselves now and then. Lastly, as a third outstanding reason for the screen's popularity, it may be pointed out that, since every individual is primarily a visualizer—that is, he uses his eyes more than his ears or his other senses in everyday relationships and, consequently, actually thinks in terms of visual images—the least possible strain is sustained by an audience from a medium that still is so distinctly visual in character.

BUT what about our love-lives? What about yours, mine, a child's and an adolescent's, as well as an adult's? Is anyone's love-life ever fully gratified in the world of reality as it actually exists? Can anyone, man or woman, truthfully say that he or she could not deepen or extend his instinctive feelings? Do we ever get enough of love of any kind? Furthermore, is it not true that love is so thrilling and activating an emotion that without it life would probably deteriorate into little more than a vegetable existence?

HEREIN lies the real reason why we all crave pictures. The movies give us what we need; in short, they satisfy our love-life cravings by filling in the gaps left by our actual experiences. What we miss in real life we find in pictures. On the silver screen our ideals have a free fling; love in all its variety of manifestations is set before us to cater to our senses. Comfortably seated in an arm-chair we can run the gamut of our emotions and rid ourselves of the over-plus of feeling that may be nagging at our very souls. By means of pictures we can not only extend our emotional experiences—we can, as well, take up the emotional slack.

This explains why nerve specialists believe in pictures. Personally, in the conduct of my private practice, I frequently recommend certain pictures for the good which I know they would do my patients. At the moment of writing I am telling my friends as well as my patients to see "Ruggles of Red Gap" for its satirical humor and its insight into human nature; also "Roberta" because it is so genuinely diverting; and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" because it portrays the delights of old-fashioned romanticism.

Particular stress is being laid in this article, however, upon the personal needs of every individual as regards his love-life, the term love-life being used in its broadest sense to include not only love of woman for man and vice versa, but all other kinds of love in addition, the expression of which is equally important if one is to lead a well-rounded, adjusted and happy life.

I WONDER if you have ever analyzed your own love-life? That is, have you ever dissected it, so to speak, to see what its component parts consist of, what its various elements are? These, all bound together in a sort of composite way, constitute that

SEVEN KINDS OF LOVE





Above: Music is always, as in "Naughty Marietta," a pure expression of emotion. It grants emotional release to many. Below: "Ruggles Of Red Gap," on the contrary, released our love for our fellow beings.



instinctive and compelling urge—love—than which no other is half as essential to your well-being nor half as nagging in its forcefulness to express itself.

As already indicated love is more than the feeling that binds members of the opposite sex together; it is more than romance, as such; it means more than sexual attraction. In fact, the love-life of any man or woman can be divided into seven major parts, with appropriate sub-divisions:

(1) Family Love.
  (a) Love for Mother and Father.
  (b) Love for Grandfathers and Grandmothers.
  (c) Love for Brothers and Sisters.
  (d) Love for Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and other relatives.
  (e) Love for children.

(2) Sex and Romantic Love.
  (a) Love of Woman for Man.
  (b) Love of Man for Woman.
  (c) Love for friends—the best friend urge.

(3) Love for Animals.
  (a) Animals that can be caressed, such as dogs, cats, etc.
  (b) Animals that cannot be caressed, such as birds, gold fish, wild life, etc.

(4) Love for Growing Things. Scenery, flowers, trees, etc.

(5) Love for Inanimate Objects.
  (a) House furnishings, pictures, a home as such, automobiles, luxuries, etc.
  (b) Love for clothes to enhance beauty or personality.

(6) Love as reflected in what might be called the "Spiritual Urge." Love of God, patriotism, glory, (*Please turn to page* 53)



Above: Kay Francis and George Brent in "Living on Velvet." Although it was not a very good picture, it emphasized the love of a woman for a man and so gave solace to women unhappy in their own love-lives.

Left: "The Little Colonel," with Shirley Temple, Dr. Bisch recommended for all people suffering from a family complex. Through love, Shirley made her family just what she wanted it to be, in the film.



CLIVE BROOK. Quiet, unassuming, more like a matinee idol of the old days than a moving picture star, his popularity stays at a steady level year after year. The pictures he makes, good or bad, seem to have little to do with it. His newest is, "Loves of a Dictator," made in England for release in American theaters, too.

WHO—ME?

Pat O'Brien is one of the most popular men in the movies—but you could never get him to admit it

By KATHERINE HARTLEY



You'll remember Pat in this pose from "Devil Dogs of the Air." His latest picture is "The Irish in Us," with his side-kick, James Cagney.

TOO often, in Hollywood, we who are close to the business are liable to overlook something that is right under our nose. And especially when that something is somebody's popularity. Surely we know that Clark Gable is the first male box-office draw, and that Mae West is first among the women. We even know who is second and third on those two lists. But we are usually so blinded by the records of those first few that we often forget the rest.

We really have to go outside of Hollywood to discover which other stars are also favorites. And when I did that recently, I made a discovery which rather startled me. Naturally a movie magazine writer can't go anywhere among non-movie people without being asked countless questions about Hollywood, about its people . . . and without being involved in discussions of "who is your favorite actor or actress." Usually those discussions turn into arguments, and seldom does anyone agree with anyone else. Except when a certain man's name is brought up—and I have never heard anyone say he didn't like him. Quite the contrary. Countless men have told me that he was their favorite actor. They even agreed with their wives when they said that he was also theirs. And as for the children . . . well, they think he's just about 100 per cent plus.

That man is Pat O'Brien.

NOW to be perfectly frank, I had never met Pat. I had never even thought of wanting to write a story about him. I had heard Jimmie Cagney say that he was one of the grandest guys that ever lived. I had listened to little Cora Sue Collins rave about the man that she so affectionately calls "Uncle Pat." I had heard no less than three very temperamental women stars say that he was one man they could work with without any trouble. I had seen and heard everyone on the Warner lot, from prop boys to producers, hail him with the most cordial greetings. I have always thought his performances on the screen were excellent. But beyond that I had no further interest or curiosity until I had heard so many movie fans say he was their favorite actor that—well, that something had to be done about it. That something started with lunch.

I hope I'm not disappointing you when I say that I was not "struck" by any particular quality or mannerisms at first. By that I mean I can't say that he breezed into the room like Lee Tracy, or that he was colorful like Lederer, or dynamic like Muni, or rip-roaring-amusing like Bob Montgomery, or elegant and charming like Herbert Marshall—or any of those things that one looks for and expects in a movie star. He was just a regular fellow like—yes, like Pat O'Brien.

I was a bit taken aback. I didn't know how to proceed. He was wearing a suede wind-breaker with the insignia of the marine air corps on it, and corduroy trousers. His hair was combed, but not too obviously so. He wore no make-up. He looked exactly like the part he played in "Devil Dogs of the Air." You wouldn't think of asking a navy pilot what his favorite colors or breakfast foods are, or about the big romance in his life. I couldn't think of asking Pat any of these things either. If he wanted to "give" and "tell all" that was all right. He'd have to begin. He was too normal and nice-looking for me to pry into.

He did begin. "You know, I was in the navy myself once, when I was seventeen. Spencer Tracy and I were kids together in Milwaukee, and we both ran away at the same time to join up. But do you know that all the time I was in the navy I never saw the ocean. I never even set foot on a battleship until we did 'Here Comes the Navy.' Can you tie that? Having to get into the movies to see what the navy was all about! It sure is a funny world. Spence and I didn't stay in the navy very long . . . we were too young . . . we were restless. We finally got out and went back to school. I went to Marquette University and Spence had to go somewhere else. But that didn't last very long either. You see the whole truth of the matter is that we were both stage-struck . . . had been ever since we were kids. Don't ask me why an Irishman like me who would have made a swell policeman should have been stage-struck, 'cause I don't know. I only know that the greatest day in the year to me was Saint Patrick's Day, (*Please turn to page* 46)



Artists say Dolores Del Rio has the most beautiful face in Hollywood. The gowns she wears in "In Caliente" add to her beauty, a pure, Grecian simplicity of line

Elmer Fryer

HER *four* DEVILS

Temperament, Vanity, Stubbornness and Selfishness. These are the four necessary evils of success

By

DOLORES DEL RIO

OF course I have temperament. Of course I am vain. I am, at times, as set on having my own way as that well-known stubborn mule. And selfish! I am that too. And, strangely enough, these are all traits which one must have to be a success in my profession.

I admit I am guilty of these qualities, because, when they are properly handled, they can be *attractive qualities*. I have developed them all, purposely, since the time I was a small child. And before you say—Yes, an actress can get away with that sort of thing . . . but an ordinary woman, never!—let me tell you that every woman can and should develop a little of these qualities if she wants to become the adored, beloved, spoiled object of some man's affection—as they say in that funny song!

Yes, a woman who is always sweet, always modest, always agreeable and always generous is like too much ripe fruit. You can stand only a taste. Or, another way of saying it, is that a little bitter with the sweet is always appetizing.

Temperament! All actresses have temperament, I am sure, or else they would not be actresses. A few women I know who started out in the theatrical world without temperament, soon found that the theatrical world was not particularly enthusiastic about them. They lacked something, their producers said. They lacked fire. *Because they lacked the ability to stir themselves emotionally,* they lacked the ability to stir others.

I am afraid there is a general misunderstanding about the word *temperament*. Some years ago someone made the rather witty, but incorrect statement that temperament was just plain "temper" without the last syllable. And people began to look upon it as such. When they heard of an actress flaring up on the set and creating an angry, noisy scene, they said, "Ah, temperament!" But it did not occur to them that when that same actress performed a beautiful, sad scene—tender and tearful—that she was also, at that time, too, displaying temperament.

TEMPERAMENT is the blend of many emotional qualities . . . temperament is the thing that enables one to respond, with the same emotional elasticity, to beauty, to ugliness, to depression, to great joy. Just as steel is "tempered," so is a personality made pliable by temperament —both words (*Please turn to page* 52)



THE Dark Horse is a Blonde

Joan Bennett has let Constance outshine her because she's more interested in her family. But, from now on, watch out!

So says New Movie's ELSIE JANIS



JOAN, the youngest of the beauteous Bennett sisters, got off to a slow start in the "Success Sweepstakes." In fact, she refused to run. More lovely to look at than the dynamic Constance or the now sophisticated Barbara, Joan balked at the barrier of opportunity. The race for fame in which all three Bennett Babies were natural entries due to breeding did not interest Baby Joan. She went cantering off into the field of matrimony long before she had finished her schooling. She won the highest honor to be won in that barb-wired field. She had a baby all her own before she was eighteen. I say all her own advisedly because, when she emerged from her experience as a schoolgirl bride, sadder, wiser, but not complaining, Joan had her little girl baby with her. She had kept her close through struggles and the usual "in-law" arguments which invariably follow youthful mismarriages.

Joan's devotion to her child probably was a handicap many times but it's all forgotten now. We see the lovely "dark horse" coming down the stretch in full stride. From now on watch Joan Bennett. It's not very hard on the eyes. It's a great kick for me to write about this youngest Bennett whom I used to see toddling along beside her proud papa, Richard Bennett—I had a terriffic crush on Dick when I was about seventeen. A crush that I shared with practically every girl who saw him on the stage in those days. I remember Constance and Barbara well also, but it is the tiny blonde one who looms most clearly through my screen of retrospection. I can see her now. So small, so exquisite and possessing a real manner.

Last week I was quite worried over whom to write about next for NEW MOVIE when suddenly out of the blue in a transcontinental plane Joan Bennett arrived. Cheers! Then action on my part. I had to do a bit of sleuthing to find her, but knowing that if there are two Bennetts in town they will be together (scrapping perhaps, but together) I had my "lead" as we sleuths say. Sister Barbara, as you probably know, is married to Morton Downey, radio ace. I called his secretary, told her of the designs I had upon her boss's sister-in-law. She kindly gave me the lowdown on Joan's hideout, which happened to be high up in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. No difficulty in contacting the Baby Bennett. We argued a little about who would lunch with whom.

"Where do you want to lunch?" Joan said briskly. She sounded very peppy. Ah, ha! "On the loose," away from babies, husband and work.

"I'll come to your hotel and we will decide," I said, beginning to feel slightly "on the loosey" myself. We set the day for lunch. The night before its arrival I received a message. Would I please meet Miss Bennett at the Colony Restaurant next day at one? Of course I told the maid I would, but to myself I said, "Darn it! She is probably going to ask others to join us and why the Colony? The smartest place in town and I haven't even taken time to buy that new suit.

Well, I brushed off the favorite little black and white checked number, and dashed to the Colony at the hour appointed and right into about the most enjoyable, amusing and enlightening tete-a-tete I've ever seen. It must be admitted that the element of surprise played a large part in my joy. Surprise at finding her alone. Surprise at finding myself with her in the type of restaurant I used to haunt when in the public eye and now rarely enter. Surprise at seeing the same old crowd of celebrity chasers still going strong. Their surprise at seeing me when they stopped to greet Joan. Surprise at seeing her charmingly and coolly scrutinize the "table traffic jammers" through those bone rimmed specs that she needs for perfect seeing and in which she manages to look not only pretty, but very intriguing.

And best of all, verification of my suspicion that Joan Bennett is a most unusual combination—beauty, brains, humor and heart. That she has beauty I don't think anyone will deny, even though her blondly delicate type may not appeal to all. Brains she must have, being the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison. Humor, I take the liberty of using my own judgment and saying that she has it—and plenty. Heart, just how expansive it is toward the world in general I don't know, but certainly for those she loves, her family and friends, it is seemingly large and talkative.

We lunched from one until after three and outside of a few little snacks of gossip our conversation was entirely about those whom she loves. One in particular, her husband, Gene Markey. My friend of many years standing, sitting, loitering and collaborating on short stories. It was when they married that I became suspicious of the Baby Bennett having a lot of what it takes to charm and fascinate, because Gene was probably the busiest bachelor who ever ducked a marriage license. If I gave a list of the fascinating gals with whom Mr. Markey used to be seen about, in New York, London, Paris, his home town, Chicago, and Hollywood—yes, decidedly Hollywood—you would suspect me of quoting from "Who's Who" in charm.

It was one of many old friends who smiled tolerantly when he married and said "Joan Bennett! Yes, she's very sweet, but for Gene? He's so smart, so clever, such a brilliant writer, I don't see how"—Of course we couldn't see that if he were all of those things he might have sense enough to find the right girl, but he fooled us. Now he is "Daddy" Markey and unless Joan was kidding me she is going to be "Mama" Markey for a long time. I wouldn't even mind if she was kidding me, because it was so pleasant. I'll give you the dialogue, see what you think:

Janis—Are you having fun here?

Joan—It's marvelous! I haven't stopped a minute since I got here.

(*Please turn to page* 47)



McNulty

YOU'LL

FRANCHOT TONE. "Reckless" wasn't so good, but it gave Franchot another boost—and "No More Ladies" seems to be giving him still another one.

McNulty





MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN. How far this little lady has come from the yodelling Tarzan's mate! Her next: "Anna Karenina."

Hurrell

●

VIRGINIA BRUCE. We have not forgotten Virginia's tragedy, and we are happy to see her forge ahead in "Escapade."

Bull

NOTICE

Bull



JAMES CAGNEY. In "G-Men" they re-discovered the rat-a-tat-tat tempo that made Jimmy popular. We wish him luck for "The Irish In Us."







MYRNA LOY. Myrna returns from a sojourn in Europe to discuss plans for new pictures. We promise to keep you informed about her.

Fryer

●

ROSALIND RUSSELL. A pretty Connecticut Yankee in "The Casino Murder Case" and "China Seas," she's coming along fast.

Bull





Tower

Gladys George, lovely blonde, and Fay Wray, vivid brunette, choose these featherweight typecast fashions to pull you gaily through the hottest month

By KATHERINE KAREY

Left, above: Gladys George, M-G-M luminary, turns the trick neatly with a one-piece dress with short cape sleeves and a separate, single-breasted jacket that makes it look exactly like a suit. The buttons are bone and the little tie, contrasting grosgrain ribbon. Washes, and is guaranteed sun-fast. *Left:* Fay Wray, Gaumont-British star, is fetching in this en-





STAR *Fashions*



semble of washable pastel crepe with a contrasting linen jacket cut on bias swagger lines with a new pointed, peaked collar and wide sleeves. The dress beneath has a softly gathered back and bosom, a new yolk and capelet sleeves. The jacket worn separately makes an extra summer coat.

Sketched left, above: This is Fay Wray's new spectator sports dress, another soap and water fashion of sun-fast pure silk. Its two-tone check, Peter Pan collar and pleating-edged pockets and neckline are all very youthful. And it goes to town without embarrassment.

Above: Gladys George includes in her August wardrobe this air-conditioned sheer for travel. The dress is slim and double-breasted with self-covered buttons. And isn't the saw-tooth piqué trim pretty and fresh-looking? *Next:* A really charming summer evening dress for Fay Wray's dancing evenings. The cape, of course, is its dramatic touch, and it's lined with lily white. The sheath-like dress is a smoothtone silk with a halter top and a very flattering shirred bodice. In delicate flower colors that bring out the clinging vine in you.

Right, above: And here is Gladys George again wearing a crisp taffeta evening gown with a beautiful décolletté back and a shirred halter neck. The knife-pleated frills that form the peplum and trim the V-back are in a contrasting pastel and the crystal-buckled girdle is of soft, matching velvet. The skirt, below the peplum is cut on a full, shirred, bias. It really rustles most romantically. And a very nice thing about all these Tower Star Fashions is that none of them will put even a small dent in a modest clothes budget.

A Page of Pictures for Your Album



BETTY FURNESS, as pretty as she is talented, is coming along fast as a featured player. She will be in "Shadow of Doubt," with Ricardo Cortez and in "Calm Yourself," with Bob Young.



FRANK MORGAN pays the penalty for being one of our finest character actors—they gave him so many beards that half the time you can't recognize him. Here: In "Gentlemen Never Tell."



ELEANOR POWELL deserves mention because she is supposed to be just about the greatest living tap dancer. You'll be seeing her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody of 1936" quite soon.



GORDON JONES, a college football and track star in Los Angeles, never saw the inside of a motion picture studio until a screen test landed him in "Let 'Em Have It." You'll see more of him.



BILL BENEDICT, 17, and looking younger, got a job by telephoning to a casting director from Oklahoma. His splendid work in "Ten Dollar Raise" has won him a part in Will Rogers' next picture.



WILLIAM AUSTIN you've been seeing for years in those amusing "Silly Awss" Englishman parts—so many that he certainly deserves mention on this page for his fine part in "Redheads on Parade."



KETTI GALLIAN is another foreign importation, and we're getting a bit leary of foreign importations, but after you see her in "Under the Pampas Moon" you'll decide what her fate will be.



EDWARD BROPHY. You must have wondered who he was a great many times. With his whining voice and his dumb mugg impersonations, Ed certainly merits a prominent place in your album.



DIXIE LEE isn't just the wife of Bing Crosby, you know. She's a singing, dancing little tornado, and we're delighted to say that you'll be seeing her next in "Redheads on Parade," too.



At Edmund Lowe's garden party there was gathered such an array of stars as would make any photographer swoon for joy. Among them were Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, Victor McLaglen, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Eddie, Sally Blane, Marian Marsh, Virginia Shields and Richard Barthelmess.

SUMMER FOR SOCIETY

With the summer season in full swing, the Hollywood parties move out into the open air. By our society reporter, GRACE KINGSLEY

IF you ever had doubts about the off-screen friendship of those perennial screen rivals, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, you should cast your eye upon them at a social event.

When Eddie entertained at a garden soiree in honor of his popular house guest, the Countess of Warwick, Vic seemed to be every place at once, dancing attendance on the other guests.

Eddie, in his corner, was painting a graphic picture of the daring tricks Vic's Lighthorse Brigade had recently added to its repertoire while Lionel Barrymore and Peggy Fears just listened. The instant Eddie was through with his story that enthusiastic amateur gardener, Barrymore, was down on his knees examining one of the rare plants flourishing there. Lionel can even tell you the technical names of most California plants.

Of course Eddie served that famous champagne punch of his, the recipe for which he received from Rene Adoree many years ago. He has never given anyone else directions for the delicious concoction, and says Eddie: "It's my one secret from Hollywood."

One thing Eddie hasn't been able to keep a secret from Hollywood is the fact that he is very fond of blond little Marian Marsh. She was there looking very demure in a pale blue blister crepe dinner dress with a filmy ruff collar discussing picture-making in England with Rowland Brown, the director, since they were working abroad at the same time.

"GOOD Pull Up" . . . "Teas—One to Six" . . . "It's the English in us," said Jimmy Gleason in an affected Irish brogue when the placards bearing such quaint legends as those were sighted about the spacious lawn of his home by the guests bidden to his house. The signs, which are similar to those to be seen on London cafes, were placed there to make Michael (Mickey) Balcon feel at home. Balcon came to Hollywood from England to sign some of our very best talent for British pictures and the party was given in his honor.

The guests gathered on a bonny Sunday morning for breakfast on the Gleason lawn, but sunny California reneged and went into a rain. "Good pull up" accordingly became the order of the day, and the guests, placards and food went trailing into the house.

What with Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, in the crowd a new Hollywood game was born—making sentences from a single word. When Dorothy presented one that couldn't possibly be topped, Pat O'Brien, assigned the word "iconoclast," in surrender offered, *"I cawn no class myself with you."*

"WHEN we come in from an afternoon of riding or tennis and it's too early for dinner," explained Binnie Barnes, "in England we simply have what we call 'high tea.' It's more food and a little more elegant than just tea."

Strangely enough no one in Hollywood ever thought of giving a high tea before, so Binnie's was a special sort of thrill. Only the town's best equestrians, such as Bruce Cabot, John (*Please turn to page* 67)



Directly above: William Getz and Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M see Michael Balcon, British movie producer, off for his native England.





Little Cora Sue Collins celebrated her seventh birthday on the same day May Robson celebrated her seventieth, so she brought Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper to May's party at the studio.

• • •

Wallace Ford and Charles Starrett can always be counted on to give a good time to their youngsters—Wally's daughter Patricia Ann and Charles' two boys, Charles Junior and David.

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

Invisible as the proverbial black cat at midnight, Nemo prowls Hollywood and brings you news

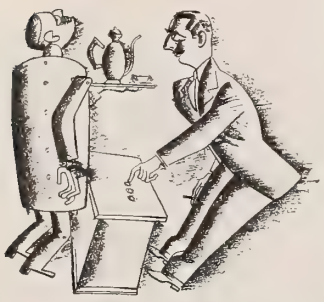


Jeanette MacDonald spent her vacation in Hawaii riding the waves in those fast outrigger canoes.



Helene Costello went to the Domino Club party with sister Dolores and clowned a bit for the camera.

BILL POWELL has the craziest home in town! Everything is run by electricity. The doors are knobless, and if you want to get into any place in the house all you have to do is find the button! We don't know for sure, but they do say as how Bill has a robot in the kitchen. And if you want a double order of ham and eggs, push the right button and—there you are!



MERLE OBERON admits that she is "terribly interested" in David Niven, scion of Scottish nobility and recently signed to a long-term contract with the Goldwyn studio. There are those who say that Miss Oberon was directly responsible for getting Niven signed to play a part in "The Dark Angel," the new Goldwyn opus, featuring Fredric March, Herbert Marshall and, of course, the gorgeous Merle herself.

Mister Niven says: "Jolly place, this Hollywood. If a chap takes a lady to luncheon, it seems to be a public sign of betrothal. If he takes her to dinner, it is as good as announcing that wedding bells will toll at once! What would people think if a man invited a lady to have breakfast with him?"

If you could find one up in time for breakfast, Niven, old truffle, people would think you were a magician!

YOU should have seen Mae West practicing rope-twirling in the wide-open spaces of the Paramount lot!

"It's a good idea," murmured the hair-patting, hip-swinging blonde. "I've never had much trouble roping in my men, but this ought to make it even easier!"



AFTER weeks of heart-breaking work, day and night, on his latest (but swell!) picture, "G-Men," Jimmy Cagney finally went on a one-man strike and stayed home in bed for a straight twenty-four hours.

Now we catch up with a strong rumor that Warner Brothers are out to sue their most popular star for holding up production. Which is a pretty mean trick, any way you look at it, on account of Jimmy has always given till it hurt without stopping until reaching the point where it is physically and mentally impossible.

However, after previewing "G-Men," we've a sneaking hunch that the brothers Warner will have relented and called off their bloodhounds.



IS Mister Ripley in the house?

Bill Robinson, that super-hot colored tap dancer, has a pair of dancing shoes that are more than 33 years old and have just been re-soled for the first time!

"I bought 'em in Chicago," says Bill, "and paid seven dollars for 'em. They wasn't dancin' shoes then. But, by puttin' wooden soles on an' changin' the heels, so the right heel was on the left shoe and vice versa, I got me a pair of dancin' slippahs that knows all the steps I know!

"Why, sometimes at night," he continued with a grin, "I looks ovah the side of the bed an' sees 'em doin' a little jig of their own!"

"Hey—" Will Rogers put in, "you'll be tellin' us next that you have to set traps for 'em so you can find 'em in the morning!"

UNLESS they build a bridge across the Atlantic, the Three Stooges are declining any and all offers to appear in London!

Larry Fine hates the sea and can't be coaxed or cajoled aboard a boat; Curly Howard doesn't mind flying so long as he can keep one foot on the ground; and, while Moe Howard doesn't object to flying or sailing, he's only one-third of the trio, after all, and what good is a stooge without a couple of assistant stooges??



Of course, you can't speak of the stooges without recalling Ted Healy, the lad who (as far as we're concerned) originated the silly idea.

"What is it—rubber?" says Ted, nonchalantly picking up Nat Pendleton's pet bull snake.

It took four of us fifteen minutes to get Ted back into Nat's house!



Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone also attended the Domino Club's dance.



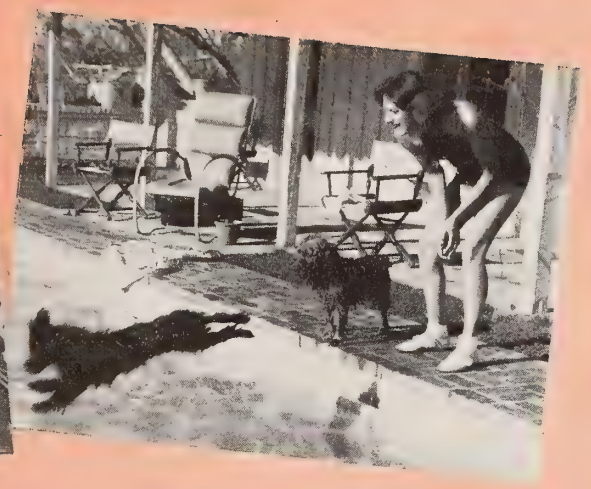
Jack Holt, Fred Stone, Wendy Barrie, Buster Collier, Clark Gable and Jimmy Gleason, skeet shooting at the Santa Monica Gun Club.



On location for "The Arizonian" Director Charles Vidor took personal movies of Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.



Isabel Jewell with her scientist father, blind from years of research.



Ann Dvorak has taught her two cocker spaniels to dive into the swimming pool at her ranch.



Guy Kibbee and Jolly Oliver Hardy sneak away every chance they get to go fishing.



Clara Kimball Young, once a star, now an extra in "The Crusades."

HENRY HULL tells a funny one on himself.

It was the opening night of "Tobacco Road," in New York, and the scenario called for Henry, as Jeeter Lester, to chew tobacco and let it dribble nonchalantly through his crepe whiskers.

Well, to Hull chewing tobacco was chewing tobacco and NOT a substitute, so, biting off a big piece from the plug, he walked onto the stage, chewing away enthusiastically.



Five minutes later he was the sickest man on Broadway. But—the show must go on!

"I'll never know how I survived until the first curtain," he confided. "But, after that, my 'chaw' was pure licorice, and nothing else!"

Incidentally, Hull admits he's 44 years old and proud of it!

He says: "When a matinee idol gets bald, he has a reason to worry about his age. But a character actor can go on indefinitely, because the public doesn't give a hoot what the man behind the make-up looks like!"

And let that be a lesson to you, Elmer!



DASHING up Sunset Boulevard on the trail of some news, we were startled to see a vision of loveliness in white angel skin crepe and white fox fur, grabbing wildly at a passing load of hay!

When we finally caught up with the lady, it turned out to be Raquel Torres clutching a handful of straws and wishing a mile a minute on 'em!

"It's an old charm and supposed to work," she told us after the wishing session was over. So away went your old pal Nemo in pursuit of the wagon. We came back proudly clutching a handful of the stuff. Not that we're gullible, understand? But just to see if there is anything in the old superstition. We'll let you know about it one way or the other next month.

WALLACE BEERY is having more fun these days playing (of all things!) "burro polo"!

"I almost scored a goal in my first chukker," he told us, "but the burro I was on decided to quit me cold—lay right down under me and refused to budge!"



But it's all in fun and Wally looks for the fad to have the same run that donkey baseball enjoyed a year ago.

Wally's adoration for his little daughter, Carol Ann, increases daily. It's got to the point where Wally gave up his lunch hour (and there's a man who appreciates food, too) to rush into Hollywood to do some shopping for Carol Ann, because she wanted a hat "like Cora Sue Collins wears"!

WITH an afternoon off, while on location, Fred MacMurray set out to do the nearby golf course. The course must have been a tough one, because: "I started out with five balls," Fred said, "found four more and then had to quit on the fourteenth hole because I'd lost all of 'em!"

Or, maybe it was Fred's game?



PHILBERT again comes to the fore with a flash to the effect that he saw Johnny Weissmuller washing out his leopard-skin drawers on the back lot at M-G-M the other day. So they must be getting ready to go into another "Tarzan" epic?

KNOWING Clark Gable's taste for good food—good, plain food—the studio chef concocted a dish and submitted it to the star for his judgment.

Clark sampled it. "Um-mm-m . . ." he said, "that's good stuff. But, so help me, it tastes just exactly like beef stew!"

The chef stared. "Well, I didn't think you knew your onions," he exclaimed, "but beef stew it is!"

So Clark can have his beef stew, but (*Please turn to page* 70)



Alan Hale's little daughter, Karen, broke her back in a serious fall down a flight of stairs, and must lie quiet for weeks in a plaster cast.



Gruff George Barbier celebrates his twenty-fifty wedding anniversary.

REPORTED BY

NEMO



Two STAR-TLING VIEWS

"Hollywood," says James Cagney, "is a hick town with Broadway running through it." And Diana Wynyard adds, "Its marital changes are pathetic."

By BARBARA ROBBINS

WE were talking about Hollywood—who isn't?—when James Cagney hit it off with:

"Hollywood is a hick town with Broadway running through it."

Ever perplexing, it was over there on the other side of the mountain as we stood in front of a smothering First National stage out of which the violently active Jimmy had just popped.

In the circumstances it seemed that nothing could be better, at any rate, for Cagney than a turn about the green, shady lot of the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank. Of the same fresh-aired mind, he gave himself his walking papers.

"And what else is Hollywood?"

"It's an obsession," he snapped. "It 'gets' you if you don't get out of it every time you have the chance. That's what I do. But you can't really know it, understand it at all, unless you go far away and stay away for a month or two. Here you're too close to it to know what it's all about. But with the freedom of distance and the sanity of detachment you may be able to figure out its many bewildering angles."

Through his eyes I began to see it as a thicket of cross-purposes, a tangle of ambitions, a web of rivalries, a snarl of jealousies.

"Most of all," he hurried on, kicking a pebble out of his path, "it's the tension here that's felt. It never lets up. There's always the awful, sickening uncertainty of not knowing what tomorrow's going to bring, whether you'll be in or out. People who have made their mark in pictures get to feel they are definitely set, only to find themselves on the train going back home."

"What one thing, more than any other, typifies Hollywood?"

"Fear," he answered, with something more than a shrug and something less than a shudder.

For, you may be sure, there's no lack of courage in the Jimmy Cagney who was yanked up by his bootstraps on New York's scrappy East Side. He had to fight for everything he got.

"Get that education!" he now told me, was his importunate mother's way of getting him out of bed of a morning. And get it he did by working at one thing and another and paying his way through school and college. Among other things, he went in for high finance above the ground level of the Broad Street curb market. As he put it, bringing his lightning fingers into telegraphic play: (*Please turn to page* 56)

By CHARLES DARNTON

WHEN even we in this land of the free-for-all matrimonial stakes lift an occasional eyebrow at Hollywood's never-ending entries in such sportive events as airplane elopements, midnight marriages, noonday divorces, and weddings on the rebound, it is not surprising that the English attitude should be one of wide-eyed amazement.

"Its rapid marital changes are pathetic, hysterical, beyond belief," declared Diana Wynyard.

It was clear the British film star did not use the word "pathetic" in a slighting sense, that it came from her sympathetic understanding, her broad intelligence.

"I should greatly regret to be misunderstood," added Miss Wynyard. "But to me the whole matter is pathetic because of the injustice it works. It is hysterical for the reason it grows out of a highly nervous state of affairs. It is beyond belief in the seeming composure with which it is accepted."

Our talk took place at a time when newspapers were ringing with Hollywood excitements in which divorce was the hammer that clanged the bell.

"It isn't that I disapprove of divorce," explained Miss Wynyard, "though I should be glad to see less of it. Nor is there anything shocking about marrying again. It's only that I don't believe in marrying casually. What (*Please turn to page* 56)



Two STAR-TLING PEOPLE



A big bad Woolf who had to change his name to Walter King before he got a movie job. And a Virginia Briggs who changed hers to Virginia Bruce.

By REGINALD TAVINER

IT'S all very well for Hollywood to re-christen its latest picture-thief and heart-throb as Walter King, but as Walter Woolf he's been at Hollywood's door for some time now and dear, dumb old Hollywood wouldn't let him in.

When they did let him in with a part in "One More Spring" he just naturally gobbled up the picture from nobody less than Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. And even Hollywood is willing to admit that anybody who can rise up and outshine that pair is something to get excited about.

Now Hollywood, having belatedly discovered that he isn't a big, bad Woolf at all but a romantic young King, has elaborate plans for him.

Walter King's story is just another version of that oft-told Hollywood tale; Hollywood was looking for him in Europe and found him in its own back yard. As a matter of fact, Winnie Sheehan was searching frantically all over England, Germany, France, Spain and where have you for a particular type to play the young violinist in the Gaynor-Baxter film—and so the Fox casting director found Walter Woolf playing a minor part in a quickie programmer right on Winnie's own home lot.

Walter was wearing whiskers at the time—he was doing a Russian prince bit in "Lottery Lover." He scarcely looked romantic or soulful just then, but he (*Please turn to page* 50)



By LEON SURMELIAN

I HAVE never seen, on or off the screen, a lovelier vision than Virginia Bruce as Jenny Lind, the glorious Swedish Nightingale, in "The Mighty Barnum." Those magnificent close-ups showing her ethereal beauty had a double effect on me because I know that in real life Virginia is not only a real eyeful, with the finest school-girl complexion this side of heaven, but she also swells the heart with the glowing warmth of her humanity. And it is to that quality of hers that I want to pay tribute most of all. There is still hope for mankind as long as there are girls like her.

I met her first at a cocktail party given in honor of Max Reinhardt when he came to Hollywood. It seemed to be an affair for the cinematic blue bloods. Under the Japanese lamps festooned across the patio of a Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills, it was not the passionate pallor of the gaunt Dietrich, nor the luscious stolidity of Anna Sten from the land of Ukrainia, or the wistful gaze of the lovely Loretta Young that intrigued me most, but the noble carriage of a cool, languorous, slinky blonde whom I recognized as Virginia Bruce.

There was something in the way she held up her head, something fine and heroic, that stamped her in my mind as one of those rare souls that belong to the aristocracy of the spirit.

The present interview began in her dressing-room at the M-G-M studio. She was taking her midday rest. The small room seemed to be illuminated with the quiet gleam of her eyes—eyes of sky blue—as she lay on her couch, her feet wrapped up in a blanket. For in spite of the brilliant sunshine, the day was rather chilly. She flashed two pretty rows of milk-white teeth as she smiled a gracious greeting.

As usual, I started with trivialities, my modus operandi before launching on the more serious business of interviewing.

"Is it true," I asked her, "that for the past twenty-three days you have ordered from the studio commissary nothing but lamb chops and baked potatoes for lunch?"

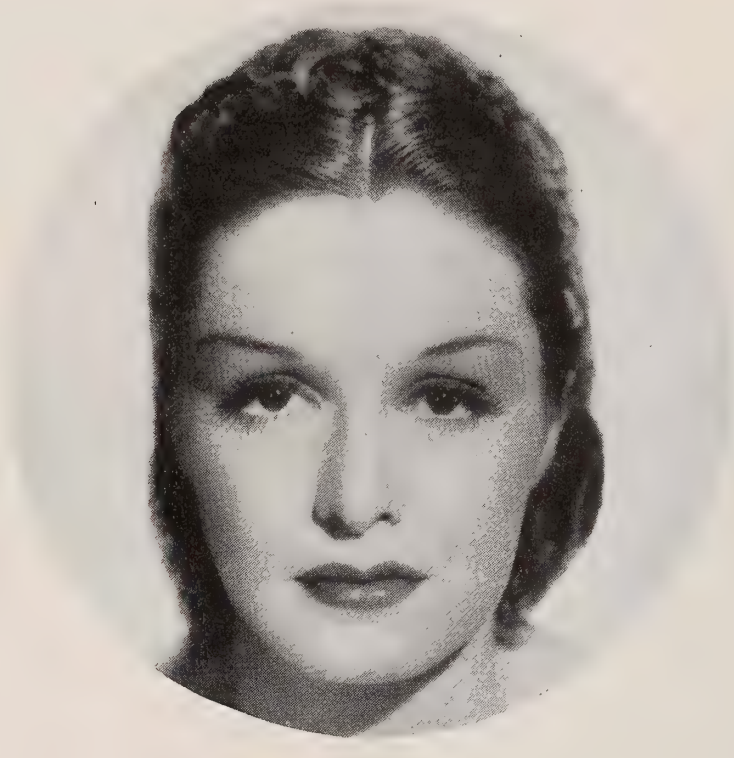
"Yes," she chuckled. "I can eat lamb chops and baked potatoes for 365 days a year."

"So can I," I said, and a bond of affinity was established between us. We belonged to the same gastronomic tribe. Now we could talk like friends.

I asked her to recount the main events of her life.

"There is nothing exciting (*Please turn to page* 49)

GAIL PATRICK
FOR GOVERNOR



Young, radiantly beautiful, a scholar with university degrees, a movie star, Gail's ultimate ambition is to govern her native state, Alabama.

IT'S not just a whim—it's the truth!

I've wanted to be the first lady Governor of Alabama ever since I can remember. That's why I studied law and have made every possible preparation for admission to the bar in my home state. That's really why I've done everything I ever have done in my life. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I've decided on everything in the light of how it would affect a possible future career in politics.

I'm not quite sure, but I believe I was about six when I first saw a lady's picture in the paper under that time-worn heading of "The First Lady." It made a very deep impression on me even then. My father asked me what I wanted to be first lady of and my answer was, quite naturally, Alabama. Alabama was the biggest thing I could think of—and it still looms pretty big in my mind.

When I got here, I was met by a very nonchalant and sophisticated press agent who had handled a lot of contest winners, but had never had an experience with one whose entrance in and winning of the contest was entirely accidental.

He started right in asking me a lot of extremely personal questions—all the way from breakfast-food preference to the status of my heart. I did my best to squelch him without being offensive, but, I found out later, he just thought I was being high-hat.

"What," he asked me, "do you intend to do now that you're out here, Miss Patrick?"

"Go back in six weeks, when my return trip ticket expires."

"Well, why, I mean, why did you come out here at all if you don't want to go into pictures?"

"I just felt like a vacation and I got a free one so I came for the trip."

I could see that he didn't believe me. He very obviously thought that this was just another carefully hatched bid for publicity—an act.

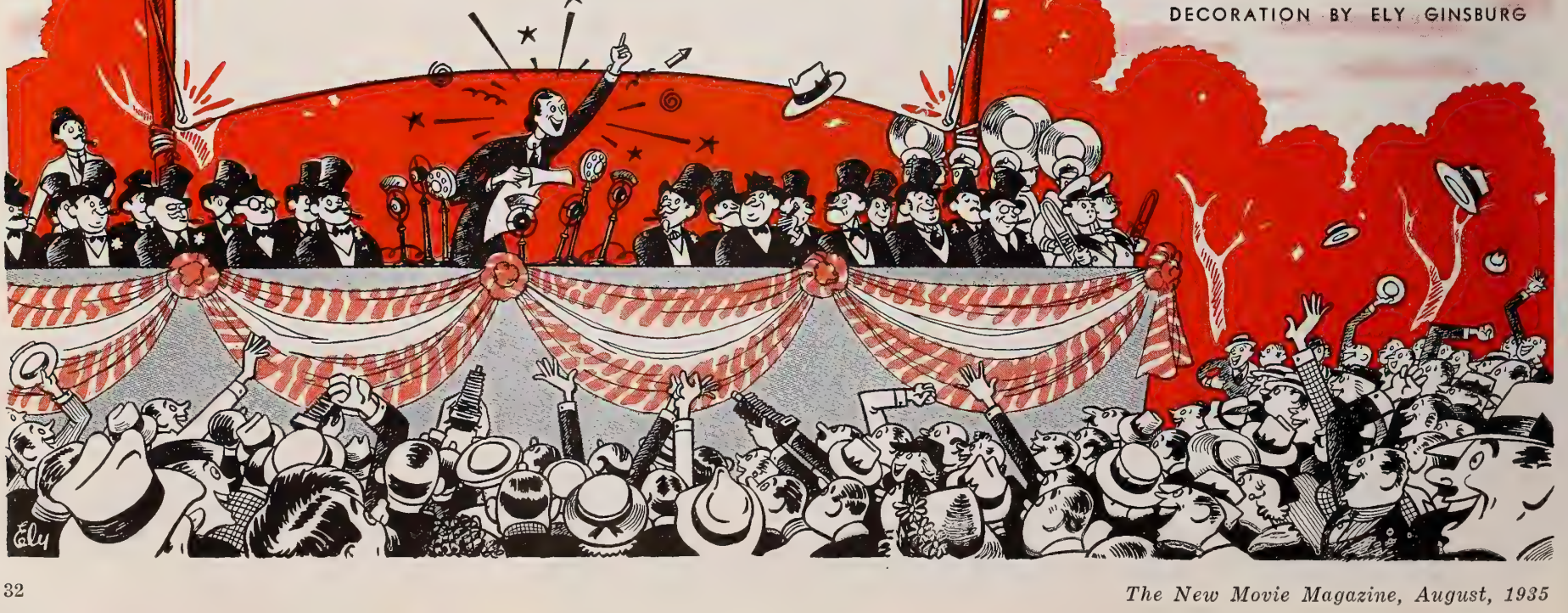
"Is that so? Well, what is your great ambition? The legitimate stage, I suppose?" Frankly, I could have kicked him in the shins. He was almost sneering at me!

"No. I've never even considered acting. I intend to enter the practice of law and go into politics."

"Yeah?" (*Please turn to page* 51)

By GAIL PATRICK

DECORATION BY ELY GINSBURG





Hollywood's GONE HOBO

The old-fashioned picnic is all done up these days with new fangled trimmings. Hollywood takes gaily to the hills to "wrassle" its own dinners

By Robbin Coons

EVERY man is a hobo at heart—every woman a nymph. I know. I just trekked from Hollywood to New York.

The whole country has begun to realize that the universe of outdoors is a giant dynamo—yours to tap for vital elemental forces which can only creep in on the installment plan through the chinks and keyholes of a house.

All along the Pacific Coast, the picnic is no longer a ceremony reserved for Sunday. The solid mahogany dining-room table has been relegated to the attic and Poppa and Momma and the whole darn family join the nightly procession of four and fourteen cylinder cars on their way down to the sea.

Some come with plump hampers bulging with devilled egg, ham and liverwurst sandwiches, stuffed tomatoes protected by celophane wrappers, cold, fried chicken to be eaten with fingers for forks, olives, pickles, and coffee kept piping hot or freezing cold by that old reliable—the vacuum jug. You don't have to guess twice at what's in the fat glass jar. No seashore spree is a success without mother's home-made potato salad.

The old-fashioned picnic that came in a cardboard carton tied with a love-knot of pink string and containing the proverbial cake, sandwich, pickle, egg, napkin and Monday morning indigestion, has been laid away in camphor by modern youth. At Santa Monica, Venice and Malibu, the modernistic arrive equipped for cooking outdoors and fully armed with a grate for roasting, a skillet for frying, a popper for the pop-corn, a percolator for the coffee—and a harmonica for harmony. The ocean wind can blow itself blue in the nose because the new fangled grate boasts a windshield, and the flame, once lighted, remains a joyous rainbow until the steak announces that it is medium rare. Free driftwood lies close at hand, and those too lazy to beach-comb can buy a big armful for ten cents.

Epicureans who desire "that certain flavor" in tender porterhouse, build a deep nest of stones and make the fire of charcoal. But even an old skillet —if it is good and hot—will respond with "french fries," brown onion rings and delectable chops.

Still more informal is the "weenie roast." Frankfurters are easy to cook and simple to serve. There's nothing to it. The weenies are spread on sharp sticks, held over the fire until they pop open with a juicy chuckle, swabbed with mustard, dressed in rolls, and washed down with pop. Another dish that is tugging the Coast by its coat-tails had its birth in Mexico and is known as "size with showers." A generous portion of hamburger is showered with beans and a cup of chopped onions. This concoction is drowned in catsup and consumed with gusto and a wooden spoon.

Night drops down. Darkness falls equally upon the porterhouse party and the weenie roast. More wood is piled upon the bonfires. Slim sticks appear like wands, and the marshmallow toast is on. For miles all along the coast, the rim of sea is made magic by the flare of beacon lights. Song drifts up toward the dunes—and no man is poor.

Even the cinema stars have joined the army of those who rebel at formality and four walls. What do you think draws the crowd to John Gilbert's swimming pool parties? The big attraction is the open-air barbecue that adjoins the pool. Small steaks are carelessly tossed on the open grill while the fancy divers jack-knife and work up a ravenous appetite.

Claudette Colbert built her house to sit on the top of the tallest mountain in Hollywood in order that she might breakfast outdoors before a magnificent panorama. Let loose the four winds! Eggs served in pottery keep hot for hours.

Spanish patios, so typical of California, now have a new purpose in being. Sunday evenings, at Marion Davies' just before dusk, bridge tables are dropped like confetti any and everywhere, and lackeys in royal purple, parade toward the buffet table under the hollyhocks bearing solid silver platters piled hill-high with joints of roast turkey and southern fried chicken—lobster salad and chicken salad lying in twin sunbursts of lacy fern leaves—giant baked hams—aspic loaf, a dozen varieties of cheese and hors d'oeuvres eloquently saying, "Help yourself." Each guest shoulders a tray and is his own best waiter. The Japanese lanterns are lighted and a Spanish singer in a black mantilla strums a soft harp from a drooping balcony.

The West Coast, however, has no option on all the romance of the world. There's Arizona—justly famous for its dude ranches.

Have you ever taken a horse into a canyon and eaten a supper broiled beside a mountain creek? You ride for hours with the desert wind before you in the saddle, and descend hungry as a bear into a sheltered canyon. There is a stream at the bottom, purling and cold. Above hangs a velvet sky with the stars so low you can almost pluck them. Now for some grub. Once you've eaten beans baked in the oven of Mother (*Please turn to page* 55)



Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, happy and frolicsome film colony Mr. and Mrs., go on one of those Hollywood picnics and gather some snapshots.

Wide World Photos

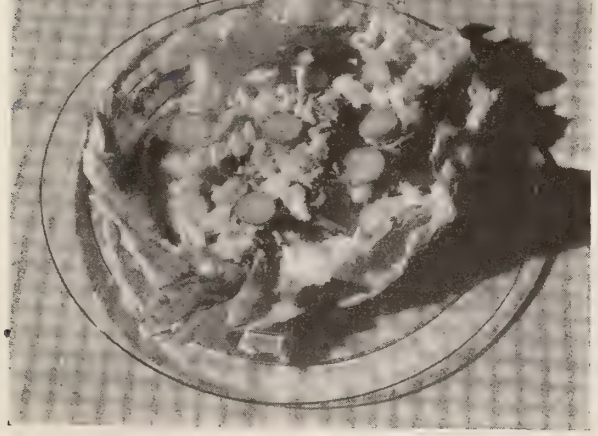
"..AND WE'LL JUST HAVE A SALAD"

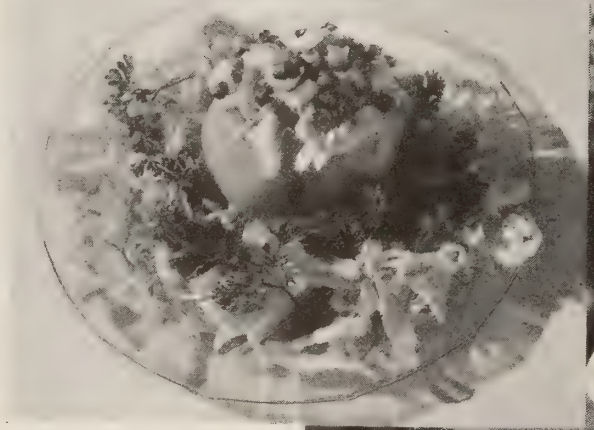
Betty Grable, RKO player, says that when the Hollywood stars get together for lunch, salad is the main attraction

By MARY MARTIN



For the very warm days Miss Grable suggests one of the old reliables with a brand new flavor.





A trio of different and really delectable salads, special favorites of Betty Grable.



"CAN'T you come for lunch? Oh, no, darling, honestly we won't have a lot of food—we'll just have a salad. That's about the way most Hollywood luncheon invitations sound," Betty Grable, lovely RKO player, said, her bright brown eyes twinkling at me. Everyone's watching her figure, as you know, so we lure them with promises of nothing but a salad, but actually, we usually start off with a cold consomme. I buy mine canned and have it in the ice box ready to serve in two jiffies or less. Then after the salad I'm quite apt to err on the side of bounty with an ice, fruit or crackers and cheese. Here are some of my salads. I toss the dressing over them just before serving.

Tuna Fish Cup

1 medium-sized can white tuna
2 eggs, hard boiled
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped English walnuts
¼ cup chopped green olives
Medium-sized tomatoes

Plunge the ripe tomatoes into hot water for a moment, then remove the skins. Chill, and remove the pulp. Mix the canned tuna with the nut meats, chopped eggs, celery and olives. Use either oil or mayonnaise dressing as you prefer. Fill the tomato cups with the tuna mixture. Sprinkle the top of each cup with capers. Decorate with sprigs of parsley and serve on watercress or shredded lettuce. Instead of the tomato cups, this filling may be served in a tomato aspic ring.

Sweetbread Salad

Cook a pair of sweetbreads twenty minutes and blanch in cold water. Fill scooped out tomatoes with the sweetbreads diced, and an equal amount of cucumbers mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Set in refrigerator until very cold and serve on white lettuce leaves.

Stuffed Apricot Salad

Fruit salads may be easily varied by stuffing halves of various fruits with a soft cheese mixture. It is interesting to use a fruit less frequently chosen, such as apricots, but I think you will find this filling delicious for almost any fruit.

1 package cream cheese
½ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup finely chopped dates
Walnut halves

And for a truly different salad, try a combination of sliced avocados, bits of candied ginger and sprays of watercress, with French dressing, or try:

Potpourri Salad

1 cup ham
½ cup peas
½ cup raw carrots
½ cup green pepper
½ cup celery
⅓ cup sweet pickle
Radishes to garnish
Grated onion to taste
1 egg, hard boiled
Salt and pepper to taste

The ham—cold boiled—should be diced, and all the vegetables cut fine before measuring. Toss these ingredients together lightly with the seasoning and mayonnaise. Serve cold on lettuce leaves. Garnish with thin slices of radishes and the white of the egg which has been chopped fine. Sprinkle the top with the egg yolk, grated. French dressing may be used if preferred.

For the very warm days that good old reliable salad made from a head of lettuce, sliced tomatoes with chopped ripe olives is good, while chopped capers or shredded almonds add a piquant flavor. Thinly sliced cucumbers soaked a short time in salty water, covered with mayonnaise to which a teaspoonful of onion juice has been added and served on shredded lettuce make a refreshing salad.

The combination of prunes and pineapple is grand too, I think. On finely shredded lettuce place six large well cooked prunes with the stones removed, for each serving. Cover with one-half cup of mayonnaise dressing to which has been added one-half cup whipped cream and one-half cup crushed pineapple, well drained.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

A page that will help you pick that movie you want to see

By BARBARA BARRY

IF we hadn't seen Louie B. Mayer steaming down the Boulevard, we'd be convinced that the business had moved to Florida, after all, production is that low this month!

DIAMOND JIM
•
UNIVERSAL

THOSE who knew "Diamond Jim" Brady in his hey-day, declare that Edward Arnold, who plays the title role, might be a reincarnation of the jewel-encrusted playboy of the Gay Nineties, so striking is the resemblance!

Make-up plays an important part in the startling illusion, and Arnold, with jowls pushed out by high, confining collars, is not exactly comfortable. Although he admitted that he is enjoying this role more than any other he has played.

For obvious reasons, Parker Morell's classic novel is not being filmed, verbatim, but we've a bonafide hunch that you're going to enjoy Director Eddie Sutherland's interpretation of the story a whole lot.

"To make money, you gotta look like money." That is Brady's creed, and by that creed he lives, from the day he borrowed twenty dollars from a friend in order to rent a silk hat, cut-away coat, striped trousers and diamonds from a pawnbroker, to the day he died, personally owning all that and much more.

In a southern railroad town, Brady falls in love with Jean Arthur, daughter of wealthy and respected parents. It is the one real love of his life but, before he can promote his honest intentions, Jean's papa and mama have talked her into an engagement with a local blue-blood. And that is Brady's cue for a heart-broken exit (girls not having an ounce of gumption in those days!)

All through his glamorous career, "Diamond Jim" treasures the memory of his one love and, while suffering a synthetic emotion for Lillian Russell (Binnie Barnes), he meets up with a gal who so closely resembles his original romance that he goes completely haywire and asks her to marry him!

So Brady is in love with Jean, and Binnie nurses a terrific yen for Cesar Romero. But when Jim and Binnie find that Jean and Cesar are doing a bit of hectic hand-holding, on the side, Jim offers Binnie a cool million if she'll marry him, r-r-r-right now!

Recognizing the broken heart at the bottom of the wood-pile, Binnie gently refuses to take the long trek down the aisle, million or no million. And Jim, because the doctor has said, "Ah, ah—mustn't touch!", orders two dozen oysters and a tureen of mulligatawney, and proceeds to eat himself out of the picture!

Between shots, Director Sutherland ordered ice cream cones all around and then proceeded to tell us of the joke he had pulled on Binnie that morning.

Binnie is very near-sighted. So much so that many of her dearest friends thought she was deliberately snubbing them before they found out about her affliction.

They had been looking over some strips of film, cut from the rushes, and as Binnie held each strip close before her eyes, Eddie suddenly got the rare idea!

Looking around, he picked up a narrow strip of galvanized tin and very nonchalantly handed it to the intrigued Binnie.

"Here's a shot that ought to be the highlight of the entire picture," he said innocently.

Binnie held it up to the light. "M-mm-m," she murmured, "that is—well, I mean . . ." and while she held it closer and closer, Eddie and the entire crew went into hysterics!

Binnie's a grand scout, though, and laughed as hard as anyone when she finally found out she'd been trying to be polite about looking through a piece of tin.

Eddie recounts an interesting incident in connection with his direction of the "Diamond Jim" epic.

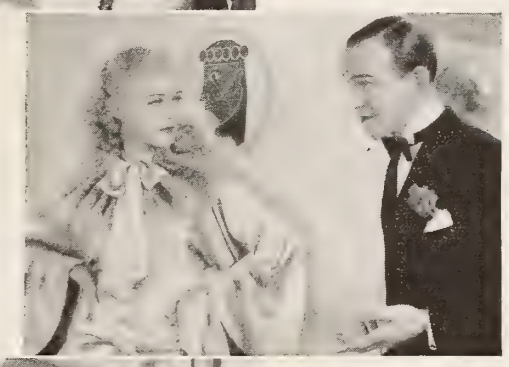
At the age of thirteen, Eddie stood in the Grand Central Station, in New York, waiting for the train that would return him to the Hudson River Military Academy.

A heavy-set gentleman approached him and said: "Pardon me, son, but aren't you Al Sutherland's kid?"

When Eddie admitted the charge, the h.s.g. chuckled: "I thought so! Why, I'd know Al's boy anywhere. Next time you see your dad, tell him that Jim Brady said 'Hello!'"



DIAMOND JIM
Universal
A character study of Diamond Jim Brady, interesting for Edward Arnold's performance and the atmosphere of New York in the Nineties.



TOP HAT
RKO
Neither better nor worse than most musicals, this holds up well for lovers of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire and their gay, captivating dancing.



FRONT PAGE WOMAN
Warners
George Brent and Bette Davis are rival newspaper reporters. Of course they're in love. Good if you like newspaper pictures.



PAGE MISS GLORY
Warners
Marion Davies as a small town ugly duckling who comes to the big city and wins a beauty contest. Old hokum, but amusing.



ACCENT ON YOUTH
Paramount
From the stage play. Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sidney as lovers who will suit sophisticates and romantics equally well.



MEN WITHOUT NAMES
Paramount
"G-Men" started something. Fred MacMurray and Madge Evans in a gunfire thriller you'll like if you liked "G-Men."

TOP HAT
•
RKO

THIS isn't a mystery story, but we've had less trouble figuring out who killed cock robin than unraveling the romantic complications in this singee-dancee opus, by Alexander Farago and Aladar Laszlo.

In the first place, Ginger Rogers falls for Fred Astaire when he lulls her to sleep with a sand dance (a soft routine with sand on the floor).

Through a series of complications, Ginger is led to believe that Fred is the husband of a good friend of hers, who is really married to Edward Everett Horton, producer of the show in which Fred does his stuff, terpsichorially speaking.

So, in a fit of pique, Ginger ups and marries Erik Rhodes and, when they go to retire, Astaire keeps them awake by inducing Horton to tap dance until Rhodes is so annoyed that he leaves his bride to dash upstairs and inquire what the ding-ding. Or something. (*Please turn to page* 59)

BEST BETS

DIAMOND JIM, with Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes.

TOP HAT, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

PAGE MISS GLORY, with Marion Davies and Dick Powell.

THE ARIZONIAN, with Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.

ESCAPADE, with William Powell and Virginia Bruce.

ACCENT ON YOUTH, with Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall.



Daughter Lois and Stan Laurel



Daughter Shirley Ann and Guy Kibbee



Daughter Patsy and Bert Wheeler

Comedians Make the Best Fathers

Their own children say so—and the kids ought to know. Maybe it's that comedians are just big kids themselves, dressed up in long pants

By GRACE KINGSLEY

DO comedians really make better fathers than other actors? And if so, why?

Judging from what I've observed, I think they do. And there are lots of reasons why they should.

For one thing, something of the mellowing influence of comedy oozes over into the home life of the comedian and is felt by his youngsters. And there is certainly always a childlike quality in a comedian that helps to make him a great pal to his kid. Joe E. Brown, Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Cantor, Stan Laurel, Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Slim Summerville, Frank McHugh and probably others I have forgotten to mention, all are idols of their children and at the same time are the little ones' pals.

Even the most Bohemian of them all, Charlie Chaplin, temperamental, hectic and irresponsible as he is, reserves a spot in his heart where only his children come. He grinned with happy pride the day he showed me the place on his estate which is reserved for the two boys, and where we found games, playthings, little chairs, tables, swings, all the elaborate paraphernalia of a child's playground.

Charlie never misses taking his children to the circus when the circus and the boys are in town at the same time.

And little Sid loves puzzles, just as Charlie does; so the two sit on the ground together for hours sometimes, working out some particularly teasing puzzle.

Very indulgent are these comedian dads.

Joe E. Brown had a soda-fountain put into his home for his children! Of course Don and Joe, Jr., quarrelled at first as to who should be soda jerker, and even now Don slings a mean cherry sundae; but the fountain has lost its novelty, coming into play only when there is a party at the Brown home, when the boys take turns showing what mixers they are, in the vanilla-or-strawberry sense.

And Joe is always buying mechanical toys for his children. But there's a catch to that. For Joe himself loves these toys, and it is a joke in the family that when a new toy is put on the market the boys lure him to the shop where it is being sold, and get a great kick out of watching their dad's delight in working it.

The little girls, Mary Elizabeth Ann and Katharine Frances, have all the mechanical dolls that come on the market. Joe shows no partiality in the matter of gifts or affection, but little Mary Elizabeth Ann, being the older, is the one naturally who takes his hat and puts it away for him when he comes home at night.

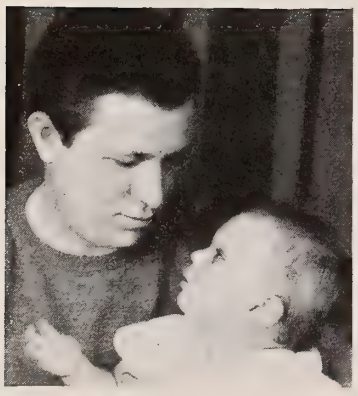
WHETHER Eddie Cantor is working or not, those five daughters of his all demand that he take them and their mother to the movies in the evening; or, leaving Mama at home, he takes the girls down to Venice and Ocean Park, where they ride on the roller-coasters, shoot in the shooting galleries, gaze at their reflections in the merry mirrors, and do all the other mad things one finds to do in the topsy-turvy land of the Midway. The only complaint Eddie has ever been known to utter was the wish that his daughters wouldn't roller-coaster quite so much!

We asked Eddie what he talked about with his family around the dinner table.

"Oh, everything," he answered. "We discuss everything with our children. I'd rather they learned about life from us than somewhere else. Sometimes (*Please turn to page* 54)



Skeets Gallagher and the young Skeets-es.



Stu Erwin with Stu Junior. Right, Eddie Cantor displays a family that *is* a family. Count 'em.





The Joe E. Brown family. Joe Junior and Don are the boys; and the little girls are named Mary Elizabeth Ann and Katharine Frances.

"Dinner's Ready"



YOU can tell by the tone of her voice, it's a good dinner. It's not only tempting but nourishing. She knows the big part that food plays in keeping her family in vigorous health.

It is no easy task, year in and year out, to plan meals for the family. The more limited the food budget, the more necessary it is to know what to buy—and why—for better health. Expensive foods may be far less nourishing than those which cost less.

Food for the family must meet a variety of needs. It must contain the elements necessary

—for growth and development of children and for renewal of body tissues in adults (Proteins and Minerals)

—to supply energy for work and play (Carbohydrates and Fats)

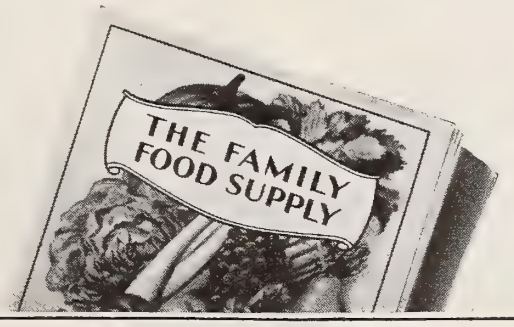
—to regulate body processes and protect against disease (Minerals and Vitamins).

The amount of food required varies according to the individual. Children require more of the "growing foods" than adults. People who work hard physically require more of the "energy foods."



Send for booklet "The Family Food Supply"

It tells in detail the importance of various foods—which ones contain proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins; how to use them to keep your family in good health; how to do your marketing; how to use left-overs and make them appetizing; how to plan balanced and nourishing meals which the family will enjoy. Mail the coupon today for your free copy.



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Please mail me a copy of "The Family Food Supply" which tells about nourishing, inexpensive foods.

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PLAYROOMS of the STARS



Bullock

It is in Mary Pickford's playroom, one of the first in Hollywood, that most of her famous costume parties are held.



Fryer

George Brent's playroom, beautifully furnished, is a place for a quiet, friendly talk. (Below) That of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.





A new Hollywood fad which may sweep over the country. Turn your friends loose in a sound-proof room with unbreakable dishes. • By HENRY M. FINE

WHOOPEE rooms!

Play places of the stars!

Where the Norma Shearers, Clark Gables and Marlene Dietrichs relax and get away from grease-paint, cameras and lights.

Where screenland's elite turn to ping-pong, puzzles and games for an evening's fun.

They were first really made popular by the late Lew Cody, whose amusing parties, thrown in what he called his "whoopee parlor," situated in the renovated cellar of his home, earned him the reputation of Hollywood's "King of Hosts." Stars and their satellites, directors, producers and other film executives, flocked to these "shindigs" in droves. And with his close friend, frozen-faced Buster Keaton, who here would smile once in a while, Cody showed moviedom how to make merry. His formula was a few cocktails, cleverly concocted at a miniature bar, and a multitude of crazy games.

THE idea quickly caught on, and today playrooms have become a definite part of Hollywood entertainment. To such an extent that screen notables without them are rapidly adding them to their homes.

One of the newest is in the home of Director Wesley Ruggles and his wife, Arline Judge. It is built on the order of an English tap-room. The ceilings are beamed, and the walls, of burnt wood and plaster panelling, add to the effect. On one side of the room is a massive fireplace. At the other end, a large bar. In a small alcove is a buffet service, with the east end of the place providing a beautiful view of the swimming pool and bath house.

The room seats 60 people comfortably. Here on a Sunday you'll find Helen Twelvetrees and husband, Frank Woody, bragging about their family presidential candidate, infant Jackie, favorite playmate of Wesley Ruggles, Jr., except when youthful squabbles separate them. Over in a corner June Collier and Stuart Erwin will probably be playing a rubber of bridge with Marian Nixon and William Seiter, whereas in another corner Esther Ralston will undoubtedly be trying out the new combination radio-phonograph which plays 12 records without stopping.

When the crowd gets tired of playing games, Wes will turn off the lights, and with the assistance of a small, sound equipped motion picture projection machine, flash on a baby-sized screen his latest film. When this is over everyone adjourns to the Rathskeller downstairs, which boasts everything up to and including a billiard table.

AMONG the oldest "whoopee" rooms in Hollywood is the "Trophy Room" at Pickfair. So named because it contains paintings and relics of Early California. Here (*Please turn to page* 58)

Willer



All of the Hollywood playrooms offer games. Pert Kelton's favorite game, it happens, is pool.



Welbourne

The studious James Cagney's playroom looks more like an arsenal, what with all the guns, but there are lots of books, too, which can't be seen in this shot.

If you could look *Under Your Skin!*

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes—wrinkles!



Miss Hélène Macy of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."

LINES form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.

PORES stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.

BLACKHEADS form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.

BLEMISHES follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.

DRY SKIN occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.

TISSUES SAG when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.



When *Underskin fails to function, expect* Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

Fight them in your Underskin with this deep-skin cream

DO YOU KNOW what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands *underneath* it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin*.

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin!* How foolish to waste time and money on beauty preparations that do not go to the root of the matter, and help this underskin to function actively.

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults, and keep their skin beautiful with a cream that goes deep—that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—

EVERY NIGHT—with your finger tips, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away. Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are wakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

IN THE MORNING, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.

But most of all you'll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can rid your skin, as hundreds of other women have, of all those common and disfiguring skin faults. You can avoid blackheads and blemishes. Reduce enlarged pores. Soften lines. Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond's offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.



The Countess of Warwick

admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin. I use it at least twice a day."



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

***Mail this Coupon*—for Generous Package!**

POND'S, Dept. H48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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THE *Make-up Box*

REST IN PEACE: Here's real news for everyone who has carefully put up her hair in curlers, only to awaken in the dead of night and tear them off with loud groans. It's a curler with a tiny rubber tip that acts as a cushion and not only whips the stubborn little ends into bewitching ringlets but allows you to slumber throughout the night quietly and peacefully. The curler is nicely perforated to allow the hair to dry thoroughly and comes in two sizes . . . small, to take care of wispy locks, and regular size for average curls.



FRECKLED BUT FEARLESS: If freckles are your evil Nemesis (as they are mine) be of good cheer. For what I have discovered, my fine speckled friends, are two products. One is a bleach mask to be applied twice a week and its continuous use fades unsightly freckles with breath-taking rapidity. The other is a shade of face powder suitable for toning down the prominence of said freckles. Both these products originated in Hollywood and screen stars use them to counteract the benefits (?) of that good old California sunshine.



FOUND: A lipstick in a glorious shade of red and guaranteed not to turn purple under the summer sun. It's smooth and indelible. You apply a generous coating to your mouth, let it set, and remove with a bit of tissue. Then you're truly kissable. . . . Included in this month's circular is a complexion diet to tone up tissues and tummies . . . lots of other news too. Just write—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Feet in the SPOTLIGHT

A dancer reveals her own secrets for beautiful and healthy feet



"EVERY woman should give her feet careful, regular attention—a dancer *must* do so," said Ruby Keeler, young screen actress whose nimble feet have tapped their way to stardom. "For foot ills are responsible for as many wrinkles as old age, as many gray hairs as heart-and-home problems.

"While the average woman realizes this, she is often prone to devote herself to her face, hands and hair—and then say that she hasn't time to give her feet the treatments and exercises that they deserve.

"Of course, a dancer cannot afford to neglect her feet. At the moment that we are taught our first steps, we are also taught to regard our feet with respect. We are shown the exercises we must do regularly and are taught how to relax our feet, how to massage them, how to avoid straining them.

"The most important rule in caring for your feet is to be sure always to buy shoes that are large enough. Shoes that are basically suited to your feet. If you have a long, narrow foot, you should wear slender shoes with fairly pointed toes. Shorter, broader feet (like those of most dancers) should always be shod in short, round-toed lasts. The toes must never be cramped or forced into shoes that will cause them to overlap.

"The second thing to remember is to vary your heel heights. By that I mean that it is dangerous to restrict onself to heels of only one height. Feet should be kept flexible, and to do this one should try to have in her shoe wardrobe at all times the following types of shoes:

Heelless mules
Low-heeled sports Oxfords
Flat-heeled strap-slippers
Cuban-heeled Oxfords
High-heeled pumps or sandals

"These should be worn with a fair degree of consistency in order that the foot will be comfortable in any heel. If you've been wearing very high heels, it would be unwise to change suddenly to low ones and vice versa. But by wearing low heels one day, medium ones the next and high heels at other times, you'll keep your feet in good condition. In lieu of going barefoot, wear heelless mules around your own room.

"Besides selecting the right types of shoes, you should also devote at least five minutes every night to strengthening your feet. And one simple exercise will do this. Simply stand erect with your feet at forty-five-degree angles and raise and lower yourself on your toes for five minutes. Begin with a one-minute session, of course, and add one minute each night until you can do it five minutes without tiring.

"After this exercise, you should rest and relax your feet by sitting down in a big chair and placing another chair before you. Prop up your feet on this chair for five minutes. Then get out your footbalm and rub them thoroughly. Then a good hot bath, gradually getting cooler until the water is quite cold, will make your feet feel—and look—like a million dollars.

"Another thing that dancers remember is that grace of the feet often depends upon the way you stand—and we always keep our ankles together. Even when you're sitting down, you'll find that 'ankles together' is one sure rule for looking lovely. And your ankles will show lots of improvement from your health exercises for your feet. The raising and lowering for five minutes a night will make your ankles slender, too.

"Too thin legs can be benefited by massage with cocoa butter or olive oil and by walking about three miles a day. This builds up the muscles of the legs and develops shapeliness.

"Dancers probably wear out more pairs of shoes a year than any other group of people and, personally, I need about twenty pairs of shoes a year. While I wear sports shoes, Oxfords and sandals at various times, my favorite shoe is the opera pump. I think it's the most flattering and the most comfortable for my own feet."

But *any* shoe would look well on Miss Keeler's feet, for she has very small and well-shaped pedal extremities. She wears a number 4-B! Her ankles are seven and one-half inches in circumference and her calves thirteen inches—the exact measurements of the perfect girl of 1935 selected by Busby Berkeley, Warner Brothers' dance director, who recently conducted a census of practically all the leading feminine players of Hollywood and arrived at these figures.

If nature has not endowed you with the ideal proportions, start today on a new program for healthy and beautiful feet, ankles and legs.



Compare your pedal measurements with Ruby Keeler's, for hers are considered perfect. She wears a number 4-B shoe; ankles are 7½ inches; and her calves 13 inches.





"Grace of the feet very often depends upon the way you stand and sit. Remembering always to keep your ankles together is one way to avoid an awkward pose," says Ruby.



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out the way you want them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

This day will never come again—
save it with snapshots

YOUNGER HOLLYWOOD

The Hollywood colony of youngsters, usually so full of fun, knows tragedy too. But the empty ranks are filled and they go on. By HENRY WILLSON

ONE of Hollywood's cleverest motion pictures—containing wit—charm—beauty—and talent, combined with complete abandon will never, unfortunately, reach the professional screen. The picture stars Ben Alexander and Phyllis Fraser, and was made with a 16 m.m. film up at Lake Arrowhead a couple of Sundays ago.

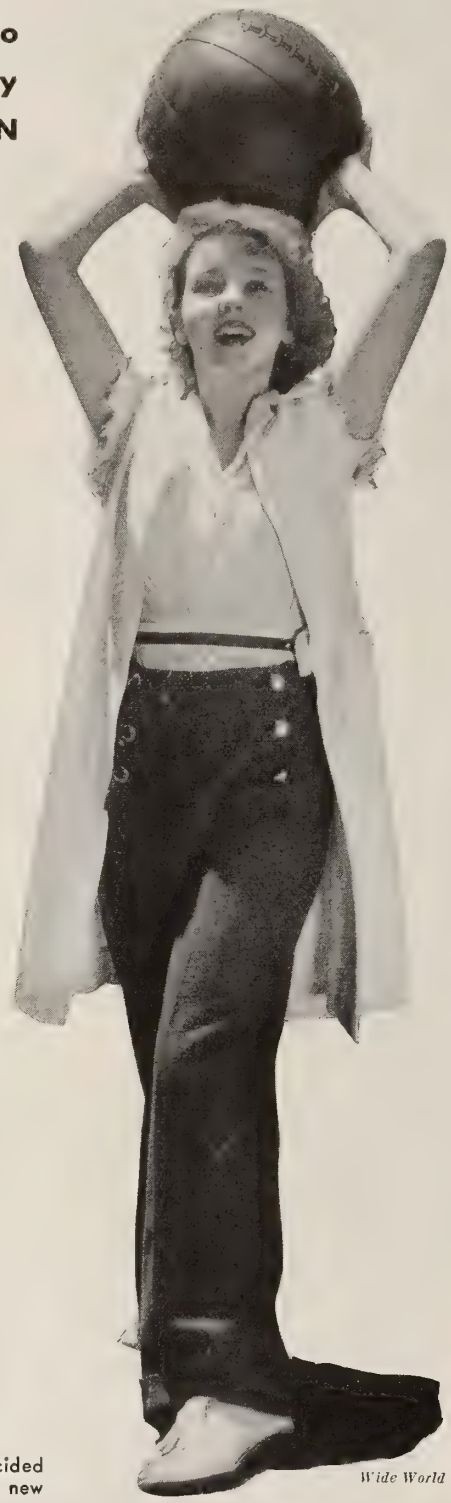
"Little Red Riding Hood" is the title of the epic and in the cast we found Mrs. Lewis Frederick Ayres playing some sort of snow nymph—and is she cute! How that Ginger Rogers gets around—there's no keeping her out of pictures. Phyllis Fraser, Ginger's cousin, plays the lead in the picture. She and Ginger out-do themselves, and they look really beautiful—which all goes to disprove the fact that Hollywood stars would be a wash-out without their layers of make-up, their false eye-lashes and the arc lights and camera angles. Lew Ayres and Leila Rogers took turns as cameraman and director, with the sun furnishing the lighting effects.

The idea made such a hit that the troupe immediately lined up a super-super cast for another production—"The Disinherited," starring Earl Eby and featuring these players, James Gleason, Johnny Mack Brown, Sterling Holloway, Florence Lake, Bodil Rosing, Noel Madison, and Andy Devine. They've rented an old ramshackle house on Sunset Boulevard—had the lights turned on, and use that for the interior shots. Ben Alexander is chief cameraman and cutter, while Albert, Lew Ayres' colored man, has been made chief electrician. Poor Albert is really the only unhappy one in the whole shooting-match. Albert used to be a high grade colored butler and chauffeur, but for the past five weeks he hasn't even seen a butler's uniform, 'cause Lew and Ginger saw fit to elevate this protégé of amateur technical intricacies. The pictures are a lot of fun, and the next one will star Janet Gaynor in a hilarious take-off of "Anna Christie".

P. S.: Albert will remain as electrician.

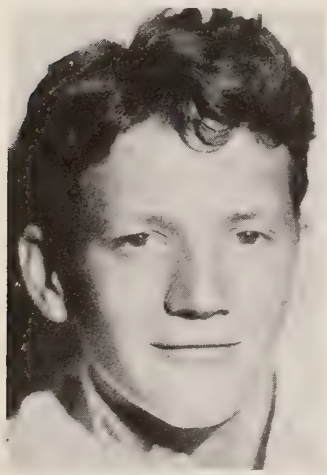
UNDOUBTEDLY Hollywood's newest young sensation will be Louis Hayward, the handsome young juvenile Metro signed this season, after his record-breaking overnight hit in the Noel Coward play, "Point Valaine," with Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne. His performance was so marked in the play, and hailed by the critics, that the management was forced to put young Hayward's name up in lights, featured with the stars, Lunt and Fontanne. And one more performance like his in M-G-M's "The Flame Within" will put this newcomer right on top—which should please Metro no end, as they are paying him three times as much as anybody can possibly imagine. That's how anxious they were for a new leading man who could act.

IDA Lupino's visit at the Del Tahquitz in Palm Springs unwittingly settled a momentous question for that town's Chamber of Commerce. It seems there had been much discussion whether the airport should be moved nearer town. During Ida's sojourn, Howard Hughes, Hollywood's youngest producer, caused much excitement by circling around the roof-top of the hotel, playing hide-and-seek with Lupino—and finally, finding it inconvenient to park on the Del Tahquitz roof, Hughes brought his machine to a stop in the empty sand lot next door. So from now on that will be the new Palm Springs Airport.



Wide World

Read how Ida Lupino's visit to Palm Springs decided the Chamber of Commerce of that town on a new place for an airport.



Above: Death always seems the more cruel when it takes the young. Junior Durkin had a splendid future. We shall miss him. Right: Lew Ayres and Ben Alexander, with their friends, are now making amateur movies.



HOLLYWOOD'S youngest potential feature picture director today is twenty-three-year-old George Sidney (son of Louis K. Sidney, Loew Theater executive), who has been made test director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. George has been assigned to direct all the stage stars brought out from New York in dramatic and musical screen tests being shot for contracts. Doris Carson, Constance Carpenter, Eleanor Powell and Fred Perry are some of the young newcomers who have been successfully tested by Sidney. In talking to him, we found him bubbling over with new ideas that are bound to land him a feature picture direction assignment before very long.

FRANKIE DARRO and Bob Meredith were more than surprised, recently, on their return from location when an orange juice stand man invited them to "hurry back" after they had heeded his inviting sign: "All the Orange Juice You Can Drink for 10c." Each boy emptied eleven glasses of the beverage.

THE Will Rogers' were practically minus a large, double wooden gate to their ranch property the other night when daughter Mary started off for the Trocadero with Bob Hoover, Paula Stone and myself. The gates were closed as we drove down from the ranch house, so Bob stopped the car and I prepared to jump out and open the gate.

"Oh, you don't have to get out, Henry," explained Mary. "Just push the bumper against the left gate and they both swing open. It's a little system I discovered all myself." So we pushed—and pushed—and the pleased expression on our faces dropped to a shadow of doubt as there was a cracking, crushing, gate-smashing sound ahead of us. As a matter of fact, the gate was being smashed. Mary had made a slight error. It was coming IN to the ranch that the gates swing open, by pushing the bumper against the left gate. It was a lovely gate, if ever I saw one.

Speaking of the Rogers'—I'll take a chance that this is no longer a secret of Jimmy's, Will's youngest son. Jim, who graduated from Prep School this year, made a bet with some of the fellows in his class at school that he could tie himself to the top of the goal post on the polo field and that they couldn't get him off within twenty minutes. If Jimmy lost the penalty was either to pay $1.00 to each fellow, or dye his hair blonde. If his opponents lost, the same held true. Jimmy didn't win—and he was darned if he'd pay that money. So seven youths, with glee written all over their faces, poured peroxide on Jimmy's dark locks. When the process was finished, Jimmy was cool and collected. He merely applied a little brown hair dye, plus a special lotion that was guaranteed to "hasten the process," and he was to be back to normal again. Something went wrong, and Jimmy became a flaming "redhead." Jimmy is still seeing red, and Father Will is still wondering why Jimmy kept his hat pulled down over his ears the whole week-end.

IN closing, I want to dedicate this paragraph on behalf of myself and the younger set of Hollywood to Trent Junior Durkin, the finest friend I could ever hope for. His untimely accident and death on the eve of starting the two greatest picture roles of his career still leaves Hollywood stunned. A sweeter—kinder—a more regular fellow never lived. But Junior always disliked anything sentimental, so for his sake, I will stop at this: We'll miss him.





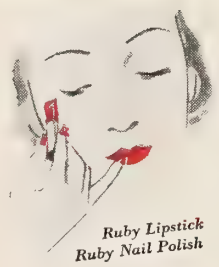
Natural Lipstick
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Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish



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Ruby Lipstick
Ruby Nail Polish



IMPORTANT—READ!
Unlike many other oily polish removers that seek to imitate it, Cutex Oily Polish Remover *leaves no film* to dim the lustre of your nail polish and shorten its life. This is because Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains a *very special* oil that cannot harm the appearance of your polish or affect its wear. Play safe! Avoid unsatisfactory imitations.

Cutex offers you a complete range of matching Lipsticks *and* Nail Polishes

EVERYBODY'S talking about the exciting new Cutex vogue of matching lips and finger tips! . . . Every smart woman is wearing them this summer —on cruise or ashore!

And no wonder, when this color harmony of lips and nails is so absolutely *right* . . . when it's so becoming to every woman, and so suited to her every costume . . . And, best of all, when Cutex has made it so very easy to achieve.

No effort or guesswork—you simply choose your favorite Cutex Polish shades from a lovely color range running through Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby. And then ask for the corresponding Cutex Lipstick. It will match or tone in perfectly. No more discords of purplish reds and orange reds—lips and nails "belong."

And the Cutex Lipstick is a perfect find just in itself. It's delightfully smooth and creamy—yet never greasy. It goes on beautifully and *stays* on without drying your lips in the least.

DON'T WAIT! Get at least one shade of Cutex matching Lipstick and Nail Polish today! At the Toilet Goods Department of your favorite store . . . Cutex Liquid Polish, in Crème or Clear form; and Cutex Lipstick in shades to match.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York Montreal London Paris

MUSIC in the MOVIES

With Irving Berlin himself writing musical scores for the movies, it's no wonder this month's tunes are grand. By JOHN EDGAR WEIR



If you wondered who those brilliant dancers were in "In Caliente," here they are—the sophisticated, scintillating De Marcos.

GOOD news for lovers of music in the movies is that no less a personage than Irving Berlin, the old master himself, is now at work for you. Five of the forthcoming tunes in "Top Hat," RKO's musical featuring nimble Fred Astaire and the equally gay Ginger Rogers, are from Berlin's gifted pen. They are "No Strings," "Isn't This a Lovely Day," "Top Hat," "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan," and "Piccolino," to which Fred dances while Ginger sings.

Many of the studios are nearing the completion of new musical productions. Warner's "Broadway Gondoliers" has the popular Dick Powell in the stellar role. The film will feature another superb musical score by Dubin and Warren, the ace team who gave us those recent hits from "The Gold Diggers" and "Go into Your Dance." In "Broadway Gondoliers" you will hear, among others, "The Rose in Her Hair," an engaging little waltz, "Outside of You," "Sweet and Slow" featured in the picture by the Mills Brothers, and "Lulu's Back in Town," all of which are included in this review.

"College Scandals" is also being readied for release under the Paramount banner. While this picture is not as rich in songs, it boasts of one which promises to be outstanding. "In the Middle of a Kiss" is the title and it is a melodic fox trot in slow tempo, written by Sam Coslow, who gave us "Thanks," "Please" and "Cocktails for Two." Dick Barthelmess' "Four Hours to Kill," another Paramount production, includes two very rhythmic, yes even hot, tunes called "Hate to Talk to Myself" and "You're the Cutest One." And "Masquerade," the M-G-M contribution to current musicals, features "You're All I Need."

OF all the songs included in this month's review, "In the Middle of a Kiss" is, in our opinion, the best bet. This song is given first place because of the beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, and Jan Garber's excellent recording.

It is from "College Scandals," and is played by the Jan Garber orchestra as a sweet melodic fox trot ballad. The arrangement is of the simple variety with reverence for melody, and the smooth Garber saxes emphasize its beauty. A mellow trombone in a short interlude also falls easy on the ears. Lee Bennett sings an alluring vocal refrain.

On the other side we hear "With All My Heart and Soul" played by the New Mayfair Dance Orchestra. This is an English band with a large instrumentation, patterned in some respects after the distinguished style of that other English leader, Ray Noble. However, this band is a far cry from Noble's, but still, as bands go, it is above the average. (Victor)

"The Rose in Her Hair" from "Broadway Gondoliers" by Eddy Duchin and his orchestra, is an engaging waltz played in a dreamy, gliding style by the piano-playing maestro. A muted trumpet captures the waltz mood in a soft, pleasing interlude, but, as in all Duchin records, the leader's velvety fingers steal the show as they glide over the keyboard. Lee Sherwood's vocal chorus is delightful.

The reverse side offers "Outside of You" from the same picture and is played by Duchin and his boys. This time we have a fox trot in medium tempo with a bouncing rhythm; just the sort of tune at which Duchin's band excels. Again the piano and trumpet are featured but the sax section turns in a grand job. Lee Sherwood sings another pleasing vocal. (Victor)

"SWEET AND SLOW" from "Broadway Gondoliers" is the hot rhythmic tune sung in the picture by the Mills Brothers. This recording however is by that other exponent of jig time, Fats Waller. If you like a fast tempo heated to the boiling point, here it is with Fats in rare form. The band accompanying him is plenty warm, too.

BEST OF THE MONTH

IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS. Played by Jan Garber. (Victor)

Also Recommended

THE ROSE IN HER HAIR. Played by Eddy Duchin. (Victor)

TO CALL YOU MY OWN. Played by Victor Young. (Decca)

YOU'RE ALL I NEED. Played by Ted Fio Rito. (Brunswick)

SOME ONE I LOVE. Sung by Milton Watson. (Decca)

WOULD THERE BE LOVE. Sung by Gertrude Niesen. (Columbia)

"Lulu's Back in Town" is on the reverse side, and comes from the same picture. Being in the same groove, you can be sure that Fats Waller treats it as such. There is no one quite like this boy when he throws himself into this style of vocalizing. He turns in a handful of piano playing, too, on this record. (Victor)

"TO CALL YOU MY OWN" from "In Caliente" and played by Victor Young and orchestra is a lovely ballad of the better type. Young's band plays a fine arrangement which features three fiddles in an interlude, as well as the brass which produces some clever harmonic effects. However the splendid vocal refrain sung by Milton Watson of the operatic stage overshadows the band.

The other side presents "The Lady in Red" from the same picture, also played by Victor Young's aggregation. This is the rhumba type of number, a rhythm which seems to have so captured the fancy of the dancing set, that now it has a place on almost every program. Vic Young does it up in real Mexican style, except for the last chorus which is done in fox trot time. Milton Watson shows versatility in rendering the vocal interpolation. (Decca)

"I'M LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY" from "Hooray for Love," is played by Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang. This is a new band on records and is of the modern hot variety; that is, they play with a pronounced rhythm without a lot of noise, and expertly too. Coming from New Orleans highly recommended by those who should know, this outfit is said to have what it takes to gain nation-wide popularity. Louis Prima, in addition to leading, sings the vocals.

On the reverse side the same band does justice to "Put on an Old Pair of Shoes." This is the latest by Billy Hill, famous for his "Last Round Up" and "Old Spinning Wheel." The Prima band gets off another modern arrangement with the brass section as well as a clarinet standing out. Prima again warbles the vocal. (Brunswick)

"YOU'RE ALL I NEED" from "Escapade," as played by Ted Fio Rito and his orchestra, is a lilting fox trot with an appealing lyric. The large Fio Rito band, which comprises about twenty musicians, plays a smart dance arrangement and produces a generous amount of tonal color by skillful maneuvering of the instrumentation. The violin section does especially well, as does Howard Phillips in the vocal chorus. (Brunswick)

"IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS" from "College Scandals" crops up again in a recording by Hal Kemp for those who prefer the unique style of this popular maestro. The tricky arrangement is well executed with the muted brass lending itself admirably, and Bob Allen singing a pleasing vocal refrain. These arrangements together with his skillful execution have made Hal Kemp's a popular recording band. Still, we prefer the Jan Garber recording for this particular song. (Brunswick)

FROM the picture, "Four Hours to Kill," we have another recording by that colored rhythm-master, Fats Waller. The tune is titled "Hate to Talk About Myself," and does Fats steam through this one! We'll bet your feet will beat time with Fats as he sings and plays the piano with an orchestral accompaniment.

The B side carries "You're the Cutest One" also by Fats and much the

(*Please turn to page* 65)

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44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS.....10c

The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

- B -

REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY.....10c

Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.

- 2 -

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- 3 -

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- 9 -

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- 13 -

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- 14 -

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- 21 -

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- 25 -

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- 28 -

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- 30 -

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Who—Me?

(*Continued from page* 19)

because on that day my mother would tie a green silk sash around my waist . . . and that sash, which turned my ordinary clothes into a costume, gave me the excuse to dance and hop around and show off. I used to travel around from one Saint Patrick's Day picnic to the next . . . dancing a jig, and singing old ballads at the top of my lungs. I danced so badly that finally in self-defense my family sent me to a dancing teacher in Chicago . . . to a Professor MacNamara. They thought I'd soon find out that I was no good. They hoped the professor would tell me in a nice way. But if he did drop a hint to that effect, I never caught on.

"ANYWAY, when I was nineteen, I staged 'The Pilgrim's Progress' in Milwaukee . . . and believe me that took some staging for there were nine hundred people in it. But do you think I got a kick out of it? I did not. 'Cause I wasn't out there on the stage showing off myself, getting applause, taking the bows. The man who gave me the job thought I had great possibilities as a director and producer. But even if I was good, I wouldn't have liked it." Pat grinned—that same Irish grin that you see so often on the screen. "Listen," he threw in as an aside. "I'm only talking about myself, because I suppose you want me to, if you're going to find out anything about me."

"Don't get modest now," I said.

"Well, getting back to my story, after two years at school, spent mostly in playing football, my feet got 'itchy' for a different kind of field to work out on. So I wrote Spencer, and both of us ditched our respective schools at the same time and went to New York to be actors." Pat paused a minute. His mind was looking a long way back. "I guess I can best tell you what those years were like by saying that no one has ever really experienced life until he has gone hungry. Those years were full of that kind of experience for me—more hunger experience than stage experience. Anyway, I worked for a while as a chorus boy in a musical show—and don't laugh either, for that job meant all the difference between a full stomach and an empty one.

"Later, Jimmy Gleason gave me my first job in a stock company. After that I got parts here and there. And when I wasn't in a show I'd work as a bond salesman, or a haberdashery salesman, or a cement worker, or anything I could lay my hands on.

"It was during those days that I met Eloise Taylor, an actress—an actress at times, I might say, for she was out of a job half the time too. I was crazy about her from the very beginning. I guess I proposed to her a thousand times in the five years that we knew each other before we finally married. But though there was nothing doing in a romantic way, we were the closest friends and best pals anyone can imagine. I'll tell you what pals we were. We always pooled our money. If I was working and she wasn't, she was welcome to half of what I made, and when I didn't have a job and she did, it was the same thing. It saved both our lives many times.

"How did I happen to get into the movies? Well, that's something that I shall never forget. I got into the movies when I did, as I did, all because I lied. And it's the only time a lie ever got me anywhere . . . except over my mother's knee for a spanking. I had appeared in New York in 'The Front Page' in the part that Adolphe Menjou later played in the movies. Lee Tracy had played the leading role of Hildy Johnson, a reporter. He was a tremendous success in it, you remember. Well, after the show had closed its long run, Howard Hughes, the producer, bought the play to do it as a movie. I remember I was rehearsing in New York in a play called 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow' with Herbert Marshall, when Howard Hughes called me from the Coast. He said, 'I understand you played the part of Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page" and everyone says you were swell. How would you like to come to Hollywood to do the part in the picture?'

"NOW, my heart practically stopped beating. I hadn't played the part at all . . . it was Tracy. There had been a mistake. I wondered if I should be honest about it and tell Mr. Hughes. I would have, I am sure, if I had had more than four dollars and fifty-three cents in my pocket. But that was my capital until the new play opened . . . ten days later. It would be a week after that before I would get my first pay check. I did some fast mental arithmetic. Four dollars and fifty-three cents would buy only about ten or eleven meals for Eloise and me. That was less than a meal a day. I said, 'Sure, Mr. Hughes. I'll come out . . . but only on one condition . . . that you allow me to bring Eloise Taylor with me. She's a great little actress and you could use her. So if you'll send the railroad fare for both of us, we'll be on our way.'

"Well, that was the long and short of it. They wired me the contract and the fare, and the next day Eloise and I were on our way to Hollywood. Everything looked rosy until I realized that they hadn't wired me expense money too. En route, I had to wire (collect) for an advance so we could eat. Of course they knew then that I was on my uppers, but I didn't care. I had a contract. And Eloise was going to get a job too.

"A week later, on the set, the director asked me how I had done a certain bit of business in the play. I had to confess then that all my business in the play was in another part. But it didn't matter then. We had already started on the picture, and I guess they were satisfied with my work. When I got my first pay check, I refused to take another of Eloise's "No's" for an answer and we were married at once.

"That was four years ago . . . and I've had good luck ever since . . . that's why I always say that my good luck charm is my wife. Like all Irishmen, I've got plenty of superstitions, only they're sort of funny ones. For example, I don't think that walking under a ladder means bad luck . . . but I never read the last line of a play until the opening night. Then, ten minutes before the curtain goes up, I read it, and if it's mine, I learn it. But never before."

AND right here is where I take time out on Pat, and pick up where he left off when he said, "Like all Irishmen . . ." He is like all Irishmen—only more so! Except for the temper. I have checked with a lot of people and they all agree that if Pat has any Irish temper, he certainly never has displayed it. But he has the traditional sentimentalism of the Irish, there is no doubt about that.

Pat's greatest hobby today is collecting rare old Irish books and manuscripts. He used to know Gaelic and is learning it all over again, so he can decipher some of them. He also collects old theater programs and has them framed on his walls beside the fireplace in his den. That room, incidentally, with a bar at one end, is the greatest evidence of his sentimentality. All four walls are completely covered with three hundred framed photographs of scenes from every play and picture that he has ever been in. The photographs are framed in—well, you guess the color. (Could it be anything but green!)

His bar, too, bears markings of his love for mementoes. Everyone who ever sets foot on the rail of Pat's bar is asked to autograph his name in the wood, with an ice pick. There is room for about 1,000 signatures on the bar, and it is already one-third covered. The names engraved there read like a who's who of the theater. Everyone is represented, from Mrs. Leslie Carter on down to the present day.

Around the house there are numerous pictures of Mrs. O'Brien holding their baby, Margaret Mavourneen, on her lap. The baby is wearing the 35-year-old, old-fashioned christening dress that Pat himself wore when he was named. (Yes, Pat was thirty-five on last November 11th, Armistice Day . . . and he admits it proudly.

"Incidentally," I asked, "is Mrs. O'Brien Irish?"

"Well, she's half Irish," he said . . . "though she'll insist she's all Irish . . . and not just to please me either, but because she loves anything and everything from that country. You know, she was in several pictures after we first came out here, but she finally decided that one Thespian is enough in the family. I had nothing to do with her giving it up. If she wanted to go on with her career, that's what I would have wanted her to do. But she has too many other things now to interest her. She sews a lot . . . makes her own clothes, and pajamas for me, and she's taken up knitting and quilting with all of the rest of the women in Hollywood. She pals around a lot, too, with Mrs. Jimmy Cagney, and her other women friends . . . so she's having just as good a time, and better, as she would if she were acting. As long as she's happy in what she's doing now, that's all that matters. And of course she's nuts about the baby.

"We don't run around very much because we've got such a swell home, and we'd rather be there than anywhere else. I've just put in a new handball court, and a badminton court . . . and we've got a swimming pool . . . and what more could anyone want. Incidentally, it was all paid for in cash. I never want to have anything that I don't own completely. It's—it's just a principle of mine.

"That's about all there is to tell about me," he said. "You see there really isn't very much. I'm sorry. Maybe I could have made up something wild and exciting, but I'm not much good on story telling . . . though I do try to write a little on the side. I'm working on a play now. But that's about somebody else. I haven't any great gift of dramatizing myself. I'm sorry."

I wasn't. And I don't think the Pat O'Brien fans are either. For now maybe you can understand why he is one of your favorite actors. It's because he is, on the screen, what he is in real life—just a regular guy!

The Dark Horse Is a Blonde

(*Continued from page 21*)

Janis—Shows, night clubs and so forth?

Joan—Everything! It's all so stimulating. I'm nearly dead! (She looked all of eighteen, and talk about school girl complexions! Hers is a kindergarten complexion.)

Janis—Have you seen "Anything Goes"?

Joan—I'm seeing that tomorrow night. Tonight I'm seeing "Three Men on a Horse."

Janis—How long are you going to be here?

Joan—I'm leaving Tuesday. I could stay longer but I'm afraid the baby will forget me.

Janis—What a chance! How old is she now?

Joan—Fourteen months. Gene told me last night on the phone that he has her kiss my picture every day, but I'm not taking chances. You ought to see her. She's a darling and exactly like Gene.

THIS went on and on. We dragged her husband, my ex-collaborator, through the chops, salad and right up to the coffee; there we left him temporarily, sitting on the peak of praise where we had placed him. I started to try and find out something about "Mama" Markey, her plans and ambitions, but somehow we switched to her mother and her successful play brokerage business, then to sister Barbara and her successful endeavors in raising a brood of young Downeys. On to sister Constance, her marriages, her charm and her extraordinary energy. Leaping to London conversationally we gave Father Richard Bennett his quota of attention.

I tell you that once you get tangled up in the Bennett clan nothing less than a Bennett can get you out. I still don't know how I got Joan far enough away from the family news to learn that she has had many offers to return to the stage and has never felt the urge to do so until now. She has read a book in which there is a girl's character that she is longing to bring to life. You'll never guess. Our sweet little Joanie, portrayer of purer than pure heroines, wants to play Jenny in "February Hill," best seller and most successful shocker of the literary season. Joan would be magnificent as Jenny. Censorship might ruin "February Hill," so I don't believe it will be screened, but if you could see Joan's expression when she talks about playing Jenny you would go gunning for censors.

"From the moment I read it, I've lived with that book," she said. "I've got it all cast in my mind. So-and-so would be fine as the grandmother. Can't you see so-and-so as the mother? Imagine so-and-so as that child Amy!" Incidentally those so-and-so's represent an all-star cast showing that Joanie is too wise to dream of trying to do a one woman show. I withhold the names because, if "February Hill" should be screened, I see no reason for any studio having the advantage of Joan's ability as casting director, unless she herself plays Jenny. I hope she does. A characterization like Jenny would lift her forever out of the morass of mild maidens she has had to cope with in her screen portrayals.

She is already well on the way out of the "just a sweet blonde" pigeon hole and I believe that one more year of getting the breaks will establish her as the most important Bennett. Not that Constance isn't everything her admirers claim, but she can no longer surprise us, and Baby Joan can. She does it all the time in private life. If in doubt get friend Gene started on the subject of Mrs. Markey.

Joan is a wonderful mother, a delightful hostess and a good sport. I'm not sure that her elder daughter ("Diddy" she is pet-named) didn't make the match between Gene and Joan. I know that during the courtship, when all Hollywood was buzzing about the Bennett-Markey "ensemble," Gene and I were working on a scenario together. He was always just going to see Diddy or had just left Diddy. In fact, for a long time I thought Diddy was his own particular name for Joan. I'm wondering if Diddy ordered that baby sister. At any rate she is very pleased with her, Joan tells me.

The comparatively new little Miss Markey is a very lucky baby. A daddy who is one of the most successful writers in Hollywood. A mama who is a great success and knows about the mama-business already. A lovely home. Not one of the pretentious or showy sort which loom on all corners of Beverly Hills, but just a nice livable house filled with proofs of the mutual good taste of Joan and Gene.

I have been there only once and during the visit I was fascinated by her dignity, her perfect poise as she trailed about in a beautiful blue creation, perhaps more so because dignity and trains are two things I have never been able to handle. I had not talked with her and I wanted to very much. Admitted mine was a definite, "I've got to know more about my pal's wife" attitude. I found her in the living-room which was crowded with guests and seething with conversation. Over in a corner leaning on the grand piano completely oblivious to all the chatter Joan stood listening to Dick Rogers who plays as well as he composes. I took the opposite side of the baby grand, leaning and looking at Joan. Her flower-like face was cupped in the long slender hands. The "cheaters" were off, there being nothing in particular that she wanted to see, saintly was the only word for her expression.

Dick Rogers strummed softly on one of the popular blues of the day. "Sing it, Joan," he said. She smiled and shook her head. "Have you heard her sing?" Dick said to me. I wanted to say I haven't even heard her really talk yet, but I added a personal coax or so.

Joan started to hum. A cello, no less. Surprise! I couldn't believe the low husky tones were emanating from the slender snow-white throat, but they were and what's more, they started really to come out as she swayed in rhythm. I was actually thrilled. Joan and I had found one thing in common already—the key of D. For well over an hour we kept poor Dick Rogers cornered while we sang duets.

Shortly after the party I came East and didn't see Joan again until last week. Believe me, I'm going to see more of her when I return to the Coast, if I have my way. Don't let me give you the impression that Joan is undiscovered in Hollywood. She is one of the most popular girls there, but that she should be a "dark horse" in my affections is absurd considering I've known her practically since she was born. She's a winner, Ladies and Gents, and she is going places. Watch her dust. If you do, you'll probably find me covered with it, but cheering her on to greater success. In passing I may add that this guy Markey she is married to is no handicap.





"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That *grand golden soap* is so *chockful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. And I mean *ALL OF IT*, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And there's real glycerine in every golden bar—so Fels-Naptha is dandy to hands!"



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It certainly does a wonderful job!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . .

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"

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YOU TELL US

On this page every month our readers get together for a heart-to-heart talk and tell each other what they think of movies, stars, themselves, and—us! Many a fine friendship has started from these personal letters, and also many a resounding scrap—We invite you to join in

Nelson Eddy Again

I have seen "Naughty Marietta" six times this week. What a picture!

Jeanette MacDonald has given us something new in this picture — a real princess — all her roles have been perfect but "Naughty Marietta" is divine. The reason for this is that nothing short of a Prince would have completed the picture, and in Nelson Eddy we have one. Even his rough clothes did not hide his identity.

What a pity we have waited nearly three years! However, such a voice and personality are worth waiting a lifetime for.

I sincerely hope Nelson Eddy does not stay off the screen long.

I have the little picture you printed in the April number. Please print a larger one and tell us some more about him.

I like your new larger magazine so much. I don't expect to have a letter printed but hope someone will write in about Nelson Eddy and you will print it.—Mrs. F. E. Goubbs, Yale at Thornton, Houston, Tex.



"Jeanette MacDonald has given us something new," says one reader. "Nelson Eddy was grand," says another, also talking of "Naughty Marietta." And "Put Paul Lukas in some first-class roles."

THE CONTEST WINNER

Each year the People's Academy of Motion Pictures, sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, presents twelve awards for what the readers of the magazine consider the outstanding achievements of the past year, in motion pictures.

The contest for this past year closed with last month's issue of NEW MOVIE. The votes are now being counted and tabulated. The reader whose vote tallies most closely with the final compilation of the People's Academy awards will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers to whom the winner will award the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York, and for entertainment, hotel accommodations, and so forth, will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE NEXT MONTH. BE SURE THAT YOU DON'T MISS THE ANNOUNCEMENT!

First Letter

This happens to be my first letter to NEW MOVIE. So I hope it won't be too discouraging. Last night I went to see "Naughty Marietta" and I think Nelson Eddy was grand. He has a marvelous voice and his acting is nothing to look down upon. Let's hope we will see lots more of Nelson Eddy.

Why doesn't John Boles get more singing roles? Isn't that what he's noted for?—M. Nohl, Box 211, Los Gatos, California. *Nelson Eddy's popularity is sweeping the country right now. John doesn't get more roles because the studios like to give us new faces now and then.*

Fighting Words

I say down with Cagney, Gable and the rest of the leading-lady wreckers of the screen. Who wants to be lammed with a grapefruit or pulled by the hair? Not I! If you want to look like a broken-down plow-horse, O.K. Go hook yourself to one of those so-called caveman Romeos. Personally I prefer a gentleman and an actor; one who varies his roles and proves that he is an actor and not a type. Let's throw the rough-necks out and put a gentleman in. May I be the first to nominate Paul Lukas for the role of the best actor in the world? Here's hoping Mr. Producer takes the hint and puts Paul Lukas in some first-class roles in some first-class stories.—Marjorie Davis, 812 Arguello Blvd., San Francisco, California. *We expect you've got a battle on your hands right now, Marjorie. See next month's* NEW MOVIE *and find out.*

Les Miserables

Recently I saw the picture "Les Miserables" at its first New York appearance. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed it. I was so spellbound as I gazed at the screen that I felt that the events of the story were truly happening before my eyes. Fredric March did not merely act the part of Jean Valjean, he was Jean Valjean. He gave such a realistic and touching performance that the audience cried and suffered with him.

Charles Laughton as Javert is also to be commended for his splendid portrayal. I am sure that everyone who sees this picture will agree that it is one of the greatest spectacles ever filmed.

Here's wishing more fame and success to Fredric March, Charles Laughton and all the other members of the cast that made "Les Miserables" a picture not to be forgotten.—Joan Tripi, 2558 Benson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Movies vs. People

At times I prefer movies to people. That may sound odd, since movies are almost wholly conceived of people—their trials, tribulations—psychic and moral conflicts.

Nevertheless, I prefer movies to people. Movies are stories—stories are embellished truth—relaxation needs embellished truth to help a person to forget the humdrum activity of existence—therefore, I at times prefer movies to people. The most factual, realistic sort of person at times likes to escape fact, and live a while with the idealistic, unless he is so far gone that life adds up to nothing more than Dickens' "Mr. Gradgrind," who thought it wrong to use flowers on rugs and carpets because of the idea of stepping even imaginatively on flowers.

I like to put myself in the places of the characters. I have a great time wondering what I'm going to react to next. I think I should react in such and such a way, and then I check that against the reactions of the character to the situation. An ounce of imagination builds itself suddenly into a ton of analysis. And through the movies and the psychology of the writer of the picture I find myself answering questions of character which had never before seemed reasonable.—Goodrich Bennett, R. F. D. No. 2, North Main St., Westport, Conn. *You express yourself so well that there's nothing we can add to your excellent letter.*

School Days

The students attending Junior High and High Schools now are getting all the breaks.

Instead of having to plow through acres of uninteresting description, to know the classics, they need only go to a local moving picture theater to have Dickens, Shakespeare, etc., delightfully presented to them.

They learn more of the world's history in the theater than they ever would by studying a dull, unromantic book.

They see the lives of (*Please turn to page 72*)

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Two Star-tling People

(Virginia Bruce)

(*Continued from page 31*)

about my life," she said, "I am just an ordinary midwestern girl. I was born in Minneapolis, went to high school in Fargo, North Dakota. My real name is Virginia Briggs."

"How did you happen to go into pictures?"

"Six years ago I came to Los Angeles with my family. I had just graduated from high school and planned on going to college here, if the family budget could stand it. A chance visit to the home of William Beaudine, then a Fox director, resulted in a screen test. It happened so unexpectedly. Mr. Beaudine signed me to a personal contract, and I had to go to the court to have it approved. I was still a minor. It was then that I changed my name to Virginia Bruce. I made my screen debut in the Fox production, 'Exiles,' starring Madge Bellamy.

"Then Paramount put me under a one-year contract for my voice. William Wellman gave me my first bit in—oh, I can't remember the name of the picture now, it was with Hal Skelly.

"I did a small part in the 'Love Parade,' with Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. I sang in this picture as one of the four ladies in waiting.

"After doing small parts in a few other pictures, I started to slip, went on the downslide." She smiled with disarming modesty. "Ziegfeld borrowed me as a show girl in 'Whoopee.' It turned out to be a very fortunate connection. I went to New York.

"I was nineteen. I had never been away from my parents, and didn't know anything about life, not a blessed thing. We thought of New York as a den of iniquity. My parents were worried. But I didn't have any trouble. I met a lot of men, but they didn't get fresh with me. I have found that most men have something good in them. At any rate, I seemed to appeal to their sense of chivalry.

"Ziegfeld was very good to his girls. I was one of his six special show girls. He treated us with more consideration than he did most stars. We had the best dressing-room, etc. Fred Astaire and his sister Adele were the stars in "Smiles," the show in which I appeared. Adele gave me my first bracelet. 'It has brought me good luck,' she said. 'I hope it will bring good luck to you, too.' I was thrilled. It was very kind of her to single me out for that honor. Through her I met a lot of nice people."

AS a Ziegfeld show girl Virginia had a grand time. She shunned the phony counts, and chose her escorts from among Harvard and Princeton students. Samuel Colt, Ethel Barrymore's son, was one of her beaus. When George Jean Nathan saw her in "Smiles," he was impressed by her likeness to Lillian Gish, and invited her to meet him at the Colony. She attended week-end parties on Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Long Island estate, was entertained by the Ralph Pulitzers and others of the high and mighty. She met many famous literati. Noel Coward. Edna Ferber. Alice Duer Miller, etc. Neysa McMein, who did popular covers for magazines, had her pose for her twice. Ziegfeld thought of her as the most beautiful blonde in America.

But this gorgeous show girl did not have an evening dress! Part of her earnings apparently went to the support of her family in California, and she could not afford to buy the fineries her profession demanded.

"One night," she said, "I attended an important party given by Neysa McMein in her own dress."

After appearing in "America's Sweetheart," in which she had a speaking part, she came back to Hollywood to visit with her parents. Her work in musical comedies had attracted the attention of film moguls, and she was given a screen test with Robert Young for Irving Thalberg. Incidentally, this was the first time she had met Robert Young. He became her favorite escort for a year.

On her way back to New York, she went to Fargo to stay a few days with relatives. A long distance call informed her that Thalberg had put her under contract.

"I cried and cried!" she said. "I didn't want to give up the freedom and the friends I enjoyed in New York. But this was a real break for me.

"I did nothing for six or seven months. Paramount, which had let me go, now borrowed me for 'Sky Brides,' with Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. Other studios kept borrowing me. Then Mr. Thalberg gave me the lead opposite John Gilbert in 'Downstairs.' That was when I met Jack. I was working in 'Congo' with Walter Huston and Lupe Velez when we married. I gave up my career to concentrate on being a wife, which, after all, is the greatest career any girl can pursue.

"My marriage was not successful, but it was an experience I wouldn't trade for anything else in the world. I have no misgivings about it. I did the best I could.

"I had asked Mr. Thalberg to release me from my contract. He wouldn't. He thought I would be back in six months."

She returned to pictures after an absence of eighteen months, more mature, mellowed by what she called "the greatest drama" in her life. Director Christy Cabanne, who had seen her three years before, and had not forgotten her, gave her the title role in Jane Eyre, produced by Monogram.

Jane Eyre made for her a name on the screen. RKO borrowed her for "Dangerous Corners," and Twentieth Century for "The Mighty Barnum," commemorating the exploits of the first master of the great American art of ballyhoo, who made the observation that "There is a sucker born every minute." She was a veritable revelation in that rollicking picture, thrilling audiences not only with her ravishing beauty, but her extremely pleasing voice.

"It had only 15 speaking parts in it and I didn't want to do it." she said. "But I got excited when I saw the pretty costumes I was to wear."

She did in quick succession "Society Doctor," "Shadow of Doubt," and "Times Square Lady" on her home lot, trouping grandly in some difficult roles, and just finished a stellar part in "Let 'Em Have It." a United Artist release. M-G-M signed her up for "Escapade," with William Powell, and "Gold Eagle Guy," with Wallace Beery.

Quietly, but surely, she is building fame of her own, after giving up her career, and today stands on the threshold of stardom.

On the wall against which stood her couch there was a large picture of hers, a study with her baby, Susan Ann Gilbert. Is there anything more glorious and divine in this world than a beautiful young mother with her baby in her arms?

I saw her little daughter the next day, as I went to her home up at Toluca Lake, ten minutes' spin from Hollywood.

Mother-love shining in her eyes, Virginia spoke of her plans for Susie.

"First of all I want her to have her own personality. I'll send her to the best schools. But I don't want her to spend more than a year at a girls' school. I believe in co-education. I want her to study languages, especially French and German, and learn to play a musical instrument. I want her to be humble and not to expect *too* much from life, which will spare her the pain of disappointment, and surprise her constantly with unlooked for successes. I want her to know people, all kinds of people, and learn to get along with both men and women."

IN speaking of the training she would give her daughter, Virginia expounded her own philosophy of life. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what has been the guiding principle in her life.

"There are two people in me, good and bad," she laughed, "but I always try to do the right thing. I couldn't be happy with a guilty conscience. And I always try to be honest, no matter what I do, although it gets me into the darndest messes.

One way of gauging one's true personality is to find a favorite childhood memory. Virginia's favorite childhood memory is nine baby kittens that were born in the basement of their Fargo home in the Winter, which she mothered and cared for all during the cold months. You get the type. And today, she is fundamentally the same girl.

She is that happy combination of the past and the present one so seldom meets. I can well imagine her romping on the green with a gang of merry children and gathering wild flowers with them on May Day. One of her hobbies is collecting first editions. I do not advise my fellow-scribes on the Boulevard to engage her in a conversation on classics unless they possess a Ph.D. in literature. I am speaking from sad personal experience.

But her learning rests lightly on her shoulders. She would look ridiculous in horn-rimmed spectacles. And don't make the mistake of taking her for a saccharine tintype, either. She can spin around in a sizzling rash of jazz and sway dreamily to the purring notes of a crooner's song. When she came to Hollywood six years ago, just out of high school, she was learned not only in English and history, her favorite subjects, but in foxtrotology. She was the reigning belle in junior and senior proms.

Her tranquil, ethereal beauty casts its own spell of magic over the public, quite unlike that exercised by any other star or near-star. There are, I suppose, different kinds of cinematic glamour. I like Virginia's.

There can be no real beauty without that quality of understanding sympathy and loving warmth that characterizes this fair daughter of the Midwest. A game girl if ever there was one. She has the quiet strength of the truly strong.

In these days of economic and mental depression, she is a valuable medicine. Her place in the honor roll of the cinema is like that of a mother's cool hand over the brow of a feverish child. She exhilarates and comforts. More than any other young actress, she deserves the title of America's New Sweetheart.



—I don't give swimming all of the credit for my good health. I took a high dive into the diet problem, too. That's why Shredded Wheat is my favorite at breakfast—it's refreshing and helps build up lots of quick energy."

Every morning millions of healthy out-of-door folk dive into crisp, appetizing Shredded Wheat. Try it—heaped with fresh, juicy fruits or berries, swimming in milk or cream. You'll come up feeling fit for a hard day's work or play.

Shredded Wheat, you know, is *whole wheat*—nothing added, nothing taken away. It supplies Nature's most perfect balance of the vital health elements—wrapped up for you in a delicious, nut-brown biscuit.

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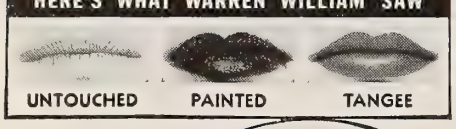
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WARREN WILLIAM
PREFERS
NATURAL LIPS
UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS



HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW



UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

And then he found out he had picked the Girl with Tangee Lips



● Even Warren William, debonair actor who usually plays wise, witty roles, prefers girls with naturally rosy lips. He decidedly does *not* like that "painted look".

● Warren William playing in **"The Case of the Curious Bride"**, a **First National** picture, makes lipstick test.

We found him at Warner Brothers Studios. With us were three girls. One used no lipstick; one had her usual lipstick on, and the third used Tangee. "Which lips, Mr. William, appeal to you most?" we asked him. He pointed out one girl . . . said, "Her lips are most appealing. They're so natural-looking." Warren William picked the girl with Tangee lips.

Tangee's magic color change principle gives your lips natural color. Makes them soft and kissable. Tangee brings out the natural rose in your lips. It never makes you look painted. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint*. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
This Summer USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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Two Star-tling People

(Walter King)

(*Continued from page* 31)

was tall and dark and he persuaded Henry King, who was going to direct "One More Spring," to give him a test for the part Sheehan was even then steeple-chasing abroad about. It took a lot of persuasion, too.

"Do you play the violin?" the director wanted to know. Of course, all violinists in pictures play violins—such a thing as dubbing has never been heard of.

"Well, not exactly," Walter admitted, "but I know how to bow one."

And he did—by the next morning when the test was made. Walter left off his whiskers and the director liked him in the characterization sufficiently well to give him a crack at it in the picture. When the picture was finished and run off in the projection room the director turned to Walter.

"They're going to change your name, you know," he said, "and I'd like you to take my name instead of your own. Walter King should make a good name for an actor.

It didn't matter to the studio moguls that Walter Woolf was a name already pretty well known on the New York musical stage where the debutantes thought his voice divine in such productions as "The Passing Show," "The Last Waltz," "Lady in Ermine," "Countess Maritza," Victor Herbert's "Dream Girl," "The Red Rogue" and a revival of "Floradora." The name with which he had already won this success was discarded as easily as the title of a hit play or a best-selling novel when it's made into a film. Walter didn't mind—much. He knew that Henry King was paying him a tremendously flattering Hollywood compliment by offering him his own name.

"There were quite a few mix-ups at first, though," he said. "You see, it's a bit hard to get used to a new name when you've had the old one so long. For instance, at the house we'd always pick the wrong one. People would call up and want Mr. King, and we'd tell them they had the wrong number; then, when some of our friends would call for the Woolfs, the cook would say that Mr. King lived there, and so on. Pretty soon we got to calling it Woolf King or King Woolf, and that just didn't make sense."

At a preview of "One More Spring" a sweet young thing with an autograph book rushed up to Walter and wanted him to sign it. He wrote "Walter Woolf." She looked at him with acute disappointment and disgust.

"But it was Mr. King's autograph I wanted," she pouted, giving the book a vicious little rip. Walter took the book and signed the other name, and the girl looked at him stonily.

"She'll always believe it was a fake," he said, "and I guess I don't blame her."

AT his bank it was much the same. He sent out checks signed Walter King and the bank wouldn't cash them. Then he changed the name of the account to King and lapsed into signing his checks Walter Woolf. The bank still wouldn't cash them.

"I guess people began to think I was a bum check artist," he grinned, "until I hit upon the plan of signing both names."

At the time he stepped into "One More Spring" Walter was just about to pull out of Hollywood. Not shake its dust off his feet exactly, but go back and revive himself in New York for a while. He had been in Hollywood for over a year without getting anywhere in particular; he got plenty of work, it is true, but hardly in parts befitting the reputation he had made on the Eastern stage. He came to pictures originally when a film scout heard him singing in "The Red Rogue," but after he got in front of the camera they didn't want him to sing.

Irene Dunne and countless others had the same experience. Hollywood signed them because they did something well, and then wouldn't let them do it.

Walter still doesn't sing in "One More Spring," but he's going to in "Man-Eating Tiger," the film he's making now. That isn't a Frank Buck jungle picture, by the way, but a more or less melodramatic comedy of errors in which he plays a Spanish troubadour with a guitar—and it's supposed to have a dash of "It Happened One Night," too. That wavy, shiny, coal-black hair of Walter's, with that lighter bit of a mustache and those soulful brown eyes looking out from a screen over that guitar should be something, girls. To paraphrase the advertisements a bit, they're the eyes you love to look into.

Previous to coming to Hollywood Walter King's career was a curious parallel to John Boles's, except that Walter got a bit further up the ladder than John did. But they both knocked around New York and found the avenues to fame mostly blocked with detours leading to hall bedrooms and cheap restaurants—if any. Walter remembers well this period of John's career, and how John eventually came out to Los Angeles with a musical show, afterwards getting his big chance in "The Desert Song"; Walter himself first came to the Coast in a stage production of "Music in the Air," and chose that trip in preference to an offer to play the same show for Oscar Hammerstein III in London because he deliberately had his eye upon pictures.

"I think every actor these days has his eye on pictures," he said frankly, "and it isn't only the money, either. For where, even in a big New York hit, you play to possibly 100,000 people in a month, you play in pictures to millions of people every night."

Nevertheless, Walter had actually given up his house, had his notices in to turn off the gas, lights, and water and so on when he got his "break." He did that once before after playing in "Golden Dawn" for Warners—but this time Hollywood didn't let him go.

His present long-term contract at Fox isn't his first in pictures, either. Universal had him under a seven-year lease after he had made a picture there, but the deal blew up. This Woolf has been at Hollywood's door a lot.

"I was at New York's door a lot, too," he said, "before anything happened. Then, one night, while I was Reginald Denny's understudy at the Winter Garden show, he was taken ill and I did his stuff. Jake Shubert chanced to be out in front that night, but I never knew it until six months later when he sent for me and gave me the lead in 'Floradora.' Things sort of went on from there, I guess."

Strangely enough Walter was with Reginald Denny in "Lottery Lover" on the Fox lot when he got his chance at "One More Spring." He wasn't Denny's understudy this time, but when the picture began the director had switched the two parts, King playing Denny's and Denny, King's. Walter thinks that was quite a coincidence, but then he believes that life is pretty much of a coincidence anyway.

"I had a good part in 'One More Spring,'" he tells you modestly whenever his performance is mentioned, "and naturally it stood out a bit."

But he must have stood out a bit even as a boy because he sang in the famous Mormon Tabernacle choir. His folks had moved to Salt Lake City from San Francisco, where he was born, when he was five years old. There are no stage traditions in Walter's family because his father was a real estate dealer and cigar merchant, and Walter's first stage experience was in a vaudeville sketch which closed after one performance.

That one performance, however, was enough to put him as a kid in small-time ten-twent'-thirt' houses and eventually take him via Chicago to New York, where he studied voice seriously for eight years. The upshot of that was an engagement with Walter Dunbar's revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, where he learned about singing from them. Incidentally, although he sings perfectly in six languages, he can't speak a word of anything except English.

FOR the rest Walter Woolf—King is pretty much of a regular guy who sees Hollywood without the customary rose-colored glasses. Although obviously destined to make pretty ladies' hearts go pit-a-pat he is very much of a man's man, too; he may have to strum a guitar on the screen but he likes better guns, dogs, and boats. In contrast to his romantic appearance his speech is very colloquial and matter-of-fact; he may sing poems and so forth, but he talks straight from the shoulder and in unmistakable Anglo-Saxon now and then.

His New York environment shows markedly in his clothes, with vivid shirts of solid colors and coat and pants that don't match. He walks rather stoop-shouldered—he's six feet and one-half inch. It's the extra half inch, he says, that breaks him down.

He says he'd rather work with Janet Gaynor than with Warner Baxter because Janet quits the set promptly at five o'clock while Baxter works till six.

"But they saved my scenes until both the others had finished," he wailed, "so it was midnight by the time I got home to my wife and two kids."

All of which merely goes to show you how domesticated this particular Woolf really is.

ANSWERS TO BABY ALBUM ON PAGES 14-15

1. Helen Hayes.
2. Joan (Rosebud) Blondell.
3. Una Merkel.
4. Helen Mack.
5. Norma Shearer.
6. Donald Woods.
7. Edmund Lowe.
8. Sally Rand, of course.
9. Jack Oakie.
10. Richard Arlen.
11. Janet Gaynor.
12. Margaret Lindsay.
13. Hobart Cavanaugh.
14. Lee Tracy.

Gail Patrick for Governor

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Yes. I hope to become the Governor of Alabama."

He looked at me as though I *had* kicked him in the shins. He could see by then that I was serious, but he still couldn't quite get it. Here I was a local winner of the Panther Woman contest—and oh, how I loathe that name!—seriously telling him I had no desire to act but wanted to be the Governor of a State.

"Say, listen, we've been kidding around long enough. This 'life history' stuff is serious. Are you on the level about this wanting to be First-Lady-Governor-of-the-Old-Home-State business? Because, if you're not, you're just wasting my time."

"Wasting whose time?"

"Okay, Miss Patrick. I get it. Excuse please. . . . But, honest, this is the first time I ever ran across a dame with your looks, pardon me! who ever had an idea like that!

AND I found out that that was the way Hollywood as a whole felt about it. In the first place, they didn't believe, for ever so long, that a friend of mine back home had entered me in the contest as a joke and that I never knew about it until just before I'd won. I wasn't an actress and had never considered myself a "type," so I didn't take it seriously until I found that I could take the trip west anyway. I needed a vacation. I'd been studying for my degree all year and I was really pretty tired.

So I came.

And here I am.

I had no intention of staying and I'm afraid I annoyed a few people at the studio very much at being extremely careful about my publicity. Again I want to say that I wasn't being high-hat about it, although some remarks were made to the effect that I must think I was a star. I had it figured out then just as I have now. For example this so-called "leg-art"—bathing suits and such—is perfectly all right in its place, but its place is certainly not on an actress who wants to become Governor of a State. It'll be at least eighteen years before I'll be old enough to run for Governor, but that wouldn't keep the opposition from dragging out the old files of pictures.

A few years ago anyone seriously considering a public life would never have dared to be even indirectly connected with the stage or screen. Conservative people would go and see them perform and, possibly, enjoy themselves, but as for any other contact or placing the players in a position of responsibility—well, they never would have even considered it!

To-day I think people are a lot broader in their views and understand that there are really quite a lot of sane and thoroughly normal people in the various branches of the acting profession. I'm quite sure that my work on the screen will never militate against me as a politician. On the other hand, I think my work out here will be very valuable in contacts as well as experience. You know, all good trial lawyers have to be good actors, too. And anyone today needs a certain amount of publicity, so the screen is helping me there. And no matter for what high office you're running, you must have funds of your own to finance the fight. And I'm saving that now.

But please don't get the idea that I wear horn-rimmed goggles and read law books when I'm off the set! That's really the one great trouble with being frank with people about a serious ambition. Most of them get the idea right away that you're a book-worm or a high-brow. And I'm honestly not either. Now that I've gotten to know a number of grand people out here who have ceased to be terrified of the thought of an actress-lawyer, I'm having a fine time. Not that I'm writing this for NEW MOVIE at my quiet little table in the Trocadero, but I do get a lot more fun out a night off and never missing a dance than a lot of people I know.

Of course, some of them do think it's strange to see a girl of to-day in my position going dancing till three or so without having a drink or a smoke. And some of them think it's because I have what is known as a driving ambition. Well, for once, they're wrong. That has nothing to do with it. I just never happen to have liked drinking—makes me feel too fuzzy—and smoking always gives me the sensation of smothering. I do have one major weakness, though. They're Governors.

I've met five of them; the Governors of Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky—plus the late Governor Rolph of California. He was a grand person and one of the sweet ones who didn't even smile at me when I told him my own goal. Instead, we talked for hours—especially about my own pet reform which happens to be the raising of the school standards of my State. I particularly think it would be a splendid thing to introduce a course of elementary law in the senior year at high school.

We're all surrounded by laws of every kind—insurance, inheritance, divorce, compensation, damages and such—to say nothing of criminal law, and there are precious few of us who have the remotest idea of what our simplest rights are without blindly trusting to someone else. Personally I'd like a criminal practice, but I'm afraid that even in this day and age that branch of law is still a man's. Anyway there are better branches to follow when you're headed for the Governor's chair.

And I am!

THE one thing that really bothers at times is marriage. People talk about a star's husband being in the back seat! If Garbo were married, he'd be Mr. Garbo and all that. Well, can you imagine being Mrs. Governor's Husband? No man would want that—no man I'd want to marry. A man really should be the head man in any family and when he's not they crack up sooner or later.

Another thing that would make marriage more ticklish for me as a politician than as a screen star is that divorce is not an actress's finale, but you could never imagine the people of Alabama electing both a woman and a divorcée to the Governorship. Of course, I'm not in love now. What will happen to me when and if I do fall is something else again. I've seen it do some funny things to people, but I don't think it will to me. He's got to be the right man in a sense that is much more rigid than most—because I'm going to be Governor of my State, whether I ever get to be among the really great in Hollywood or not . . . Though I do want to hit the top out here, if only for the reason that I loathe any kind of failure in anything I start out to do.

As Caesar is reported to have said in one of his more cryptic moments, so will I say in paraphrase—it's not that I love Hollywood any the less, but that I love the Governorship more.

Tonight..make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be the reason people are avoiding you.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only half the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*. When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor.

No Quick and Easy way!

NO QUICK AND EASY method to prevent "armhole odor" has ever been found.

Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned to take the extra time needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely dry . . . with Liquid Odorono.

You must allow a few minutes for Odorono to dry . . . but it is worth it! Odorono ends worry and guesswork because it *ends moisture.*

Developed by a Physician

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Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it evaporates without giving offense. Your own doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. Keep both kinds always at hand—for night or morning use.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY— ***with 8¢***

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I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



Her Four Devils

(*Continued from page* 20)

are derived from the same root.

And temperament is the thing which enables people to express their emotions. That is why, I suppose, that actresses have more temperament than most women . . . because, being actresses, they are constantly exercising their emotions. Most women are self-conscious about expressing their emotions. If they are angry, they try to hide it. If they are enamoured, they also try to hide that. If they feel sympathetic, they try to hold themselves in check. If they are overjoyed they refrain from jumping around the room. I think all this is too bad . . . really I do. An even-tempered, smooth-running personality is like too much of the same color around you. It grows tiresome. A splash of red would perhaps relieve the monotony.

A splash of red in one's personality will attract a man's eye much more quickly and hold it longer than a lovely, even shade of pale pink. (I can always explain things to myself with color analogies, for colors mean much to me.)

LET me tell you a little anecdote to explain it further. There is a young romance which I have been watching for some time. The girl has one of the sweetest dispositions I have ever known . . . always agreeable, always patient, always understanding. The young man, slightly irresponsible, has often taken advantage of this fact . . . breaking dates on occasions, arriving late for appointments, and that sort of thing, all of which she seemed to understand and forgive. Until one day, when she flared up and refused to see him again if he didn't mend his ways. With that little speech she slammed the door in his face. He went away beaming. He was delighted and encouraged. The girl had spirit, after all! Immediately he fell in love with her all over again . . . and he hasn't been known to break a date since.

As for vanity . . . I say *every woman should be vain!* It is one of the most important qualities in an actress . . . and it is only slightly less important in other women. I have been incurably vain ever since I was a little girl. What woman hasn't! In the convent we were taught that vanity was against religion. We were not allowed to wear make-up . . . and even pocket mirrors were denied us. Yet I always managed to have one with me. I made a pocket on the inside of my uniform, and carried one little mirror there. Then, in my desk, on the inside of the top, I tacked a mirror. My mirrors were never discovered, but I *was* punished once for curling my hair. We were all required to wear our hair simply parted in the middle, and hanging in two long braids over our shoulders. One day I stopped my braid half way down the length of my hair, and curled the rest of it. When it was discovered, one of the nuns led me out into a patio where all the girls were gathered for a meeting, and publicly punished me. But it didn't do me any good! The shame of being so publicly punished, even, had no effect on me. My appearance was still of paramount interest.

And so it should be to every woman. Women are entirely too careless about their appearance. They are apt to follow the same beauty routine, month after month, without knowing why. If you ask the average girl why she parts her hair on the side, she is quite likely to say, "Oh, I don't know . . . it just happens to go that way"—when we should never do anything about our looks unless there is a well thought-out reason for it. We must all study ourselves carefully to know which coiffure is the most attractive, which make-up is the most becoming, which style of dress is the most flattering. For one thing, I never allow anyone to see me, even my closest friends unless I am looking my very best, and no woman who respects herself should.

Vanity is something which I think should be instilled in little girls, even as young as ten years old. Not every girl can be beautiful but every woman can be what the French people call *soignee* . . . which means "cared for." And if I can be excused a little pun, I can say that to be *soignee is* to be cared for, by someone. In fact a *soignee* woman is often more attractive than a beautiful one. She is always exquisitely groomed . . . she is neat and spotless and fresh-looking always.

I feel certain that men like vain women. They like to know that a woman takes excellent care of herself, for they know then that, as she grows older, she will never grow any less attractive.

Of course a woman must not be stupid about her vanity. She must not parade it in public places. She must confine her pursuit of beauty to her own boudoir. And if a woman is constantly late because of last-minute primping . . . well, as I said before, that is only stupid, and stupid women never get any place anyway.

My vanity really has two reasons for its existence. There is Cedric, my husband . . . whom I always want to be proud of me. And there are my fans . . . I never want them to see me except at my best. Recently when I flew to Mexico to visit my childhood home there were hundreds of them there at the airport to greet me. And I was greatly criticized for not stepping out of the plane at once to see them, and to let them see me. Yes, I kept them waiting for a few minutes. But that was necessary . . . for in those few minutes I freshened my make-up, combed my hair, and tried to make myself look as attractive as possible. I felt I owed them that . . . and I am sure they were more glad to see me, because of that wait and the way I used that time, than they would have been had I stepped from the plane disheveled and dusty.

As for stubbornness . . . if determination is stubbornness, then I am also stubborn and to a very great degree. To be successful in anything you must fight for what you believe is right, every step of the way. And there are always dozens of people who will do their best to talk you out of anything, particularly if it is something you want very much to do.

Of course there are two kinds of stubbornness . . . stupid, bigoted pig-headedness, and intelligent upholding of a principle. If I am convinced that I am wrong, I can, without any silly pride, swing over to the opposite side and be just as stubborn about it as I was about my former stand. I am quite certain that nobody admires a wishy-washy person who thinks this this moment, and something else the next. But neither is a blindly stubborn person looked up to. Stubbornness is a good quality only when it is intelligent.

The time when my stubbornness came into most importance was when I was fighting to be allowed to do modern parts on the screen, and to get away from always being a native girl. I said that I would not accept another native role, if I had to wait ten years to get the sort of thing I wanted. It was difficult, keeping my promise to myself, but I kept it. I had many attractive scripts submitted to me . . . one from the beautiful book, "Green Mansions" . . . and you can well imagine how strongly I was tempted to do the part of the dream girl in that story. But no! I had sworn that in my next picture I would be a modern girl, wearing modern clothes. That so-called stubbornness kept me off the screen for a year . . . but it was well worth it, for it opened up a new career to me.

As for the last professional trait—selfishness—perhaps you who have tried to be selfish know how difficult it is. I rather think that *selfishness is more of a self-sacrifice than unselfishness*—for unselfishness always reaps a happy reward, even if it is only in the happiness of others, which you, in turn enjoy. But to be selfish . . . it is a thankless job. Yet it is something which every actress should be.

LET me explain. Perhaps this is a bit out of the ordinary, but I honestly feel that I do owe myself to my fans. My producer pays me a salary, only because there are a certain number of you who always go to see my pictures. If I am not always looking and acting my best in my pictures you will not continue to pay money to see me. Therefore I owe to you and my producers and my pictures the best that is in me. To give you that I must be completely selfish. I cannot see my friends while I am working on a picture. I must cancel all my social engagements, and I do not even receive telephone calls. If someone happens to drop in against the rules, at nine, promptly, I excuse myself and say that I must go to bed. It is very rude, I know, but I *must* be rude.

This is not only annoying to my friends—and I promise you, very few of them really understand it—but it also is difficult for Cedric. When I return home from the studio, if my body requires food, I sit down at the table, without waiting for him, and my dinner is served to me. Many times he must eat alone, while I am working, and spend the entire evening alone in the library. Fortunately Cedric, who works in a studio all day himself, understands this form of selfishness, and is tolerant.

I have been criticized on many occasions for refusing to make benefit performances, for declining invitations to talk on the radio, for declining just social invitations. I do not omit these things because I want to, but because I must. I must be selfish, because of my work. It is only good sense. An actress who spreads herself thinly over a number of friends and engagements, gives nothing to any of them. We cannot spread ourselves around or we will have nothing to offer anywhere. We must draw everything, our energy, our spare moments, our inspiration, close around ourselves . . . and *into* ourselves, selfishly, instead of sharing these things with others. It is a rule I had to learn. It did not come naturally or easily. I had to develop the art of being selfish.

But don't you think that because my selfishness, my vanity, my stubbornness and my temperament, even, are devoted to you . . . a gesture for your esteem . . . that perhaps you might forgive me for them? I have a feeling that you will . . . or else I should never have written this story.

Pictures Need 7 Kinds of Love

(*Continued from page* 17)

truth, charity, sacrifice, ambition, power and influence.

(7) Love for Music.

NEEDLESS to add, the above list is rather a comprehensive one. Yet each and every item is part of one's total love life and should be experienced by everyone.

Now the point is, in what particular respects are you, yourself, failing to gratify yourself? Perhaps you have never realized until now that something is missing in your love-life. More likely than not, you have thought of love merely in terms of the love that exists between the opposite sexes, possibly including as well love of parents and love of children.

PSYCHOLOGY declares that all love springs from family love. That is, inasmuch as you are more or less helpless for the greater part of childhood, as well as highly suggestible, the influences derived from your mother, father, brothers, sisters and general home surroundings produce a sum-total effect upon your emotional life that never can be changed to any appreciable degree.

In fact, psychologists go so far as to say that the kind of person you fall in love with depends upon the kind of person your father or mother actually was; or possibly it depends upon the sort of character that one of your grandparents of the opposite sex possessed and with which you came into frequent contact.

In other words, a girl's very first lover is her father, while a boy's is his mother. This gives rise to the famous father and mother complexes one hears so much about nowadays. If the attachment of the opposite sex is too strong, thus forming a "complex," a mixed-up state of feeling in the unconscious mind, such a person will find it difficult to fall in love with a stranger of the opposite sex. Contrariwise, every girl tends to fall in love with a man who somehow—(and this may not be wholly conscious to her; in other words, she may not realize the real cause for her motivation)—resembles the idealized image of her father that was built up in her mind when a child. And the same holds true, of course, regarding a boy's attitude toward his mother.

Now then, few persons exist who cannot find fault—whether it be justified or not—with their parents. We feel we are, or have been misunderstood; that our parents are not modern enough; we wish they might have been able to give us more advantages or to surround us with more beauty or luxury. Such unfulfilled wishes are, however, distinctly disturbing in a large number of adults. In looking back upon childhood they find themselves without the beautiful memories to draw upon what they would desire.

But the right moving picture can give them what they need, the fancies that stern reality denied them, the beautiful thoughts to play with when down with a case of the "blues." Which reminds me of little Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel." She actually made her grandfather the kind of man she wanted him to be. This particular screen production is to be highly recommended for all persons with a family complex, no matter what its kind.

Pictures dealing with sex and romance are to be had, of course, in plenty. And the reason they are in preponderance is because no man or woman is ever surfeited with this kind of love. No matter how successful your own love quest may have been, there always seems to be room for more!

The reason is that most persons, after all, possess a philandering streak—probably inherited from our primitive ancestors. This tends to make us phantasize about "how it would be" if we had some kind of romantic affair with a person other than the one to whom we are pledged. Indeed, this urge can become decidedly obsessing and men as well as women often develop guilty feelings because of it. They become convinced that they are not loyal to the ones who love them even if their infidelity goes no further than merely thinking about its possibilities. In all such cases I recommend love pictures galore; that is, I tell such disturbed folks that they can—and they do—get rid of this over-plus of emotion by attending highly romanticized films as often as they possibly can.

In "Romance in Manhattan," the love of man for woman was definitely emphasized, while in "Living on Velvet" the enduring qualities of a woman's love for a man was finely portrayed. Other films dealing with sex and romance might be seen in order to appease one's "straying thoughts."

Love for children is, of course, instinctive. Yet, not all married people feel they can afford children, while many women find it difficult to marry. The maternal as well as the paternal urge should, however, be exercised if every facet of one's personality make-up is to receive proper attention. Any of the pictures featuring children, such as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Little Women," and so forth, may render the substitute thrill of motherhood and fatherhood that the system demands. As regards the love of a parent for an adult child, which type of feeling is different from the love engendered by the helplessness of a baby, a movie called "The Firebird" is highly recommended.

ALTHOUGH a definite antagonistic attitude exists between members of the same sex, this being particularly true of the lower animals, civilization demands that man cooperate with man and woman with woman. Many beautiful friendships of this kind exist and every person should make it a point to have at least one chum of the same sex from whom he keeps no secrets.

On the other hand, many persons are shut in and seclusive and have the greatest difficulty in making friends. Often, indeed, on the basis of such failure they develop ideas of unworthiness and inferiority. Particularly should such men and women select motion pictures in which loyalty between the same sexes is stressed. In a picture depicting the struggles of the "sand hogs" when constructing a tunnel under a river, called "Under Pressure," this feature is emphasized. To a lesser degree, but still beautifully drawn, is the cooperation that exists between the men in "One More Spring." "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was an excellent illustration too.

Love for animals of all kinds, animate or inanimate, is a compelling motivation in most of us. But not

(*Please turn to page* 54)

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (15) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)



FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vibrant. It suggests romance so subtly and yet so definitely that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.



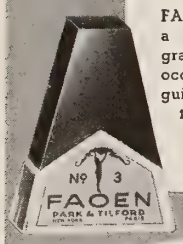
FAOEN No. 12 is floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet. The scent *is* different. Different in its mysterious power to transform attractiveness into compelling loveliness.



FAOEN No. 19 is fresh, light and delicate. Like the intoxicating fragrance of a lovely garden—it's elusive and alluring. Excellent for evening wear.



FAOEN No. 3 is exotic—a clinging, oriental fragrance which makes every occasion rife with intriguing romantic possibilities.



PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10c
In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

Pictures Need 7 Kinds of Love

(*Continued from page 53*)

everyone can have a pet. The same may be said of our love for growing things and our love for inanimate objects. It costs money to satisfy such cravings. At the movies, however, the most adorable animals, scenery, flower gardens, homes and luxuries in general are portrayed before our very eyes with only the expenditure of a few cents. Especially to be recommended for thwartings of these types of love are pictures like "Broadway Bill," and "Sequoia."

FEW persons, however, seem to realize that deep down within every individual an urge exists that, for want of a better term, may be called the "spiritual urge." It is a soul-stirring feeling; a reaching and towering toward higher things. Thus, of course, we turn to the worship of God, and because of such spiritual values we become patriotic or seek glory, yearn for the truth, devote ourselves to charitable undertakings and sacrifice. Even ambition, and love of power and influence may be placed under the category of the spiritual urge.

And, to be sure, nobody's life, no matter how lucky it may be, can be considered perfect so far as the urges of the finer feelings are concerned.

Love for music is a universal urge. This may not manifest itself in a desire to hear classical compositions. Simple rhythms as in jazz, to which body movements can readily be made to respond in dancing, may be all that the craving for music implies. Music, however, everyone needs. In effect, it constitutes an expression of pure emotion. Therefore go to the movies with music as often as you can. Particularly excellent are pictures like "The Merry Widow," "Roberta" and "Naughty Marietta."

Lastly, in analyzing your emotions, note your definite love for escape. When Spring and Summer arrive this is strongly marked. Throughout the year, however, we all must escape from things as they are, at least for a short time. Travel, recreation, gayety, etc., all are excellent avenues by which we can forget ourselves. Nevertheless, one cannot always arrange such things on order or on short notice. You can, however, go around the corner to the movies. No matter what the picture may be, it will distract you, afford you some excitement and leave you refreshed.

IN conclusion, therefore, let me urge you to study yourself, to check your cravings according to the fundamental loves I have listed. In this way you will quickly discover what you need. Then supply the want by choosing your movie fare according to your emotional appetite. In this way you will come more and more closely to living a full, rich 100 per cent life.

Comedians Make the Best Fathers

(*Continued from page 36*)

they startle me with their remarks, though!"

"The problem is," grinned Eddie, "to keep from having your children bring you up! Here's a case in point. My wife and I, and of course our daughters, gave a little party at the Cocoanut Grove the other night to celebrate our wedding anniversary. After dinner I ordered a rather strong liqueur. But Natalie spoke up to the waiter, 'That's too strong,' she told him. 'Father can't take it. Bring him a creme-de-coco!' And the waiter minded her, too!"

I'VE never known greater pals than Harold Lloyd and his children. He gratifies their every wish of which he and his wife approve—Mildred (Mrs. Lloyd) is the court of last resort—and he is with the children whenever possible. I have known him and Mildred to take Gloria and Peggy to afternoon parties and even to daytime weddings. And he has taught all three children, even little Harold, to swim, both in the pool and in the ocean.

He is interested in everything they do, and says they may choose their own careers. He listens patiently to the scenarios which Peggy is forever writing, and even plans to "produce" one of her stories on the screen—"just for fun and to see how it will look.

WHEREVER Clyde Cook goes, there goes also little Julia Ann Cook, his seven-year-old daughter. Even during a recent vaudeville trip which Cook took, there was Julia Ann, too. She was behind the scenes a lot at night, yet the tour didn't seem to hurt her any, despite travel and late hours.

Twenty-five dollars each week goes into the bank for Julia, whenever she learns a new dance step. And as Clyde knows a lot of steps, there will be a lot of twenty-five dollar bills for her by the time she is eighteen.

Little Patricia Wheeler, Bert Wheeler's seven-year-old daughter, pretty well runs the house and him, too, says Bert.

"Why, she even makes me eat spinach when she does!" exclaimed Bert.

Lois Laurel, Stan's daughter, is the apple of her father's eye. She comes to the studio to watch him work at every chance, then goes home and imitates him. She thinks he is the greatest comedian in the world, and had an awful argument one day at the studio with a child actress who insisted that Charlie Chaplin was a greater comedian than Lois's dad. Lois went in with flying fists, but came out with flying colors.

Slim Summerville is an adopted dad, his little boy Eliot being the son of an old friend of Slim's, who became so poor that he could no longer care properly for the child. Slim promised that the boy should never want for anything. He has established a trust fund for the youngster. Now, at three, little Eliot is Slim's constant companion.

WILL ROGERS once said to me, in the old days when the children were little, when I was dining with him and his wife—"Oh, everything is for the children!"

It certainly was! There was a big gymnasium-and-theater combination in the basement, and a little polo field all the children's own, from which Mary shortly arrived, hair flying, fresh from practice. We had a grand game of bowling—a bowling alley being one of the many games installed in the basement—I remember, and Bill beat us all.

Now-a-days Rogers is still the pal, and he has taught all three of his children, Mary, Bill and Jimmy, to play polo, and to ride and rope.

WALLY BEERY is a sort of dad to all the kids in his neighborhood. All the youngsters, mostly boys but there are some girls too, gather to play baseball on his big lawn, with little Carol Ann as a joyous mascot.

Beery likes to select Carol Ann's wardrobe, and if Mama Beery doesn't watch out, he buys the child everything she likes. But he displays wonderful taste about her clothing, truth to tell. You will see the child lunching with Wally at the Vendome in Hollywood, or over at the M-G-M studios, nearly any day.

BUT discipline is burned deep in the tradition of the comedian, and so we find all these comedians strict disciplinarians also.

Then, too, most comedians were very poor as boys. This makes them a bit severe with their children on the subject of money. Probably good for the children, even if not any fun. More important still, this memory of their own poverty causes the funsters to guide their children toward the idea that they should have careers—should learn to earn their own livings if need should arise.

Joe E. Brown's two boys, for instance, are already planning their careers. Joe thinks he wants to enter the circus, following in his father's footsteps, and Don wants to go to sea. Now in military school, Don may enter Annapolis, later.

The children have a self-governing system, with no snitching allowed, which works out beautifully.

Will Rogers wouldn't permit his daughter Mary to act in the movies until she had taken a gruelling stock course. That's why she is acting in New York now.

Charlie Chaplin knows just what his boys are studying all the time, and he went to court to keep them from working before the camera while they are in their minority, although he encourages them to thrift and industry in other ways.

All Eddie Cantor's daughters are studying for business or professional careers, Marjorie, his eldest, being now his secretary at $100 a week.

"And she earns it," he declares.

Edna is a musician, being far advanced, and almost ready for teaching. Natalie is taking a business course.

While we are on the subject of actor-dads, some of the villains make awfully good fathers, too.

Coming home after a hard day's villaining and washing the lines of sin and dissipation from their faces, they are often sweet souls with their children — Edward G. Robinson, Noah Beery, John Miljan and others.

And then there are the straight men —Fredric March, Ralph Morgan, Otto Kruger, Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton, for instance—they're pretty slick, too.

"But we prefer comedians," say the comics' children—and they should know.

Hollywood's Gone Hobo

(*Continued from page 33*)

Earth, you will agree that the Arizona cowboy is no mean chef. He hollows a deep hole in the ground, lays a wood fire inside, removes the hot embers, sets the bean pot in and seals it with earth. While the beans are baking, he builds a fire of dry wood so as not to smudge the meat, and broils the steak with slow pokes of his long fork. The table is spread on smooth rock. You squat on the ground and its warmth draws out your tiredness. With supper over, the feast is not yet done, for a guitar makes its appearance to appease your spiritual hunger.

POLITE towns all through the Mid-west, cordially invite hobo and nymph to avail themselves of the hospitality of community picnic grounds. These days, quaint tables and benches are not all. They tempt also with gas ranges for open-air cooking. Merely insert a coin in the slot and the gas is on and supper can be had in a jiffy. A three-in-one course, guaranteed to save dishes, duties and temper, is to bring from home a big brown casserole or a white dishpan full of well-seasoned rice in a Spanish sauce of tomatoes, onions, green peppers and generous seasonings and ladle it out into paper plates that can be thrown away. Most picnic grounds now have water thoughtfully at hand for drinking and dishes, and very often, rough stone fireplaces, in which both the meaty Idaho potato and corn on the cob can be baked. Corn has a honeyed flavor when steamed in the husk and is ready in twenty little minutes, giving one ample time to shave by the light of the sunset, feed the squirrels and swear at having lived an apartment house past.

Eating outdoors may be as simple as one and one make two or as elaborate as algebra. J. J. Murdock, the millionaire, likes his picnics served in style. The chef, butler and maid are sent hours ahead of time to the appointed retreat. Damask and Wedgewood, engraved sterling and gossamer goblets sparkle like jewels in the rustic surroundings. Hand ovens, such as may be purchased at any modern department store, are brought to wildwood and meadow and keep the food warm as toast—a challenge to the grumbling male who thinks of picnics in terms of cold cuts, ants and sneezes. The hand oven delivers the steaming soup, the devilled crab-meat, the roast, hot biscuits and the three vegetables. For dessert, there is ice-cream in fancy moulds, demi-tasse in amber glasses.

Damask and silver may be all very well for the fastidious, but there's just as much joy waiting for the hobo who takes to the open road. Everywhere, nature is getting dinner ready. Crystal streams are brimful of tasty fish. Roadside bushes groan under the weight of ripened berries. Perhaps the apples are turning red. If it's Winter and the earth cannot feed him, some kind-hearted housewife will. The hobo need carry no skillet. He appropriates a tin roadside sign and by crimping its edges makes himself a fine frying pan. Just as novel is his nimble manner of assembling the necessary ingredients for that gala feed known as "mud chicken" banquet. He begs at one back door for a bit of bacon, at another for a cup of flour or a slab of butter or a pocketful of salt and pepper. Now for the chicken itself. Any fowl who happens at that moment to cross the road unchaperoned by the farmer's wife, seldom lives to describe its travels. The hobo chef stalks it, carries it off to the "jungle," wrings its neck, deftly removes its innards, stuffs it with dressings, wraps it in clay soil and lays it reverently into glowing coals. In ninety minutes or a little under, the clay breaks open and the chicken emerges tender and snow-white. The skin and feathers adhere to the covering of clay.

One of the joys of living along the Atlantic seacoast is to gather clams from the cool, clear icebox of the sea, scrub them bright silver, cook them in a deep kettle with a little water and eat them by the dozen till you can eat no more. Did you ever taste lobster roasted in sea-weed? Did you ever muster your friends together for an old-fashioned clambake?"

Here's the favorite recipe of the annual bake held at Oyster Bay. Spread the bottom of a boiler with sea-weed or rockgrass. Drop in tied squares of cheesecloth containing one portion of chicken, one white potato, one sweet potato, one onion and a slice of fish. Use no water. When the boiler is filled with food, turn it upside down so that the seaweed is on top and cook briskly for two hours. You will discover a new tang in food. Beer by the keg, iced watermelon by the chunk, pop by the crate—all sounds like pirate fare, and is.

But you need not sail the seas or climb the hills to know the charm of eating outdoors. You need have nothing more than a small backyard, a slice of porch or half a fire-escape. Outdoors is everywhere about you. Even in the city of skyscrapered New York one need not have a luxurious terrace apartment to eat under the stars.

An ingenious artist we know leased a single room on top of a tin roof two flights below the moon. Here she serves the most inexpensive yet delectable banquets. Being a genius, she's poor, but her bright china, born in the ten cent store is balanced by a rich imagination. Color from her artist's palette coaxes the palate of appetite. The gay table is a feast for the eyes. Paper forks, knives, napkins and table cloths solve her laundry problem. The meals are very simple. She sets out a giant platter of cold cuts embellished with green pickles, black olives, ivory celery, bright red radishes and ripe sliced tomatoes. Spaghetti is a cheap but filling dish and makes its appearance sprinkled with cheese and glistening with butter and tomato sauce. If the night is chilly, the guests wrap themselves around individual pots of mashed potatoes baked with cheese, and tumblers of hot, clear black coffee. For finale, there is that old veteran vanilla ice-cream which can be rushed up from the store around the corner.

Eating outdoors has a touch of play about it that's tangled up with one's childhood. Small wonder that her invitations are eagerly pounced upon.

CONTEST WINNERS

Did you enter the contest sponsored by the People's Academy of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE? The winner will be announced next month. If you entered your coupon to win this thrilling trip to Hollywood or New York, don't fail to read next month's NEW MOVIE.

What's the matter with *Me* and *Men*?



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Two Star-tling Views

(James Cagney)

(*Continued from page* 30)

"I was one of those birds up in a window making signals."

"You said something about fear," I reminded him.

"It's in the air," he waved. "You feel it all around you. You may try to laugh it off, bluff it out, but it's there just the same. If one word describing Hollywood could be written across the sky that word would be FEAR."

He flung it into capitals with a two-fisted gesture.

"But fear is only one of the many elements here, and to be able to stand Hollywood at all you have to accept them all. Even then life in this place is so hectic you feel the need of escaping from it."

"Yours, for example?"

"I can't play the social game and do my job," he confessed. "But others can and do. Hollywood's social life is so continuous and exacting that it's enough to wear out anyone. Not that its wildness isn't ridiculously exaggerated. Newark, any small town, can top it."

Skidding around the corner of a building, he nearly collided with a beauteous ocher-tinted actress who hailed him with a flashing, "Hello, Jimmy!" "Hello," he quietly responded, not at all unpleasantly, but with so much the self-denial of a confirmed anchorite that I was prompted to inquire:

"What do you think of Hollywood women?"

"Women," he exploded, "are the same here as anywhere!"

For a reeling instant the air seemed filled with shattered blondes and splintered brunettes.

"But," I marveled, "doesn't Hollywood set a high price on beauty?"

"It offers more opportunity to the pretty young woman," Cagney drily conceded, "than it does to one who isn't much to look at."

He streaked past a flower-bed as though it were poison-ivy.

"The good-looker has a better chance to make the grade. But no matter how much beauty she may have she must have something to go with it. If she has ability she will go far. But she can't get by with just her physical equipment. If girls are serious—that's the point—they can make their way in Hollywood."

"How did you feel about yours when you came to Hollywood?"

"I didn't think I had a chance," was his frank reply. "At that time, four years ago, all the juvenile men in pictures were tall and good-looking, the sheikish type. Naturally, I realized that my looks were against me. The only reason Hollywood wanted me was that I could play a tough killer."

Grim as he sounded, he looked like a rapt choir boy.

"How did you like it when you got here?"

"I didn't like it," he savagely emphasized. "I hated it."

"Is there anything about it now that you particularly dislike?"

"Yes," he snorted. "What brings me up short"—and I was desperately hoping something would—"is Hollywood's lack of appreciation of good acting. There are any number of fine actors who never are given anything but small parts."

There is nothing so selfish as youth. Yet it's safe to say there isn't a selfish hair in young Cagney's red head.

"But what about Hollywood's glamour?" I asked, as we headed into the home stretch.

"The eyes of the entire world may be focussed on Hollywood because of its so-called glamour, but I can't see it," he flung back.

Jimmy Cagney had beaten me by a length—and Hollywood to a pulp.

Two Star-tling Views

(Diana Wynyard)

(*Continued from page* 30)

surprises me most of all is that in Hollywood the same names often figure in both divorce and marriage, one following directly upon the heels of the other. The people concerned don't seem to give these vital steps the time and thought they demand. Apparently those who suffer from their own mistakes don't try to deal with marriage patiently and sensibly. No one, we may well imagine, has ever gone through it without at one time or another approaching, if not entering, the danger zone."

There was nothing censorious in her attitude. Indeed, Miss Wynyard was as kindly and considerate as the wife and mother she played so beautifully in "Cavalcade," a picture eloquent in itself of the permanence of the English family.

"That permanence is generally true," she said. "Of course, divorce is by no means unknown in England, but it is not so easy there as it is here in America. Until recently, I believe, infidelity on the part of a husband was not in itself sufficient grounds to gain a decree for a woman. He had to give his wife a beating, or at least a black eye, and that was unpleasant, not to say painful. As the law looked at it, a man could go out without disturbing the home, but his wife couldn't."

I wondered how Miss Wynyard felt about the Hollywood man who sometimes gets it both coming and going, paying love balm before and alimony after marriage.

"The poor fellow hasn't a chance," she sympathetically observed. "He is particularly in danger of suffering financially from what we in England used to call the breach-of-promise suit. Such a suit, in my opinion, should never be brought into court, but settled outside, if settled at all. Any public dealing with emotion is, to me, essentially hateful. But, most of all, the breach-of-promise suit strikes me as being an awful give-away on the woman who brings it, implying as it does that she got herself engaged with the deliberate idea of getting money out of it. She ought to have more pride."

"Then you feel the law gives woman the advantage?"

"Especially in America. We must also bear in mind that women are more exacting than men. This being the case, the law should be justified in showing up an adventuress. Women of that type deal with emotion wholly from a mercenary motive, and emotion should never be considered in terms of money. For that matter, I don't see how it is possible for a woman to put a price on it, estimate exactly what it is worth in dollars and cents. Nothing could be more absurd. The whole business—for the acquisitive woman makes it a business—is manifestly unfair. Even worse, it is rampantly indecent."

NATURALLY, Hollywood emotion, which can be costly beyond the dreams of avarice, came in for attention.

"In Hollywood emotions are highly keyed," pointed out Miss Wynyard. "This is only to be expected of a community whose stock-in-trade is emotion. Because of the strain, family life may be disrupted, even destroyed, by the very work which is Hollywood's sole reason for existence."

Sensing more than a hint of the difficulty of marriage and career going hand-in-hand, I was curious to know whether Miss Wynyard believed emotional incompatibility to be Hollywood's chief trouble.

"Its greatest trouble," she declared, "is too much money. That's all you hear wherever you go—money. The higher the salary, the greater the nervousness over it. It's not surprising then that something should snap. Yet, Hollywood is essentially domestic."

That was the last thing I expected.

"First of all," explained Miss Wynyard, "people here seem to marry. In fact, they marry a lot. In planning a dinner party you find to your dismay that all the people you want to ask are couples. You don't know which way to turn for a stray man or a single woman. Why, when I tell anyone I've never been married even once I'm looked at as though I'd committed a crime! In Hollywood marriage is nothing if not progressive.

There was just a flicker of her Mona Lisa smile before she got back to money with:

"There's so much of it in Hollywood that it makes us slack, and that's one thing we can't afford to be, if only for the reason we're in the public eye.

Reminded that English newspapers take a lively interest in Hollywood's intimate affairs, she granted:

"That is true. But London has always shown a keen interest in screen celebrities. Joan Crawford, for one, was fairly mobbed there. And that, mind you, was before her divorce, so it couldn't possibly be put down to sensationalism.

"I prefer divorce to separation, which seems a messy sort of life. I hate any untidy way of living."

With this tidy way of putting it, she added:

"Oddly enough, the big scene in my last American picture, 'One More River,' was an English divorce trial, significant for its underlying idea of keeping the family intact."

"How can that be done in Hollywood?"

She threw up her hands.

The Title Has Been Changed

(*Continued from page* 6)

that angle, and by the time they were wise to it, it was too late to change the name. Once the advance publicity on a picture is out, and the billboards printed, it is impossible—or almost impossible to change a name.

This "Prizefighter and the Lady" episode brings up another requirement for the title that's a natural, a wow, a honey, or hits the nail on the head (depending on what language you were brought up to speak). A good name must describe the picture accurately. For instance—"The House of Connelly" was changed to "Carolina," because the word "House" has come to mean a murder mystery in many minds.

If you remember the picture, you will see why Fox didn't want Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore mixed up in the public imagination with shooting and clawing hands in the dark. Also—it is possible that a word which means one thing in one community or district, may mean something entirely different some place else. A case in point—"Moonlight and Pretzels"—a charming picture, which had to be retitled for English consumption, "Moonlight and Roses." The English, lovable race though they are, don't know about pretzels yet.

In order to avoid "misunderstands" of this nature, the records show that "Dulcy" ("Who or what is 'Dulcy'," the public might ask) saw daylight (electric light, if you will) as "Not So Dumb" which described in a measure, the character of the heroine. "Lucky Sam McCarver" became "We're All Gamblers" (which is one way to put it—but apparently the public liked that way). "The Dark Swans" became "Wedding Rings." Primitive but satisfactory. The above title changes were made on stories which had already been presented either in play or book form, but which, it was felt, needed a different kind of treatment for the films.

ON the other hand, it sometimes happens that a book has a title that causes title manufacturers' mouths to water, but the contents of which are wholly unsuited for filming. What happens then? The movies attempt to buy the title alone which would then legitimately be theirs and leave the rest of the masterpiece for the poor author to use as he will. He usually has to forget about it, in case you are interested, for a book or play without a title is more of a debit than a second mortgage. This happened in the case of a book I published called "Merrily I Go to Hell." Shortly afterward, Paramount was making a picture called "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan," and they purchased "Merrily I Go to Hell" as a better label than their own. That is, they only wanted the title, but they refused to be interested in the story.

But in order to ward off a deluge of titles, on behalf of the motion picture companies, let me quickly add some discouraging facts. The prices paid for titles alone are not high—"Merrily I Go to Hell," because it had appeared on a fairly successful book, and had been widely advertised, brought fifteen hundred dollars. The title "Washington Merry-Go-Round," which was purchased by the movies because the book was a best seller, brought, if rumors in the trade can be believed, something less than a thousand dollars. And I sold the famous W. L. George title "Bed of Roses" for a sum—well, let s call it extremely modest, and let it go at that. And the moral of all this is—it is practically impossible to copyright a title without a story. So don't get notions about making a fortune by amateur title coining.

There are two more rules that all title makers thumb over well, in addition to "Be Brief," "Say What You Mean," and "Be Simple." One is "Don't Spill the Story"—this same book, "Merrily I Go to Hell," was christened "The Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter," when it first reached me. I felt that the author was giving her story away, and was telling the readers in advance "this entire book is the life story of a minister's daughter." The same holds true for pictures. No one wants to go and see a picture with a name that gives everything away. A title should be an appetizer—but certainly not a whole meal.

And the last great "don't" for the unhappy man who must think up something to call a picture is—don't tread on anybody's toes. A title must never offend anybody. It must respect religious prejudices, race prejudices, it must be moral, it must be in good taste. Why? Well, just think of all the censorship organizations ready to jump on its poor title's neck from the Hays office on down to private and self-appointed busybodies. And if it seems to you I'm spreading it on too thick listen to a tale of woe about the title of Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

ORIGINALLY the picture was called "It Ain't No Sin." But the Hays organization to which the entire upper crust of the motion picture producers and distributors belong, began to get very uneasy about that "it." All right, said Paramount, they'd play ball, so they changed the title to "The Belle of New Orleans." Thereat the good city fathers of the Queen of the Delta (N'Awleans to you) rose up as one man and protested. Don't ask me why, but they did. All right, said Paramount, this time a little wearily, we'll play ball. So they changed the name of the picture to "The Belle of the Gay Nineties," and feeling they had done their bit, sent out about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of printed publicity surrounding that title. But the Hays organization got that under the microscope and discovered that it still wouldn't do, because of the word "gay." "All right," said Paramount (I leave it to you how they said it) and recalled their hundred thousand dollars' worth of printing, so that today you see the picture billed as "The Belle of the Nineties," which seems to have made everybody happy.

What does it all boil down to? To the fact that a title must have a lure—it must draw customers, irresistibly to the little glass windows in the front of the theater lobby, and cause them to lay down their quarters, half dollars and dollars joyously, feeling sure they're going to get the treat of their lives. All this must be accomplished by the title alone, mind you, for very few moviegoers read reviews of pictures, and while mouth-to-mouth advertising—"have you seen 'Sweet Sinners'? It's a swell show"—does a lot, still there are hundreds of thousands of patrons who have nothing more to go on than a mere name, and select the film they wish to see on the basis of that name only. No wonder titles cause nervous breakdowns in Hollywood. No wonder the title department of any big company is occasionally bowed down under a weight of responsibility and loud complaints from producers.

(*Please turn to page* 58)

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The Title Has Been Changed

(*Continued from page 57*)

Then how in the world are names ever devised for the hundreds of original scripts produced in the big studios, to say nothing of the scores of books and plays which find their way to Hollywood and must be re-titled?—names which will have all the qualifications which I have mentioned? There is one test which if successfully applied will go a long way toward giving a title that box-office appeal which is the dream of every studio. Has it got S—A? Not Sex Appeal, but S— standing for Sin, Sex, Society, Suffering and Sacrifice (plus money). And has it got Animals or Adventure in it? If it has one or more of these elements, plus a dash of paprika, plus a little glamour—and more than a sprinkling of luck, then a title will be "good box office," and everything will be hunky dory, on the up and up, or jake (according to the particular language which you were brought up to speak).

The public interest will be piqued, the public imagination stirred to the point where results can be counted in good, hard cash.

The producer will be gratified, the producer will be ecstatic, to the point where he begins to see the motion picture industry as something else besides a gigantic headache, and the title writer who was bright and lucky (there's always an element of luck in everything which has to do with pictures), will probably get a renewal of his contract at a more pleasing figure, to say nothing of that satisfaction which comes from watching a beloved brain child click.

Did anybody say that roses ever could be called cabbages and sell for $3.50 a dozen? Not until the cabbage grows S—A!

Playrooms of the Stars

(*Continued from page 38*)

Mary Pickford puts on her famous costume parties, with guests generally attired as early day miners, cowboys, dance hall girls or Indians.

In appropriate places are gambling devices similar to the days of '49—roulette wheels, chuck-a-luck, red dog and poker tables. A bar, out of Billy McGuire's Union Saloon of the Mother Lode country, where was made the second gold strike in California, stands in a corner. Over it hangs a pistol which once belonged to Jesse James, and a carbine used by Billy the Kid. A multicolored roulette wheel from Jimmy May's gambling house in Goldfield, Nevada, stands directly below some cow and Indian country paintings by Russell and Remington.

Even the stove comes from an old mining camp, and close by it hangs a 45-foot calf rope, the handiwork of Ottego, the famous "las rope" manufacturer of the aristocratic Californios, when Mexico's flag flew over the sun-baked Pueblo de Los Angeles.

PROBABLY the most unusual playroom in Hollywood is that of Director W. S. "Woodie" Van Dyke. It is modeled after the recreation quarters of a trans-oceanic liner.

Here gather the crews of "Woodie's" famous far-flung picture expeditions, to talk over the times "when—." And mingling with Charles Laughton and his charming wife, Jean Harlow and William Powell, may be found army officers and men attired in the gold-braided blue of the navy; ranking officers of "Woodie's" own Marine Corps, as well as statesmen and officials of foreign countries.

Longshoremen and newspapermen, cowpunchers and lumberjacks will be rubbing elbows with Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald and her boy friend, Bob Ritchie.

In one corner Irene Hervey, Dolores Del Rio, and Cedric Gibbons, seated in comfortable chairs of the type found only on board ship, may be playing chess or checkers with John Miljan and Gertrude Michael. In another corner other screen celebrities may be trying their hand at some ancient game discovered by "Woodie" in the jungles of Africa or the wastes of the Arctic.

Prizefighters and big game hunters can be heard criticizing or admiring the merits of the beautiful water scenes which cover the walls, while exotic screen sirens may be peering out of the portholes that serve as windows. In the next room additional members of the party will probably be trying out the "Continental" or some similar terpsichorean step on the smooth, large-sized dance floor.

And as the evening progresses various members of the group will find themselves in front of one of the most unusual bars in Hollywood. The counter is an aquarium, filled with rocks, miniature castles, seaweed, coral, water plants, and of course, a variety of the smaller species of fish. The brass rail and other fittings of this bar further carry out the shipboard idea.

JIMMY CAGNEY, the tough boy of the screen, turns into a dignified and cultured gentleman in his own recreation retreat. A charming spot, it is much more than a playroom, even though a bar, and a variety of games are among its furnishings. Books, books, and more books cover the shelves. Books, much thumbed, and evidently deeply pored over.

Here, in congenial surroundings, Jimmy confounds friends with his knowledge of philosophy, sociology, political science, economics, literature, history and even medicine. Here they gather, these friends, few but staunch; Lincoln Steffens, Victor Jory, Bill Gargan, Bing Crosby, Hugh Herbert, and several others, most of them not in pictures.

As the conversation progresses, reference books are dragged from their places and opened to those pages that will best help drive home a point. Yes, this room, ostensibly a playroom, is in reality more the European salon where conversation, cultured and intellectual, takes precedence over all else.

Somewhat similar places are owned by Pat O'Brien and George Brent. For the amusement of his guests Pat has several marble games. Like the ones you see in most present day drug-stores. There are also games of skill—mechanized baseball, football, horse-racing and golf. Similar to those games which decorate so many hotel lobbies. On the walls are countless photographs—all of friends, and all autographed.

While George Brent is a rather quiet individual and not much of an entertainer, he is not averse to a few congenial friends dropping in on him for an occasional nip in his den. Unlike most Hollywood film luminaries, George doesn't particularly care about playing games. For that reason none are around. The only thing approaching it is a card table. Here George will generally play a few hands of poker or rummy with his cronies and then after a drink or two the group will adjourn to the lawn to spin some old yarns.

STAN LAUREL, the cry-baby member of Hal Roach's comedy team, owns one of the most complete playrooms in filmdom. However, when away from the grease-paint, Stan is a rather serious fellow and not much for entertaining. But when he does entertain, it is worth waiting for.

His "whoopee" room is entered through swinging doors. It contains a complete bar, pool table with a top which can be turned into a card table, chess, checkers, backgammon and camelot. This room is finished in knotty white pine. Covering its walls are autographed photographs of other stage and screen stars, and curios from around the world, collected either by Stan himself, or sent him by admiring fans.

GORGEOUS Jeanette MacDonald, she of the nightingale voice, has a playroom which is one of the oldest in Hollywood. It could be more appropriately called a music room. For in it are a radio, phonograph, piano, and numerous musical instruments. There is also the general run of games—cards, chess and checkers, as well as jig-saw puzzles. Here Jeanette entertains informally, and often around the fireplace will be found Bob Ritchie, Director W. S. Van Dyke, Ernst Lubitsch and other members of the film colony.

RATHER unusual decorations feature Bing Crosby's playroom—which is a combination reception room and bar. These decorations consist of wall paper manufactured from the various songs Bing has sung. Even the drapes are covered with musical notes, and whenever you feel like singing one of your favorites at one of his parties all you have to do is stand in front of these hangings and "do your stuff." Incidentally this is one place the twins don't run in the Crosby household.

BILL POWELL, Ronald Colman, Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess, Jean Harlow, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall may be found frequently in the home of Warner Baxter, and most often in his beautifully decorated amusement quarters.

This corner of his dwelling is decorated in warm Oriental reds, browns and greens, with the walls covered with hunting prints.

At one end is a motion picture projection booth with sliding panels that disguise its appearance when not in use. Opposite the booth, in a corner, is a

huge radio capable of picking out of the air long- and short-wave programs, with a phonograph inside its cabinet which can play an entire opera. Davenports and easy chairs are scattered all over the place as are all sorts of games —ping-pong, anagrams, marble games, shuttlecock and battledore. Baxter keeps a skilled projectionist on his household staff at all times.

RAPIDLY gaining a reputation as a host equal to that once enjoyed by Lew Cody, Fred Keating, ex-magician and now a movie star, has a small playroom in his "Casa Escrow," perched on one of Hollywood's highest hills, which recently has been the scene of some of the gayest and most ingenious parties ever seen by the film colony. Although this playroom contains only a couch, some comfortable chairs, a piano, bar, serving counter and card tables, Keating has been able to use these "props" as the background for a series of entertainments which equaled the best that vaudeville ever had to offer in its heyday. Of course always present was "Talul," Fred's celebrated canary, the bird that has been featured literally thousands of times in Keating's famous disappearing bird and bird cage trick. "Talul" has a special perch all to himself in a corner of this playroom.

Fred's parties are generally in the form of a "show." An impromptu show in which all of the guests are included in the "acts." Sometimes Fred is master-of-ceremonies. Other times it is his colored advisor—Audrey, who understands Keating's tastes in all things from breakfast menus to screen roles—who acts in that capacity. When Audrey is master-of-ceremonies he is always dressed as an East Indian, his turbaned headdress and colorful robes adding a decidedly bizarre note to the occasion.

AMORE or less recent importation from Europe, Anna Sten, the Goldwyn star, has been bitten by this playroom bug. Her guest amusement room is almost circular in design, in keeping with her modernistic home, built on a hill in Santa Monica and overlooking the Pacific Ocean. This room is filled with hundreds of dolls, Anna's passion —German dolls, Russian dolls, Polish and American dolls, as well as many dolls made by the aboriginal children of savage African and South American tribes. Hardly a party ends at her home that some guest doesn't walk away with one of these dolls—a gift from Miss Sten.

Here, with a background of backgammon tables and a baby grand piano, Anna Sten holds her very popular Russian parties. Recently, while entertaining Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Morgan and other screen celebrities, a visiting Russian ballet company and orchestra were the main features of her entertainment. Guests were seated cross-legged, Russian style, on the floor, and accompanied by the dancers and musicians these guests sang European Gypsy songs, Cossack songs and later played native Slav games.

AMONG other well-known playrooms in Hollywood are the ones owned by Wallace Beery and Charles Butterworth. Wally's is a combination play and sun room, which is decorated entirely with Mexican bric-a-brac from "Viva Villa." It has a large patio on one side and a game room on the other. In the latter place are numerous animal trophies "bagged" by Mrs. Beery and Wally. On the walls are several mounted deer heads, and some large game fish, hooked in the streams of the high Sierras. In the game room is also a small fireplace, a miniature motion picture projection machine, a radio and innumerable games of all sorts.

Charles Butterworth's fun spot is a combination game room and bar—where, believe it or not, Charles seldom serves anything but buttermilk.

The newer "whoopee" rooms promise to be far more elaborate than their predecessors. In fact the plans for some accord them as much space as a major portion of the dwellings.

From the appearance of things, now, playrooms promise to become, within the year, as important a part of Hollywood programs as the Mayfair club dances and the Academy awards.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 35*)

And there's Fred's chance to sneak in on Ginger and give her the low-down on the set-up.

In order better to talk things over, Ginger and Astaire hop in a gondola, propelled by Eric Blore (who is really Horton's valet, in disguise!) (We told you it was complicated!)

Giving an extra push, for good luck, Blore falls into the canal, leaving Fred and the girl friend to drift out to the bay, without even a mother to guide them!

Just as they are going down for the third time, a passing boat picks them up and, dripping wet, they get back to the hotel in time to hear Blore admit that he (disguised as a parson) officiated at the marriage of Ginger and Rhodes. So, what do you think? They aren't married at all! The whole thing was just in fun!

Director Mark Sandrich let us sit in his chair while Ginger and Fred went through a scene.

"Have you forgotten what we've been to each other?" Ginger says tenderly.

"No . . . no . . ." Fred murmurs brokenly. "What we've . . . been . . . to each other?"

"I knew, yesterday in the park, when I danced in your arms, you remembered who I was—"

"Of course," Fred assures her. "Who are you?"

"Then you still don't remember?"

And that's as far as we got.

MEN WITHOUT NAMES
•
PARAMOUNT

We knew Warner Brothers' "G-Men" would start an avalanche of stories about the brave boys who do and die for the preservation of law and order in the United States.

Before the Cagney picture was halfway to first base, a lad by the name of James Remington McCarthy sharpened up a handful of pencils and in no time at all turned out this story, all about a young federal dick whose pursuit of a stick-up gang leads him to a small town, and romance.

Fred MacMurray plays the role of the intrepid G-man. He is standing in the lower hall of a small town rooming house when the landlady comes in.

(*Please turn to page 60*)

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On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

"My name is Hood—R. Hood," he says. "I'll be in town for some time on business and—"

"—and you want a good, clean bed and home cooked meals while you're here!" The landlady is very friendly and loquacious. "Well, you've come to the right place."

Fred says he hopes so.

"If I do say so myself," she goes on, "the Ella Ferris place is known far and wide as 'a home away from home'!"

"Get many out-of-towners?"

"Land sakes no!" Aunt Ella chuckles. "That's just our slogan! You're the first since . . . well, since I don't know when!"

So Fred moves in, parks his toothbrush and sets out to round up the bandits.

Meeting up with Madge Evans, who edits the local newspaper (such as it is), Fred goes the way of all youth and, with visions of a vine-covered cottage where Madge can empty ash trays and run the sweeper, he makes a snappy job of capturing the gang and turning them in.

Ralph Murray is directing, and the cast includes the names of two of your old favorites, Herbert Rawlinson and Creighton Hale, whom we haven't seen since the Fourth of July, ten years ago, when our dear Aunt Emma fell off the bus!

Also, credits go to Lynne Overman, Dean Jagger, little David Holt, J. C. Nugent, Grant Mitchell, Elizabeth Patterson (Aunt Ella), and others.

PAGE MISS GLORY
•
WARNERS

For reasons best known to herself, Marion Davies (adored by the entire profession for her kindness and generosity) packed up her make-up kit and, shaking the dust of M-G-M from her feet, moved in on Warners' lot for a fling at the high comedy she does so well.

From Red Hook, up-state, to New York, comes Marion, a gawky, unsophisticated, backwoods child of nature, determined to make a mark in this cold, cruel world.

Under the tutelage of Patsy Kelly, Marion learns chamber-maiding in the swanky Park-Regis hotel (and, as this isn't a mystery picture, you've got to figure out for yourself just how a country gal falls into a job like that!)

When a famous yeast company offers an enormous prize for a picture of America's most beautiful girl, Pat O'Brien, a promoter with nothing to promote; Frank McHugh, a newspaper photographer out of a job; and Frank's girl friend, Mary Astor, get together and make a composite picture of several girls, naming the glorious result of their efforts "Dawn Glory"!

Well, they win the prize, and there they are—stuck with a prize-winning photo and nothing to back it up!

The radio, the movies, the newspapers (not to mention the yeast company) demand "Dawn Glory." And there ain't no such animal!

Dick Powell, a daredevil aviator, sees the picture, falls in love with it and takes it with him on a dangerous nonstop flight to Alaska.

Marion sees Dick's picture in a newsreel, falls in love with him and, while she can't take the reel of film home with her, still she holds the memory of his handsome face in her aching heart.

Stuck for a "Dawn Glory," Frank and Pat run across Marion, who has accidentally stumbled into a beauty shop on her day off, and—well, you ought to know that the chambermaid just fills the bill.

Before her transformation, with hair skinned back and nose unpowdered, Marion is shuffling along the hall when the elevator stops and Dick steps out.

Trembling like a new bride, Marion stops him and asks:

"Aren't you . . . Mister Bingo Nelson . . . the aviator?"

"Guilty, Judge," Dick grins.

"I seen—" she corrects herself, "I saw your picture . . . in the newsreel. . . ."

"Did you ask for your money back at the box office?"

"Oh, Mister Nelson," she breathes, "you look just like your picture!"

"I know," Dick sighs. "But I'm very kind to children and dumb animals."

Marion is flustered. "Will you autograph my—my apron, Mister Nelson?"

"Sure!" Dick takes the pencil. "I'll sign anything. That's been my undoing all these years!"

So, as Dawn Glory, Marion dazzles all and sundry. Dick lays his heart at her feet and the finale finds the two of them honeymooning high over New York in Dick's plane.

Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning are responsible for the authoring, and Mervyn (Papa) LeRoy directs. The cast includes such troupers as Patsy Kelly, Lyle Talbot, Helen Lowell, Berton Churchill, Joe Cawthorne, Al Shean, Hobart Cavanaugh, Gayne Whitman ("Chandu," to you radio fans), Barton MacLane, Jack Mulhall and Gavin Gordon.

FRONT-PAGE WOMAN
•
WARNERS

While Director Michael Curtiz' back was turned, we sneaked on this set just in time to catch Bette Davis and George Brent going through an amusing scene from this Richard Macauly story.

Reporters on rival newspapers, Bette and George (who really love each other all the time) meet in the penitentiary press room where the boys are keeping a death watch, prior to an execution.

George spots Bette and exclaims: "Well—I'm a so-and-so!"

"You're telling me?" Bette says with that certain inflection.

"What are you doing here?" George demands.

"Covering a story. Have you got a sandwich?"

"You mean, Spike Kelly handed you this assignment?"

"I asked for it," calmly.

"Asked for it?" George is most amazed.

"Why not? It's a big story, isn't it?"

"Look, tidbit," he says firmly, "an electrocution is no place for you."

"Why not? I'm a reporter."

"No you're not! You're just a sweet little kid whose family let her read too many newspaper novels!"

"Oh-hh-h!" Bette is plenty exasperated. "You make me so mad—I—I could—oh, I could just—SPIT!"

Brent points to the cuspidor.

But Bette isn't so nonchalant after the heat has been turned on the condemned man. Folding up in a neat little pile on the floor, she goes completely out of circulation (and with a deadline to make, too!)

Torn between love and duty, Brent slaps his sweetie pie with a wet towel, makes two copies of his story and sends the other to Bette's paper with a note to the re-write man telling him to soup it up so they won't be identical.

Of course, the note is delayed (this is pictures, folks!) and when the execution stories hit the front page, Bette lands in the dog house just five minutes ahead of Brent!

More determined than ever to make George admit that she's a good newspaper woman, Bette goes out to beat her b.f. to the punch in getting first-hand news on the mysterious slaying of a well known show producer and playboy.

Well, it's nip and tuck, with Brent "nipping" the original scoop, and Bette "tucking" a good two yards on her beau by getting a confession out of the real murderer. And does George look silly?

And is Bette going to have something to slam at his defenseless head after they're married? Oh, boy!

ACCENT ON YOUTH
•
PARAMOUNT

This original play, by Samson Raphaelson, is (to our way of thinking) one of the smartest comedy farces ever written.

Herbert Marshall, playwright, is in love with his secretary, Sylvia Sidney, who adores him. Convincing himself that he is too old even to consider a romance with the petite Sylvia, Marshall practically throws her into the arms of a wealthy young actor in his play, even going so far as to write the dialogue for the kid's proposal!

Resignedly, Sylvia marries the actor, played by Phillip Reed, but, after six months of athletic honeymooning—swimming, riding, golfing, etc., with her husband—Sylvia calls it a day and rushes back to Marshall.

Very melodramatically, Reed rounds up a few of his college pals and takes them out to Marshall's place to get the goods on his wife.

Actually, Sylvia has merely dropped in on her erstwhile boss for a very platonic get-together, but, when she sees Phil coming, she runs into the bedroom, slips out of most of her clothes and makes a staggering entrance, wearing one of Marshall's dressing gowns!

Phil gets his "evidence" and Marshall finds himself more or less compromised. But realizing that Sylvia prefers his charm and brilliance to her husband's youth and callisthenic inclinations, 'Bart' gives in and it's happy endings all around.

The scene is before Sylvia's marriage to Reed and she sits in a big chair in Marshall's study, taking dictation.

"Bart" stands across the room, in the throes of creation.

" 'Bill! . . . Bill! Bill . . . dash," he dictates. " 'I've retired—dash—and I'm going to Finland — exclamation mark.' " Striding across the room, he leans upon the back of her chair and says excitedly: "I really am, Linda! Oh, boy, what a feeling!" Sylvia's eyes are unhappy. Marshall gestures to the book shelf behind him. "There are my collected works. Nineteen comedies! . . . I'm a success and I've got money—why do I have to write tragedies like "Old Love"?

Sylvia continues to gaze off into space. "Bart" raves on: "You stick your head in the clouds. What does it get you? A crown of thorns! You put your feet on the ground. What does it get you? BUNIONS!"

"Cut!" yelled Director Wes Ruggles. And, "Swell! . . . Print it!"

ESCAPADE
•
M-G-M

Anything can happen in Vienna and, in this picture, taken from the story by Ethel Borden, almost everything does happen!

It all starts with a sable muff and scarf, won by Mady Christians at a gala ball she has attended with her fiancé, Reginald Owen, his brother, Frank Morgan, and Frank's wife, Virginia Bruce.

Parading around in Mady's new furs, Virginia walks into Bill Powell, who is at once inspired to paint her, and, without a word to anyone, they go to his studio where she poses in the furs but wearing a mask.

Owen sees the picture and, while suspecting the worst, casually asks Bill who the gal is. And Bill, a bit flustered, hurriedly makes up a name and tells Reggie it's a "Miss Major." What he doesn't know is that there really is a Miss Major, and, blow me down! if he doesn't meet the gal he's invented, which makes for no end of complications!

The Major person (Luise Rainer) falls for Bill right off, and Bill, egged on by Mady who is jealous and suspicious, asks the girl to come to his studio. But when Luise finds that Bill merely wants her to pose for him, she is broken-hearted. And here's where we walked in:

Bill enters close to her and commands: "Smile, please."

Trying to suppress her tears, Luise chokes: "I—I can't—"

"Why not?" curtly.

"Be-because . . . I don't feel like smiling . . ." Giving up the struggle, she bursts into tears.

"Here—" Bill protests, "will you please wipe your eyes and stop crying?"

"I haven't any handkerchief . . ." Bill hands her his.

"Thanks." She dabs at her eyes. "I—I didn't know I was going to cry here."

Suddenly, Bill starts pacing about the room, stopping briefly to kick at the furniture. At the far end of the room, he turns sharply and faces her.

"See here," he declares, "I told you once that I liked you—liked you very much. That wasn't true, do you hear?"

"Yes . . . I hear."

"But now it *is* true!" he shouts. "Do you understand?"

"No . . . I don't understand."

Shouting at the top of his voice, Bill walks toward her. "What's so difficult to understand about that?" he demands.

So when Mady finds out that Luise and her old flame are in love and plan to be married, she shoots Bill in a fit of jealous rage.

Whether he lives or dies is something Director Bob Leonard would rather we'd leave for you to find out.

THE ARIZONIAN
•
RKO

Dix's Garbo complex forbids our getting within twenty feet of the scene of activity, so we hope you'll be satisfied with a brief resumé of the story, which happens to be an original by Dudley Nichols.

It is 1880, and Dix, on his way to Silver City, boom town of Arizona, meets up with Margot Grahame, a beautiful actress who is fleeing from a gang of nasty bandits.

Watching our hero squelch the motley crew, Margot is filled with admiration for him and together they return to Silver City.

Appointed Town Marshall by the mayor, Dix goes out and arrests Joe Sauers, leader of the gang, without even drawing a bead on the rascal!

Sheriff Louis Calhern has been forcing his unwelcome attentions on Miss Grahame and, because Dix is running some snappy interference, he puts Preston Foster, a notorious killer, up to getting our fair-haired lad out of the road.

Foster starts out all right, but gets to like Dix so well that he eventually accepts the job of deputy, just for a laugh, and promises Dix that he'll try to be the worst peace officer Silver City ever had.

There is a dance at the opery house, a fight in the saloon, a fire in the jail, a round-up of the gang, and, finally, peace comes to Silver City.

Dix turns his face toward California and what do you think? With him goes pretty Margot Grahame! Surprise!

COLLEGE SCANDAL
•
PARAMOUNT

It's a downright shame, but the day we got around to this one, Director Elliott Nugent was shooting the scene wherein the guilty party is exposed. And you know how we are. Just one "pretty please" and they can sell us down the river!

Arline Judge is a college paper reporter and Kent Taylor is her professor-brother. Wendy Barrie is the daughter of another professor and, probably wanting to keep the professoring in the family, she is all set to trek to the altar with Kent just as soon as school lets out.

All is well and life is a beautiful dream until two prominent students, also suitors of Wendy, are found mysteriously murdered.

Taking charge of the investigation, Taylor follows a hot "lead" out of town and when he returns discovers that Wendy has apparently run away with Eddie Nugent to his shack in the hills!

Under pressure, the murderer admits to having placed a time bomb in the shack and then there's a plain and fancy scramble to get to the shack in time to rescue the doomed couple.

After being so mean in the beginning, we'll break down and let you in on the fact that the kids are rescued just in the nick of time, with Kent and Wendy and Arline and Eddie going into a double-barreled clinch against the setting sun.

UNKNOWN WOMAN
•
COLUMBIA

Since winning the Academy award, Columbia seems to have gone just a weensy bit tall topper on us. So help me, you can't even stick your nose on a Jack Holt set any more. And Jack one of our pet old-timers, too. Oh, well——

In this Scott Darling yarn, Richard Cromwell, an up-and-coming young lawyer, defends fish-peddling Henry Armetta, loses the case but attracts the attention of Ben Taggert, proprietor of a shady night club.

Taggert, the baddy, figures he can get the unsuspecting Dick to take over some stolen government bonds until he (Taggert) can find an opportunity to dispose of them safely.

Meeting up with Marian Marsh, Dick discovers that Taggert has stolen some papers from her father and, wanting to help the gal, he goes with her to a rum-runner on the trail of a clue.

When Taggart's men take them prisoner, Marian confesses to Dick that she really is a thief and is trying to hi-jack some stolen bonds from Taggert.

Arriving on the scene, a prospective buyer of the bonds recognizes Marian as a former Federal dick and insists on disposing of her and Dick, permanently.

How they escape, how the gang is rounded up, how Dick finds a lot of good in the gal—well, that's the best part of the story. *But* exciting!

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
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Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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Love Laughs at the Little Clown

(*Continued from page 8*)

"What are you looking at, Charlie?"

The star replied, "Eight hundred thousand dollars of mine, waltzing."

He had settled that amount upon Lita when they separated. There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice. But it was far more powerful than that occasioned by the loss of money. Chaplin still has plenty of money and could make millions more; the bitter note in his voice earmarked an irreplaceable loss, a deep regret caused by the awakening from a dream.

I wondered what that dream could have been. Had this lonely little man, then, loved Lita that much? Was his world upside-down and emptied, his future barren and uninviting, purposeless, because Lita Grey was no longer his? Had all the fullness been taken from his life by one woman, and that woman Lita? It was difficult to believe that; but the evidence of his voice proclaimed nothing if not a glorious dream now shattered.

A few months later the answer came from his own lips.

A LARGE party was given at the Ambassador. With the conclusion of the music at one o'clock a group of us, including Chaplin, drifted upstairs to the studio of Leon Gordon, who was in Hollywood painting the portraits of Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson and other stars.

The talk veered to the aim and purpose of all artists. It was suggested an artist's duty was to interpret life and to do this he must know his subject, be it a flowering landscape or the hearts of men and women. I thought of Chaplin's great work in "The Kid" and asked where he had gathered the knowledge which made the classic picture possible.

He smiled, sadly. "It may be," he said, "the things that happened to Jackie Coogan and me actually happened to me and—my mother. I know poverty. I know a child's life in a London garret. I know his fears and hopes and pleasures and thoughts. I was a poor boy, hungry, cold, uncomfortable, afraid."

It was late. It had been a hectic, tiring evening. But as Charlie talked of his childhood in London's East End all fatigue fled and was replaced by wide-eyed interest. Men and women, stars, painters, cartoonists, writers, acclaimed over the world for their abilities and accomplishments, sat silently engrossed in the word picture being unfolded to them.

A small boy, his brother, a loving mother eternally tired but never faltering. Huddled out of the fog and drizzle and cold of a London Winter in a bare floored, single attic room that was cut and bisected by the gaunt wooden rafters that supported the roof. No running water. A public pump in the street below and a tiny boy struggling up unending stairs with heavy buckets of water that pulled and tore at the muscles of his young arms until they fairly screamed. Long days without food. Long nights without warmth or sleep. Finally the boy snatched from his mother and placed in an orphan asylum.

Sitting across from me in this portrait painter's luxurious studio was this same boy, grown now to manhood. Perfectly groomed, shining patent leather dress shoes, silk lapels glistening on his immaculate dinner jacket, at home amid wealth, his hands folded quietly in his lap, he was again climbing those flights of stairs to his garret home, again lugging pails of water and biting gratefully into bits of crusted, stale bread. It was always stale bread because stale bread could be gotten from the baker's cheaper than fresh bread. And it sustained the body as well.

Somehow the undernourished child grew. He saw life around him as a sad, dreary experience. Within him rose a budding desire to make life brighter, happier. His mission on earth came to be: Bring laughter into the world.

Blessed with a great imitative faculty he began by amusing his playmates on the streets of London's East End. The joy in their hearts as they laughed at him was his pay, his reward. Then the weather-beaten cabbies sitting behind their horses, the pedestrians passing on the sidewalks, the forlorn on the Thames River embankments, laughed and forgot their lots as his pantomimes gained force.

At nineteen, he went into the music halls, vaudeville. Charlie Chaplin, slender, small, trying so hard to make his fellow men laugh and be happy if only for a moment, was about to experience an emotion which would influence his entire future.

He met—her. The only girl.

He was at the bottom rung in his chosen career. His act, in vaudeville parlance, "opened the show." But he was eager to learn, always watched the other acts after finishing his.

One August evening in a small theater just outside London he stood in the wings as a troupe of dancing girls were on the stage. Their ease of movement, their grace, held him spellbound. Their ornate costumes, so colorful and sparkling, gratified the beauty-starved soul of the lad from the dull London streets. It was like—the beginning of a wonderful dream.

One girl in particular he noticed. She was small with delicate hands and feet. Her soft brunette hair was truly a crowning glory. Her large brown eyes twinkled and a tiny smile bowed her lips as she danced. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

The number ended. The dancers ran off the stage. The boy trembled as the girl hastily pulled off the flowing wrap utilized in the number he had just seen. Trembled because she threw it to him to hold as she dashed back before the footlights.

He stood there, frozen to immobility. Then slowly he looked from her flashing figure to the cloak in his hand. A faint, clean aroma of lavender came to him. He has loved the perfume of lavender ever since; it means always—her.

As she came off the stage the next time she smiled. To him the darkened wings lit instantly with a beacon light that called and stirred him to the very bottom of his being. Love at first sight? He did not think of that. He knew only the presence of this gorgeous dream person. All else, all the world, was blotted out.

"Thank you," she said, taking her wrap. "See you tomorrow night." And she was gone, rushing with the other girls to another theater for a second performance.

Charlie Chaplin, telling his story in Artist Gordon's studio, hesitated. For a moment there was silence, and I felt sure he was again holding communion with that evening of long before. He smiled apologetically, and continued.

The next night he was again in the wings as the girls danced. He knew now her name was Hetty, Hetty Kelly. She had an older sister, Alice, also dancing in the troupe. And a young brother, Arthur.

Too busy during the day, what with performances and rehearsals, to see each other, Charlie and Hetty met fleetingly in the wings every night. His daylight hours were spent looking forward to those moments, his nights looking back on them. Then he made a date with her. A banner day! No shows on a Sunday enabled them to arrange a meeting for four o'clock in the afternoon at Kensington Gardens, Lancaster Gate.

Chaplin scrambled to the clothier's. A new suit, black and white check, belted back, natty, styled to the minute. A new derby hat, gloves, yellow shoes; and the bamboo cane he was later to make famous. Fifteen minutes before the appointed hour he was waiting on a bench at Lancaster Gate. How those minutes dragged!

Would she really come? What would she think of him? What did she look like without her stage make-up? He had never seen her without it. A girl approached and his heart leaped. She . . . could this be . . . so different . . . not . . . the girl passed him, went her way and he sighed, relieved. It was not Hetty.

At one minute past four a slender, smiling vision in a blue serge suit walked up to him and held out her hand.

"Hello, Charlie."

HETTY was more beautiful off the stage than on it, lack of make-up revealing a clean freshness Charlie felt was soul deep. Her eyes held him. He could never see enough of them, never see far enough into them They twinkled and sparkled, they were soft and sympathetic, they were understanding and promising.

After seeing her home that night he wanted all mankind to share his joy. He walked along the banks of the Thames, under the gray, overhanging bridges, gathering to him homeless unfortunates who were hungry. He spent every farthing he possessed for food for them; it was all he could do toward making them happy, as he was.

Skipping over Scotland and England, wherever their acts were billed together, Charlie and Hetty met for enchanting hours in a small sea shore town, for a romantic moonlit evening strolling down a tree lined country lane, for a memorable afternoon in a secluded tea shop, for stolen moments under flickering London gas lamps which cast shadows far less real than the future he dreamed. A future with Hetty.

Hetty's older sister openly frowned upon this fanciful affair which threatened to bring into the Kelly family an unknown, second-rate music hall comedian. Alice had far greater plans for herself, for Hetty. She wanted no such mesalliance which could quite easily spoil those plans. Charlie Chaplin was certainly not good enough—although it was nothing against him, mind you, she insisted—for Hetty Kelly. Charlie readily admitted that. But then—no one could be good enough for Hetty. She outshone the world.

Young Arthur was Charlie's ally and well wisher. Charlie made him laugh. Charlie could lower the corners of his mouth, assume a facial expression and imitate a monkey in the zoo to perfection. A monkey hunting fleas. Often the tears rolled from Arthur's eyes at Charlie's antics. And Hetty liked him,

too. He made her laugh with Arthur. He was so happy, was Charlie, so gay and kind and thoughtful.

Suddenly the Kelly sisters and Arthur left England for the Continent. For two long years Charlie did not see them. Then one day as he was walking along Piccadilly, wondering whether to accept an offer to go to America with the Fred Karno Repertoire Company, he heard his name called from the depths of a large limousine.

"Hetty!"

"Charlie! It is good to see you again."

All the ache of absent years fell from him and his blood warmed as he looked at her. She was beautiful. More beautiful even than he remembered. They rode and talked. The limousine? Her expensive clothes? She laughed at his timorous question. No, she wasn't married; but sister was—to an American millionaire.

He told her he was going to America, to the land of fulfilled hopes, the land of realized dreams.

"I'll see you in America," she said.

"Yes?" Charlie struggled to appear casual, was too successful. She bit her lip and the deep brown eyes looked into his. In a moment the gay of two years was bridged.

"I—I mean it, Charlie." Her voice was sincere as she laid her hand upon his. "I've thought often—a great deal —of you these past months."

CHARLIE'S heart sang a glad song. Hetty had thought of him! A great deal! Often! Perhaps . . . she might even . . . he once thought she did . . . well, maybe not love, but awfully close to it . . . in time . . . everything was possible.

He glowed and expanded during that evening in her apartment. She showed so plainly that she liked him. Liked him a lot. True he was a clown, a music-hall comedian, but he was also a man and she a woman. And when a man cries to woman and woman to man, all else, all stations in life, become forgotten.

Charlie abandoned himself to the thrills of a man in love. They enveloped him and provoked a mood of tenderness surpassing any he had ever experienced. He was going to ask Hetty to marry him, to come as his wife to America. Forever and a day to be side by side, meeting with laughs the turns of life. The full vision of the years of happiness—together—stretching before them overwhelmed him. This, the mere anticipation, was bliss beyond his highest hopes.

"Hetty. . . ." His eyes must have told her what was in his heart. She smiled, and the smile was for him alone.

"Yes, Charlie."

"Hetty, dear. I . . ." This was the moment when the gates of heaven were to be thrown wide to admit two souls to paradise.

The door opened and Arthur burst into the room. "Charlie! Do the monkey in the zoo for me? Will you? Be a monkey in the zoo after fleas?"

A monkey in the zoo after fleas!

THE magic moment passed. His tenderness was enclosed in a shell of disappointment more bitter than gall. He could not ask her, now, he had to wait. She knew what he had been about to say. She could recreate that moment if she wished before he left. But perhaps she, too, felt that Fate had suddenly confronted them with an edict more potent than human desire. She, too, made no effort to recapture the tenderness that had been theirs when Arthur interrupted them.

Charlie Chaplin was a monkey in the zoo after fleas. Arthur guffawed and cheered the impersonation. Hetty smiled as she looked from one to the other. Charlie's heart was breaking.

Telling his story in Leon Gordon's Ambassador Hotel studio as the stars dimmed before the coming streaks of dawn, Charlie Chaplin made but one mention of his first years in America.

"Hetty promised to write to me—and did," he said. "I did not answer the letter."

Time and again he sat down to that which he wanted above all things to do —pour forth his deepest emotions to the girl he loved. But each time he tore the resulting notes to shreds and hurled them to the floor. He could not express all he felt upon the cold, impersonal paper. The words he sought did not come to him and those that did were weak and insipid. One might as well describe a crow with an eagle in mind. Charlie's thoughts soared to the heights, his ability to convey them through words remained earthbound, futile.

His very handwriting, thanks to no schooling, was a scrawl about which he was sensitive. It seemed to bear out, to prove in the most elemental way, what Hetty sister had said; that he was unworthy of Hetty.

"You will be sorry you do not want me to marry Hetty," Charlie had told that sister before leaving England. "One day I am going to be a great man and rich."

Was he in that moment gifted with foresight? Or was it merely the fearful boasting, the attempt to convince self against odds, of a boy denied his love? Betty's sister smiled and agreed with him, but insisted Hetty was destined for richer things than he could give her.

After some months in America Charlie was still a vaudeville comedian. He was not yet a rich man nor great. He had not yet proved, even to himself, his worthiness. He had conquered no worlds, had no glowing tales to report. He did not hear from Hetty again after that first unanswered letter.

THEN Charlie Chaplin came to Hollywood.

We know he started making two-reel pictures, his large, unwieldly shoes, baggy pants, cane, mustache and bowler hat, his comical antics sweeping the country into gales of laughter and forgetfulness. We know children skidded around corners on one foot, as he did, to make their playmates laugh, as he did. We know that wealth and fame came to him in an unending stream. We know he was, as he promised he would be, a great man and rich.

And we know he was a lonely man. Like the characters in his pictures, who came from nowhere and go nowhere, who are always alone, apart, even in the midst of crowds.

He knew many people, yes. And women. There began the saga of his loves which has so puzzled Hollywood and has on occasion brought him criticism. But even as the strain of pathos under all his comedy was apparent, so too the loneliness could be seen even as he glided about a dance floor with a beautiful woman in his arms. Charlie Chaplin was living only an inch deep, his fun was surface fun, his gaiety superficial; the core of him remained untouched, harboring his dream.

This lowly English music-hall comedian rose in the film world until he was offered a million-dollar contract. It was a stupendous sum. No entertainer in history had been offered that kind of money. It was news. It was a big thing, a milestone that should be passed and recorded in an impressive way. Would Charlie take the contract? He

(*Please turn to page* 64)

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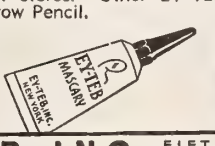
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Love Laughs at the Little Clown

(*Continued from page* 63)

would. Would he come to New York and make a ceremony of signing it? He would not.

The studio heads in the East insisted and Charlie became stubborn. He was not tripping to New York on a ballyhoo stunt and that was that. As the date of signing approached, the comedian remained adamant in his decision to take part in no publicity stunts.

In the meantime, what of Hetty?

Charlie had set out from England to develop himself and become worthy of her. He had certainly done so. He was now an artist who played upon people's heartstrings with the skill Jascha Heifitz displayed fingering his violin. Tears and laughter were his to command. He was famous, he was Midas rich. Now he could go to Hetty with his head up, with the world in his hands to lay at her feet. Even her sister must recognize him now.

But—he hesitated. He did not know why. It merely seemed the moment had not arrived.

One day, as the studio was demanding the New York excursion and he was with equal force declaring he would not take it, he saw a picture in a New York newspaper that had by chance been left on his dressing-room table. It was a picture of Hetty's sister. The caption under it stated she, her sister, her brother and her husband had arrived from England some time before and were living in a Fifth Avenue residence.

Charlie Chaplin stared at that picture for a long time. Hetty—in New York. "I'll see you in America," she had said.

A SMILE slowly turned the corners of his mouth. Now was the time, and it would be done as he desired, casually. He would meet her on the street accidentally. At least she would never know it was not an accident. His eyes would light up and he would say as he grasped her hand, "Hetty! Think of meeting you here! This is wonderful!" And she would smile happily and say, "Charlie! I've thought of you so much." He would answer, still holding her hand, "I've thought of you, too, Hetty."

Then he would present her with gifts, the finest he could buy. He would see how she reacted to him and if—dreamland was very real—all was well, the publicity-seeking studio would be handed a story, the newspapers would cry in black headlines across front pages, "CHAPLIN MARRIES BOYHOOD SWEETHEART!"

It had to be done that way. Genius is unaccountable, often over-sensitive and shy. It would kill him, kill forever his dream, if he went directly to her and found indifference. They had to meet casually and——

Charlie picked up his telephone, called the Eastern studio heads. "Okay," he said, "I'll come to New York. Leave tonight."

The studio heads nodded wisely. They had licked him. He was coming to New York to sign the million-dollar contract.

The police were pressed into service to stem the tide of fans who met him at the Grand Central Station. He was escorted to his hotel, lodged in a magnificent suite far above the noise and bedlam of the street. Much closer to the stars than in his London garret he looked for a moment out the window, and then no one could find him.

The studio wanted him for luncheons with the mayor, the governor, important personages of the metropolitan business and social life. His days had been dated to the full with meetings and interviews. Reporters waited by the hour for him and then returned to their city rooms to write stories which proclaimed, "CHAPLIN IN HIDING," "CHARLIE DISAPPEARS." And everyone asked, "Where is he?"

Where?

While all New York sought him, a slender little man sat alone on a bench in Central Park. His coat collar turned up around his chin, hat brim lowered over his eyes, he stared across Fifth Avenue. When it became too cold to sit in the open, he hailed a taxi, instructed the driver to stay right where he was—within view of the doorway through which sooner or later Hetty must pass.

When she did he would hurry down Fifth Avenue, across the street, stroll back toward her and meet—casually, accidentally.

So as thousands looked for Charlie Chaplin to give him homage, he sat in full view and dreamed his dream, wrote and rewrote in his thoughts the scenario of his meeting with Hetty, of what was to follow. . . .

The door remained closed, or opened to admit or exude strangers. Days of waiting and Charlie saw Arthur, the young brother. Here, at last, was a contact. Arthur was happy to see him. After the first greetings, Charlie inquired for Hetty's sister.

"She's fine."

"And your other sister—Hetty?" asked Charlie.

"Hetty!" said Arthur. "She's married now, you know. She was here, but left for England a week ago."

Charlie smiled. "That's too bad," he said. "It would have been nice to see her."

The newspapers the next day heralded the sudden departure of Charlie Chaplin for California.

Months passed, and if he dreamed any dreams, he did not recount them to us who listened, so quietly, as night entirely fled before the sun rising over the Hollywood hills. None of us noticed the coming of a new day. We were living in years gone by with a lonely little man who thought of a girl six thousand miles away from him in London.

"The Kid" was finished and proved the greatest of his motion pictures. He threw himself into preparation of the next one. It had to be good; everything Charlie Chaplin did had to be good. There was yet, as there had always been since leaving England, a reason. He must be worthy.

His fan mail increased by the sack load. And the studio began whispering. Had Chaplin gone high-hat? Was he getting the fat head? He must be balmy. As proof of one or the other, he insisted upon seeing every piece of fan mail coming to the studio addressed to him. It was a ritual each morning, Chaplin going through his fan mail. Why? Did he need to read these glowing tributes to his genius?

He heard the whispers but said nothing. He knew what he was looking for—and at last it came. A letter from Hetty!

"Dear Charlie," it said. "Do you remember me? I have often thought of you and never had the courage to write. If you ever come to London, be sure and look me up."

Did he remember her! He swallowed with difficulty as he read and reread the letter. She often thought of him . . . she wanted to see him!

Later that day there were doings on the Chaplin lot. Carlyle Robinson, the comedian's publicity man, was called into his employer's dressing-room. He found Charlie pacing the floor, Charlie's brother, Syd, following him quizzically with his eyes.

"Can you go to England?" Charlie asked Robinson.

"Why, surely. Wherever you send me."

"Then get under way. Arrange for passports, money, whatever else is necessary. We leave in the morning for London."

Robinson's eyes flew open and he gulped. "*We?*"

"We," said Charlie. "You and I."

"But, Charlie," the words rushed out of Robinson's mouth, "you start shooting today. You've been getting ready for this picture for four months. There's a hundred extras on the set right now waiting for you. What——"

Chaplin waved his hand. "We leave for London tomorrow. The picture can wait. Pay the extras."

Pay. Thousands upon thousands of dollars this would cost him. Money. But of what value was money . . .

ROBINSON has told of that trip. Mentioned how Charlie Chaplin was not the man Hollywood and his studio had known. On the boat crossing the Atlantic he was nervous. Three years later I crossed on that same boat, and the chief officer told me of Charlie's solitude, of his walking the deck alone late at night and early in the morning. How for hours he would stand at the bow, looking toward England, the salt waves breaking below him and sprinkling him with spray.

As the ship approached Southampton, Chaplin's nervousness increased. Robinson thought it was because an enormous reception, including a welcome with the keys of the city donored by the Lord Mayor, was planned for the return after eight years of this boy from an East End garret. But Charlie Chaplin was thinking past Southampton to London, to another welcome and reception.

On the deck, fortune favored him. As the crowd was frantically yelling "Welcome, Charlie!" "Happy homecoming!" "Welcome home, our Charlie!" he spied Arthur. While thousands screamed the name of this slender man who not too long before had sailed from these same shores a penniless, unknown, unhailed music-hall comedian, he grabbed Arthur by the arm.

"Nice of you to come down to meet me," he told the boy. "It's good to see a familiar face. Come, ride to London in the carriage with me."

On the train they talked of many things. The old days in the theater, the monkey in the zoo after fleas, the struggles against poverty, the hopes and laughs and hurts of bygone moments.

Charlie carefully avoided mention of Hetty, but during long stretches of silence he continued to dream his dreams. Hetty was married. But at least he could see her, could give her his love in a different way, perhaps in a bigger, finer way. He wondered if her husband was wealthy. If not, he, Charlie, would somehow see to it he became so. And through him he would give to Hetty what he wanted her to have, the best in life, everything.

Perhaps—who could tell?—some day her husband would pass on and then . . . oh, it was going to be glorious just

to see her, to watch her move, catch again the tiny little gestures and habits he remembered so well. Her hair, the beauty of her eyes. Those brown eyes, so alive and big and soft and deep and understanding. Hetty; after eight years he was again to see her, to hear her talk. He looked at his watch. It could not be long now.

"It must be great to return like this, Charlie," said Arthur. "The crowds, the glory, the acclaim. We all hoped you would after we first heard you were in Hollywood."

Charlie smiled. "All of you?"

"All of us," said Arthur. "But especially Hetty. Hetty liked you very much, Charlie."

Arthur's voice was low, carried a trace of sadness. It made Charlie's heart sing. Arthur had always been his friend. Arthur was sorry Hetty was not now Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

"Hetty liked me?" He must not listen to that song in his heart. "Did she really? Well, I must go see her soon. Talk over old times."

Arthur shook his head and looked out the window. He was biting his lip, struggling with some emotion. Charlie, sensitive to the hurts of others, leaned forward.

"Tell me, Arthur. What is the matter?"

The boy turned his face to Chaplin. Tears trembled in the corners of his eyes. He fought to grin, but the result was pitiful.

"I thought you knew, Charlie," said Arthur. "It was quite sudden."

"Knew what, Arthur?"

"Hetty died three weeks ago."

THE carriage wheels clicked endlessly over the rails. Charlie Chaplin, too, stared out the window. The clean green fields of the open countryside fell before the dull, smoky gray of London as they sped through the suburbs. Wild flowers, colorful and nodding gaily to the trees above them gave way to soiled bits of waste paper whirling off the streets in weird gyrations before finding their final resting place in the gutters. London was dreary, dead, dull, empty.

"And you know," Charlie Chaplin concluded his story as Leon pulled back the curtain to admit the full light of day, "I still see that girl. I see part of her in so many other girls. One will have a gesture she used, another will have her hands, another a lovely smile such as hers. Once or twice I have seen her hair. Never have I seen all of her, but—it's nice to see a part, don't you think?"

The final bit of the mosaic clicked into place and the picture was complete. *That* was it! That was why he was through with a girl the moment he really looked at her!

Charlie Chaplin was always playing a game. When he took a girl out, he played he was with Hetty! He concentrated his attention upon that part of her which suggested Hetty to him. And the moment the girl crashed her own personality through the illusion, the moment she made some overt little act which made it impossible for him to play his game, he dropped her.

It explained much, from his sudden starts to his quick finishes. It was a love story with a twist worthy of De Maupassant.

For years I have not written this story. Writing it, publishing it, meant Charlie Chaplin could no longer play his game. So I waited until I could judge he no longer wanted to play it. I think that time has come.

For many moons he has been seen with Paulette Goddard. In the beginning I wondered if it wasn't the same old story over again. He met her at a party and that very evening began his "rush." The first thing he did was persuade her to change her hair from blonde to brunette—the color of Hetty's hair! But Paulette, except for that one change which could well be for photographic purposes, has remained Paulette. Had Charlie been playing his game with her she would have destroyed the illusion long ago, would have joined the other beauties in the parade of the past.

A few years ago Chaplin wrote in his autobiography: "My first trip to England was a disappointment."

I think we can understand that, now.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 44)

same as the preceding one. Waller is unquestionably the ace performer of his class, and reports reveal him as one of the most popular recording artists in the business. We feel certain you'll like this one. (Victor)

THE discovery of a lost manuscript of a great composer is a rare event, but when that composer is Victor Herbert, it becomes a momentous occasion. Only recently it has been discovered that some of his choice works were never published. Among them was a delightful and typical waltz melody, characteristic of America's best-loved composer. This song, called "Some One I Love," has since been published and recorded by Milton Watson, a distinguished singer of Victor Herbert operettas. We believe that, hearing this selection, you will feel the thrill of something old and of something new; and a realization that, although a master now in the great beyond, he still lives through the magic of his melodies. This is a Decca record.

"I WAS TAKEN BY STORM" is the title of an excellent tune from "Dizzy Dames" and in this recording it's Hal Kemp and his orchestra who do the honors. Kemp handles this with the distinctive touch that identifies his band anywhere; the tricky sax figures and muted brass. Earl Geiger's sweet muted trumpet starts things off, and the entire number, played to a slow tempo, has no dead spots. A nice bit of vocal work is contributed by Maxine Grey.

"Love's Serenade" is the title of the melody recorded on the reverse side and this is also played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. An Edgar Hayes tune, this was recorded a few months back by the Mills Blue Rhythm band, and we must say that Hal's recording is every bit as good as the platter that Mills turned out. In fact we might go as far as to say that it's a shade better, for in this record we have the added attraction of a fine vocal chorus sung by Bob Allen. (Brunswick)

FROM the film, "Go Into Your Dance," Enric Madriguera and his orchestra present us with their version of the popular tune "She's a Latin from Manhattan." This seems to be just the type of song that Madriguera plays best, and we can pick no weak spots. Well played, to a fairly snappy tempo, and with vocal work done by Tony Sacco.

(*Please turn to page* 66)

Does he call you up the next morning?



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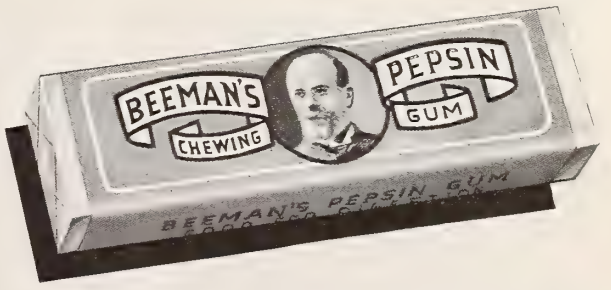
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Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 65*)

Another tune from the same picture is featured on the reverse side as Enric Madriguera and his orchestra play "The Little Things You Used to Do." Played to a slower tempo than the preceding side, you'll find it's very easy to listen to and still has plenty of rhythm for dancing. Again we hear Tony Sacco in the role of a featured vocalist. (Victor)

"THE LADY IN RED" from the film, "In Caliente," is played in this recording by Joe Haymes and his orchestra. This is the first we've heard from Joe in a long time and we must say that he is still a headliner when it comes to handing out entertaining and enjoyable music. "The Lady in Red" is a tune of the rhumba type with plenty of rhythm for dancing, with Cliff Wetterau as the vocal artist.

An old-timer recorded on the reverse side is "My Melancholy Baby," played by Joe Haymes and his orchestra. This is a strictly modern arrangement and Joe and the boys play it in great fashion. Skeeter Palmer is the vocalist. (Bluebird)

FROM the film, "Stolen Harmony," Gertrude Niesen selects and sings the melody, "Would There Be Love?" Miss Niesen is in a class by herself as a popular vocalist and it would seem that nothing we could say would make this record any more popular than it is bound to be. It is certainly one of the best vocal bits that we have reviewed in a long time.

Equally as good is the other side entitled "Devil in the Moon," also sung by Gertrude Niesen. A welcome addition to any record album. (Columbia)

FROM the film, "George White's Scandals of 1935," Benny Goodman and his orchestra play the tune, "Hunkadola." It's possible that Goodman could have found a more insipid tune to record, but by the time he'd found it he would be too old to play. However, despite this sad melody, Benny, through the medium of his clarinet, gives us something worth listening to. We cannot praise Benny and his orchestra too much, but after all, this song is just so much tripe.

However, by simply turning the record over we may hear something that is really worth listening to as Benny and the boys give us "The Dixieland Band." This is the kind of stuff that Goodman eats and they really swing it. You'll like the vocal work by Helen Ward. (Victor)

A FATS WALLER interlude as we listen to Fats and his boys play "What's the Reason?" from the film "Times Square Lady." Good snappy work, with Fats picking away at the piano and an excellent guitar chorus. As usual, Fats sings the vocal refrain.

"Pardon My Love" is the title of the number on the reverse side and this is also played by Fats Waller and his rhythm boys—a bit on the softer side, and played quite slowly.

AL BOWLLY selects from the picture, "Reckless," the song entitled "Everything's Been Done Before" and with the aid of Ray Noble's direction presents us with an excellent vocal record. Bowlly's style is rather plain, but with the aid of Noble and his bag of tricks the record is quite entertaining.

"You Opened My Eyes" is the title of the song on the other side, and this is also sung by Al Bowlly, with the help of Ray Noble. Another ballad type number that is pleasing to listen to. (Victor)

WE return to the film, "Go into Your Dance," for our last tune, and it's called "About a Quarter to Nine." Ruby Newman and his orchestra record this, and they do a swell bit of work. Nothing flashy, but good steady rhythm. Ray Morton is the vocalist.

"There's a Little Picture Playhouse in My Heart," an older tune, is recorded on the other side. It's also played by Ruby Newman and his orchestra. A little snappier than the preceding side. Again Ray Morton does the vocal work. (Victor)

Scouting for New Stars

(*Continued from page 4*)

wide an appeal as those great stars.

Second only to personality on my list is talent, and by talent I do not mean mechanical ability. I mean the instinctive, inborn ability to "feel" emotion and to portray it convincingly. If an actor feels emotion strongly enough, the audience senses his sincerity and shares his emotions, irrespective of his mechanical skill. Talent is more important now than it was in pre-talkie days, largely because the acquisition of so many great stage stars has made competition more keen. There are, of course, stars whose personalities serve to "get them by" but they all possess a sufficient degree of talent.

Character, like personality, is a composite quality and it is very important—even more important, I think, in maintaining stardom than in gaining stardom. Character often compensates for a lack of physical beauty. Helen Hayes is the perfect example of an actress who, through character, seems beautiful. Character made Marie Dressler, who called herself "the ugly duckling," seem beautiful in spite of her grotesqueries.

Physical attraction is undeniably a tremendous asset to any player, yet its importance has been over-emphasized. An actress need not have an unusually beautiful face or figure in order to be successful on the screen for, by beauty of expression, she can create that illusion of physical beauty which is much more fascinating than physical perfection. As a matter of fact, few of our great stars have been paragons of beauty. On the other hand, none of them has been physically unattractive. Let's dismiss beauty by saying that, given all the other qualifications, it greatly enhances an actress's chances for stardom.

Intelligence is of more vital importance. And by intelligence I mean mental alertness, not acquired knowledge. Without the ability to reason soundly, it is very easy for a player to lose his sense of proper values, for he is constantly in contact with an artificial world. In his work, no matter how great his quota of natural talent, he must also employ intelligence, for acting, unlike most jobs, has no rules nor routine. Every new role and every new dramatic situation presents new problems and the actor must be mentally alert in order to meet them. Motion picture making, at best, is a maze of complications, and motion picture producers cannot afford to waste precious time with stupidity.

TRAINING is more important today than ever before because the competition is so severe. The trained actor or actress shows to better advantage and catches the eye of the observer more readily, for experience breeds self-confidence and poise. Therefore, in appraising prospects, I should favor those with previous training, either in dramatic school, on the professional stage or in amateur theatricals. Yet I certainly would not arbitrarily rule out an untrained applicant if his other qualifications were excellent.

Without determination—the ability to face discouragements and see them through—there is little chance to win stardom. Too many people think of acting as an easy profession. As a matter of fact it is one of the most bitterly competitive, and few players ever reach stardom without first being buffeted about by hardship and disappointment in the process. It takes stubborn, bulldog courage to cling to an ambition in the face of one reverse after another. I do not know of one great screen star who could have reached the top without determination. Clark Gable battled with actual starvation here in Hollywood on two different occasions before he won the slightest recognition; Grace Moore sang for her supper in a Greenwich Village café while she skimped and scraped to save money for her musical education; Janet Gaynor worked "extra" for two years before she was given a chance—and I'd like to be sure, before signing any new prospect, that he or she would be willing to display the same stick-to-it-iveness that carried such stars as those to success.

ADAPTABILITY includes temperament. It is one of the factors which determines between success and failure in any line of work. The person who cannot adapt himself to the conditions and the necessities of his chosen occupation is a square peg in a round hole and a certain failure.

Such great stars as the late Marie Dressler and George Arliss have demonstrated that stardom knows no age limit—but most producers naturally favor youth, for youth is more adaptable and can be cast in a wider diversity of roles. Moreover, the actor who attains stardom in his twenties or his thirties is a better commercial asset, for his period of maximum earning power is longer.

Background is an asset to any player. Home life, breeding, intellect are all part and parcel of the individual's background—but the results of that background can be acquired. For that reason, I place it last on my list.

Summer for Society

(*Continued from page 27*)

Lodge, Cesar Romero and Joel McCrea and equestriennes like Irene Ware, Adrienne Ames, Mrs. Walter King and Mrs. Charles Laughton were invited. The first part of the party was a well planned English hunt over the Bel-Air bridle paths and thickets.

Back to Binnie's lovely new English type home came the hunters with appetites whetted, but there was never a sign of a cocktail. Instead there was a mouth-watering array of English foods and Binnie was soon pouring tea. Food was arranged much like our American buffet luncheon, but it was ever so much more fun feeling that here at last was a perfectly appointed English high tea right in our little Hollywood.

Dinner at Merle Oberon's

WITH Mickey Balcon in town, Binnie Barnes having that high tea and Merle Oberon entertaining at those charming, intimate dinners it seems the English have a monopoly on the Hollywood social life this month.

Those dinners at Merle's rarely include more than eight people, but they are glamorous and shimmery like the exotic star herself.

She has taken a lovely beach home in Santa Monica and in it of a dinner hour you'll find the Countess di Frasso, Constance Collier, Rowland Brown—and most often David Nivens.

There seems to be a very definite romance between Merle and David whose parents are of the Scottish nobility. They were "very good friends" in London and insist that is all they are here, but it all looks highly romantic.

Incidentally Merle Oberon's autograph has become one of the most prized among the gatherers of such about this town and recently her dinner was interrupted by some kiddies who heard she had moved into the house and walked blocks and blocks to get the signature. Merle not only gave it graciously, but the lads went trudging back with cake as well as autographs.

Over at Dolores Del Rio's

QUITE the grandest of the season's tennis parties was the modernistic affair conjured by Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

Dolores greeted her guests early in the afternoon wearing a white linen sports dress, looking so cool and well turned out that we could scarcely believe it when Cedric assured us Dolores had already whizzed through a set of tennis that morning.

Gloria Swanson was there with Herbert Marshall. She was wearing a sports frock of white *peau d'ange,* which is a sort of a dull finished bouclé, with a three-quarter swagger coat of jade and one of those tiny, white, slightly brimmed hats that nobody can do such justice to as the svelte Gloria.

While the husbands, including Irving Thalberg, Joel McCrea and Freddy March, betook themselves to the courts the ladies retreated to that amazing garden pavilion of the Gibbonses which modernistically has a compass inlaid on the floor.

Dolores poured the cocktails assisted by her very close friend, Lili Damita.

Dorothy Jordan confided for the first time that she plans to make an early comeback in pictures. She's a mother now, but thinks her youngster will be able to get along without her now and then while she returns to work.

After everyone had a refreshing dip in the pool a buffet supper was served in the pavilion. This time Dolores appeared as if by magic in white crêpe hostess pajamas with a crimson sash and ruby earrings, holding up her reputation as Hollywood's most distinctively dressed lady.

Just "Plane" Talk

WHEN Harvey Stephens goes traveling it's by plane; when he relaxes he creates model airplanes in his workshop, and when he reads it's about the latest gadgets for gliders or such, so when the Stephenses go social you can jolly well bank on it the motiff will have two winks and a propeller.

At one of their small, informal dinner parties, Bee, Harvey's vivacious little wife, thought she'd rib Harvey a bit about his hobby. Everyone was instructed to keep pressing the most insane questions about them on Harvey. When the guests arrived the house was decked from top to bottom with planes. The table motiff was strictly up in the air.

Louise Henry started the ribbing off by asking Harvey what the speed limit was in the air-lanes.

Maureen O'Sullivan wanted to know if it made any difference which way the propellor spun.

Harvey was very patient until Cesar Romeo asked, "Is it true that when a person orders his 'eggs over' for lunch on a transcontinental plane that the plane loops?"

Tennis With Torres

You know what they did to contract bridge as soon as we thought we had mastered it—and now Raquel Torres had up and done the same thing to tennis.

Of a Sunday afternoon all the tennis enthusiasts flock to the lovely home of Raquel and her husband, Stephen Ames, and now those ingenious racketeers have completely gummed up our comprehension of the game. The counting and the color of the balls is the thing they've changed and a scorekeeper must be there all the time to keep track of the points.

A red ball must be served first. If it is no good a blue ball is served—but the penalty for missing on the first ball means that every point scored by the server is reduced to a half point until he serves again. The counting is 1, 2, 3, 4, Game!

Raquel is such a good player she never has to resort to the blue ball and Rochelle Hudson is an even match for her. However, W. C. Fields says he'll stick to juggling balls on the side of the court.

Did you know that Raquel has started the fad of pale blue lacquered fingernails? It's rather startling but attractive.

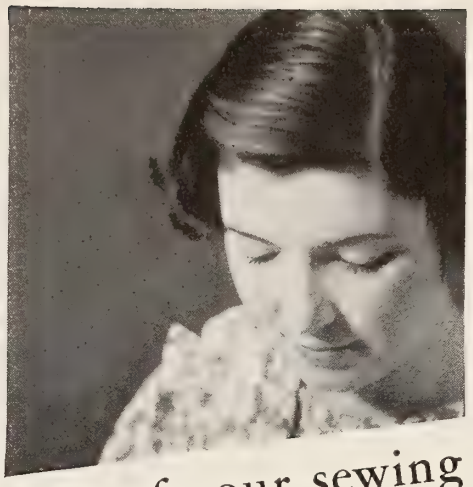
Another rendezvous for tennis these hot summer days is the John Murdock Jrs. where you'll see George Murphy and his wife giving Cesar Romero with Sally Blane or Patricia Ellis a real workout. And, oh, yes, Garbo has switched from George Brent to John Gilbert for her tennis partner.

Tom Sings for His Supper

"Johnny Downs has lost his suit and all is hurly-burly. While he searches near and searches far we'll starve with Miss Anne Shirley."

It was Tom Brown's idea if you sing when you're hungry you'll forget the pangs, so while the younger set waited for Johnny Downs to find his dress

(*Please turn to page* 68)



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And though it is made with an extra-costly process, from finest imported French materials, it is amazingly low in price! Get it in regular 55c size at any drug store, trial size 10c, at 10c stores, or, mail 6c in stamps, naming your correct powder shade, to us for generous 3-weeks' supply. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. L-193, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

Summer for Society

(*Continued from page* 67)

suit to wear to Anne Shirley's seventeenth birthday party, they made up such ditties.

The party was at Bob Hoover's house in honor of Anne, but when Johnny received his invitation someone forgot to tell him it was formal. When he heard the news the last minute his dinner jacket turned up missing. While he ransacked his home and raided the studio Anita Louise, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone and others who gathered at Bob Hoover's heroically starved for the cause.

Johnny finally arrived about two hours late, but after the belated dinner the younger crowd sailed merrily on to Victor Hugo's for dancing.

Patsy's Party

WHEN Patsy, Wally Ford's eight-year-old daughter gets all A's on her report card that's reason enough for celebrating on the Ford rancho. So, to the Ford's Laurel Canyon home trekked all Patsy's schoolmates to a good old-fashioned California barbecue, and just for good measure to the gay affair came Papa's and Mama's friends as well.

Wally's great dane, "Dickie," was the honored guest of the party, Charlie Starrett's daring young twins conceived the idea of all the kiddies taking a ride on Dickie's back, while the elders gasped.

Those six-year-old twins have more tricks up their sleeves than Jack Oakie ever thought of. And they are still upset over the fact that the newspapers carried the story that Bing Crosby's twins were the first in the movie colony, when they beat the Crosby babies into this world by better than five years.

Wunderbar Gathering

FROM New York, from Berlin, from London and from romantic Budapest came people to that *Wunderbar* reunion staged by Robert Katscher, the famous Viennese composer of the musical, in his Beverly Hills home. The reunion was quite by accident, however, and in no place in the world but Hollywood would such an amazing thing have taken place.

Among the guests were Steffi Duna, Francis Lederer, Carl Brisson, Al Jolson, Buddy De Sylva and Henry Busse. It turned out that although few of them had met before they had, in some part of the world, had something to do with that now famous musical show, *Wunderbar*.

Steffi Duna and Francis Lederer had starred in it in Berlin; Carl Brisson won the admiration of London when he played in it there; Al Jolson was the star of the American picture version; Buddy De Sylva wrote the American lyrics to the music and Henry Busse, who now directs the orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove, played the trumpet with Paul Whiteman's orchestra when he introduced the now famous strains of the music in this country.

Peter Lorre, one of the few guests present who hadn't done anything about *Wunderbar*, elected himself master of ceremonies to keep from being left out, as others in the crowd did a number from the show.

Cocktails and Beauty

EVEN our most glamorous stars have their beauty problems and when they are in the doldrums about a new hairdress or in a quandary over the most becoming eyebrow line their first thought has always been Ern, Perc, Wally, or Monty Westmore. These are the boys who have long supervised the make-up departments of the major studios in Hollywood.

When the Westmores decided to give their advice to anyone—in the profession or out—they opened an elaborate beauty salon. The opening was celebrated with a cocktail party to which came all the stars who have sought their advice.

Kay Francis turned the golden key that opened the salon; Dolores Del Rio turned the wrench that connected the water service and Joan Blondell pressed the button that flooded the place with light.

Claudette Colbert, who owes her new banged coiffure and chestnut hair to Westmore's suggestions, couldn't be dragged away from the special kiddies' room where the youngsters ride a stationary hobby horse while they are being bobbed.

Even our masculine heroes were curious about this new venture. There were Charles Laughton, Alden Chase, Norman Foster, Adolphe Menjou and scores of others delving into the intricacies of milady's beauty.

Introducing Mr. Schwartz

THE night the mysterious Mr. Schwartz arrived in town the tables were certainly turned on a practical joker.

James Cain, the author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice," is an ardent Gilbert and Sullivan fan. Since he sings a good bass himself he has long been in search of a tenor good enough to get together with him on the operettas. Cain issued an open invitation to any good tenor, familiar with "The Mikado" to come to his house on any Friday night.

There were no takers so Cain pleaded with Grace Moore *please* to send him a good tenor. Since Cain is usually the man to plan a good gag himself Grace couldn't down her sense of humor. She sent over the mysterious Mr. Schwartz, a stupid acting man wearing thick glasses and a mop of curly red hair.

His tenor was so pure and sweet Cain rushed to the phone to thank the gracious Grace for her gift. When she couldn't control her laughter Mr. Schwartz doffed his wig and glasses and proved to be Michael Bartlett, the famous singer who plays opposite Grace Moore in her new picture.

Stars "Pitch'n Rare"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON tossed a cowboy twenty feet just as Joe E. Brown banged open a gate and dashed madly away with another sombrero-topped lad. No, indeed, the boys weren't playing gangster roles. It just happens those were the names of a couple of wild horses who threw their riders at Hoot Gibson's annual Golden State rodeo while the film stars looked on.

Hoot was there himself, overseeing the show and looking every inch the galloping cowboy of the screen. Assisting him and brave in colors, was that daring caballero, Leo Carrillo. He was riding a horse that danced when the band played and bowed politely in front of the grandstand where Toby Wing was seated, looking angelic in a powder blue suit, beside Sir Guy Standing.

Nancy Carroll and her little daughter screamed with excitement over the pony relay races. Glenda Farrell listened seriously to her young son, Tommy, as he explained how the cowboys learned to take the falls without hurting themselves.

Lyle Talbot couldn't resist betting Ralph Bellamy that the horse named after him would throw his rider in fewer seconds than would the horse named Bellamy—and he managed to collect a quarter from Ralph.

Howard Hughes came late and straddled the fence, since all the seats were taken, and it appeared that any minute he would be gored by a Brahmin bull, but it didn't disturb the young producer in the least.

It remained for Jack Oakie (whom you'd never recognize with his new mustache and added weight) to present the trophies and medals to the grinning cowboys who won the various events.

Happy Birthday to May—

AND happy birthday, Cora Sue. When the oldest and the youngest stars in the Metro studio celebrate their birthdays on the same day all those of in-between ages pay homage. May Robson was seventy and Cora Sue Collins was seven on the same day.

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow came to pay their best respects and sing this little song: "It's May Robson's birthday today, a lady for more than a day, so let's drink a toast to the one we love most, for it's May Robson's birthday today."

All roads led to the executive bungalow where May held court on this gala day. It was banked high with flowers which were tokens of the esteem in which her fellow-workers hold the grand old gal. A five-layer birthday cake was presented to her. Quite the most elaborate confection in the world it was topped by a pure white live canary in a candy cage which sang merrily for the guests.

Cora Sue received a smaller cake edged in delicious candy dolls and both the ladies cut their cakes amid applause and cheers.

Cora Sue made a polite little speech telling what a lucky little girl she was to be born on the same day as the great May Robson. May kissed her tiny birthday mate in a way that made the tears come to our eyes.

"When I retire it will be only when someone folds my hands across my chest and puts a lily in one of them," May Robson said.

"I've done everything in pictures from smoking a cigar to riding horseback, and I'd pilot an airplane or take a ride on high-speed roller skates if necessary."

Just when we were in too serious a mood anyway Frank Morgan came popping in late. He'd been invited to the party but hadn't got the details, so he dashed up to Louis B. Mayer and congratulated him on his "seventieth anniversary."

Isabel's Third Anniversary

A BROKEN romance isn't going to curb Isabel Jewell's joy in living. Although she and Lee Tracy, the big moment in her life for four years, have definitely called their romance off, the

blond Jewell goes her merry old way.

It was just three years ago that Isabel came from the New York stage to play the same role in the film version of "Blessed Event" that she did on Broadway. To commemorate the important day that she first arrived in our movie village Isabel, with her closest friend, Gertrude Michael, invited only their most intimate friends to dinner at Isabel's parents' house in Beverly Hills. This is the house Isabel offered her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lee Jewell, as a bribe if they would come to California from Shoshone, Wyoming.

Isabel's new heart interest, Bill Tannen, was there and a three-piece orchestra provided the music for dancing after dinner.

That fascinating new Hollywood game of balancing matches on a tumbler was bound to pop up since Gertrude Michael is such an expert at it, and true to form she won all the matches.

The way the game is played, each person in the company balances a match on the same glass. In doing so if a person knocks any matches off he forfeits the matches in his hand to the jack-pot. The person who places the last match on the glass without brushing any aside wins the jack-pot. Of course, it all takes a steady hand and no jumpy nerves.

Cocktails for Six

ONCE upon a time a Hollywood party was just something for everyone to crash, but now they are very select, and we'll hand it to John Boles that he's the town's best selector.

With the last reel of "Redheads on Parade" in the can, he and Mrs. Boles invited those four little girls who out-rhumba, out-fox-trot and just plain out-dance anything in this dancing business to his house for cocktails.

Two of the girls, Shirley Aaronson and Florine Dixon, couldn't resist presenting him with a mechanical dancing girl to show how much they appreciated working with "the most regular fellow in Hollywood." The dancer had so many wiggles John said if it had only been a little bigger he could let it shake their cocktails.

Hawaiian Polo

WHAT—you've never heard of Hawaiian polo? Well, we never had either until we went to Robert Presnell's birthday surprise.

Bob is an associate producer at Universal and so popular some of his actor friends thought it would be fun to drop in on him on his birthday and go "Boo!" However Bob wasn't half as much surprised at seeing the beaming faces of his friends when he least expected them as he was at the cavalcade that came riding along a few minutes later.

They were in the garden when Isabel Jewel squealed, "Look!" and there before their very eyes were ten Hawaiian musicians, carrying their stringed instruments, astride as many polo-ponies. It was Walter King and John Miljan's idea of something to open the eyes—and it did!

After supper in the garden there was to be dancing in the house, but the South Sea melodies of the orchestra, entrancing as they were, couldn't keep polo-conscious minds off the horses neighing in the backyard. When the urge became too great ten good men and true dashed right out and grabbed themselves a horse apiece. Substituting golf clubs and even, alas, guitars for polo clubs the game began.

Chick Chandler confided in us it reminded him of the carefree days of Hollywood he used to read about before he was a part of it. Do you remember when Lowell Sherman, Lew Cody and Norman Kerry were the happy-go-lucky playboys who thought of just such high adventure? Perhaps, for all we know, Hollywood's "Golden Age" is returning.

Chocolate Mousse for your next party!

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

1 square unsweetened chocolate
½ cup milk
7 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks
1 cup whipping cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

Melt the chocolate. Heat in a double boiler the milk and sugar and add to the beaten egg yolks, stirring thoroughly. Cook 5 minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly. Add melted chocolate and vanilla. Chill. Whip the cream, fold into the chocolate mixture and freeze in the refrigerator without stirring.

Or choose any one of the other 56 thrilling recipes from this food circular on Ice Box Cooking

Ice-box recipes festive enough for parties—easy enough for every-day meals! Women who plan menus carefully to please guests and family know that dishes made in the refrigerator score a sure success. Here in one 10c food circular you get 56 recipes: Modern Mousses and Parfaits; Refrigerator Ice Creams and Ices; Chilled Desserts; Ice Box Cakes; Frozen and Chilled Salads; Chilled Meats and Vegetable Dishes; Beverages; Refrigerator Pastry and Rolls.

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In Anita's Garden

"YOU were trying to imitate Merle Oberon's arrival at the Mayfair Ball," teased Hoot Gibson, for Patricia Ellis was still blushing over her most embarrassing moment that had happened that day.

Coming out of Sardi's Pat slipped on something on the sidewalk and went sprawling while autograph hunters rushed to her rescue. Fortunately there wasn't a cameraman in sight. Remember when Merle made her entrance to the Mayfair Ball the very same way?

All this gay bantering was going on in Anita Louise's garden when she entertained at a pre-nuptial tea for Ada Ince who has since become Mrs. Ray Dodge.

Anita herself looked like a fairy-book princess as she poured tea for her guests, including Jack LaRue who is all palsy-walsy with his socialite moment, Connie Simpson, again this week, for indeed he brought her to the party. Cy Bartlett, who was Alice White's husband, came with his sister, Nan, so maybe he's still being true to the pert Alice.

Also there were Nancy Carroll and Phillip Reid—not together, but come to think of it, my match-making heart thinks they'd certainly be a very seemly pair.

Here and There

REGINALD DENNY taking the Rod LaRocques and other friends for a house-party and fishing to his cabin at Big Bear Lake; Dorothy Wilson studying badminton with Jess Willard, the U. S. champion; Jimmy Butler entertaining Jackie Cooper and Junior Pichel, son of Irving Pichel, on his La Canada ranch; Jean Parker and Bob Taylor looking over the Willy Pogany art exhibit in the Hollywood print room; Mary Brian returning to town from an eastern personal appearance tour all booked up for dates with Rudy Vallee; swank cocktail lounges popping up all over town and Clara Bow at one of them looking slim and zestful with her husband, Rex Bell; Constance Talmadge and Ruth Roland stop to chat about old times. Ten years ago they would have been swamped by autograph hunters if they had stopped on the boulevard; the Sol Wurtzels shindigging at the Indian Room of the Ambassador Hotel for Claire Trevor ere she departed for sun-tan in Waikiki. While Francis Lederer goes romancing astray Steffi Duna, his former love, is nightclubbing and rhumba-ing here and there with others; Margaret Sullavan's ex, Henry Fonda, hasn't remained impervious to the charms of Alice Faye; Maxine Doyle and Gordon Westcott are more interested in each other than in the fights these days, but still going to them; Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell dropping in for tea at Dick Powell's new house, but not liking the way he had his furniture arranged, switched it around; Irene Biller having a week-end house party at the St. Catherine Hotel in Catalina. That gay Hungarian set, including Paul and Daisy Lukas and the Ernest Vadjas there; Clark Gable among the early morning riders on the beautiful Bel-Air bridle path.

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To win and hold love and admiration, glorify your natural charms with exquisite RADIO GIRL—the enchanting PERFUME compounded from French essential oils. And RADIO GIRL FACE POWDER blends with, beautifies and protects your skin. There is a shade for *your* complexion. The price is amazingly low.



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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 29*)

Freddie March goes for a mineral broth concoction that has so intrigued the Garbo company that he has had his recipe printed so the folks can make the mineral-tomato-celery broth at home.

Good for reducing that waist-line, too, says Freddie.

BACK on the merry-go-round again. The biggest shock of the month is Bing Crosby's transformation from a very careless dresser to a living, breathing example of what the well-dressed man should wear!

For months we've gone jittery just watching bo-bo-bo-Bing trekking hither and yon in sloppy, unpressed trousers and a moth-eaten orange sweater. In desperation Bing's brother, Larry, and your commentator stuck fingers in the holes and ripped the orange atrocity beyond all description. Bing simply sighed huskily and went out and bought another one! On his knees Larry begged his careless brother to take more pride in his appearance. But he might as well have tried coaxing Niagara Falls to go into reverse.

And then, out of a clear sky, Bing saunters into Larry's office, utterly resplendent in an outfit that would have put Lord Chesterfield himself to shame! And, while Larry sits there, gawping, Bing says: "You really ought to get a few new suits, kid. It hurts me deeply to see a brother allowing himself to get . . . er, dowdy!"

It wasn't a gag, either, because Bing had actually purchased a complete wardrobe of all the latest models and, at this writing, continues to go places looking like the last word in tonsorial perfection!

Bing is a simple soul and one of the most considerate guys in the world. While working at another studio, his wife, Dixie, caught a terrific cold and Bing was fit to be tied. Not to Dixie's face, however, but every day for a week he heckled Larry into scramming out to the Fox studio and seeing to it that the missus was all right and not over-doing. And, if Dixie reads this, Bing'll tear old man NEMO apart!

Maybe we shouldn't tell this, either, but, every Sunday morning, Bing rises early and drives to Glendale where he attends services at a little out-of-the-way church there. Nobody recognizes the famous crooner even though he bellows his head off during the community singing and, until somebody does spot him, he'll have the time of his life.

One more item on the Crosby household.

A few weeks ago we were invited out to Bing's for a cocktail or two. Clara Bow and Rex Bell were there with the comparatively new offspring; Mr. and Mrs. Larry Crosby came in with their two youngsters; and, of course, there were the three husky kids that Bing is personally responsible for.

Leaving us boys in the nursery to keep the collective progeny from getting in one anothers' hair, the three gals walked out to compare notes on baby raising, and, there we were . . . high and dry. Anyhow, high.

Oh, well—the kids were cute. And we know another place we can get a cocktail. . . .

GARBO mingles!

Or anyway M-G-M bowled us over with the startling announcement that "quite nonchalantly the crowd-shy Garbo has mingled with throngs!"

It seems that Adrian, the fashion designer, smuggled our mysterious lady onto the stage where they were rehearsing the big ballet scene for "Anna Karenina." Standing toe to toe (and heel to heel) with a mob of extras, Garbo watched the ballet from start to finish. And the only nervous one in the crowd was one of the dancing girls who recognized queen Garbo and messed up her Trotzky routine with an "off-to-Buffalo" shuffle!

REMEMBER on Marlene Dietrich's last picture when Von Sternberg asked Joel McCrea how much salary he was getting? And, after Joel told him, how Von snorted: "Then would you be so kind as to give me two dollars worth of acting?"

So, several weeks after Joel had walked out of the production in an understandable huff, his home telephone rang.

"Hello," says Joel.

"Hello," a feminine voice replied. "This is Marlene Dietrich."

"So what?" Joel snapped, knowing practical jokers for what they are in this man's town.

"So I wondered if you would like to be my leading man in my next picture?" the feminine voice went on.

"Oh, yeah?" Enough was enough. "Well, you can peddle your papers, Toots. I've been razzed by experts!" and the perturbed Joel slammed the receiver back on the hook.

Next morning, the phone rang again. This time it was the studio.

"Did Miss Dietrich get in touch with you yesterday?" a voice wanted to know. "It was about—"

But Joel didn't hear the rest. He had done as pretty a flop as you've ever seen, and it took the little woman fifteen minutes and two buckets of water to bring him around!

AND was Will Rogers surprised when the Los Angeles news distributing association called him on the telephone to get either a confirmation or a denial of the story that he had died suddenly!

Just as he was about to tell the news hounds "No . . . No!. A thousand times No!!" Irvin S. Cobb interposed:

"Don't deny it—yet," he whispered. "Let the public have its fun for a while!"

BABIES . . . babies . . . everywhere . . . With Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale the newest candidates for a little bundle from heaven!

Adolphe was in the hospital recuperating from an attack of flu when Veree whispered the good news in his ear and the excited man began running up and down the halls and leaping around so much that they decided to let him go home and climb over the furniture in his own house!

IT'S an ill wind, etc. but M-G-M is still looking for the advantage in the sou'wester that picked up the synthetic snow from the Garbo set and plunked it down, smack in the middle of a summer garden scene on the Joan Crawford set!

IT'S a tough spot, being the meanest man in the world, but . . . we've got to tell you that your latest heart throb, Tullio Carminati, has been going places of late with a stunning brunette, Nina Mitleva.

If this keeps up, maybe NEMO will get a better break?

Tullio can have his brunette (and they do seem to be back in style) but, Jack Oakie opines that he'll stick to platinum blondes "because they look so cool in summer!"

PAUL KELLY is teaching his daughter, Mimi, to play polo. And right in the Kelly back yard, too!

Paul has built a practice cage that keeps the ball constantly rolling back to the mallet.

Rising in the stirrups, they knock the elusive white ball around and all Mimi has to do now is learn the same methods from the saddle of a real pony.

Incidentally, M-G-M is so pleased with Kelly's role in "Public Hero No. 1" that they added pages to the script in order to build up the role!

WE didn't believe it until we saw it with our own eyes, but, Dolores Del Rio has a pair of talking birds that came all the way from Asia!

The birdies look like frustrated crows, speak three languages, English, Spanish and French and sing in two voices, baritone and soprano!

What a break for Warner Brothers if we can just coax 'em to get together on a gold-digger duet?

PAT O'BRIEN'S fan mail gave up a letter from an English professor who bawled Pat out good and proper for the way he massacres the King's English in his picture roles!

Also, several correspondence schools offered him a right snappy course in "English as it is spoke", or something!

What they don't know is that Pat is a graduate of Marquette University and majored in English!

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton have declared a moratorium on photographers who dash out to snap pictures of their new home. With the pictures in the local gazettes and the house number showing all too plainly, Ann and Leslie came out of the place one morning to find the front driveway cluttered with ferocious fans, intent on camping there until autographs were forthcoming. Or else!

IF you can imagine it, we let ourselves get talked into attending the summer style show at the Victor Hugo, last week!

The cocktails were swell, the food was excellent, and the models were the last word in divinity. But, we couldn't take our eyes off Mrs. Clark Gable, who sat directly across from us with a party that included our old favorite, Alice Joyce.

Mrs. Gable is one of the most charming women we know, and it's easy to understand Clark's preference for a woman possessed of depth and understanding, intelligence and wit, rather than the empty prettiness that is so profuse in this town of towns.

Whether you like it or not, gals, that marriage is going to last!

JEAN HARLOW was there, too, with her mother. But, so engrossed was she in Jimmy Townsend and the elegant fried chicken with mushroom sauce that we didn't even have a look-in. Ah, the irony of it!

Jean and Bill Powell seem to have called it a day. Which wipes another swell romance off the board. And after devoting himself exclusively to Peggy Watters for months and months, Lyle Talbot all of a sudden starts skittering places with the too sweet Maxine Doyle!

WE had a good laugh at Frank Morgan's expense, the other day on the set.

For hours, he practiced the nautical salute, getting it down to a perfection

that even Dewey couldn't have questioned. And then, wanting to go "below," Frank innocently remarks: "Let's go down stairs!"

Anyhow, the salute's all there.

HELEN GAHAGAN is willing to concede that it's still a man's world.

On the eve of a dinner for ten, the cook took to her bed with a bad case of flu, and, after frantically calling the agencies, to no avail, Miss Gahagan was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Just as she was about to give in and call the party off, her ingenious husband, Melvyn Douglas, donned a chef's cap, got things started and then telephoned his club and was lucky enough to contact a "second cook".

The dinner was such a success that the guests departed declaring that they had never enjoyed an evening so much in months! And, who do you think is "tops" in the Gahagan-Douglas household this minute?

WE don't know how long Diogenes had to scout around to find an honest man, but if he's interested in an honest woman, we're telling him to do a Greeley and "go west!"

Very candidly, Lyda Roberti told us: "I won't make more than two pictures a year because I don't want to. I don't read good books; I hate to exercise; I like to sleep late, and I'm NOT in love with my work!"

Isn't that a relief?

MAYBE Mae West had a yen for Paul Cavanaugh and maybe we're wrong. If we're right, then condolences are in order, on account of Paul and Paula Stone seem to be pretty much wrapped up in each other these balmy summer evenings.

A LOT of good it did us to stand there with our tongue hanging out when Joan Crawford ordered a tasty luncheon for three sent to her portable dressing room.

Franchot Tone we counted on, but, when Joan crooked her finger at Bob Montgomery and we innocently started for the eats—gosh! our face hasn't been so red since we backed out of our tailor's dressing-room door and into a room full of people, with our long, red flannels on!

AT the Gotham, during the after-theater rush, we sat in on a reconciliation that did our heart good.

In one booth sat Mrs. Leslie Carter; in another, Al Woods, the well known New York producer. Several years ago, during the production of "Shanghai Gesture," Woods and Mrs. Carter had a serious falling out and for years avoided each other meticulously.

Maybe it was Eddie, the bartender's colossal cocktails; or perhaps Spring was in the air. Anyhow, right before our startled eyes, Woods left his booth, walked a straight line to Mrs. Carter's table and, to the delight of all and sundry, took the dear old lady in his arms and pressed a resounding kiss on her cheek!

For a split second, Mrs. Carter didn't know which way to turn. But, in another split second, she reached up, pulled his face down and returned the compliment!

And believe it or don't, there weren't many dry eyes in the place!

NOT so long ago, Douglass Montgomery and Billie Burke visited the Children's Home Finding Society—a splendid institution here that sees to the placing of abandoned kiddies.

Recognizing Doug, the youngsters immediately started questioning him as to the type of parts he has played.

One little fellow, obviously too young to know much about it, asked Doug if he played cowboy parts. Regretfully, our hero denied the allegation.

"Well, did you play detectives?" the kid wondered.

Doug was sorry but he never had a detective role.

"Do you play in funny pitchers, then?" the lad persisted.

And again Doug shook his head. The kid looked up at him suspiciously.

"Aw, I know—" he snorted, "—LOVE STUFF!"

And Doug was obliged to bow his head in shame before the disgusted tone of voice and agree helplessly.

Miss Burke came away from the adventure with a drenched hankie because one little tike pulled at her skirt and, with big, brown eyes looking into hers, said: "Could you help 'em find me a home? Nobody wants me . . ."

Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

CURTAIN PATTERN

To be made from scrim and checked gingham. With this are directions for making checked flower pot holders to match. Very decorative.

CROCHETED STOOL COVER

It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS

Empty tin containers can be transformed into good-looking, serviceable canisters with the aid of waterproof paint and simple stencils.

LETTUCE BAGS

Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS

No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE

A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

TWINE HOLDER

You'll never be without a ball of twine in a handy place when you have this wall holder.

Send for these diagram patterns today . . . all seven for 15 cents

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

THE kid should take a lesson from Binnie Barnes' cat which she calls "Diamond Jim."

Binnie was sound asleep the other morning with her boudoir windows wide open. Awakening with a start, she found a strange cat curled up beside her on the pillow, and purring his furry head off!

Half a dozen times she shooed the feline off the bed. And, half a dozen times the determined animal climbed back and calmly went into her purring act.

Having a lot of it herself, Binnie appreciates determination. So now kitty has purred herself into a fine home, not to mention the "Diamond Jim" monicker!

A FEW years ago, George Murphy and his wife danced professionally at George Olsen's Plantation cafe, near Los Angeles.

George admits he did everything in his power to attract the attention of a certain motion picture producer who sat at a ringside table, apparently enjoying the exhibition.

Next day, imagine George's delight when he received a note from the producer, requesting an interview.

"Next day, I went to keep the appointment, arrived about half an hour early and had to kill time walking up and down in front of the place," says George.

"Mr. Blank was extremely nice and, to my surprise, seemed more embarrassed than I was! Finally, he blurted out that he admired our specialty number at the Plantation, no end.

"That was, without exception, my Big Moment! And it lasted until the producer went on to say that he was so intrigued by the routine that he had called me in to see if I wouldn't teach it to him!"

Life seems to be like that for some of us!

PETER LORRE received probably the strangest fan letter on record, not so long ago. It was from a convict in a British gaol (hoosegow, to you) and the writer, a lifer, states that he is the exact double for Lorre.

"I am in the position I am through the perfidy of a woman," he writes, "and here is my proposition: Inasmuch as you and I look enough alike to be twins, would you do me the favor of visiting me, exchanging clothes and taking my place here while I go out in the world and do in the woman who betrayed me?"

Jolly idea, what? But, Mr. Lorre regrets he's unable to avail himself of the offer.

AND so, until next month . . . adieu . . . ad you . . . ad especially you!



Your hands can be as intriguing as your favorite perfume. Ragged, unkempt finger nails belie the daintiness which your perfume suggests. Brittle nails respond rapidly to regular care and attention. Use Wigder Manicure Aids at all times. These well balanced, quality instruments turn an arduous task into a pleasant, simple duty. Look for the Improved Cleaner Point and Arrow trade mark. On sale at your 5 and 10¢ store.



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Removed the Easier, Quicker, Surer Way

by a RENEWED, ACTIVE, STIMULATED blood circulation that rejuvenates the nerves, muscles and glands that control skin health. When these are energized we correct the very cause of wrinkles, blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, oily or dry skin or drooping tissues, that shows in the very first application of Boncilla Beautifier, the genuine Clasmic Pack.

Such world-famous Beauty Specialists as Andrelys of Paris, Emile of London, use daily this Facial Pack and endorse it as the best way to correct these troubles and bring a new Youthful Beauty to faces.

Used at home by over a million women. Ask today for the New Improved

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How to Avoid "Kitchen Mechanic Hands!"

Pots to scrub, pans to scour—pots and pans make "Kitchen Mechanic" hands. Avoid the kind of scouring that roughens and scratches. Give hands a chance to keep nice. Scour with SKOUR-PAK.

Skour-Pak is the perfect steel wool Brush. It comes complete. Its steel wool is fastened in a unique holder which peels down when you need more steel wool. YOU NEED NEVER TOUCH THE WOOL—thus keeping hands out of trouble.

Skour-Pak is easy to handle—makes for quicker, better scouring. Skour-Pak keeps clean—is treated to resist rust. One little Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary loose steel wool.

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THE STEEL WOOL BRUSH

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WIN $25.00

This month we are again offering $25.00 in cash for the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, telling "Why I like NEW-SKIN." Send your letter with an empty NEW-SKIN carton or facsimile before August 5th, 1935, to Dept. R, Newskin Company, Brooklyn, N.Y. A case for carrying your NEW-SKIN bottle in hand bag or vest pocket will be sent each contestant.



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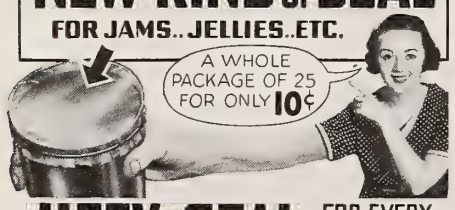
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Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1434 York St., Cincinnati, O.

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GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢

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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 48*)

famous musicians, artists, authors and scientists, on the screen.

Keep it up, and the younger generation will be too well-educated and intelligent "to go to the dogs."—Kay Ericson, 300 Boston Avenue, Medford, Mass. *It does make us wish we were a few years younger, and in school these days, doesn't it?*

Just Plain John

The write-up, "Just Plain John Boles," in the May number of NEW MOVIE is keen. I enjoyed it tremendously, and also the two portraits of Mr. Boles are certainly delightfully interesting. Thanks very much for both. I wish he would sing more.

Please give us another story written by Elsie Janis, very soon. It is always interesting and very refreshing to read her articles—in my opinion.

NEW MOVIE is really interesting from cover to cover.—Lillian Musgrave, 2700 North Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. *Elsie is with us every month, Lillian. Thank you for the kind words.*

From Ireland

This is just a few words of appreciation from the "ould country" for the wonderful pictures Hollywood has been turning out lately. I may safely say that no city in the world has a more devoted film-going public than this Dublin of ours; but a while back we had a tremendous shortage of American films over here, owing to the vulgar nature of most of them. (We have a very sensible censor here.) However, as Hollywood has become normal again, we are having some of the finest masterpieces in talking pictures that have ever been (or ever will be) created, and we are eagerly looking forward to more. So here's hoping Hollywood will keep on with the good work.— Miss E. Ross, 13 Leinster St., East, Dublin, N. E. 6, Ireland. *You'll be delighted to know, Miss Ross, that the picture people are drawing some of their stories from famous Irish authors, too. Such an example is Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer," which you will see soon.*

Sensible Rules

May I recommend five rules to film-goers, which I have used with very great benefit and increased enjoyment of the cinema?

First: Never visit the cinema just to kill time. If there is no film you must see, stay away, and save your time and money for a bumper week.

Second: Go to the pictures alone, when possible. The distraction of a companion prevents you from soaking yourself in a film's atmosphere.

Third: Read as many reviews as possible, but always use your own judgment. Dig out the facts of the picture. What is bilge to the critic may be first-rate entertainment to you.

Fourth: If you can't make up your mind about a film from the reviews, study the still pictures in the cinema show-cases or the film magazines. They are a great help in estimating a film's quality.

Fifth: Above all, take film-going seriously and with restraint. Those who don't find out just what they want in pictures can look forward to disappointment.—Wiley P. Ballard, Jr., 208 North Caldwell Street, Charlotte, N. C. *And thanks for giving the English language a new word, Wiley. "Film-going" is good. We'll enjoy using it.*

Comedy Relief

No doubt the makers of pictures strive to a certain extent to introduce comedy relief that will prove appealingly amusing, but it does seem to me that they must not have a full realization of the vital importance of this angle or we would see more evidences of it in current offerings.

Many supposed-to-be funny scenes have an air of "here's a good spot to relieve the dramatic tension," and then we see a player or two very palpably making an effort to be funny. And all we get is a pain. Of course, I don't mean to imply that this is true of *all* pictures. Indeed, no, for in some of them the thread of comedy relief is so sparkling and truly amusing that word goes forth that So-and-So "stole" the picture or "saved" it.

My point is that many a picture has proved great box office for no other reason than that the comedy relief in it was priceless, and that on the other hand, many a great picture—from the angle of real dramatic portrayal—has been ruined by crude interpolation of comedy relief.—Mabel Kramer, 905 Lydia Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky. *Critics have long pointed this out, Mabel, and the better producers and directors are at last beginning to take heed.*

Naturalness

Many thanks to Maude Cheatham for her clever article "Shopping with Joan." Not that Joan Crawford is a special favorite of mine, although I've always admired her very much, but because Miss Cheatham has given us an interesting glimpse into the everyday life of a very busy actress.

I think most of us movie-goers become so used to seeing the stars in elaborate settings and many changing roles that we think of them as separate beings entirely. They seem so far away from the everyday naturalness that surrounds us, that we forget they're "just folks" in spite of the glamour and publicity we associate them with.

Miss Cheatham's article shows clearly that Joan Crawford is a very real person, and most of us will enjoy her pictures all the more, after knowing she's really a kind-hearted, thoughtful young woman underneath the "screen star" exterior.—Mrs. Doris G. Nelson, 26 W. Harmony Street, Penns Grove, New Jersey. *This is the note we try to hit, Mrs. Nelson—to take you into the stars' everyday lives. You encourage us.*

A Suggestion

If Ann Harding's new film, "Enchanted April," is taken from the novel of the same name, I hope there will also be an adaptation of "The Caravaners," a still more hilarious story by the same author.

I burn to see Frank Morgan play the amorous old cuckoo, "Baron von Otringel," whose stilted pomposity and complacent narrowness make him the paragon of stuffed shirts and one of the funniest characters in fiction!

The whole book is charming light entertainment, and would screen perfectly. —Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancaster, England. *We hope a studio will take note of your valuable hint, Barbara.*

Eleven

I am a girl of eleven years and I like the movies very much. When I get big I would like to be an actress. I have taken the leading parts in many of the plays that have been given in our school. Now I am working in a play called "Hansel and Gretel." I have the part of "Gretel." Many people have



mentioned that I have talent for acting.

Some of my favorite stars are Shirley Temple, Clark Gable and James Dunn. The stars I like to see together best are James Dunn and Shirley Temple, and Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

If anyone asked me where I would like best to go for a visit, I would say, "Hollywood."

I buy your NEW MOVIE magazine every month and enjoy it better than any other book or magazine.—Janice Matisse, 525 Bellwood Avenue, Philipse Manor, N. Y. *Thank you, Janice, and good luck to you.*

Old Rum-Hound

I am a teacher and I know teachers, and I resent the sorry spectacle May Robson made of herself as the teacher in "Grand Old Girl." It was an insult to the teaching profession. Sloppy sentimentality, the nauseating "sweetness and light" attitude May displayed must have sickened her as well as the audience.

Teachers have never been adequately or truthfully presented on the screen. Almost without exception they have been unsympathetically caricatured and ridiculed. They have never been shown for what they are—capable human beings, less painted, plucked, curled and dyed than the rest of the feminine world perhaps, but with the same hopes, fears and desires as their more highly decorated sisters.

I hope that May, who has done some fine work as a rough-neck old rum-hound, was as disgusted with her namby-pamby role as I was to see her play it.—Mary Irene Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. *If the part was as bad as you say it was, May probably did feel just as you do about it. She's a real person.*

The Other Side of It

I have just had the pleasure of seeing dear May Robson in the great picture titled "Grand Old Girl." I wonder when I'll see a picture again that will be half as good.

I once saw in a magazine a picture of June Knight and near it I read, "June Knight has what it takes to make a star." Perhaps she has, but May Robson can put them all in the dust. As a rule it is a star like Claudette Colbert that I long to see. As a matter of fact Miss Colbert has been my favorite actress for a long time.

I hope Miss Robson's pictures in the near future will turn out as well as this one and I wish her health and happiness—Mary Catherine Kane, 109 Jefferson Street, Woodstock, Ill. *See this, Miss Woodruff?*

Opera

After the great success of "One Night of Love," why does not Hollywood think of filming operas? I believe operas would be as successful as "One Night of Love." More, if it is possible. Hollywood must not forget the lovers of good music. We are thousands, and we prefer better operas than those musical comedies that the studios have given us so often. And, why not begin with the glorious "Carmen"?—M. F. Vazquez, 675 W. Flagler Street, Miami, Florida. *Opera on the screen has long been a dream. We printed an article about it not long ago. Did you see the "Pagliacci" short with Henry Hull?*

Scarlet Pimpernickel

Why do the movie people give their pictures such senseless titles? Some days ago a friend asked me to see a picture called the Scarlet Pimpernickel. I laughed and told him it was the Scarlet Pimpernel, but what it was all about I did not know. So, having nothing else to do, we went and—lo and behold—it was a picture of the French Revolution, and a mighty fine picture at that! With Leslie Howard, the story, the scenes and the acting were wonderful, but the house was empty. The picture was made in England but I doubt if Englishmen ever heard of this character. It seems a shame such a good picture should be so handicapped. Why not call it, "The Hero of the French Revolution"?—Harry Amsorge, 402—85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. *You're too young, Harry, to remember the book called "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Your parents loved it, we're sure. That's why they kept the original title.*

Fightin' Mad!

Prepare to receive the glove upon your face, for I challenge you to a duel. You've called me a silly egotist for believing others as well as myself would enjoy a few technical articles upon how the movies are made. I am willing to abide by what my co-readers think, but until the time I know their minds I shall still continue to say a few short, concise articles upon the people behind the camera's range will be appreciated. How are you certain there are twenty readers to my one, who might enjoy the verbal glimpses behind the scenes? Have you asked them if they would like to know something about the making of a movie? I ask a fair chance to recover from the friendly slur I received in the footnote which followed my letter in the May issue. Readers, write in your opinion! Am I an egotist, or am I right?

You pick ten pictures every month, selected by you as best. I find no fault with that. It's a wonderful guide, but you didn't get my point. Did you ever stop to think how much your readers would appreciate your advising them honestly on all the pictures you mention in your magazine? Don't stop at ten. After all, most people see far more than ten shows a month. Keep faith with your readers. Be their friend and guide. If the producers found that at last a magazine was advising the people some of their products were not so hot they (the producers) would soon stop sending out some of the tripe they're getting away with now.

I enjoy a good picture, but I hate to be pulled into the theater and see something that might as well not have been made. Promising trailers, misleading advertisements, lure many into thinking they are going to see a good picture which, when they see the film, proves to be a dud. This practice should be stopped. You could help if you dared to print an honest opinion of all pictures. James Smock, 59 N. Audubon Place, Indianapolis, Indiana. *Well, James, we can only say that the preponderance of letters that come in* seem *to indicate that few people want technical information. We have compromised by giving it in photographs. See our candid camera studies of "No More Ladies" in the July issue. About reviews—you're probably right. We can only plead a compromise again. Read the captions on the review page carefully, this month, though, and you'll see "tripe" indicated if not specifically called by name.*

Huston

Why do the studios spend so much money seeking ever for potential stars, when in their midst there are so many uncontracted actual stars? Men and women who have consistently proved their actual worth both to art and to the box office?

From a random dozen or so of these, I choose for example Walter Huston. Huston has consistently shown himself to be more than an adequate actor; an actor who lends the author's realism to his portrayals. Yet the hiatus between Walter Huston's last picture and the present date is an appalling discrepancy on the part of the studios.

Let us have more performances by polished and really talented actors and actresses. They who are deserving of the silver star tacked onto their dressing-room door!—J. Walter LeBon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, La. *Walter went back to New York to appear in some stage plays. He wanted to. But you'll probably be seeing him again.*

Musicals

A great big hand to those who are responsible for the NEW MOVIE magazine. "Hollywood Day by Day" and your letter department are very interesting. I also like the fine pictures and articles about the stars.

The Hollywood producers deserve a lot of praise for the wonderful variety of pictures they gave us this season.

I hope the movie fans who think we are getting too many musical films will stop and think things over. I hope they won't forget that it was the talkies that put many good singers, dancers and chorus girls out of work, and I think if the producers continue to give these people work in musical pictures we ought to be able to take them.—Herman Benson, 7 Bernhard Place, Jamestown, N. Y.

Another from Ireland

First of all let me thank you for the great improvement in NEW MOVIE. I have been reading your magazine for a long time past and think that its enlargement was a great improvement.

I see that in your magazine greater notice is being taken of British films. I agree that British films have been making good progress but I also say that American films have been making excellent progress. I have watched with absolute impartiality the development in "talkie" technique and actors in both countries since the coming of the "talkies" and I consider that British films have a long distance to go before they can equal American films. Britain progresses but America also progresses.

Now let us consider the films which had a good reception in your country. The first film we shall consider is "The Private Life of Henry VIII." It was an excellent film but who and what made it a hit? Charles Laughton and Alexander Korda. Who made Charles Laughton? Admittedly he is a great actor but Hollywood made him a star. Also, Alexander Korda learned most of his technique in Hollywood, the home of great films. Then came "Nell Gwynn," "Evergreen," "The Iron Duke." "Sanders of the River," with Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks and Nina Mae McKinney, promises to be another great British hit. But for these few British hits many great American triumphs could be named.

What stars has Britain made? Very few, while America has made very many. Some of them came from Britain, but America has developed them. Over here in Ireland many people, whom I know, would not go to the cinema unless an American film is being shown.

I myself prefer American films and I shall go on preferring them till Britain can produce films as good.

Hoping that your publication continues to make progress.—T. Russell, 23 Ballycarry St., Belfast, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. *What's all this about you. Irishmen being so argumentative? If we ever saw a fairer, friendlier letter than this we don't remember when. Did you see "The Informer"? Will the censors permit its showing in Ireland?*

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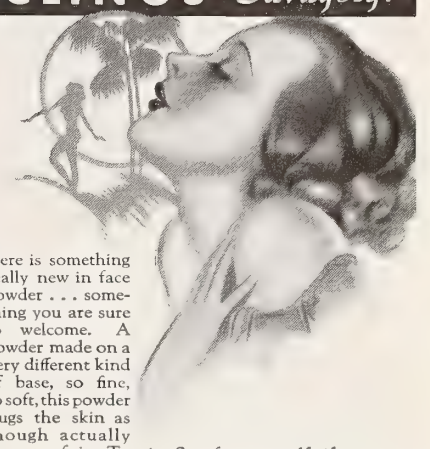
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You can't afford to neglect your gums until they show the warning signal of "pink tooth brush." For it is a serious matter—as dental science tells you.

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender and sensitive through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

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TOOTH PASTE

JUL 31 1935

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new movie





Our covers for July, August and this issue—Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Katharine Hepburn.



A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THE cover of this issue of New Movie Magazine carries the third of our plastic masks. Last month we had Jean Harlow, and the month before that Joan Crawford—the first mask ever used as a cover design by any motion picture publication. We think you will agree, looking at the pictures above, that this one of Katharine Hepburn is the best of the three.

THAT is one reason we are going on with them—because they are getting better and better. Helen Liedloff, the sculptor, is an artist of note, who has had showings of her work at the Art Center and other galleries in New York. She has won a reputation for her striking modelling of hands, in particular. Among celebrities whose heads or hands she has rendered in clay are Katherine Cornell, Henry Hull, Amelia Earhart, Lily Pons, Bobby Jones, Albert Einstein and Ely Culbertson.

AND the other reason we are going on with the masks is that you like them! We confess we were a little afraid you mightn't. But, of the letters pouring in, seven out of ten say: "The new covers are grand." And so we want to go ahead with our experiment, although it still isn't too late to write in and scold us, if you want to.

BUT Miss Hepburn, we're delighted to say, likes this one. Note the inscription on the big photo of the mask above.

VOL. XII No. 3 • • • September 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Amy Vanderbilt, Director of Home Service

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COVER DESIGN BY HELEN LIEDLOFF

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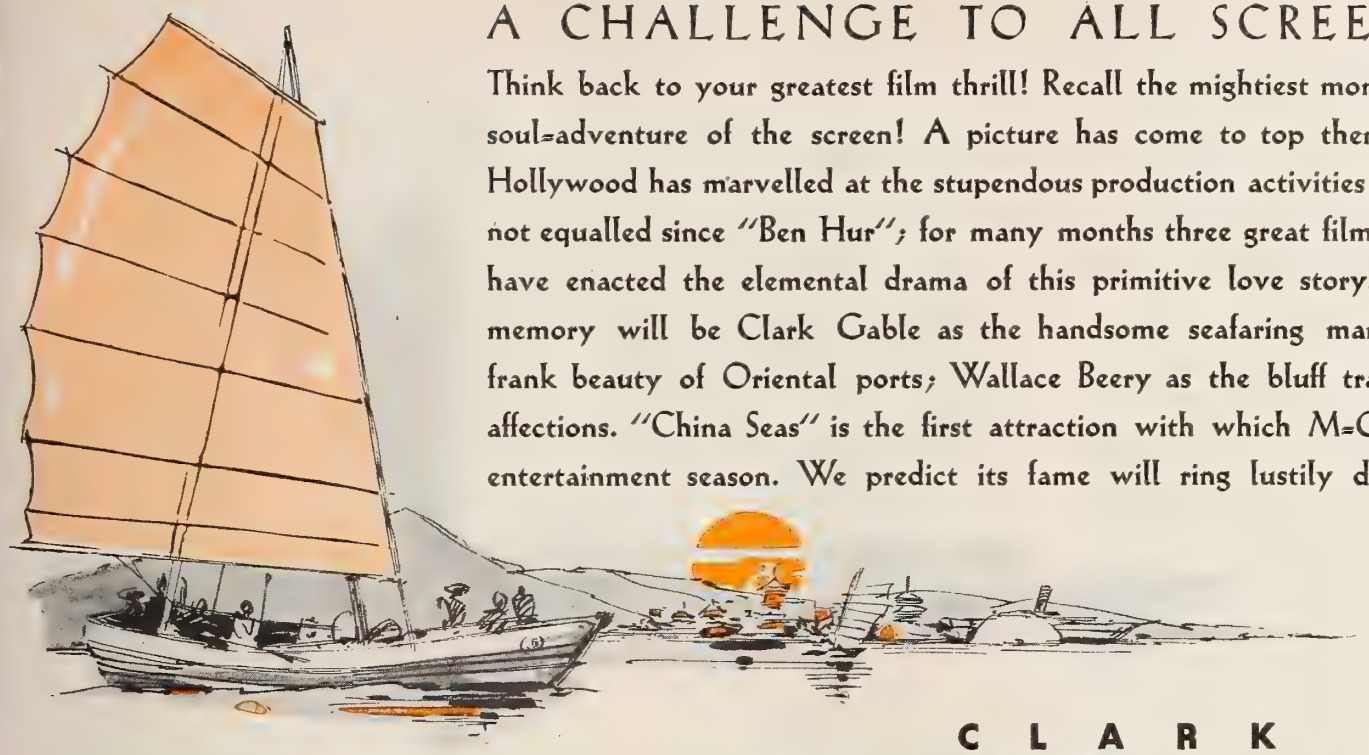
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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!

CLARK
GABLE
JEAN
HARLOW
WALLACE
BEERY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER • PICTURE

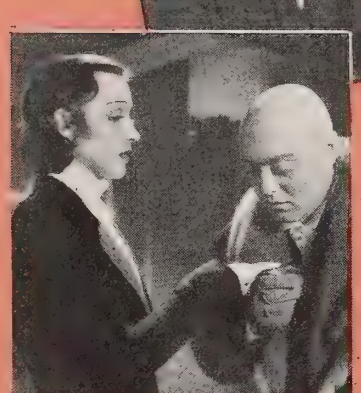


Wide World

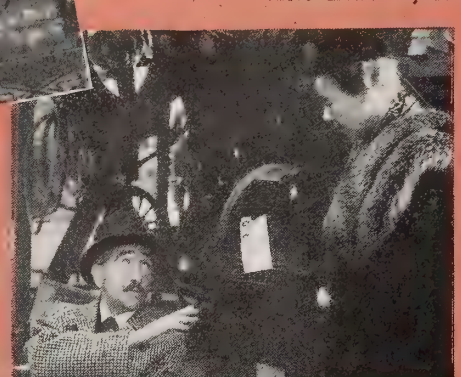


Wide World

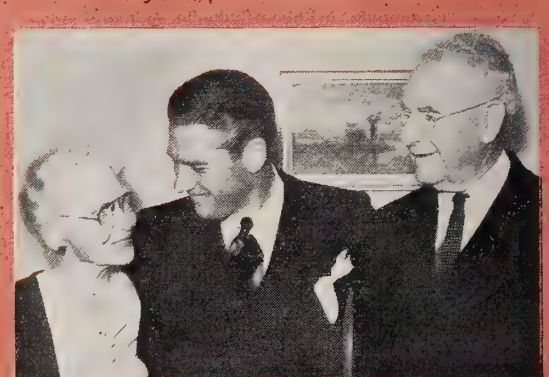
In London the Empire Theater gave a reception for our Myrna Loy, and if you think there aren't any autograph fiends in England, just look at 'em!



Above: A romance? Freddie Bartholomew takes Cora Sue Collins to a benefit for less lucky Hollywood youngsters. Left: "Mad Love" calls for a shaved head, so Peter Lorre, new menace, shaves his head.



"Hey!" Adolphe Menjou warns Louise Fazenda. "That mail box isn't a real one, lady."



Wide World

Dick Arlen goes home to St. Paul to visit Pop and Mom. Dick's real name, you know, is Van Mattimore.



AND so to a hectic day with the "Mutiny on the Bounty" company at Catalina aboard an exact replica of the old Bounty *that was sunk by mutineers 150 years ago in the South Seas near Tahiti.*

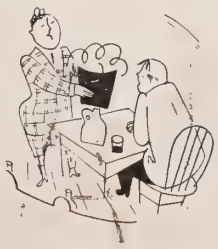
Discovering that it was really great sport to shoot fish, Clark Gable could be found hanging over the ship's rail any time of day drawing a bead on any herring or filet of sole that happened to be unfortunate enough to swim that way.

Watching the fun Franchot Tone, Herbert Mundin and Donald Crisp were so intrigued that they sent ashore for some rifles and in no time at all the placid Bounty *sounded like nothing so much as a man-o-war going full blast!*

WITH that rib-tickling melo-drammer, "The Drunkard," running into its 100th (and last) week here, Lyle Talbot rounded up his crowd and dragged (literally!) them down to the little theater to sit in on the last performance.

Honest to goodness it was Lyle's 26th trip to the show and, in respect to his enthusiasm, the company got together and presented him with a big bucket of suds!

Pin that *on your lapel, Big Boy!*





WHEN Sam Hardy arrived on the "Man on the Flying Trapeze" set wearing a suit of flagrant black and white checks, an orange shirt, a violet tie, black and white shoes and an over-sized Panama hat, W. C. Fields took one horrified look and screamed: "Out! Out! You're too hard on my astigmatism!"

At that Paramount seems to have gone clothes conscious all of a sudden.

If we were shocked to see Bing Crosby burst from his sweater-and-slacks cocoon and emerge looking like an exclusive fashion plate, imagine our disgust when Jack Oakie admitted that he felt so good in his "Big Broadcast" outfit of cutaway coat, striped trousers, spats and five-in-hand bow tie, that he was going to dress that way all the time!

That puts it up to NEMO to carry on. And by gosh, we're just the man for the job!

Waiting for a call to say Joan Crawford had arrived, Tone took Ye NEMO for a dozen rounds on the marble game and positively whupped the daylights out of us! Actually we were never so glad to hear a phone ring in our life! And, listen . . . the way that man's face lighted up when he heard Joan's voice over the wire!



Hollywood Day by



A rest between scenes of "China Seas." Don't they look comfortable and easy, now?





Wide World

Warners' is making an old-fashioned pie-slinging comedy with Marie Prevost, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling and Hank Mann, old Keystoners.



Spanky McFarland of "Our Gang" plays doctor with Mr. Quack and Laughing Gravy.

Above: Charley Chase plays his own father in his newest comedy, "Southern Exposure." Neat double exposure work. And, right: Ken Maynard is to do a new series of Westerns for Columbia Pictures.



Maynard to Fraker



CHARLES LAUGHTON who plays "Captain Bligh," has taken off fifty-six pounds for the role and the transformation is amazing!

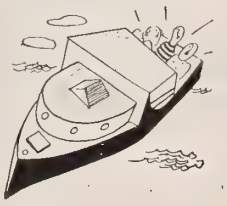
"I'm so much lighter," says Buster, "that I must carry a cannon ball in my pocket to keep my feet on the ground!"

Maybe it was the revivifying sea breeze, or something, but believe it or not, that man is full of fun just about every minute of the time!

Coming ashore in a water taxi to see the day's rushes, he spied a bicycle standing on the dock, and helping himself to it he rolled along yelling perfectly insane greetings to the astonished bystanders.

AFTER viewing the rushes the company trooped down to the dock, called their chauffeur away from a hand of draw poker and set out for home. A split second later—Wham!—and a half million dollars' worth of high class talent found themselves stuck on a submerged reef waiting for ships that never come in.

For an hour they fired guns and sent up flares to no avail. And then when they had slipped into their life belts and sat down to wait for a good wetting, a tugboat putt-putted out to the rescue just in the nick of time.





WHEN Fred Keating gave his tabby cat to Snooney Blair, that lady eyed him suspiciously and said: "What's the matter with it?"

"Not a thing!" Fred assured her. "Not a thing in the world! In fact, 'Mrs. Pettibone' is a very aristocratic cat!"

But Snooney caught "Mrs. Pettibone" trying to Houdini herself into the canary cage with a particularly *un*aristocratic look in her feline eyes.

"Aristocrat or not," Snooney declared, "that animal's just plain cat at heart!"

When Georgie Breakstone found two black fish, both goldfish, one three-legged turtle and three frogs gone out of his fish pond, we immediately turned a look on "Mrs. Pettibone" that would have squelched the Prince of Wales!

But fortunately it wasn't Snooney's tabby at all, but a prowling bob cat that had slaughtered George's pets.

STUMBLING around in our usual clumsy fashion, we accidentally crashed onto an exterior of the "Anna Karenina" set. And before they could chase us off, we spotted Garbo, herself, treating Freddie March to a gondola ride, on the M-G-M synthetic canal. (*Please turn to page* 40)



Day REPORTED BY Nemo



Richee

You Should Know Wendy

For Wendy Barrie is at that delightful time, in her life and in her career, when she is just beginning to know herself. Making "The Big Broadcast of 1935," she is interviewed for you by MAUDE CHEATHAM

YOU really should know Wendy Barrie! She's a whirlwind sort of girl who puts fire and brimstone into the simplest things, giving them a peculiar vibrancy and significance that sweeps you along with her.

She's pretty, too, very pretty, with laughing eyes and a sweet, generous mouth. Remember her as *Jane Seymour* in the sensational British film, "The Private Life Of Henry VIII"? Her death was the poignant chord in the picture.

Although Wendy is only twenty-two or three, she's touched some high spots and already has made the leap from Hongkong to Hollywood, from society deb to screen actress. It is all amazing—until you meet her. Then you understand that nothing can stop her.

Wendy greeted me with a cheery, "Hello, Maude, I'm Wendy. Let's have tea!" Then as we walked arm in arm through the gardens in the afternoon sunshine, over to the studio cafe, we chatted as if we had known each other for years.

"I'm so excited over everything in this new world in which I've suddenly become a part that I feel I may explode at any moment from sheer joy," she bubbled, happily. "I'm learning your American slang, it's so expressive and just listen how I can give the short sound of *a,* to *bath, drama, can't!*

"Do you know what happened when I finished my first Hollywood picture, 'It's a Small World' with Spencer Tracy, at the Fox studio? Well, the entire company,—electricians, cameramen, directors, *everybody,* chipped in and gave me a make-up box that had everything from chewing gum to hair pins and best of all, a rhymed greeting. I almost wept I was so happy. I'm sure it will bring good luck and in years to come when you visit me in my dressing room you'll see it. It may be an old and battered make-up box but I'll still be using it.

"Every afternoon during the filming of 'It's a Small World,' Spencer and I would order tea, with loads of cookies, for the company. So, everybody began calling me 'Cookie,' and I'm tickled pink that the name has followed me over here to Paramount where my next picture will be made.

"Life moves so swiftly that I daily pinch myself to see if it is real or just a dream that will vanish at daybreak."

After scanning a few of the chapters that have built up her life so far, I don't blame her for if a fairy tale ever came to life, it is the story of Wendy Barrie.

She was born in Hongkong, a British Island off the China coast, where her father, J. C. Jenkins, is the King's counsel and during the years of her education at the Convent of the Assumption in London, and a fashionable finishing school at Lausanne, Switzerland, Wendy made seven trips back and forth to the Orient.

At seventeen, she returned home and suddenly her father, who still pictured her playing with dolls, saw a young female who used lipstick and had opinions of her own. He hastily arranged to have her formally introduced to society and, her début over, he decreed she should marry according to his own plans and settle down to the traditional life of the colony.

There was a quarrel between father and (*Please turn to page* 53)



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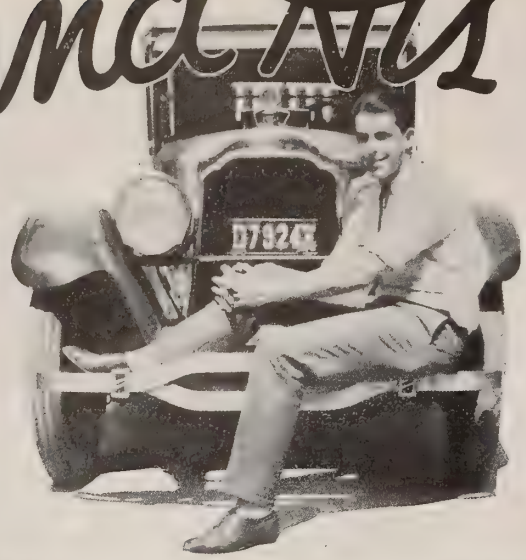
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Fred and His Future



TO the public in general, wherever radios are heard and talking pictures are shown, it it a fairly well-known fact that Wayne King and Rudy Vallee got ahead in the world by concentrating, through the thick and thin of their earlier days of struggle, on learning to play the saxophone.

Now, to his utter surprise, Fred MacMurray, a very tall and personable young Irishman, who scarcely more than a half-year ago thought of himself only as a first-rate saxophone player, has discovered that he is a motion picture actor, a leading man to Claudette Colbert, with every prospect of becoming heard and seen as widely as Mr. King and Mr. Vallee.

Two things connected with this change in Mr. MacMurray's fortunes have surprised him more than he has words to explain. First, that anyone to begin with should have asked him to put away his saxophone to be an actor, much less to perform, as a starter, opposite Claudette Colbert. Second, that after "The Gilded Lily," in which he got as much of the critical camera as Miss Colbert, Paramount immediately requested him to abandon his horn forever, loaned him to Radio for "Grand Old Girl" with May Robson, then brought him back to be the hero in "Car 99" and "College Scandal," and finally presented him with a seven-year contract as a guarantee that he would probably never need his saxophone again, unless it might be to wail out a tune or two from the silver screen.

All this has happened fast to a young man whose only experience in acting, up to April, 1934, had consisted principally of listening to torch songs and answering them briefly in "Three's a Crowd" and "Roberta." Both of these were high-class musical shows, but they became famous for other reasons than Fred MacMurray.

TEN years ago Paramount's new star was attending high school in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He was then known as Bud by everyone who had seen him make touchdowns for Beaver Dam High and heard him turn out sweet tunes on the saxophone before school assemblies. The seniors were getting ready to put before the footlights a simple little piece entitled "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," and Bud was of a mind to enlarge his school fame by acting in it. At the tryouts he did not know what to do with his hands and his feet (he was the tallest student in school) as he read his lines. The director shook his head. And—"Aaron Boggs, Freshman" delighted the townsfolk of Beaver Dam back in 1925 without the aid of Bud MacMurray.

From that point to now, even after he had been taken out of the orchestra pit to do those bits in "Three's a Crowd" and "Roberta," MacMurray does not remember a time when he had ambitions to be an actor. He had set his hopes, from high school days, on his saxophone and trumpet, not on the affable Irish grin of a handsome face that was topped by a neat shock of curly black hair, and the best he had hoped for out of the world was an orchestra of his own some day.



A saxophone player from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, starts at the top of the ladder. A story about Fred MacMurray by J. Gunnar Back.

A Winter or so ago, however, a Paramount scout came to see what "Roberta" had for Hollywood. He made a screen test of Bud. As a result this story of a saxophone player is being written.

If it weren't by this time a common trick of fate, the most interesting fact in this story would be that Fred MacMurray had to cross the United States from Hollywood to New York, before he was seriously considered as a candidate for the movies. When as a "New York newcomer" he first appeared on a "Gilded Lily" set, Fred had already been a taxpayer in Hollywood for six years and knew generally what a sound stage looked like although he had never been given a chance to do much on one when he had been around before.

As a matter of fact, Fred, so he says, felt that he owned a part interest, at least one wing, in a Hollywood hospital. There his mother had lain bedridden for four years, victim of a fall that had broken her hip.

OUT in California, where perpetual Summer brings people who want to play, it was felt, reasonably enough, that there ought to be more dances and more orchestras than in Wisconsin where the Winter cuts down on gayety. Besides, as the depression approached, all the way from Beaver Dam to Chicago people did their Saturday night dancing to the music of hardworking but underpaid local bands. So the MacMurrays went West with friends who were motoring to the Coast and could take them along.

The year before Fred had known some bleak days in Chicago after profitable work in dance bands had caused him to drop out of Carroll College in Wisconsin, but if tragedy must be recorded in the twenty-six years of his life, he wants it set down as happening that first year in Hollywood. His mother, facing the possibility of never walking again, could get very little of the sunshine in a costly white hospital room. The twenty-year-old son got a good deal of it as he carried his horns from booking agent to booking agent. At college he had played in a band called "Joy's Gloom Chasers." Those were days of five dollars an engagement, and the "Gloom Chasers" had been much in demand. Now for a time he was chasing his own gloom.

If membership in that band didn't help to recommend him, his saxophone and trumpet finally did. He had been blowing on those horns a few hours every single day since he first (*Please turn to page* 51)

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Fitting it is that Norma Shearer, a queen of the silver screen, should be a queen in her forthcoming "Marie Antoinette" — and fitting, too, that Norma recently participated in the crowning glory of womankind, by giving birth to an eight-pound girl.

Apger

Apger

AS SULTRY as the blazing, typhoon-threatened waters of its name, is the story of "China Seas." Postponed again and again, the picture at last comes to us from M-G-M with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable once more teamed.

Richee

AS COOL as the foggy London in which it springs into being, on the other hand, is the eternal love between Ann Harding and Gary Cooper in the mystic "Peter Ibbetson"—a love which conquers prison bars and even the grave.

Come on the Set with Garbo

When we took you on the "No More Ladies" set with our candid camera we gave you something new under the sun. We again do the impossible. Here, for the first time ever, we take you right on the set with Greta Garbo, making "Anna Karenina."



4 "Mr. March on the set, please." Fredric March, too, comes out of his dressing-room.



5 Fredric and Greta take their places. Greta sees New Movie's camera man and smiles.



6 Poling them back to shore, the gondolier gives a little girl player a ride and Greta talks to her.



10 Another angle, focussed on Garbo. The scene is over. Now we go indoors for Scene Two.



11 Her costume changed, Greta waits, seated on the side lines. Her maid holds her make-up.



12 She rises to chat with Maureen O'Sullivan and supporting players, while cameras are adjusted



16 Hale has stepped away. Garbo pauses to think, while Fredric March waits for her to turn.



17 They step into the scene. The music starts, the cameras turn. "Action." They go into character.



18 Our high speed lens catches the scene in full motion, as Greta whirls in the intricate dance.



"Cameras ready." William Daniels, Garbo's camera man, turns to wait for her to come.



2 Director Clarence Brown has finished lining up the scene in his finder. "All right, Bill," he says.



3 And Garbo promptly leaves her portable dressing-room, her stand-in seated at the left.



7 Down to business. Director Brown steps into the boat and gravely gives them instructions.



8 Freddie Bartholomew steps into the boat to rehearse his lines as final adjustments are made.



9 The tape line checks the focus and a close-up of Freddie is taken between the other's heads.



13 Clarence Brown (in foreground) steps into the group to tell Greta the dance director is ready.



14 A split second later. Brown's arm is raised, and Greta is caught in the act of leaving to join him.



15 Chester Hale, dance director, gives his instructions for the lavish Moscow ballroom scene.



19 The circle of the dance closes and a smiling Fredric kneels before his partner.



20 Greta spins around to him. He kisses her hand. "Cut!" calls Brown.

These pictures were specially taken for New Movie and you with the latest invention in speed cameras, so sensitive that it will take snapshots after dark. To call them history-making is not at all extravagant. From No. 3, showing Miss Garbo leaving her dressing-room, to No. 19, catching her in the very middle of a scene, they offer you a thrilling experience, such as few movie fans have ever known.

ALL ACTION PHOTOS BY GRIMES



Star light, star bright,
Loved forever as tonight,
Wish we may, wish we might
Thank you, Grace, for
Moore delight.

Ray Jones

Star

Grace Moore, Then and Now, by Elsie Janis

BEAUTIFUL then, more beautiful now. Talented then, more talented now. Ambitious then, and more ambitious now despite the fact that it's a severe strain on the eyes to try and see what other worlds there are for her to conquer. Grace Moore still has that "starbright" look in her eye that she had one memorable night at the Music Box Theatre in New York when a so-called blase New York audience stood and cheered the girl from Jellico, Tennessee.

I was among those cheering. It seems yesterday, but I know it must be some time ago because Irving Berlin was not married and therefore not the father of two rapidly growing little girls. Had he been, I'm sure he would not have bored his old pal Elsie by raving about "this girl from Tennessee" when Elsie was much more interested in hearing the lyrics and music he had written for that unforgettable Music Box Revue. I'm not suggesting that Irving had a personal "yen" for Grace, though of course he must have felt the attraction which the world feels now.

"One Night of Love" should have been called "One Life of Love." I know of no woman who has had more men in love with her than Grace Moore, but Irving would never allow a "yen" to influence his pen. He simply realized then, what we all know today, that the girl from Jellico had everything, and he fought to give her the perfect opportunity to prove it. So sure was he of what Grace was going to do to an opening night audience that when she developed nerves just three days before the planned premiere he postponed the great event until Grace regained her southern accent, which had accompanied her lovely voice when it "walked out" at the first of the three dress rehearsals. The gesture cost literally thousands of dollars. Well spent, when you consider that it usually takes a star years to accomplish what Grace did in one well-poised leap from soloist in a Jellico church choir to "show stopper" and "cheer dragger-outer" in an all-star Music Box Revue!

IT was a great night. In those days no one was expected to look beautiful and sing wonderfully at the same time. Grace received a great reception on her first entrance for just looking radiant. In a crinoline gown, hair parted in the middle and knotted simply in the Empress Eugenie style. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet which must have been a Godsend, hand trouble being about the most agonizing item when one is nervous. What to do with them, how to keep them from shaking when the scene calls for them to hold the ever-present letter from somebody. That letter is, has been, and always will be the bane of some one's life on opening nights. Well, Grace smiled that smile



A scene from the picture that has been awaited so long—Grace Moore's new "Love Me Forever," in which she appears with Robert Allen and Leo Carrillo.

LIGHT, *Star* BRIGHT

of hers, drew up her diaphragm behind the old-fashioned bouquet, breathed deeply and out came such lovely tones that there was a gasp of combined surprise and pleasure. A little later on, the only person in the theater who could have been astonished was Grace when she was cheered to a standstill.

She refused to stand still, so we won't linger in the charming Music Box Theatre. Grace didn't and we'll follow her through several years of hard work. Languages, operatic scores, strict training. Struggling valiantly, chin up, eyes front and never wavering until they closed in ecstasy when she found herself at last singing the role of Mimi in Puccini's opera, "La Boheme." As Mimi she made her triumphal debut in the Paris Opera. As Mimi she captured the Metropolitan Opera House plaudits in New York. As Mimi she made her debut at Covent Garden in London this season, and as Mimi you will see her in her next picture. All of which would lead us to believe that Grace owes a lot to Mr. Puccini's gal, Mimi. She admits it gladly, but her deepest gratitude goes to Irving Berlin. If he hadn't stuck by her when she was voiceless at that dress rehearsal, she might have gone back down South and we would never have heard of Grace Moore or Jellico.

So far we've clung to the Then part of this article rather stubbornly, getting a kick out of re-living the thrills of it, but, now, what about Now?

I KNEW I was taking advantage of our friendship when I horned in on her last week, but what's a friendship good for if you can't do that? She only had three days in New York before sailing. I was sandwiched in between some relatives and an income tax expert. Grace had the former parked in one bedroom, the latter in another, but I rated the drawing-room for over half an hour, and I'm bragging about it. She swept in with an apology for keeping me waiting. When Grace sweeps, she cleans up. When she apologizes, you are dumb. At least I was.

How any one could look so fresh, so well groomed, so—so— Oh, what's the use, I can't do without it —so swell, after a late night, an entire morning spent talking business, answering phones, greeting the Italian Consul (because she is going to meet Il Duce when she gets to Italy) and being interviewed about the medal she was to receive that night! I repeat I was dumb, but not blind. She had on about the loveliest bit of feminine intrigue I've ever seen. Flame color, if you please, in the forenoon. It swirled and clung to her figure, which is just what the diet ordered.

"I'm so glad to see you, darling. You look so well and happy." She squeezed my hands hard.

I'm past saying "You took the words right out of my mouth," so I wittily coined a phrase and said, "Gee! So do you!"

"Now tell me all about yourself." She took my bag and gloves. "How do you like Radio? I love it. Do you miss California? I've become quite a native, but I'm glad to get away now. How is your nice husband? Valentin's fine. He'll be sorry to miss you. He's out doing a lot of things that have to be done, you know, before sailing! Oh, Elsie, he is such a marvelous person, I simply couldn't do anything without him." She sat back opposite me at her end of the divan, flashing that starbright look at me, and waited for me to say something about my husband. She got what she expected.

You see, Grace took quite a long time before marrying. Nothing to compare with my long distance record and not for the same reason. I had my Mother. She had her career. But what we finally found was apparently what we were both waiting for. We had more notes to compare than any two bankers. My views and opinions on matrimony are not important, though that rarely stops me from giving them, but in this case hers are so illuminating, so regular, that I shall pass them on, though I didn't have time to ask her permission.

I hadn't seen Grace since her epoch-making triumph in the films. I should have known another sort of success would not change her, but the world-wide hysteria that goes with film success often does odd things to the most experienced and already-acclaimed stage stars. Don't get the impression from the flashing welcome that Grace is the flustery or gushing type. On the contrary. She is about the most down-to-earth, clear-thinking and non-temperamental prima donna that ever rode the high C's. I believe she really was just as glad to see me as I was to see her, hence the barrage of questions as a greeting.

She listened and smiled approvingly as I raved on about my own marriage and finally ended the oration by saying, "I'm so glad I waited, didn't go popping off as a kid with some one I couldn't possibly have loved now. Aren't you glad you haven't any divorces behind you?"

"Glad!" She threw back her head and closed her eyes for a few seconds. "Glad and grateful for my good fortune. You know, Elsie, during those years of hard work I didn't marry because I had very set ideas about marriage. I brought them with me

(*Please turn to page* 44)





Left: The Grace Moore that Elsie Janis met—a smartly turned out young woman with one hand tucked jauntily in a pocket and a roguish twinkle in her eyes. And above: Grace in the sunny patio of her Hollywood home, with the husband whose love means so much to her, Valentin Perara. And if you want to find out just why they're so close, you'll have to read Elsie's story and let her tell you.



The motion picture which started Grace Moore on her way. She had made other pictures before "One Night of Love," but it was "One Night of Love," with Tullio Carminati, that captivated audiences.

What Do You Think of COLOR?

Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Becky Sharp," thinks it makes action twice as important as talk, and that it's here to stay

By ROUBEN MAMOULIAN as told to Jack Jamison







Top of page: Mamoulian with Miriam Hopkins and the crew. Above: Frances Dee and Cedric Hardwicke get final instructions for a scene of "Becky Sharp." And at the left: A portrait of the author of this story.

MOTION pictures are visual. They are primarily for the eye. If a person is blind, they don't exist for him; if he is deaf, they do. They are moving images, developing on a screen placed before the eyes.

At the start—twenty-odd years ago—those moving images were black and white. It was not a matter of choice, it was an accident. The only photographic process known at the time produced black-and-white pictures, and that was all there was to it; nobody as yet dreamed of anything else. At the start pictures were silent for the same reason. Nobody had so far imagined that they could ever be anything else.

But seven years ago we got sound, and now we have color.

I met Gertrude Stein recently, when she was visiting Hollywood. We had a violent argument. Miss Stein held that sound pictures were only temporary, and that we ought to go back to the silent film. I disagreed with her. When I saw my first sound film I was convinced that they were here to stay, and today I believe that color will stay. It is, today, where sound films were seven years ago. Today we accept talkies as an accomplished fact. Seven years from now, I am sure, we will similarly accept color pictures.

I am sure of it because I am sure color is integral with the screen. The screen, more than any art, is based upon the achievements of organized science. Before we can do the simplest things, in Hollywood, we must take for granted all the resources and accomplishments of hundreds of trained laboratory workers who have made our tools, as it were, possible to us. For years we did not even know that movies were an art. We thought they were a business. We knew it was a complicated (*Please turn to page* 44)

MOTION PICTURES became MOVIES
TALKING PICTURES became TALKIES

Will COLOR PICTURES become ? { **Hueies** / **Painties** / **Tinties** / **Tonies** / **Brighties**



GINGER ROGERS

With youth, personality, ability, everything, Ginger has won her way to the top. But now she stands at the crucial point in her career. To reach the top is one thing. Now it's to stay there.







1,000,000 LANDSCAPES

Modern talkies take us to half the countries of the world for their backgrounds. And modern conditions demand that they be made economically. How is this question of locales solved?

By POTTER BRAYTON

PICTURES pour out of Hollywood. One is against a background of China. Another Africa. Others Alaska, the South Seas, the Soudan, the gas-house district of New York.

The studios can't pack up and move to those places. They can't send companies of stars touring around the world, year in and year out. The stars wouldn't stand for it, even if the studios could afford it.

So—what do they do?

THE peculiar topography of the state of California makes carelessness in reproducing natural settings for our movies inexcusable. Just as stuntmen double for our movie heroes, so Miss California herself doubles for Dame Nature.

That the state of California contains somewhere within its borders exact duplicates of every famed beauty spot known to world travelers is no idle boast of the local Chamber of Commerce. Every major studio in Hollywood has a location department manager, well traveled and trained in topography, who has at his finger tips maps and whole libraries of data by means of which he can at a moment's notice name a California location that will accurately double for almost any region in the world, regardless of climate or altitude.

When a recent Will Rogers script called for scenes set in a Middle West farming community, Fox studios didn't go to the unnecessary expense of sending stars and production crew all the way to Dane County, Wisconsin; they simply ordered the outfit to spend a few days north of Hollywood in the little town of Bishop.

Bishop is a valley town nestling at the foot of the snow-crested Sierra Nevadas. Its surrounding farm country looks exactly like that of Dane County, Wisconsin; yet Dane County has no mountains. So the photographer simply avoided long shots where he could, and in the remainder of the scenes he filtered the mountains out, and you saw nothing but Middle West farm country.

Studios seldom strew sound stages with corn flakes to represent snow scenes; rather, they pile their outfit into trucks and motor busses, and send them packing off to Big Pines resort, a short drive into the mountains just east of Hollywood, where honest-to-goodness snow carpets the forest almost the year around. Here the movie companies take their Austrian Tyrol scenes and their shots of the wilds of winter-bitten British Columbia, and unless you are an expert botanist or a geologist with an eye for minute detail you'd never know the difference.

Loretta Young and Clark Gable didn't get a free trip to Alaska during production of Twentieth Century's "Call of the Wild." But Clark has been to Alaska, and of course he's been to Truckee, in the High Sierras near Lake Tahoe, California, where the picture was photographed, and he says he couldn't take the blindfold test on which was which. And he's right. Truckee has the identical snow peaks, the dense hemlock and spruce forests, the grassy valleys, and the wide, flat, rocky river shores typical of Jack London's Alaska.

In this palm-tree infested sunny California one would suppose Hollywood picture producers would be stumped when the script called for a scene in Central Park or any other expansive outdoor vista along the Atlantic seaboard. Not so; for in the beautiful Busch Gardens of Pasadena are acres of just such un-tropical verdure which have served the movies as eastern settings since the industry's very infancy.

Then, again, if you climb Mt. Lowe in Pasadena or Lookout Mountain in Hollywood—after dark—you have a night panorama over Hollywood, Los Angeles, and its vast number of suburbs, which travelers agree is an exact duplicate of the famous night view from Sugar Loaf over Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

The white shore and stubby pine growth surrounding sparkling Lake Arrowhead make it an ideal location for Scandinavian settings. When you saw Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayers putt-putting across a lake near Copenhagen, Denmark, in the picture "Servant's Entrance," their motor boat's Danish flag was the only thing, animate or inanimate, that was an unfamiliar sight at Arrowhead, California, U.S.A.

IN the Malibu hills directly north of Hollywood are several of filmdom's favorite locations. Along Ventura Boulevard on the inland side of this coastal range we arrive first at the grassy slopes, dotted here and there with oak trees that are frequently represented as "somewhere in France," as in Warner Baxter's "Hell in the Heavens." Then we come to Shadow Valley, the location site representing northern New York state for RKO's "Return of Peter Grimm." A little further, your guide will point out Sherwood Hills Estate, which has been used to represent Germany's Black Forest, and Canada's Ontario, the latter which is to be seen when "Jalna" comes to your neighborhood theater. Portions of this region have in turn represented rural England and Ireland. Even Thrums, Scotland, wherein were laid the scenes of Katharine Hepburn's "Little Minister," was photographed in this lovely acreage of gnarled old trees and elfin dells.

Only two or three miles distant from this spot is the violently contrasted arid region which *stood in* for Mother India in the exotic Khyber Pass shots and other scenes of Gary Cooper's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

And across the Malibu Hills on the ocean side is Huenema Beach, just north of Malibu, celebrated film colony, which because of its swampy dikelands is frequently used as a background for pictures having Holland as their locale.

Of course, the same California site cannot always be used to represent a certain country. For example, when a studio wants shots of the African veldt, the location crew is sent to the rolling sparsely vegetated foothill country just west of Mt. San Jacinto. (You can locate it on the map by putting your finger on the Catalina Island side of the peaks representing the Alps.) But when jungle country is desired, most studios have ranches neighboring Hollywood which serve the purpose. An example is the vast Lasky ranch where Universal made "Call of the Savage," starring Noah Beery, Jr., and Dorothy Short. Here again the studio "designers" must necessarily improve on Dame Nature's double. Certain areas of the ranch have been planted with tree ferns and breadfruit, and the trees native to the region have been "inoculated" with the jungle parasite known commonly as tree moss. So you see, it's real—and yet it isn't!

Likewise, a story laid in the Holy Land may require groves of date trees and artesian wells. Such pictures are filmed in California's date-growing region just north of the (*Please turn to page* 46)







The photos above run from left to right —Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone and Gary Cooper in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," Steffi Duna in "Girl of the Islands," Clark Gable and Jack Oakie in "Call of the Wild," Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper in "West of the Pecos," Warner Baxter in "Under the Pampas Moon," and Wallace Ford and Victor McLaglen with Brandon Hurst in "The Lost Patrol." The one below shows Pat O'Brien in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

All of these photographs, and the pictures from which they are taken, were made in California. They show you India, the South Seas, Alaska, Texas, Argentina, Arabia and China. Nor is that all they could show you. The list might be prolonged endlessly, as the map at the right demonstrates. The State of California is in a bizarre spot, geographically. A thousand miles in length, its southern boundary is semi-tropical and its northern counties lie far into the north temperate zone. Its western edge is seacoast all the way, its south central section is desert, and to the east rise the folds of high mountain chains. Lake Tahoe, to the north, can be frozen while in Death Valley the thermometer climbs to a hundred and twenty and more. The Imperial Valley can be begging for rain while San Francisco lies cloaked in chill fog. Geographically, at any rate, California is a little universe in itself. When a Californian tells you they're having unusual weather he's telling the truth. It's always unusual weather.

California offers a million landscapes, a million-and-one locations. Seeing "Oil for the Lamps of China," who would have dreamed that great desert in the middle of Asia lay just outside a California town named Lone Pine? Or that Bing Crosby's rolling Mississippi was the Sacramento River?





Decorative Map by Norman Mencher

GLAMOUR



NELSON EDDY, the nice looking young fellow above, is as nice as he looks, and the way he caught on overnight has the producers groggy. You may see him soon with Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

●

CLAIRE TREVOR'S fate still hangs in the balance. Whether she will really become a star, or not, depends on you, and so far you haven't said Yes or No. But "Black Sheep" and "Dante's Inferno" may tell the tale.

●

LORETTA YOUNG'S career has really been amazing. Nowadays people forget that she was playing grown-ups when she was thirteen. Serious and sincere, she gains in stature with every new screen appearance.





and CHARM







In "Love Me Forever" Grace Moore has three leading men, and the one who sings is MICHAEL BARTLETT. But it turned out that he could act, so Claudette Colbert grabbed Michael for her "She Married Her Boss."

●

The lady in the big hat at the left is MARION DAVIES, whose lovely clothes show you — as does "Page Miss Glory" —what happens to a boarding-house slavey discovered by a beauty contest promoter.

●

FAY WRAY is an enigma. For a year she will make almost a picture a month. Then she drops out of sight, and the next thing you know she's working in England, making "Alias Bulldog Drummond." Now she's home again.

TOWER STAR *Fashions*





By KATHERINE KAREY

•



High-light fabrics, rich trimmings, eyelet embroidery, the peasant influence, distinguish the new fall clothes

SKIRTS are shorter, styles more elaborate, fabrics luxurious in themselves, with the advent of Fall. The strict tailleur has done a disappearing act and the Master Minds concentrate on glamour even for daytime with, we think, considerable success. And these Tower Star Fashions are very inexpensive.

Opposite page, photograph above: Brilliant young Constance Cummings, legitimate actress and screen star, will next appear in "Amateur Girl." Here she wears an afternoon ensemble of novelty matelasse. The dress' formal sleeves come through the deep kimono-cut armholes of the jacket. There's a stand-away neck of piqué, tiny buttons down the back and an apron style belt to give a smooth hipline.

Seated: Katharine Sergava, beautiful Paramount actress, chooses a peasant-style afternoon dress of Roughtone crepe, satin backed. The shoulders are dropped and embroidered with epaulet medallions. The full bishop sleeves are attached with cartridge pleats. The waist is bloused, with a straight peplum.

Sketched lower left: Miss Cummings' sports coat for the first fall days is warm without being bulky, of Kragshire woolen in a shadow-plaid. The collar buttons high with a tab under the chin for football weather and there are deep cuffs and big patch pockets.

Sketched standing, above: Miss Sergava's novelty alpaca afternoon dress with cross fox banding on the cape-sleeved jacket. The dress has a full shirred bodice, a slim gored skirt and a shallow yoke shoulder-line.

Sketched seated, above: A note of luxury appears again in Miss Cummings' chenille embroidered chukker crepe afternoon frock. The blouse is full and soft, peasant style, and groups of knife pleats set low in front and back make the new skirt.

Photograph, above: A glint of gold again in Miss Sergava's dinner gown of striped chiffon. Both the blouse and skirt have the dramatic fish-tail back and the blouse's Chinese stand-up collar has frog fastenings that are repeated on the chiffon belt.

A Page of Pictures for Your Album



ROBERT BENCHLEY before now has confined his humor to books, except for his short of "The Treasurer's Report," but you'll be seeing him more, now.



C. AUBREY SMITH is a gruff old chap we all know and have learned to love. In Ann Harding's "The Flame Within" he was, as usual, running in top form.



CHARLES RAY is a name you haven't forgotten. Trying for a come-back in a small part, the picture couldn't be better named than "Welcome Home."



SARAH HADEN is one of the loyal brigade of character players who do such fine work and never get any notice. Her latest is "Mad Love."



JANE BAXTER offers us her fresh English beauty in one of those British-Gaumont imported films that are arousing so much interest—"The Clairvoyant."



TUTTA ROLF—well, the month wouldn't be complete without the Fox people bringing over another European star. Your guess is as good as ours.



SAMUEL HINDS gave up the practice of law three years ago to do character parts in pictures. He was in "Sequoia" and "Private Worlds," among others.



CHARLES SELLON is someone else you must have wondered about, many a time. He plays crotchety old men, mostly in Will Rogers' swell pictures.



EUGENE PALLETTE needs only to appear on the screen and the audience begins to chortle. His big voice sounds as if it comes out of the rain barrel.



Carole Lombard Jean Harlow Ginger Rogers Claudette Colbert Joan Blondell

If You Would Be Popular

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Five big stars give you five answers to every woman's question

THE desire to be popular is universal.

To be well spoken of, to be well liked, is natural and human. Those who deride the popularity they have failed to achieve, conceal their disappointment without conviction. Those who pretend indifference to adulation and popular approval, are not quite convincing.

For popularity has a far reaching influence in our lives. It assures us of a well rounded, complete existence. It is an enemy of loneliness, a secret fear in all of us. It widens our horizons and broadens our perspective. It opens the door to opportunities that might not otherwise be ours.

The failure to gain it presents a tragedy of youth that too often is carried over into middle age. The lack of popularity has relegated many young women to a drab position as onlookers at life's show window. They cringe at the callous term "wallflower," the object of no one's affections.

They are missing the fun, the pleasure and excitement that is youth's heritage, and don't quite know what to do about it. They are bewildered and unhappy because young men pass them by, and other women discourage overtures of friendship. In their misery they appeal to the glamorous women of the stage and screen, in pathetic letters, hoping to receive a magic formula that will transform them overnight.

I found these stars eager to discuss the topic. They haven't always been famous and celebrated. Many of them passed through an agonizing period of unpopularity and loneliness in their early youth that makes them sympathetic toward this very real problem to a large number of us.

You see, beauty alone won't make you popular. Nor will glamour or social position. Quite a few of our most successful screen players are not nearly as popular in their private lives as they are with the public. Others, with no contract to add lustre to their names, have a host of friends.

There's nothing mysterious about it.

It is true enough that certain people possess a compelling quality that attracts. You might even say they have an instinct for being popular. But if they lack other qualities to add depth and completeness to their personalities, they will fail to win popularity.

EVEN for these forceful persons, *popularity must be earned.*

If popularity is your objective, if you would be popular, you'll have to begin by being honest with yourself. You'll have to judge yourself frankly and without vanity so that you may benefit by the advice of these five prominent stars whom I consider to be among the most popular girls in the Hollywood film colony.

I chose them as your guide not because of their undeniable beauty or their acting talents. I haven't gauged their popularity by their box office attraction or the size of their swimming pool or their fan mail. Their acquaintances and friends, their co-workers at the studios, their neighbors and their servants, they all belong behind the scenes. They are not impressed by press agents and the scope of the screen. They are the ones I polled for my popularity vote.

JEAN HARLOW believes that you have only to follow a simple phrase if you would be popular. Jean says, *"BE FRIENDLY."*

Her analytical mind weighs each word very carefully.

"Men don't want women to be sofa ornaments. Nor do they like girls to constantly flaunt their 'sex.' They value, above everything, companionability. They want to be comfortable and relaxed and at ease in her presence. There is no higher compliment a modern male can pay a woman than to say a girl is 'regular.' It's his way of saying she is grand company and a lot of fun and a real pal.

"A woman who doesn't build a barrier of sex on the tennis court, over the bridge table, who isn't male-conscious as soon as a man enters her presence, is making definite strides in holding his interest.

"Friendship is an important relationship to me. You *can* be friends with men, if you know how to *be* a friend. You must really *like* people and communicate that liking to them. A too rigid formality of manner makes for self-consciousness. We are all slightly shy in the presence of strangers. Too much reserve retards friendship.

"A woman who is warm and friendly, who makes us feel comfortable in her presence, will find not only ready friendships but—Romance! Men succumb to the radiance of a woman who is unaffected, real, human. They are ill at ease and wary with women who are afraid to unbend, who adopt a superior air, as so many do, to hide their social timidity.

"Every girl should learn the sports and games favored in her set. They keep your friendships stimulating and interesting. They make you a welcome addition to any gathering. Parties mean new contacts, new friends. (*Please turn to page* 47)

The Winners

Anies Daye, Jr., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is the winner of the trip to award the People's Academy Prizes for the current year



Little Women, produced by RKO, is a phenomenon—this is the second year it won an award. Right: Norma Shearer, the fans' choice for the best actress of 1934.



Above: The Barretts of Wimpole Street, picked as the best "all around feature" and also the winner in two other classifications.



Clark Gable, winner of the "best actor" award, and at the right "It Happened One Night," which won the award for Gable, and also won the award for the best comedy.

AS OLDER readers of NEW MOVIE know, each year our People's Academy of Motion Pictures, which NEW MOVIE sponsors, names the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year past. Readers fill in the coupon which we print in the magazine each month, mail their sclections in to us, and we tabulate them and pick the winner. The prize going to the winner is a trip to Hollywood or New York, to present the gold medals to the stars, producers, and directors involved, who are there to receive them in person wherever production schedules at the studios permit.

The thousands of coupons have now been tabulated, and the results are announced on this page. From towns and from great cities where people see pictures every night, the votes have poured in. The final tabulation gives a remarkable insight into what the men and women of America really like in the way of film entertainment. In some cases they agree with Hollywood—which presents its own yearly prizes. In others they do not. But here is what NEW MOVIE readers like in 1934:

BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" wins this, with "It Happened One Night" a close runner-up. "The House of Rothschild" was a strong bid for third place.

BEST PERFORMANCE—ACTRESS. Norma Shearer wins. The two actresses voted into second and third place by readers trailed so far behind Norma that it would be unfair to mention their names.

BEST PERFORMANCE—ACTOR. Clark Gable wins this. This is really amazing. Clark is an old stager, in pictures, now. His first novelty has worn off long ago and, when that happens, a star usually begins to lose popularity. But Clark, after all this time, is holding up as strongly as ever!

BEST MUSICAL PICTURE. "One Night of Love," as you might have expected, wins this hands down. Second choice was "The Gay Divorcee."

BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE. "Little Women," of course. To explain the enormous popularity of this picture—and people are still talking about it, after all these months—is no easy job. It is not enough to say that it swept the country because the book from which it was taken similarly swept the country, when our mothers and fathers were girls and boys. By one of those accidents which sometimes occur, cast, direction, everything connected with making the picture just happened to strike the perfect note, the perfect mood. This is the second year "Little Women" has won a prize. It shows that the picture not only has remained in people's memories but also that it is still playing theaters.

BEST MYSTERY PICTURE. "The Thin Man." Here, again, everything connected with the picture, from the personalities and performances of Myrna Loy and William Powell down to the crackling dialogue and the cute dog, just happened to strike the right note. Not that it was an accident. If producers put as much thought and wisdom into all pictures as they did into "The Thin Man," we would have a lot more such sweeping successes.

BEST ROMANCE. A duplication, here. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" wins in this classification, too, with "It Happened One Night" again following. It is interesting to note how our readers differ, in their insistence upon "The Barretts," from the Hollywood Academy, where the awards for the year were chosen within the profession itself. Hollywood voted "It Happened One Night" first prize. Our readers, much as they liked that film, disagree.

BEST COMEDY. But here "It Happened One Night" comes into its own, with NEW MOVIE readers, taking first prize (*Please turn to page* 63)

The winner of the trip to New York:
Anies Daye, Jr., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Closest Runners-Up:

Roberta Bender, 2411 Western Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.
Claudine Culp, 1009 North Merrifield Avenue, Mishawaka, Indiana.
Leona Leo, 4027 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Daye has by this time been notified of his good fortune and will be in New York at the time you read this. He will present the awards at a party at which the representatives and stars of the various companies will be present. You may win this trip next year.

About "It's a Fake"

AFTER having read an article in one of your magazines, entitled "Fake," I am somewhat concerned in regards to a daughter of mine that I think has gone to Hollywood in answer to an ad similar to the one you exposed.

I am asking if you would be so kind as to send me the addresses of some of the studios there, that do that kind of advertising, that I might address a letter to my daughter to each one of them in hopes that she might get it in time to avoid her losing her savings.

Enclosed is a self-addressed envelope, and any information that you might be able to give me will be held strictly confidential, I can assure you.

Thanking you for any co-operation that you might render, I will close by stating that we are surely in need of more such magazines that have the interest of the people at heart. If it hadn't been for your magazine I would have never known that there are such frauds in existence. You may quote me in anything that I say in reference to the above if you wish. I am a minister and I can heartily endorse your magazine for a safe and sane publication for the people of our land.

Allow me to thank you once again for any help you might render me. I await an early reply. — Rev. E. M. Fields, 530 W. 27th St., Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Magley Answers

Allow me to say a few words to the Crosby and Vallee fans who so generously "panned" me with their flattering (?) comments in the July NEW MOVIE. Thank you, my dear friends, it was really too much — I expected more. Some of the excerpts printed were not only amusing, but they were actually pathetic. How any intelligent person can enjoy listening to a couple of conceited crooners, who think they are the answer to a maiden's prayer, is beyond me. Well, well, some grown-ups are still infants at heart; it takes so little to amuse them.

May I also add that, regardless of what you Crosby and Vallee fans think of Lanny Ross, I'm still for him one hundred percent.—Mrs. J. Magley, 52 Center Ave., Chatham, N. J.

All right. This is all. Everybody has had fun, and the subject is hereby closed.

Good Friend

NEW MOVIE is a very good friend of mine and I consider it one of the most entertaining magazines of today.

It will be quite some time before I can attend a movie, but I do expect to know what stars are most popular and what pictures are four star, just by reading your various articles and the comments of other fans.

I must say I admire Joan Blondell for her naturalness and sweetness, and her ability to enact the role of Mrs. George Barnes with the same finesse she displays in front of the camera.—Mrs. Charlotte Parker, Essex County Sanatorium, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

You Tell Us

We call this page "You Tell Us" because it's the page on which you *do* tell us what *you* think about pictures —and everybody has fun.



"'G Men' is a picture worth seeing. Our hero is just what he should be, a law-abiding citizen and not a movie Dillinger."



"In 'Private Worlds' Guinn Williams executed as fine a piece of work as it has been my privilege to see"—spoiled by a dumb audience.



"'Black Fury' was a terrible, almost frightening lesson to Americans and their adopted brothers, but it was true to life," says one.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

We're very sorry you are in the hospital, Mrs. Parker, and we hope you'll be well soon.

Elizabeth Bergner

Just a note to tell you what I think of the new star, Elizabeth Bergner.

To begin with, I say good-bye to Crawford and Garbo. Take the fancy clothes from Crawford and what have you? Nothing. And as for Garbo I don't see how she ever got by in the first place, as far as acting goes. But Elizabeth Bergner is most charming; a frail little person, just full of pep, she certainly holds her audience, and one does not know what she is going to do or say next. You laugh with her, cry with her, and she is just too sweet for words. If producers would have pictures like "Escape Me Never" and actresses like Miss Bergner, then moving pictures would be worth going to see.

I wish Miss Bergner the greatest of success in movieland.—Mrs. Gerard M. Stone, 82 Glenville Avenue, Allston, Boston, Mass.

The Cover

I buy your magazine every month and enjoy it very much. I think the July cover of Joan Crawford was very cute but the one before that, of Grace Moore, was just lovely. She is my favorite movie actress and I save every picture of her that I can find, so you can imagine what a grand picture that made for my collection.

I like the "You Tell Us" department a lot, and the action pictures taken on the set of "No More Ladies" were supreme. Please have more of them.

The stories are swell, too, and the Gallery of Stars is another favorite of mine. Even the reviews are all I could hope for and the magazine as a whole is the best of its kind I've seen yet.—Jean Bigelow, 7 Roosevelt Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.

If you liked the action photos of Joan Crawford, what do you think of the ones on Garbo, Jean? We're glad you like the new covers. We weren't sure, but so far everybody seems to like them.

Bang, Bang, Bang!

Three cheers for the "You Tell Us" department! In addition to being a battle-ground for fans, many intelligent ideas and constructive criticisms find their way into print. I may be the target for a number of expert javelin thrusts, but here are some honest convictions.

I think that continuity, clever dialogue and expert direction won the 1934 Academy Award for Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," rather than the merit of her performance.

Also that Bette Davis turned in the best individual performance of the year, as Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Her brilliant mosaic of histrionics held me completely spell-bound, and will never be forgotten as long as memory lasts. Miss Davis is not one of my favorites, but this picture established her as one of (*Please turn to page* 55)



THE STARS TELL YOU JUST HOW MUCH



THOSE CELLULOID KISSES MEAN



KISSES



• By WILLIAM BRYCE •

WHAT is this thing called Hollywood love, anyway?

Is it something that buds under the warm glow of incandescent lights on a motion picture setting, and flowers in the drawing-rooms of Hollywood and Beverly Hills?

When intense love scenes are made on a motion picture stage, the actor who disclaims any emotional response to the object of his affections is either a piece of unemotional ice or, to put it mildly, somewhat of a prevaricator. That is what some of the players say.

Others declare that the actor who allows himself to become bothered about love scenes is hopelessly childish in his reactions, and that a professional actor thinks no more of a love scene than he does of driving an automobile or eating a meal.

It's a question of maturity of emotions.

"Kissing before the camera is about as arousing as smacking a window pane." That is Richard Arlen's opinion.

On the other hand, Dick Powell is terribly embarrassed by making love to Joan Blondell—especially when her cameraman husband, George Barnes, is shooting the scene.

Then Gary Cooper confesses with charming honesty that he used to fall in love with all of his leading women—but that he has now matured in his approach to the cinematic embrace.

LOVE itself is rather a confusing thing, and there are as many ideas about it as there are persons. So why shouldn't Hollywood have plenty of divergent views? It has; and in the interests of really solving this problem, a thorough research into it was made by this inquiring reporter, who nearly had his face slapped several times because of the impertinence of his curiosity!

But haven't you noticed that, in many of the marriages between film folk, the man and woman often met when playing opposite each other in a picture? Wedding bells have grown out of the "meaningless" love-making on a set. Sort of "in the middle of a kiss."

Now, what effect do screen love scenes have?

Here is Gary Cooper's full answer: "Some adroit actors can appear to make passionate love on the screen when, as a matter of fact, they are scarcely touching the lips of their leading women.

"I can't do that. The action must be real. It is the mind that must play the scene. When I was more impressionable than I am now, I used to fall for every leading woman. My leads became my girl friends in several instances. I'm a bit wiser now."

Now to get back to that Richard Arlen opinion: "Screen kisses are about as arousing as smacking a window pane." Making love before the camera is a problem of how the girl likes to embrace, whether the right hand shall be higher than the left or the other way around. It is a problem of getting a lot of ungainly arms wound up to appear graceful.

"I have no emotional stirring when I kiss my leading woman. I think it is something to be learned by experience. Imagine how complicated life would be, otherwise!"

SYLVIA SIDNEY believes that emotions are aroused by love scenes, but that they are not *real*. She says, "Making love on the screen is only a part of acting. I feel the emotion at the moment, but it ends with the scene. What emotional reaction there is is attributable to the rôle and not to the other player."

Chester Morris admits that he enjoys love scenes. In a very frank reply he declared: "I always fall in love with my leading ladies—but my wife knows it, so don't go carrying tales. Naturally it is fun to kiss a beautiful woman, whether you're in earnest or merely acting, but it can't compare with kissing the one you love—your wife." Bravely said, my lad!

Warren William is very discreet in his love scenes. Dolores Del Rio played opposite him in a recent picture. They were off in a corner of the stage rehearsing, but when they came to the part of the scene where they embraced, William stopped and yelled across the stage for the director to come over and watch them. Before the director, they completed the scene.

"Kiss actresses in front of their husbands?" asked William. "I don't mind—so long as it's business and there's someone on hand from the studio to back me up."

Love scenes?—Well, here's Dick Powell's answer: "It's just a part of this business of picture making—but a nice part."

Dick has not been embarrassed by kissing Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers or Gloria Stuart, because it has been entirely business and he seldom sees any of them except at the studio. But the matter with Joan Blondell is entirely different. Dick is a very close friend of George Barnes and his wife (Joan Blondell in case you've forgotten). They go places with Dick and his girl friend. So when the time comes on the set for a love scene with Joan, Dick is faced by one of the really bothersome problems. Barnes, who shoots the pictures, isn't very helpful, either. He grins and makes faces.

"This is the time a feller needs a friend," declared Powell ruefully, "but not in his arms. Joan doesn't believe me when I say, 'I love you.' She just giggles."

Here's a feminine opinion. Ann Sothern replies: "It is very possible to forget where you are for the moment in the carefully shaded lights and shadows, the whispered words of romance and the heavy quiet. The breath of illusion may exist for a moment in your own person, for that is necessary for a good performance.

"But the next instant the director shouts, 'Cut!' Someone else calls, 'Strike it!' A dozen workmen are stepping all over you and the entire place is reduced to pandemonium. If you're going to have any reaction, you've got to have it darn quick in that (*Please turn to page* 54)

Season's End PARTIES

The summer season for Hollywood society ends in the proverbial blaze of glory • By GRACE KINGSLEY



Wide World

RE-MARRIAGES on marriage anniversary days are becoming quite the fad in Hollywood.

That was a pretty ceremony which was held in the garden of the Jimmy Gleasons' home, with Harry Tyler and Gladys Trolius, both known to Broadway and now in Hollywood for pictures, as the principals. The pair never had been divorced or even separated, but the groom, living up to his comedian reputation, explained that he "never had been sure the first marriage was legal, because he didn't have five dollars to pay the minister, and had to borrow it from the bride!" That was twenty-five years ago!

The re-blushing bride declared she was more nervous than at the first ceremony. And her husband gave her a gold medal as an anniversary present!

It really was impressive, and several young married couples were seen to be furtively squeezing hands during the ceremony, the squeezers including Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayers, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, and Helen Mack and Charles Irwin.

Even the settled-down married folk, like Ralph and Daisy Morgan, Otto and Sue Kruger, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Harvey and Bea Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff and the Lewis Stones, seemed to look at each other with fresh interest.

Edna May Oliver, who seldom comes to parties, but who had acted on Broadway with the groom and had been present at his first wedding, dropped in for a few moments with Lynn Starling, playwright, but disappeared when the photographers began to set up their cameras. She was discovered later behind a rose arbor, munching a sandwich.

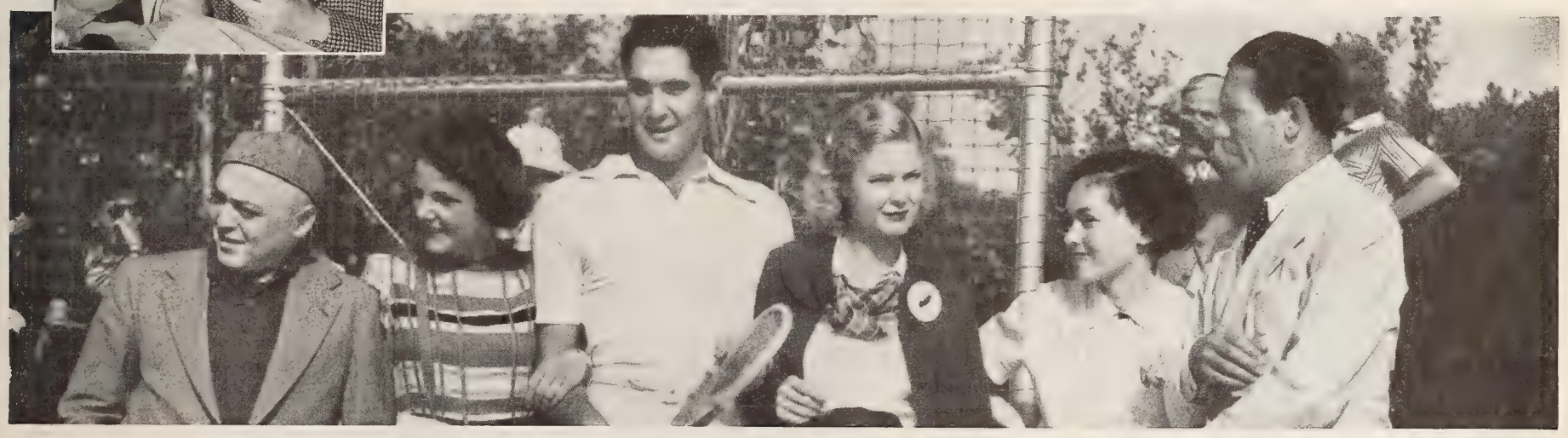
The day was also James Gleason's birthday, and Jimmy cashed in on some gifts. May Robson brought neckties—brave woman! Jim immediately donned one. Then May got a little nervous as to whether Jimmy really liked them, and put Sam Hardy—of all people—up to tell Jim that the tie he was wearing was immense. Sam did. He told Jim that the necktie was in most exquisite taste. Then Jim took a look at the hectic tie that Sam himself was wearing and wondered if Sam was such a good judge!



Warren William chats with Claire Dodd at the M. C. Levee party. Right: Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor, who are quite often seen together these days.

Grand Opera Stars En Masse

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky gave a party for Nino Martini, in the patio of their Hollywood home, where were present at least half (*Please turn to page* 48)



Left to right at Elissa Landi's: Peter Lorre, Miss Landi, Philip Reed, Jean Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan and Paul Cavanagh caught by New Movie's camera.



Also among those at the Pat O'Brien party were Joe E. Brown, Jack LaRue, Glenda Farrell, Jimmy Cagney and—not surprisingly—Pat himself.

REVAMPING THE MALES

And it's not only their clothes and their hair and their teeth the studios change, not only their roles, but their souls

By KATHRYN WHITE

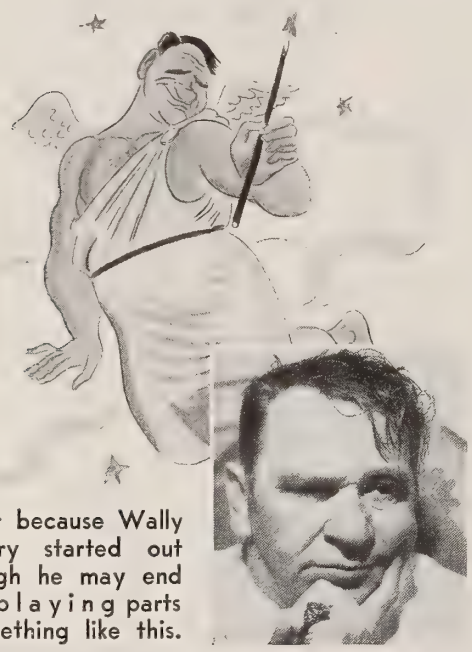


At first they let Randolph Scott say "I love you" only to horses, but now he's a real Romeo.

Decorations by Charles Mulholland

IT wasn't so long ago that I burbled a story in this magazine for you about how the Hollywood make-'em-over gang utterly remakes your favorite she-star.

Like popping her into a dentist's chair and coaxing most of her teeth out with a pair of forceps, so they could install a new set that'd photograph swell!



Just because Wally Beery started out tough he may end up playing parts something like this.

And having a hefty masseuse lay her out on a slab and slap a half dozen pounds or more off her too protuberant you-know. And devising a set of harnesses to give her that maewestian oomph above the equator. And things like that until the poor gal, looking into a mirror, wouldn't recognize herself as Mama Nature made her at all.

BUT in that story I never did mention a word about how Hollywood remakes its bee-oo-tee-ful boys, did I? No—and NEW MOVIE's editor noticed it and asked, with the dearest irony: "H'm—and are the men so perfect to start with that Hollywood doesn't have to make them over?"

So here's the answer to that—

THE Hollywood make-'em-over machine does its stuff on the screen's men as well as on its women. But in a different way, it seems.

With the women it's almost entirely a physical job. Hollywood takes the original chassis and mounts a more or less new body on it. Teeth, hair, eyelashes and brows, and other things like wadda-yucallems—all these are changed over before Li'l' Miss Baby Star steps before the camera.

But with the men—well, it's a character change, rather than mere looks. Oh, I don't mean to say, understand, that handsome Mr. G. flaps the same ears and bares the same teeth he stepped into films with, for instance. Or that pretty Mr. R. doesn't do things to make that lovely blond wavy hair lovely and blond and wavy. Or that a plastic surgeon doesn't deserve the credit-line for a certain star's nose. And things like that.

But what I do mean is that these are just side-issues with the men, and that the *real* male Hollywood changeling is one whose character undergoes a presto-change-o metamorphosis. And that goes for offscreen as well as on.

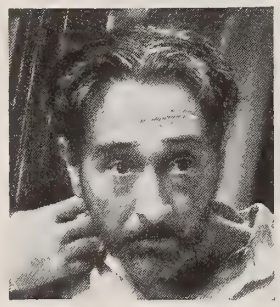




Look at Clark Gable. And he started out as a cave man!

TAKE, for instance, Jimmy Cagney. He muscled in on the movie racket with all the hard-boiled toughness that he picked up as a kid in the gas-house alleys of New York. He was tough, and he squished many a grapefruit in Blondell's movie face to prove it. But today—why, if they keep on changing Jimmy's characterizations the way they have, you'll be able to set him down in a bed of blooming *viola tricolor* (you'll find it in your dictionary under Viola) and hardly be able to pick Cagney out from the rest of 'em. . . . !

Or on the other hand, take Adolphe Menjou for example. . . .



And as for that debonair fashion-plate, Mr. Adolphe Menjou, all he can wear today is old night-shirts.

Adolphe you could never have called beautiful. But he was always the unexcellable pinnacle of sartorial splendor and sophisticated brilliance. Society words, those—but you have to use 'em to describe Adolphe. But Hollywood's make-'em-over machine got to work even on Adolphe—and in "Little Miss Marker" he wore baggy trousers and an ungilletted chinful of stubble!—and a sloppy nightgown in "Barnum"!—and in "Gold Diggers of 1935," he gawks through sequence after sequence in a character wherein he looks simply like what the newspapers have to spell aitch-dash-dash-ell, and the characteristic Menjou class is all rubbed off.

Now, there are a couple of examples of what the screensters are doing today to change the men. It seems that they've gotten the idea that you get tired of seeing your favorite star in picture after picture in the same old rôle. And so presto!—all of a sudden he's something else.

TAKE our Gable, then.

When Clark first stepped into screen fame, 'way back there in the dim, dark ages of nearly five years ago, he was just an extra-heavy lover. He was male sex-appeal with a wallop. Big, stuh-rong, hair-on-the-chest sort of stuff; and we gals were supposed subconsciously to sense that if we didn't give in an' give all when Clark whistled, why he'd just as like as not smack us one in the façade and make us!



That went over big. You remember? And then, odd as it seemed to the producers, Clark's sex-appeal power suddenly waned. And there was a slump. Was it, maybe, because Mrs. Gable had been publicized? Or was it just too much of a good thing for the movie palates of the screen goers?

Anyway, somebody got wise. And then you saw "It Happened One Night."

In that Clark Gable, the he-man of the fillums, suddenly snapped out of it and became a perfectly elegant comedian. And all of a sudden, then, Clark Gable was re-discovered. He'd been sunk in that welter of other gablesque leading men the various studios had thrown into the movie pot to skim off some of the box-office cream Gable was collecting for M-G-M. There were so many second-Gables that the original Gable was almost lost in the shuffle. And so, when he suddenly blossomed out as a comicker instead of a dame-knocker-overer, he was a hit all over again.

Smart M-G-M cashed in on Columbia's motion picture award opus. They threw him into "Forsaking All Others," with la Crawford and wisecracking Montgomery. And they told 'em to make it funnier and lower. So low, in fact, that Gable, not to mention the others, did some stuff that would have gladdened the vulgar haw-haw-haw heart of ol' Mack Sennett himself, in his Keystone-iest days. Therein Gable even descended—or ascended, if you prefer—into the ne-plus-ultra of (*Please turn to page* 46)

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

A useful page to help you pick the movie you want to see.

By BARBARA BARRY
New Movie's studio scout

PARAMOUNT is in the throes of a radio movie to end all radio movies. But from the fun they're having on the lot, all we can do is cross our fingers and hope fervently that somebody will decide to make another one just like it!

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1935
●
PARAMOUNT

For instance, the days we were there, Charlie, Jack Oakie, shining light of a one-lung radio station, stands behind the desk in his private office, utterly resplendent from the tips of his miniature moustache to the buttons of his tailor-made spats.

Outside the closed door George Burns and Gracie Allen wait to be admitted.

Gazing soulfully into space, Oakie murmurs: "Lochinvar!" thumping his knuckles on the desk for emphasis.

Still outside, Gracie says: "Come in!"

Startled out of his pose, Jack looks around suspiciously and thumps the desk again. Again, Gracie calls: "Come IN!"

As Jack knocks for the third time, Gracie opens the door. "Well, either come in or stop knocking!" she says. "You're a silly man!"

And so it goes, with Director Norman Taurog having more fun than anybody on this George Marion, Jr., story.

With such artists as Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Ethel Merman, Helen Jepson, Jessica Dragonette, Ray Noble and his band, Lyda Roberti, Sir Guy Standing, Gladys Swarthout, Gail Patrick, David Holt and Willie West and McGinty in the cast, the plot needn't have been such a cracking good one.

Oakie and Henry Wadsworth are proprietors of the struggling radio station when George Burns moves in on them with a television and radio invention that is supposed to pick up action in any part of the world, both audibly and visibly.

When they try to get the backing of a foreign princess, Lyda Roberti, the gal takes a fancy to both of them, shanghais them on her palatial yacht and carries them off to her kingdom.

Lots of possibilities, eh? Well, Lyda's prime minister is so jealous of the interlopers that he tries all sorts of ways to have them executed, but (shades of Scheherazade!) as long as Oakie can keep the princess entertained by bringing in famous radio personalities, the execution is put off.

Exhausting every possibility, the kids finally send a frantic message to the United States, and what do you think? Why, a contingent of the Coast Guard climb into their gondolas and get there just in time to save our heroes!

Surprise!

WE'RE IN THE MONEY
●
WARNERS

HERE'S a snappy yarn that should be good for a lot of laughs. George Gilson wrote it and it's all about a pair of female process servers (Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell) who stop at nothing to "get their man."

In love with what she thinks is a handsome chauffeur, Joan is mad as hops to discover that her Big Moment is none other than a famous millionaire playboy and a bachelor at that. Funny what some gals get mad about!

On top of that Hugh Herbert, the absent-minded attorney for whom the girls are working, assigns them to serve papers on the boy friend on account of he's the leading man in a half-million dollar breach of promise suit!

When the lad (Ross Alexander) attempts to escape aboard his yacht, Joan and Glenda hop into a speed boat, determined to follow the fellow to the ends of the earth.

The following scene takes place in Joan's cabin on the yacht. She is wearing a man's dressing gown and big slippers and has her hair pinned up on top of her head.

Ross enters holding a tray of food before his face and wearing a steward's cap.

"What are you doing with that tray?" Joan yells. "I told you what to do with it—don't you intend to pay any attention to my orders?"

"No, mum . . ." Ross assumes a cockney accent. "Hit 'appens Mister Courtney's lord and mawster his hon this bloomin' ship."

"Ho, 'e his—his 'e?" Joan mocks him.

"Yes!" Ross sets the tray down, revealing his face to the astounded Joan.

"Well . . ." she says finally, "I'm surprised you didn't sneak in disguised as an avocado salad!"

"Ah-ah!" Ross wiggles a finger at her coyly. "I wouldn't try to fool an old fooler like *you!*"

"You certainly go for uniforms, don't you!" Joan gives every evidence of being plenty exasperated. "I'll bet when you were a little boy you wanted to be a fireman when you grew up!"

"With a nice red and braid uniform? I'll have to try that!"

Joan starts around the table after him. "Why don't you just try growing up?" she shouts.

Eventually they iron everything out, admit they're in love, and Joan magnanimously tears up the subpoena. But when they land on shore Glenda pops up with another paper and, thinking Joan has framed him, Ross tells her off and goes away in a huff planning to marry the complainant just for (*Please turn to page* 57)



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
RKO
Lionel Barrymore thinks spiritualism is bunk, but from the great beyond he tries to repair his earthly mistakes.

THE LAST OUTPOST
Paramount
Cary Grant and Claude Rains in a tale of adventure in the African jungles, modelled on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."





SHANGHAI
Paramount
Charles Boyer, half Chinese, falls in love with American Loretta Young. Are mixed marriages good or bad is the question?

BIG BROADCAST OF 1935
Paramount
More nonsense from Burns and Allen, Jack Oakie, Ruggles, Boland, Ethel Merman, Helen Jepson, Jessica Dragonette.





PETER IBBETSON
Paramount
The story of a supernatural love which joins Ann Harding and Gary Cooper though prison bars keep them separated.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE
Paramount
This time W. C. Fields is a clerk who wants to go to a wrestling match, and does, with horrific consequences.



BEST BETS OF THE MONTH

THE BIG BROADCAST, with Burns and Allen.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, with W. C. Fields.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, with Lionel Barrymore.

THE LAST OUTPOST, with Cary Grant and Gertrude Michael.

MAD LOVE, with Peter Lorre and Colin Clive.

JALNA, with Peggy Wood and David Manners.

PETER IBBETSON, with Gary Cooper and Ann Harding.



Poor Jimmy Cagney is always being cast in aviation pictures. "Devil Dogs of the Air," in which he appeared with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien, was only one of them. Yet Jimmy has a tummy which can't even stand elevators.

CAN ACTORS BE THEMSELVES?

"If only I were a movie star," people sigh, "things would be different." But the stars are held back by the same human frailties we all have • By RICHARD ENGLISH

HOLLYWOOD with its background of emotion, populated with artists, writers and glamorous people from the ends of the world, should be the happiest city in the universe. In how many pictures we've seen Hollywood extol the virtue of obeying one's emotions. In how many articles have actors and actresses stressed that "free thinking" was essential to the career of an artist!

If ever there was a citadel of free souls it should be in the cinema city. Yet not a star in pictures is free from some phobia—some fear that may be pathetic, may be humorous, frightening or foolish, but is always human.

One of America's most beloved actresses still saves every pair of shoes that she has worn. Her fear is caused by knowing what it means to do without. One prominent actor has a great and honest dread of "being an actor" while another is afraid of awnings! Some have quite commonplace fears, such as gaining weight or losing it. One of the screen's most dynamic males is worried most over what "the hometown folks will think of him." They all may step out on the screen to be gay, daring, Bohemian—but they have their own private nightmares just as you and I.

MYRNA LOY was so long cast as a vampire, preferably Oriental, with vipers, snakes and slithering pythons at her beck and call that it's really funny to learn that she's frightened to death at the least mention of snakes! In three pictures at least she was the "lure," employing sex appeal, witchcraft and hissing reptiles to get her man. But in person! Nosiree, not for little Myrna! As a freckle-faced kid in Montana Myrna once stepped on a rattlesnake with no harm done to anything but her nerves. Today she can't even stand the sight of alligator leather.

Carole Lombard finds her greatest harassment is in endeavoring to live up to her reputation of being the screen's gayest off-screen young lady, past master of the fine art of repartee. And if you don't think so you should hear her tell it! Her phobia is that, if she ever lets herself down, Hollywood will think she's lost the shining sparkle that makes her so glamorous on the screen. No sparkle, no stardom!

An incident that her secretary, Fieldsey, tells is representative of the Lombard dilemma. On completion of "Twentieth Century," which met with the executives' wild acclaim, one of them asked Carole what manner of present she'd most appreciate. Carole smiled a bit ruefully and said, "I'd like to be able to stay home a few nights without Hollywood thinking I'm getting ready to retire to an old ladies' home!"

Just as incongruous as Myrna Loy's pet fear is that of Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy has been cast more than once as a dashing, swashbuckling cavalier of the air lanes—a pilot, no less. But just try and get Mr. Cagney up in a plane! He's the screen's best little stayer - on - the - grounder, and with good reason, too; for Jimmy has a chronic dyspeptic stomach that rebels at even the sight of an elevator. As you probably know, he is also an ardent pacifist in the sense of avoiding any

(*Turn to page 62*)



The bold Mae West lives in mortal terror of black cats and numbers 13 and 23.

Van Pelt





Bull

Left: Ruby Keeler dreads the thought that she has succeeded thanks to Al Jolson's name. And Jean Harlow is so afraid of newspaper gossip now, that she is scared even to have her picture taken with William Powell.

A LITTLE STAR Must EAT To Grow

Freddie Bartholomew lunches daily with his aunt in the M-G-M commissary wisely choosing food that keeps him sturdy

By MARY MARTIN





A bit of goodness packed with calories. Dates, stuffed with peanut butter on pineapple and lettuce.

ELEVEN-year-old Freddie Bartholomew, who was such a wonderful discovery for M-G-M in his part as David Copperfield, is a regular worker under the kleig lights now. In spite of the glamour that surrounds it, movie work is hard work even for an adult, and children must be carefully guarded against nerve strain and over-fatigue, while on a picture.

Picture work can make a child completely artificial in his daily life, or scarcely make a ripple in his routine of growing. It all depends on the management of his parents or guardians. Freddie is growing strong. He is not spoiled, or coddled, and fortunately his food tastes fit right in with what the doctor ordered. He drinks without a whimper his more-than-a-quart of milk daily. He loves fruit and his breakfast consists entirely of fruits and a pint of milk. He eats cherries every morning.

Chicken is his favorite meat, and if he could plan his menu every day, he would have a chicken dinner with mashed potatoes and asparagus, positively swimming in butter, and topped with strawberry shortcake. But simple puddings for dessert are always welcome—such things as tapioca, custard, bread pudding and rice pudding, all of which carry an extra quota of milk and eggs to take care that those extra inches added to his height are sturdy ones.

Freddie loathes spinach, but as there are other greens with just as many precious elements, no one forces him to go against his prejudice—and sometimes a child does know what's good for him. Escarole, kale and even the decorative parsley have even higher values than spinach and turnip tops, watercress, beet and dandelion greens, and Swiss chard are just as good. If it so happens that your child does like spinach, but would like more variety in the serving of it, why not try spinach soup, Italian style? Or serve him any of the following nourishing dishes.

Italian Spinach Soup

Wash spinach very carefully in several waters to remove grit, preparing about 1½ lbs. for four people. Put in large soup pan with tight cover and add two cups of water, and salt. Cook over slow fire until spinach is tender then add one can of chicken bouillon or two cups of plain chicken stock, unthickened. Serve in soup plates with a mound of spinach in each, with the soup poured over it. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve very hot.

Spinach Puff

1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup evaporated milk
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 cups cooked spinach
2 well beaten egg yolks

Melt butter in saucepan with seasonings and evaporated milk. Then add the spinach and egg yolks. Fold in the whites. Turn into greased baking pan and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes or until firm.

Creamed Codfish

In a frying pan put two tablespoons of butter over slow fire. Stir in one tablespoon flour as butter melts. Add one cup milk stirring constantly until it comes to a good boil. Add shredded codfish and let cook for two or three minutes. Serve on buttered toast, with baked potato and new peas. If salt codfish is used, it must be freshened by soaking overnight.

Baked Eggs and Tomato

Cut stem end from small tomato. Scoop out pulp. Break in an egg. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Cover with bread crumbs and bake until tomato is well-cooked.

Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal
2 cups flour
1 cup sour milk
2 eggs beaten light
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Butter size of an egg
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in milk or hot water.

Sift corn meal, flour, sugar and salt. Add to beaten egg the milk and dry ingredients alternately, then melted butter. Bake about 20 minutes.

Fruit Meal Salad

On lettuce-covered salad plate, center a mound of cottage cheese (1½ tablespoons). Around this at equal distances arrange 3 piles of orange slices. In spaces between orange, place 3 or 4 stoned dates (first space); 1 dessert spoon seeded raisins (second space); 5 walnut meat halves (third space). Serve with French dressing. With buttered roll and milk this makes a well-balanced luncheon.

Send ten cents to Home Service Dept., New Movie, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, for our circular "Food Children Like to Eat."

SUNDAY MEATS

May Robson comes of age with vim and vigor enough for a showman half her years. She says good, simple food and not too much of it can do a lot for her contemporaries

By AMY VANDERBILT

THAT sprightly and talented lady, M-G-M's May Robson, has a health formula for young women of seventy. One reaches her age, she thinks, by remembering that the adult, as well as the child, needs rest, exercise, and a well-balanced diet to build and maintain strong bone and muscle and to have ready energy always on tap. Like all successful showmen, Miss Robson must keep healthy and you will find her taking a daily active interest in kitchen affairs. For example, she knows the value of the vitamin-rich vegetable waters and the role they can play in the concocting of nourishing soup, of which she is very fond, and all such juices are carefully saved for the soup pot.

Sunday dinner in these United States is quite an institution and the average family's favorite Sunday standby is roast beef. Miss Robson serves, with it, Yorkshire Pudding, the famous English accompaniment to prime roast, and although it may not be familiar to you, she warns that you'd better make enough, once you introduce it to your household.

Roast Beef With Yorkshire Pudding

Schedule the roasting of the beef so that it will be done about 35 minutes before you plan to serve it. When it is ready, place it in the warming oven on its platter. In the meantime the following pudding has been prepared:

2 cups milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs separated and beaten
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Sift dry ingredients, add milk, then yolks and whites. Mix to a creamy consistency. Pour into two round biscuit pans some of the drippings from the roasting pan and fill each pan with the pudding and place them in a hot oven until dinner is ready to serve, in about 35 minutes.

Chicken Cream Fricassee

1 medium sized chicken
1½ cups evaporated milk diluted with 1 cup water
3 stalks celery (minced)
Paprika
2 slices canned pimiento, chopped fine
½ teaspoon dried onion or onion salt
4 tablespoons fat
1½ teaspoons salt

Have chicken cut into servings. Dredge each piece in well seasoned bread crumbs. Then dip each piece in undiluted evaporated milk and drop into frying pan until golden brown. Add diluted evaporated milk and other ingredients and bake slowly until chicken is tender.

Stuffed Leg of Mutton

Leg of mutton
Sage
Tomato paste
2 large onions
Salt
Pepper

Wash the meat and dry with a clean cloth. Boil two large onions until tender, then chop fine and add bread crumbs and sage to taste, and salt and pepper. Slit the sinewy part of the leg, insert stuffing and roast 12 minutes to the pound in a hot oven, with a little water in the pan. Salt only after it has begun to roast well. Baste from time to time with its own juices. If it begins to brown before the cooking period is over, cover with parchment paper. About 15 minutes before it is done, dredge with flour and baste with butter. Skim the gravy, add tablespoonful tomato paste, or to taste, thicken slightly with flour. Serve with spiced peaches or a tart preserve or jelly.

Stuffed Egg Plant

Cut egg plant in two, stemwise. Scrape out inside and place in saucepan with ¼ cup cooked tomatoes, well drained, 2 tablespoons minced ham and boil until tender. Chicken can be substituted for the ham, if you wish. Drain off the liquid and add 1 tablespoon of butter, 3 tablespoons of bread crumbs, half a small onion, minced, salt and pepper. Stuff each half with this filling. Add a dab of butter and bake in baking dish 15 minutes.

Baked Sliced Ham and Apples

2 large thin slices raw ham ¼ to ⅓ inch thick
1 tsp. dry mustard
2 tsps. vinegar
1 cooking apple
½ cup brown sugar
Butter

Remove bone from ham. Mix together mustard and vinegar. Spread the mixture thinly on the ham. Slice apple very thin and spread 2 layers of the thin slices on ham. Sprinkle well with brown sugar. Now roll the ham the long way, starting from the fat side and rolling the fat side in to the center. Fold together with metal butcher skewer. Place in baking pan and put a few dabs of butter on each ham roll. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Baste two or three times while baking. Serves four.

Spiced Bananas

With either assorted cold cuts or hot meats spiced bananas form an unusual garnish.

⅔ cup vinegar
3 bananas
⅔ cup sugar
24 whole cloves
1 small stick cinnamon

Boil vinegar, sugar, cloves and cinnamon until sugar is dissolved and bubbles begin to look thick. Peel bananas, halve them crosswise, if you wish, and drop into the hot syrup and boil hard for two minutes. Remove from fire and cool.

Send ten cents to New Movie Home Service Department, Tower Magazines for our circular, "Meat at Any Price"—58 recipes.



Spiced bananas, a quickly made garnish, dress up cold cuts for a Sunday night supper. RIGHT, Miss Robson sears the roast before salting, to retain the juices. "Diets should be planned to include all of the varied nourishment necessary to health," she says.

Sniffles!



"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications



—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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MUSIC in the MOVIES



A page for lovers of tunes from pictures

BY JOHN EDGAR WEIR

At the left are Nancy Carroll and George Murphy as they appear in "After the Dance," and below we show you Shirley Temple's latest and cutest dance routine, from her picture "Curly Top."

PROBABLY the outstanding musical of the moment, which you'll be seeing soon if you haven't already seen it in your town, is "Top Hat," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. As we told you last month, any number of the songs in it are written by that grand old man of song hits, Irving Berlin.

"Broadway Melody of 1936" is also nearing completion and should soon be released by M-G-M. Nacio Brown and Arthur Freed, famous for their "Pagan Love Song," provide the songs. The titles are "You Are My Lucky Star," "I've Got a Feelin' You're Fallin'," "Broadway Rhythm" and "On a Sunday Afternoon."

Paramount is rushing out "The Big Broadcast of 1935." The production includes such stars as Bing Crosby, Ray Noble and numerous other radio satellites. The outstanding song of the production, however, goes to Mr. Crosby. The title is "I Wished on the Moon" and promises to be an outstanding hit.

Those of us who were so captivated by the glorious singing of Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" can hardly wait to hear the star in her newest picture, "Love Me Forever." Gus Kahn, who wrote the delightful waltz, "One Night of Love," has written the title song, "Love Me Forever," also a waltz, and we believe he has done equally well this time.

The best selection of the month is, in our opinion, Bing Crosby's recording of "I Wished on the Moon" from "The Big Broadcast of 1935." The selection is given first place because of the beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, and Bing's grand vocal interpretation.

"TOP HAT," from the picture of the same name, is played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. The selection is a typical show tune and very danceable. Noble employs one of those clever, modern dance arrangements with which he has captured the ears of American dancers. Though this young English maestro has been with us but a few months, he has already won for himself a high place in the esteem of American music lovers. His band is superb in the rendition of this number and Al Bowlly handles the vocal chorus capably.

The reverse side carries "Piccolino," another characteristic show tune by Ray Noble's band. The number is played in a quick tempo with amazing harmonic effects in both the brass and sax sections. Three fiddles also lend themselves admirably to a fine recording by a great band. Al Bowlly sings another vocal refrain and splendidly too. (Victor)

"CHEEK TO CHEEK" from "Top Hat" is a melodic little tune well suited to the smooth style of Eddie Duchin's orchestra. We refer of course to the style of Eddie's Central Park Casino band . . . The Duchin band on the radio commercial program is augmented, and, as you may have noticed, plays more on the show style. On this recording a lone trumpet is heard in a pleasing interlude and, as always, Eddie's piano playing stands out as the best individual performance on the record. Lee Sherwood's vocal refrain is up to his usual standard.









The opposite side presents "Isn't It a Lovely Day?" from "Top Hat" and is also played by the Duchin band. This is a rhythmic tune in medium dance tempo and Duchin gives it a bouncing dance rhythm which we feel sure will appeal to the feet as well as to the ears. The sax section turns in a smooth job as does Lee Sherwood in the vocal interpolation. (Victor)

"BROADWAY RHYTHM" from "Broadway Melody of 1936" is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. As the name implies this one is a rhythmic dance tune. A unique harp introduction launches the Himber band into a lilting but simple arrangement with reverence for melody. A section of four fiddles furnishes a brilliant string interlude as does a sub-tone clarinet. Stewart Allen sings the chorus.

The other side brings us "On a Sunday Afternoon" from the same picture, and is played by the same orchestra. This tune is a melodic fox trot, better suited to the Himber style, which does not embody intricate arrangements but which emphasizes melody and superb tonal quality in the instrumentation. The string section, one of the best, does a grand job on the record. Stewart Allen sings a pleasing vocal. (Victor)

"THE ROSE IN HER HAIR" from "Broadway Gondoliers" is played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra, who, incidentally, appear in the picture. This is an engaging little song in waltz time and promises to be a big hit. If the opening strains sound familiar to you, we refer you to the middle strains of "The Continental." The Fiorito band gets a lot of color into the arrangement and gives it a Spanish accent. The vocal chorus is interesting as sung by Muzzy Marcellino and the Debutantes, a female vocal trio.

The reverse side brings us "Outside of You" from the same picture and played by the same band, a selection in medium tempo in which the Fiorito band gets plenty out of a smart dance arrangement. A muffled brass interlude is heard with complete satisfaction, as is a sizzling clarinet. Muzzy Marcellino sings a vocal refrain, this time without the aid of the Debs. (Brunswick)

(*Please turn to page* 50)

Gossip of Hollywood

WELL, gals . . . the Wailing Wall is straight down the hall and the second door to the left!

Tullio Carminati, your current heart throb, has gone to London to make a play there. Furthermore, while there, the dashing gent may make a picture for Gaumont-British in response to an offer made him just before he left there last year.

Being continental (beautiful music . . . ta dee da!) it is as natural for him to pick up his cane as his hat upon leaving the house. But realizing our American scorn for such goings on, Tullio satisfies himself by picking it up on his way out, but leaving it in the car when he gets where he's going.

Is everybody happy?

RONALD SUDROW, eleven years old, of Buffalo, has organized a baseball team and calls it the "Mae West Nine."

"And," writes Ronald, "with curves like that, we never lose a game!"

These kids have got us stopped without even trying!

FOR that "tired" feeling!

Lynne Overman reports that he's just about all rested up after spending three days on his back, "dying" for a scene in "Men Without Names."

GETTING tired of hearing some of our male stars boasting about their prowess in the kitchen, Stu Erwin decided to take a crack at it himself and show the braggarts up.

Mixing it with a special veal paprika, Stu was doing right well until something went haywire and filled the house with so much smoke that the regular cook was fit to be tied and threatened to walk out, then and there, unless she got Stu's sworn promise to stay out of the kitchen in the future.

THE stars have complexes, even as you and I.

For instance, Joan Crawford makes her own bed so as to be darn sure the covers don't come out at the foot!

Clark Gable changes the oil in his car, because he once burned out a bearing by trusting the word of another.

Jean Harlow does her own fingernails, because it makes her fidgety to have anybody work on her hands!

Bob Montgomery likes fooling around with figures so well that he keeps all his own accounts. "And if I want to gyp myself," he says, "it's okay with the police department!"

No matter how busy she is, Maureen O'Sullivan always plans her own menus and makes out the grocery list, even if she has to do it on the set between scenes!

And there hasn't been an electrician in Otto Kruger's house for years, simply because, next to acting, there's nothing he'd rather do than fool around with electrical devices.

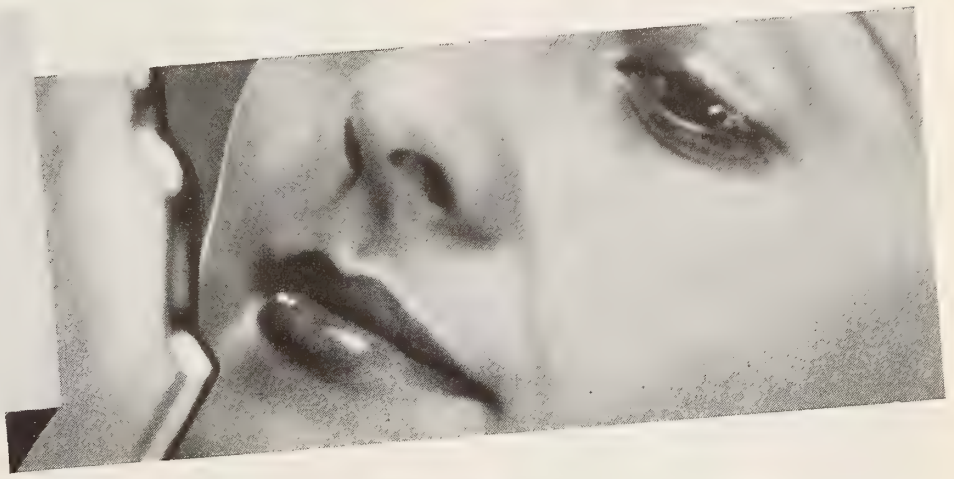
EVER hear of "bursitis?" Well, that's what Claudette Colbert came down with. But before you start to worry, we'd better tell you it's just an inflammation in her right arm from playing too much tennis.

DRIVING into our favorite Pig stand, who should pull in alongside of us but Nils Asther, and goodness knows, we haven't seen him in a columnist's age!

You'll be seeing him right soon now, though, because he's reporting to Universal for a part in "Storm Over the Andes," just as soon as the script's ready.

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It provides an intelligent understanding of the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter consisted of thickened secretions from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork. Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead! Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

Have you ever tried the Pond's way of dealing with blackheads?

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not break the skin. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores, after this, by bathing the face with cold water, or rubbing it with ice.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the *underskin!* Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. Brings back snap to weakening fibres. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided. Your skin keeps clear, fresh, transparent.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Not only blackheads, but practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin.

Blemishes, enlarged pores, even lines and sagging tissues—you can ward them all off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out of the pores every speck of dirt and make-up, as well as waste matter from within given off through the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny so it takes your make-up evenly, holds your powder smooth and long.

Just send for the special tube offered below, containing enough Pond's Cold Cream for nine treatments. See your skin grow clearer, fresher, smoother—free from lines and blemishes.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.



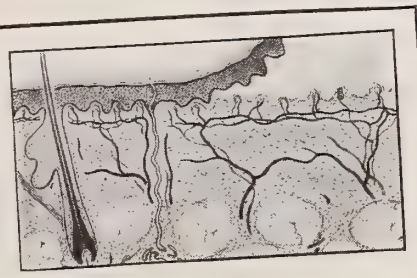


Marjorie Gould Drexel

now Mrs. John Murton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is all I need to keep my skin in perfect condition. It cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

The Underskin—where skin faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults.



1. **LINES** form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under-tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon—**for Generous Package!**

POND'S, Dept. 148, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says **DOROTHY HAMILTON**
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature, *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



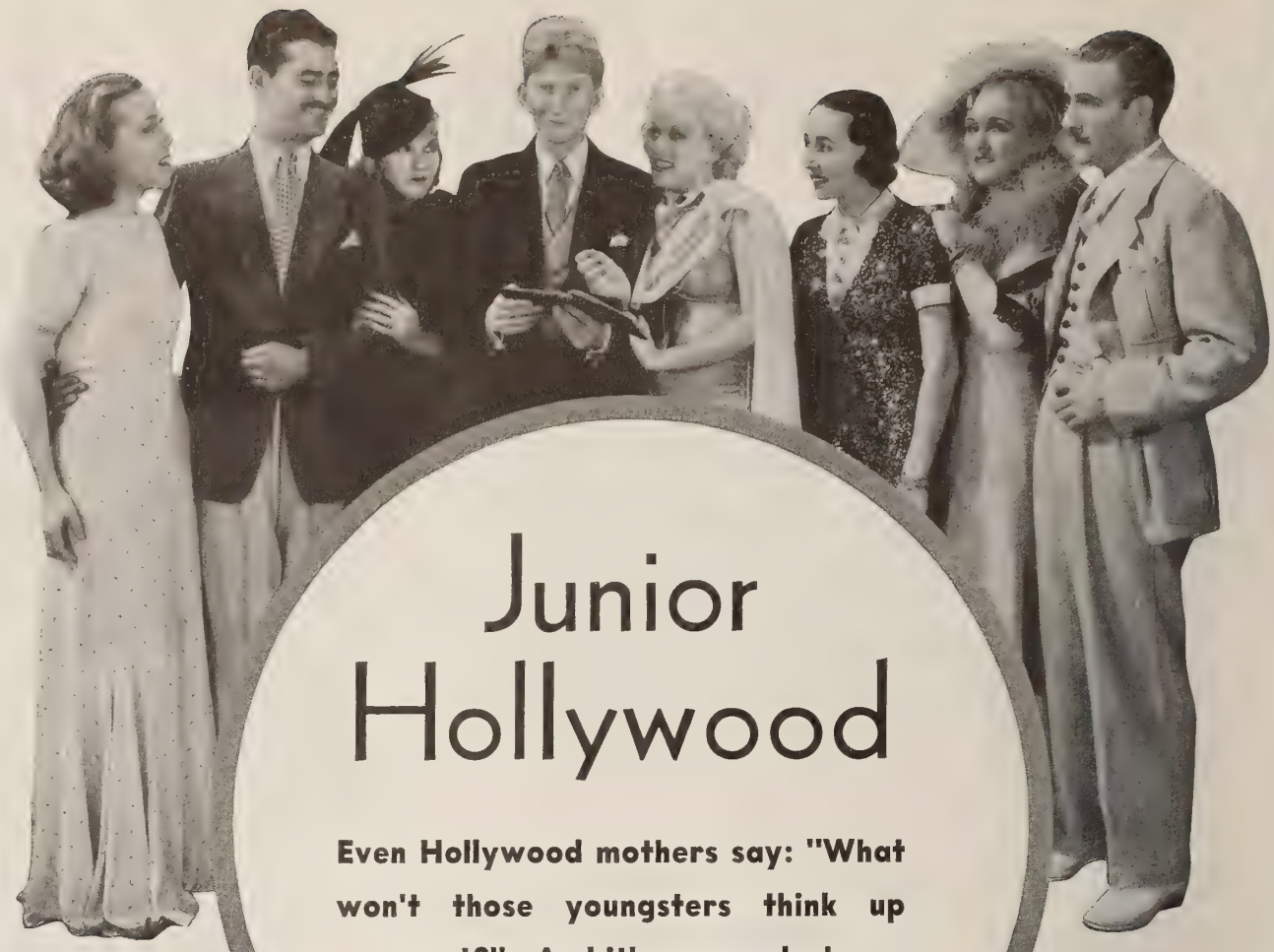
COLORLESS

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES



Junior Hollywood

Even Hollywood mothers say: "What won't those youngsters think up next?" And it's no wonder!

By HENRY WILLSON

Patsy Doyle as Katharine Hepburn, John Gustien as John Gilbert, Eula Love as Connie Bennett, Sterling Holloway as Sterling Holloway (ah!), Mary Dees as Jean Harlow, Ritz High as Dolores del Rio, Martha Wentworth as Mae West and John Albins as John Barrymore.

THE picture above embodies a cute idea. Universal is making a comedy with the following plot: Sterling Holloway is running a broken-down old hotel that is deep in the red ink. He gets the bright idea—he isn't any too bright—that he can put said hostelry back on its feet by filling it with movie stars. He hires an agent to get the stars for him but, to the agent's incredulous dismay, the most he can pay such people as Greta Garbo and Wallace Beery and Cary Grant is thirty-five dollars a week. So, to get even, the agent hires all of the stars' stand-ins, instead of the stars themselves. They do a good job of it, too!

All of which, of course, gives Universal a chance to show you a bunch of Hollywood youngsters who can do impersonations of the stars. We show you some of them above, and we hope you'll like the comedy. It's called "Double Crossed."

It's really amazing that the young movie aspirants and junior stars of Hollywood, who are being groomed by the studios, don't lose their minds. Or maybe they have. If you've trained for ten years and developed your talents along the musical line—singing and dancing—you are bound to be kept out of musical pictures. Patricia Ellis is a perfect example of that. But the prize quirk of the year happened to twenty-year-old Mary Blackwood (not to be confused with Mary Blackford, the little girl crippled ten months ago in an automobile crash). Miss Blackwood is a lovely Southern belle who came visiting Hollywood with her mother a year and a half ago. One of the studio executives at Fox saw her at a restaurant and sent her a note to come to the studio. The same routine—but this time they had found a sensational beauty—if she could really act Fox was set.

Mary was all prepared to sign a contract starting at $250.00 a week when they discovered, after making several tests, that her speech contained too much of a Southern drawl. It was very lovely and all that—but anyone other than a comedienne with a Southern accent can only be cast in Southern rôles, so Mary was immediately put under the company's dramatic coach, Miss Barclay, and told to lose that accent. Of course they could only pay her $50.00 a week during the preparation period. So for one year and a half Mary Blackwood appeared in playlets on the lot, she practiced diction constantly—made new friends and contacts (people who were not Southerners) so as to completely lose the drawl. But still no parts came up. Directors often considered her for featured rôles—one even changed her hairdress, and lightened her locks, but still she wasn't quite the type. Patience was finally its own reward and after eighteen months of hard work the call came:



Longworth

Patricia Ellis, working on "Broadway Joe," takes a ride at the beach.

"Miss Barclay—this is Mr. Lasky's office—send Mary Blackwood over right away."

Mary was thrilled.

"Miss Blackwood," said Norman McLeod, the director, "we have a part for you in 'Red Heads on Parade.' It's three pages of dialogue—and a swell little part. You have to wear a red wig of course and"—(this really is the pay-off—now, no kidding)— "and you must speak with a very Southern accent."

Mary soon regained consciousness.

"But Mr. McLeod, I can't. I've completely forgotten—why the studio has been training me for a year and a half to lose it."

"I can't help it—you're the only girl for the part."

So to make a crazy situation crazier, Mary was given twenty-four hours to regain her Southern accent. She scrambled home, called all her old friends, invited them over and told them to talk—just

(*Please turn to page* 54)

how to keep ROMANCE aflame

Mary Jean (*below*) knows that Lux helps any girl's game. Ted and Tim are beaten before they start by a swanky pink shantung. Lux keeps Mary Jean's cottons and summer silks fresh and gay, her sweaters soft as down.

At parties, Sally (*below*) is always the center of things. Her lovely yellow organdie, fresh from its Lux bath, panics the boys. "The swellest femme on the floor," they agree. Never would Sally trust dainty washables to ordinary harsh soaps or cake-soap rubbing.

"Mercy no! Lux is a girl's best friend!"



"That dress is a knockout!" compliments Ralph (*below*), married five years. Stepping out with his wife always gives him a kick. "You darling," purrs Fran, delightedly. "I do adore this blue printed silk even if it *is* made over. It's silly to let things get faded and dowdy when you can keep colors looking gorgeously new with Lux."

Of course, you want romance—dates by the dozen—an adoring husband through the years. Lux helps to make all this come true! Lux is made to keep you attractively dressed at little cost—to keep colors like new. Avoid ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. They're apt to fade colors, shrink woolens, mar the adorable freshness of cottons and linens, wear out things far too soon. But Lux, you remember, is safe for everything safe in water alone!

Connie (*above*) is pleased with her green peasant linen—color-fresh, like new, thanks to last night's Luxing. "Looks like a million," thinks Jerry, the new man at the office. Connie knows how to keep her pet frocks gloriously colorful—always ready for a big moment. That out-of-the-bandbox look brings down the strongest men! Moral: Stick to Lux!

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 5*)

SO Richard Dix's new wife presented him with twins! And Dix is tickled over the wire he received from Bing Crosby, who beat him by a good year.

The wire read: "Dear Rich: Whenever a guy does something different in Hollywood, somebody else always jumps in and tries to follow suit! Anyhow, congratulations no end and I mean there's plenty of room for both of us!"

If Dix is a bit superstitious we'll bet this is his last marital venture. With wife No. 1 presenting him with one child and wife No. 2 presenting him with twins . . . well, where's the man (outside of Mister Dionne) who'd take a third chance?

Incidentally, Lyle will have to look to his lady-snatching laurels, since Cary Grant's been back in circulation the gals are crowding around "tall-dark-'n-handsome" with that certain look they used to wear for Lyle just south of the eyebrows!

For a while Sandra Rambeau seemed to have the inside, then Lillian Bond crowded her over and shot into first place. But now Betty Furness seems to have the best of it.

AND methinks it's sort of a nice coincidence that the "Glitter" company, starring Joan Crawford, should have picked the same time and location to start shooting, which should make it a dandy holiday for Joan and Tone. Don't you think so?

LAUGHTON, who has a regular "Captain-hates-the-sea" complex and hangs around the old boat every minute of the time, told us an amusing angle in connection with the picture.

It seems that the studio hired a bunch of lads who were more or less handy at climbing rigging and stuff, and, so's they'd look authentic, paid them salaries for two weeks in advance while they were getting tanned up.

When the picture started and they needed men who could really run a ship, they sent out an SOS for old-timers. And when the McCoys arrived and stood alongside the sunburned rig-climbers, they were so lily-white that Director Frank Lloyd went into hysterics just looking them over!

FOR your sakes we hung around the Motion Picture Hall of Fame at the San Diego Exposition a few days ago, while we were really dying to straddle a purple-eyed horse on the merry-go-round and grab ourself a few brass rings.

First of all, when Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos arrived, the bouncing Czech was so bewildered by the milling crowd that he frantically phoned the Motion Picture Building for directions on how to get there.

The extremely courteous gateman suggested that an escort would be the thing and not until Lederer and his girl friend arrived safely at the building did they discover that the man who had towed them over was a Pinkerton detective.

On the opening day Thelma Todd and her mama slipped into the crowd in front of an exhibit where a seven-foot spieler was telling one and all what could be seen inside where pictures were being made.

Two women in front of Thelma were betting, pro and con, that the guy was (or was not) standing on stilts.

Finally, to settle the argument, one of the curious gals sneaked up and pinched the fellow good and proper on the ankle.

P.S. There were no slivers in the lady's hand when she romped back to collect her bet.

After posing for dozens of pictures Anita Louise got tired of it all and ducked out of sight. And the next time we caught up with her she was standing at a hot dog stand, eating electrocuted puppies with none other than Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight champion of the world!

Is Tom Brown in the crowd?

LEAVING the Hall of Fame, Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold, fresh from finishing "Diamond Jim," decided to go for a spin in one of the hand-pushed wheel chairs.

Seeing them climb in Maxie (hot dog and all) dashed over to offer his services as pilot.

Occupied with a bit of dripping mustard he accidentally ran his passengers into another chair containing two ladies who were dumped out with very little ceremony.

But instead of getting mad, one of them looked up, saw who it was and gasped: "M-mm-may I have an autograph, Miss Barnes?"

Well, Binnie and Arnold were so pleased that they brushed both of 'em off, took them over to the Motion Picture Building and personally escorted them through.

LEE TRACY is one of the best eggs in the business.

Stepping out on the stage where movies were being made for the benefit of the public he not only played one role, but ad libbed so fast and furious that the audience, as well as Robert Young, Ralph Morgan and Bela Lugosi (also members of the cast) howled with laughter.

It was funny enough to be worthy of any studio production.

So that for the Hall of Fame! And if we can find another free afternoon right soon, we'll pop over again and bring you some more about the hilarious doings.

YOU short-wave radio fiends ought to catch up with Buck Jones, who is an indefatigable addict of the P. S. 21-, P. D. Q. 69- or maybe it's just plain old V-8.

Anyway Buck has a radio in every room in the house, and the other night when he couldn't sleep, he started working his short-wave set. Well, at four A. M., what did he get but the Soviet Union City of Khabaroosh in Russia!

If you'd like to know, it was Station R. V. 15- and they announced in six languages, one being English.

AT THE opening of "Amaco"—an indictment against the machine age, that ran in the Pasadena Playhouse and starred Onslow Stevens, we sat next to Jetta Goudal, Grand Passion of our dear, dead Youth.

So enchantingly charming was she that we could scarcely take our eyes from her, and if Onslow's performance hadn't been so undeniably powerful, we might never have known what the play was about.

Back stage after the last curtain we wriggled through the mob to congratulate Stevens, but what we'd like to know is—who was the striking young blonde who hurled herself into his arms and kissed him soundly, getting plenty of cooperation, too, we might add. In fact, we will *add!*

All we can tell you is that when they pulled out of the clinch and she turned away, Onslow gazed after her, tenderly, and called: "See you later, Katherine!"

Katherine, now . . . m-mm-m . . . let's see—!

GENE RAYMOND has been having lots of fun on his personal appearance tour. And is that lad tactful!

So much so, that when a little stenographer turned loose a possible inhibition and announced to a startled world, including Gene, that she was engaged and soon to be married to the blond star, Gene merely asked the reporters: "Who *is* she?"

AT the opening of that popular play, "Three Men on a Horse," movie fans crowded around the lobby as usual, hailing their favorites with the customary fanfare, and for the most part, enjoying smiling recognition from the stars so favored.

Later than necessary a long, shiny car drew up before the theater and Gloria Swanson stepped out, assisted by the ever-present Herbert Marshall.

Inasmuch as it's been a long time since our ex-Sennett bathing beauty has appeared pictorially before the public, we sort of felt that the round of applause that went up was a pretty sweet gesture.

However, without looking to right or left, nor smiling even two cents' worth, Miss Swanson gathered her luxurious wrap around her svelte figure (maybe we're over-doing this) and swept majestically into the theater!

Even Herbie, who is usually darn nice, stalked along after his lady without bestowing one teeny weeny bow on anybody!

But don't jump to conclusions, kiddies. Maybe it was a private fight and just none of our business.

BUT let's forget it and have ourselves a laugh over W. C. Field's favorite parlor story.

It seems as how there was a famous Japanese ambassador who was being honored with a swanky dinner at an ultra-swanky hotel in New York.

With the soup course a guest sitting on the ambassador's left (who had arrived too late to do anything but slide into his seat and try to look as though he knew what it was all about) determined to do the right thing and be sociable.

Leaning over he said friendly-like: "You likee soup-ee?" To which the guest of honor smiled happily and nodded agreeably.

After the dinner Mister Ambassador was called upon to make a speech, and getting to his feet, he delivered an oration that was so grammatically perfect that the assembly applauded long and loud.

Reseating himself, the Jap leaned toward the late arrival. "You likee speech-ee?" he murmured amusedly.

And Fields almost gurgles himself into a spasm every time he tells it!

WHILE we're at Paramount a few more laughs won't do us any harm. You know Gracie Allen? Well, it doesn't make a "diff of bitterance," says Gracie, but after a whole day on the "Big Broadcast" set, George Burns went

(*Please turn to page 63*)

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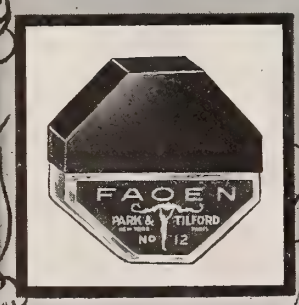
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FIGURING IT OUT WITH SYLVIA

Don't be a slave to a starvation diet but learn a few simple rules for shedding your excess weight

By MARION HAMMON

"I DON'T diet and I loathe exercising," confided Sylvia Sidney across the luncheon table.

It was one of those cold, raw summer days in New York when the rain beat a gloomy tattoo on the windows of the famous "Twenty-One," popular restaurant and meeting place of celebrities. She was wearing a perfectly tailored brown suit (the kind of suit that emphasizes the lines of a good figure), a sailor hat slightly tilted, and a beautiful sable scarf about her shoulders.

"But," I protested, "I wanted to get a story from you about how you keep your lovely figure . . . you know the sort of thing . . . a new diet, perhaps, or a detailed account of the kind of special exercises you go through morning and night."

She leaned back in her chair and laughed, and when Sylvia laughs, her eyes crinkle so mischievously that the whole effect is irresistibly contagious. "Sorry, but I don't go in for daily dozens or trick diets. So let's order," she said as the waiter stood patiently and I mentally debated between lobster Newburg and creamed chicken.

Vegetable soup, spinach and stewed tomatoes, Melba toast, and coffee was Miss Sidney's order, which shamed me into hastily ordering the same.

"You see, it so happens that I have sensible food tastes," she explained. "Even as a child I ate spinach without fuss or nonsense. I still do . . . and like it, what's more, so perhaps that explains why I don't worry much about taking on weight. As to sports, I simply adore swimming—not as exercise particularly, but because it's good fun."

Lucky little Sylvia! She's five feet two and weighs only one hundred and four pounds. No problem of weight-control there. But how many of you petite girls find yourselves on the plump side? Remember that a few extra pounds over your normal weight will make your figure look dumpy. Make up your mind today to shed those pounds, not by going on a starvation diet which is dangerous, but by eating the right kinds of food. If you haven't a natural instinct for choosing the kind of foods that are good and wholesome and non-fattening, cultivate it. You don't have to know much about calories and vitamins to remember the following rules if you would lose excess weight and keep your figure.



In "Accent on Youth," Sylvia reveals the lines of her slim, young figure in a pajama costume of paisley lamé.

1. *First and foremost, eat less.* Most of us eat far more than we require.
2. *Cut down* on rich foods, highly seasoned gravies, potatoes, concentrated desserts, bread and butter, sugar and cream.
3. *Avoid* fat meats and fish.
4. *Eat plenty* of fresh vegetables, green salads, and fruits (both fresh and stewed). These foods provide bulk without unduly increasing the calories.
5. *Drink plenty* of water, at least eight glasses a day, and fruit juices. Citrus fruit juices are effective in a reducing diet not only because they offset acidity but because they are so high in vitamin content.

Begin your weight-losing program with a one-day liquid diet to tone and cleanse your system.

Start in the morning with a very large glass of orange juice. Then a cup of black coffee (or tea) for breakfast. In the middle of the morning, have a glass of iced tomato juice or sauerkraut juice. For lunch, a bowl of clear consommé. At night, you have another glass of fruit juice . . . orange juice, grapefruit juice, or unsweetened pineapple juice. A tablespoonful of milk of magnesia should be taken before going to bed to insure proper elimination. Elimination through the pores of the skin should be induced by a warm tub bath at night and a brisk shower in the morning.

The one-day liquid diet literally "shrinks" your stomach and lessens your appetite. You will find that your system will be content with far less quantities than it has been accustomed to. Now you are ready to go back to your three meals per day, but keep the above rules well in mind. Try, for example, a breakfast of stewed fruit, whole wheat toast with half a pat of butter and black coffee. For luncheon, a bowl of crisp green salad, tea with lemon, and a gelatine dessert. For dinner, have a cup of clear soup, lean meat with liberal helpings of vegetables, salad and stewed fruit.

You'll find a menu of this kind is appetizing and satisfying and it won't be long before you'll attack a portion of spinach with as much gusto as you used to feel for Boston cream pie. Take your exercise in "sugar" doses, too. And if you refuse to bound out of bed mornings and go through your daily dozen, you can walk some of the way to office or give Junior an extra ride around the park in his carriage.

So don't be a slave to a diet, but just remember to choose those foods that are good-for-you and thin-for-you. Then you, too, like Sylvia Sidney, need not be concerned about the problem of "keeping your figure." You'll eat what you like, like what you eat, and gain a slim little figure in the bargain!

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Star Light, Star Bright

(*Continued from page* 15)

from Jellico. I'm afraid they were a bit old-fashioned, but I wanted to be really married, not dividing my life between a career and a husband. I couldn't have hoped for the complete happiness we have while I was concentrating on voice development, operatic arias, opportunities to advance. Ah, no, it wouldn't have been possible; but now—"

Grace paused.

It was obvious that she didn't want to change the subject. I egged her on by saying that I thought the "oneness" of marriage the most important factor. The sharing every thought. The intimacy which many modern married people consider fatal.

"Oh, you are so right!" Grace said. "It's wonderful to feel that no matter where we are, or what's going on, we can shut the door of one room and have a world all our own."

I yessed her with fervor.

"And," she continued, "he is so wise, so clever; his judgment is perfect. Whatever he advises, I do without question—in my work, I mean."

She laughed, realizing, no doubt, I was not quite believing that the independent Grace had become just "the little woman" in every way.

"What I mean is, Elsie, you know how easy it is to be carried away by people around you who are always telling you that you are right, yessing you about your make-up, your acting, your everything as long as you are successful. Well, he tells me the truth, and," she sighed happily, "I love it."

THERE, ladies and gentlemen, you have practically a verbatim recording that should be put under glass and preserved. A woman who has climbed to what appears to be the highest peak of accomplishment meets a guy as she is looking down on the world at her feet and says, "Oh! Now I see that other peak up there, and with your help I know I can climb it." Marvelous! Just in case you don't know who this miracle man is, his name is Valentin Perara. He is tall and dark and handsome. He is a writer, director and star of Spanish pictures; and, as you may have gleaned, he is not "Grace Moore's husband," she is Valentin Perara's wife. In order to cling to that certain "oneness" I spoke of, he has given up a splendid contract at Fox Studios to accompany Gorgeous Grace to Europe.

"Why, I wouldn't even get a thrill out of singing the command performance at Covent Garden if he was not with me!" Grace said. "Oh no! No separations for us."

"None of that 'You go your way, I'll go mine, and I'll meet you in the boudoir next Christmas,'" I added somewhat crudely.

"You said it!" the girl from Tennessee quipped without a trace of southern accent.

That night Grace was given a dinner by the Society of Arts and Sciences. They presented her with a gold medal. It is hers for having added another art to their list. For bringing opera to the screen and making it so easy to take that the most anti-classic fanatic didn't realize he was cheering what he thought he didn't like. Grace did not take that medal lightly. She was proud; so proud that she wore it hanging right in the middle of her slightly extended chest when she sailed the next day. She had her picture taken wearing it, and I'd be willing to bet that she is still old-fashioned enough to have copies sent to a lot of folks down in Jellico. Many people are successful; but a medal, no matter where you hang it, is still impressive, especially to an old home town.

I asked about her new picture, just completed.

"I think it is better than 'One Night of Love,'" she said. "I have learned things, I believe, which will help my performance. Of course it will never have that first acclaim that 'One Night of Love' had, but I have great hopes."

It is nice to think of anyone starting out to improve after being the sensation of years. Maybe "he" had something to do with it, though I don't see how even a husband could have found any flaws in her performance in her first picture, which incidentally was her third picture, but so few people remember the others that it's best to let flopping films lie.

Grace, however, doesn't want to forget the other two. She likes to remember how she came out to Hollywood with a great fanfare of the Studio's Press Department Trumpets. How everyone bowed and scraped before the great star of opera who was coming slumming in motion pictures. How she took the biggest house she could find. How the papers said that she was going to be the greatest star of them all when her first picture appeared. How she played sweet Jenny Lind in the film and never had a chance to show any of the great humor and peppiness which is hers. How it was not up to expectations, in fact, it was not up at all. Still, Grace had everything then that she has now.

In the second picture, instead of trying to get a better vehicle for her to star in, they co-starred her with Lawrence Tibbett, who also left the films a little later without having hit the Box Office Target. He will, next time, because sound is more perfected, photography is more under control and the public is ready for Operatic Cinema. Thanks to Grace Moore!

The reason she likes to retrospect about what should have been a crushing blow and have sent her away from Hollywood "panning" the entire system is because she didn't do that. She came back for more and the only person who realized what she wanted to do, was bound to do, and did do, was Harry Cohn of Columbia, "Bring 'em back alive Cohn." When other studios say a star is finished, he steps in. When he steps, he steps a footfull. Grace is almost as grateful to him as she is to Irving Berlin. In fact, for a raging success, she spends an awful lot of time being grateful. A very nice way to spend your time, really. At least you don't get crushed in the crowd.

What Do You Think of Color?

(*Continued from page* 16)

business, true—so complicated that it took twenty years to learn it—and along about 1927 or 1928 we were just beginning to grasp the fundamental laws which applied to it. Then, overnight, the talkies came into existence and swept all our hard-bought knowledge away, with no small amount of destruction, thrusting us back into chaos to learn all over again. We had to stop just when we were learning.

But now a few of the new laws begin to emerge. For instance we know that sound, the new element, was quite different essentially from the basic root of moving pictures as moving pictures. They are primarily for the eye. The eye is the quickest of our senses. The ear is much slower. We see before we hear, and what we see makes a much deeper impression on us than what comes to us through our ears. Doubtless you know the old Chinese proverb, "A picture is worth ten thousand words." It had a great deal of truth in it. If, instead of merely reading about murders and automobile accidents in our morning newspapers, we could look at the page and really *see* the events, just as they occurred, in all their blood and horror, our lives would never be the same from that morning on. If the newspapers found a voice and simply told us about them, on the other hand, it wouldn't affect us much more than it does at present. If sound were as powerfully affecting as sight—to give an example—we would all stay at home and listen to football games on the radio, in preference to attending the games and seeing them with our own eyes. But, when talkies first came in, we forgot all this. Instead of planning pictures for the eye, directors planned them for the ear and filled them with dialogue. Pictures became overbalanced, lopsided. They slowed. Instead of being two-thirds sight and one-third sound, as I think they ought to be, they became half of each. I believe that color will restore pictures to the old, desirable balance of two for one.

Why? Because every object in the world, every house, every stone, every tree, has two visual elements, form and color. To see only one of the two is to half-see the object. If you see a photograph of a rose, uncolored, you see only the design. You accept it as a rose because you happen to know what it means in life, in actuality. But if, in real life, you saw a gray rose, you would be seeing only half a rose. A rose by any other name may swell as sweet, but a rose without its color is no rose at all. Color on the screen increases the visual element by accenting it, doubling its power and bringing it home to us with its real-life force. Hence in my opinion it is connected with the very essence of the motion picture, its visual quality, and belongs integrally to the screen. More than ever, now that we have talkies, I think it belongs there, to restore the balance I have mentioned.

What, after all, is picture-making? To direct a film is to tell a story, or express a character, by drawing a series of pictures of that story or character. Up until now the drawing has been done in charcoal. Now those silent men of the laboratories have said to us direc-

tors—"Here is color for you. Take it and use it in your drawings." What man with an ounce of artist in him could resist such an offer? We are like men who have been condemned for life to draw in black and white, and who suddenly find ourselves painters with a palette and oil paints. If we have called them motion pictures, before, from now on we ought to call them motion paintings

BUT the whole point is this. Now that color is possible on the screen—how will the film makers use it? Will they go about it like the newly-rich and turn the screen into a gaudy riot of hues? I hope not. I hope they will avoid the mistake that early sound pictures made—that is of having too much dialogue and noise in them. The directors will have to learn the science of colors and light and will have to exercise their color instinct with discrimination and tact. The scenic designer alone cannot solve the problem just as the dialogue director could not and did not in the talkies. Neither sets nor dialogue by themselves make a film. The film depends so much on camera treatment and cutting and the color progression of these elements can only be controlled by the man who tells the story.

The sensible outlook, it seems to me, is this. There is no sense using color just because we have it. As a silent spot in a sound picture can be effective, so a neutral gray spot in a color picture can be effective. A painter often finds a subject which lends itself better to a black-and-white drawing or etching than it does to his colors. So with moving pictures.

Hardly anything in life is objectively good or bad. Fire is good for warmth and bad when it burns your house down. A medicine that will heal you if you take it according to the doctor's orders may kill you if you take an over-dose. Anything of inherent power, anything with force, is good or bad depending upon the circumstances. Color, definitely, is a force. It is not neuter. It, too, can be destructive or creative. It answers a strong basic craving in us. Children love it. So do savages. That is why traders, who do business with them. carry large stocks of bright beads and bolts of brilliantly dyed cloth. There are few of us in whom color does not provoke a definite reaction. Through association, different shades and tints have even come to be symbolic to us; there are tints that are warm, aggressive, soothing. Red, for instance, traditionally stands for danger, for excitement, whereas a pale blue is cool and soft. Here is the use for color on the screen.

The play—the story—is the thing. Color can be good only when it serves the story. It must be selected to fit in with the emotional and psychological aspects of each scene of the film. If red is a color bound to excite your audience, then it will be foolish to use it in a sad scene. The audience must be in the director's mind every moment. That was the first problem I had to meet when I started work on "Becky Sharp." How was I to introduce my color to audiences unused to it and bound psychologically to be a little shocked by it? Should I thrust it on them, with a bang? That, definitely, I was sure was wrong. So, if you saw the picture, you will remember that it began with the palest of tints, only building up later, as the drama of the story itself climbed to the stronger, brighter colors.

Selection, there is no doubt of it, is going to be the main problem. Just as no camera angle is good unless it is the one angle which will best capture the mood of scene, so we will not be able to photograph colors as they happen accidentally to appear in Nature. We are going to have to choose them with the utmost caution, whether it is for harmony or for contrast. Selection crops up again in the cutting-room, where the film is edited. When working with black-and-white film we could cut almost where and how we pleased, and the monotone color note of gray would blend the scenes and join them together. With color this will be changed. If one scene shows a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the next a lady's boudoir in pink and pale gray, the shock to your system would be like having a stick of dynamite go off in your lap. Where once we could intensify our actions with clever cutting, now we are going to have to do it with the colors.

To show what I mean, in the ballroom scene in "Becky Sharp," on the eve of Waterloo, the dancers were gay and carefree when news of Napoleon's approaching army came to them. The alarm spread and they went into a panic, with the women rushing to escape and the men hurrying out to their horses to join their troops. Now, if I had thrown the colors in the scene together, I would have had a jumble. I had to arrange my shots so that each had a dominant hue, running first to the weaker tints and later to the powerful ones. I took my groups in this order—dark blacks and blues and greens, then lighter greens, yellows, orange, purple and finally scarlet. In life it would have been unreal for them so to select themselves, but on the screen the color logic is so undeniable that it is completely convincing.

COLOR speaks with its own voice and the directors must listen. The language of color should be used beautifully and correctly, it should tell the story even as effectively as the camera and dialogue are telling that story.

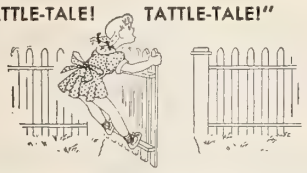
And how much there is to learn about color we do not even suspect, at this early date. For instance—any painter will tell you that the three primary colors are red, yellow and blue. But making pictures, we work not with pigment, but with colored light—and the primary colors, working with light, are red, violet and green. Add to this the fact that the chairs and tables and costumes on the set all have colors of their own, which must blend with the colors of the light. The laws of harmony and contrast of colors become more intricate because none of your characters stands still and holds poses for you, as models do for a painter, but are constantly in motion. Add that, and a few other facts, complex and extraordinary, and you have a slight notion of what a new fairy-land full of mystery and excitement we are facing!

Difficult it is—but interesting. But make no mistake about it. Color is here to stay.

Rouben Mamoulian was born in Tiflis, Caucasus, near the Russian border, on Oct. 8, 1898. Educated at the Lycee Montaigne in Paris as well as at the University of Moscow, he studied law but, going to London, became interested in the stage although he spoke not a word of English. George Eastman, president of the Kodak Company, brought him to Rochester, N. Y., to direct American opera, and that led in turn to productions on Broadway, and to Hollywood. Among his pictures are "City Streets," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Love Me Tonight," "Queen Christina," and now "Becky Sharp," the first major picture using Technicolor's new color process.



"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"



"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things look dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

Why risk the criticism? Why use a "trick" soap that leaves dirt behind?

CHANGE TO THE SOAP THAT ENDS "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that does get *all* the dirt. Every last deep-down speck of it.

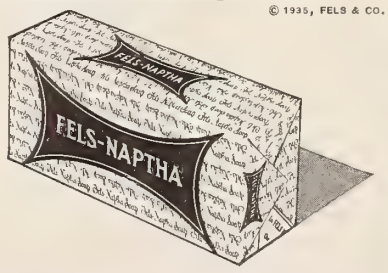
For Fels-Naptha brings you something no "trick" soap does—two cleaners instead of one! Richer *golden* soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. A lively combination that washes clothes beautifully, snowily clean.

Fels-Naptha is so gentle in every way that you can use it for your finest linens, your daintiest undies and silk stockings.



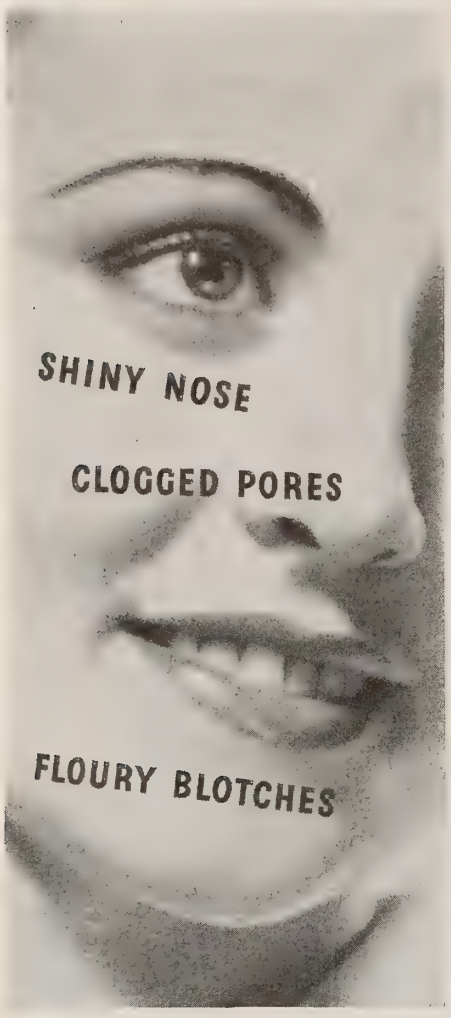
It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Ask your grocer for a supply of Fels-Naptha Soap today!... Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with *FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!*

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There's moisture on even the dryest skin. But Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.

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. . . FREE . . .

Make a 10 days' test for yourself at our expense. Get a big generous 10 days' box of Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, just by mailing the coupon. Send for it now. No money required.



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Please send me your generous 10 days' box of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder. FREE and postpaid. (Offer not good in Canada)

Check Powder Shade: ☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

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1,000,000 Landscapes

(*Continued from page* 18)

Salton Sea. At other times sand dunes are required, in which case the Holy Land is transplanted to the shimmering El Centro Dunes of Imperial Valley. This sea of sand is used, too, to simulate the sun-baked Sahara Desert—and well it might, for in California's early history its sand-blasting inferno cost the lives of many Mexican soldiers and travelers seeking an inland route from Mexico City to San Francisco.

A Japanese fishermen's village is frequently represented by the picturesque Japanese colony at Los Angeles Harbor near Long Beach. Whereas, Japan in cherry blossom time is exactly duplicated in the breath-taking Yucaipa Valley. Fujiyama, Japan's magnificent sacred mountain, has several times been doubled by graceful, snow-coned Mt. Tom that stands guard over Bishop, California.

When George O'Brien or Johnny Mack Brown go galloping through reels of inspiring "Wild West" scenery, you can bet your last chain letter dime those scenes were taken in the Vasquez Rocks of lonely Mint Canyon, only an hour's drive from the movie capital.

Once in an indigo moon a fan will write in that the sage brush in a western flicker he's just witnessed is not the kind of sage brush that actually grows in that certain part of Arizona, let us say, where the story was supposed to have occurred. The location manager's answer to such rare criticisms is justifiable. He says—and I'm putting into my own words what three of these trained technicians state—if only one or two persons out of thousands and thousands who see a picture discover a technical flaw, the location department's job has been well done; for when a western movie's scenery is restful or soul-stirring in its beauty, the public is thoroughly pleased, and cares little for detail, so long as in general the picture *looks* "Wild West."

Few people, even native Californians, know that hundreds of acres in the extensive and fertile San Joaquin Valley are given over to the cultivation of cotton. Here your "Cabin in the Cotton" type of pictures are made. And "Old Man River" keeps rollin' along in the eddying ripples of the broad Sacramento River which empties into San Francisco Bay from the north.

Warner's "Oil for the Lamps of China" took Pat O'Brien and the all-star cast to Lone Pine, near Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the United States. Here the flat, semi-desert floor of Owens Valley rises abruptly to the snow rim of the High Sierras, faithfully simulating China's remote interior.

On and on your guide could take you, pointing out London's Limehouse, or a Mexican Village in the heart of metropolitan Los Angeles, oil fields in the outskirts of Long Beach that look exactly like those of Oklahoma, stock yards that stretch for blocks in Los Angeles' industrial district which many times have spread before you on the screen as close-ups of the Chicago meat-packing center. You would view boulevards in the "unhilly" section of Beverly Hills which have passed in celluloid for Floridian vistas. Olive orchards and terraced vineyards approachable by streetcar from Hollywood, some of them as pretentious as Italy's finest, have been used repeatedly for Mediterranean settings. That the Spanish-Mayan civilization still lives could be proved if you visited the strangely beautiful buildings of the San Diego Exposition. Even glamorous Venice lives right here within a stone's throw of the film studios, where, with the aid of a few kleig lights, fresh paint, and Venetian lanterns, Warners rejuvenated the canals of the old amusement beach known locally as "Venice" for Dick Powell's "Broadway Gondolier."

Twice in the past year the movie industry in a body has threatened to leave the Golden Bear state in a great huff—move to Florida, or Timbuktu, or somewhere, bag and baggage. Once, because Upton Sinclair's election to the governorship seemed imminent; again, because the state threatened to soak the studios with high taxes. There are those who say it was all a bluff, pointing out among other reasons that the movies could not get along without a double for Dame Nature. At least it's true, in all the land none could be found quite so versatile as Hollywood's ever-dependable Miss California.

Revamping the Males

(*Continued from page* 30)

comedy—the lowly but hilariously ludicrous bit of business known universally and technically on stage and screen as a prattfall. Undoubtedly—I've heard it explained to a very nice visiting lady in a Hollywood studio—because the originator of the fall was one Mr. Pratt. Well, anyway—

Another example of a complete character make-over is our old palsy-walsy, Randy Scott.

Less than four years ago Randy rode out of Virginia with that handsome pan, them long legs, them oh-oh shoulders, and right into horse-operas. Horse-operas, being, you know, Hollywoodian for western films. Here, then, was to be another Bill Hart, another Hoot Gibson, another Ken Maynard, another any-six-shootin' - hell - for - leather - hard - ridin' western star.

But Randy had something else. He had a certain suave charm, a polish, that didn't confine itself within the circumscribed limits of what a film cowboy should be and do. And what's more, Randy himself had no intention of staying a western star. "In western's," he said sagely not so long ago, "there lay a constant peril to my dramatic ambition. But I did what I could to satisfy those ambitions by being myself *plus* the spurs and chaps and pistols. It was easy enough. Audiences that like rustler and Indian-fighter films are said to be more easily satisfied than those which prefer artistry in stories, setting and acting. But because I did get over, I was apparently 'typed' as a horse actor. I didn't like it."

So Randy got busy. He tried to put into each western character something more, something "different from the stereotyped character of the plains," he himself put it. And bye and bye, it clicked. Today, after hopping out of westerns in "Roberta," Randolph Scott is still out of them in "Village Tale," wherein he's a straight male lead. And from the looks of things, it'll be a long time before you see him in leather pants again.

UNLESS he's going to do a Warner Baxter. Now Baxter, my dears, is more than just a Hollywood makeover. Baxter is a double-makeover. Because Baxter has gone back to where he started in his film meteoring—he's back Cisco Kidding it like nobody's business!

Baxter's career is probably as variegated an example of the Hollywood make-'em-over racket as any male in the films. He was just another heavy at first. And then they made "The Cisco Kid," and Baxter, with that devil-may-care charm, those glittering clothes, that reckless romanticism, swept more than one audience of females off into an emotional storm that left the movie theaters positively throbbing with reaction. In that one characterization, Warner Baxter jumped from just another actor to the top few of *the* stars.

But Hollywood's make-'em-over machine was still running, and so they made him over again. They took all the pretty clothes away and made him wear straight citizen's attire. They gave him matter-of-fact rôles. They pushed him as far away from the Cisco Kid as they could. And so what?—in that case, Baxter (and it can't be denied) slipped down the ladder of audience-appeal again.

The executives scratched their heads. So did Warner. It looked bad. Then somebody got the bright idea. "We made him over once," said that somebody, "why not make him over again—or rather, make him *back* into what we made him over into in the first place?"

All very complicated but you get the idea. They set the make-'em-over machinery whirring again and the answer is that the Cisco Kid is back. "Under the Pampas Moon" brings him back in all his tooth-flashing, sinister charm. If you went for Warner "Cisco Kid" Baxter the first time, you'll go for him again now.

Spencer Tracy, funny guy, became a hero and a villain. Ronald Colman lost the eyebrow he called a moustache and became quite a different fellow entirely in "Clive of India." George Raft, as nasty a baddie as ever sneaked onto the screen, has become a hero instead of a villain. Bill Powell stops being what they slice and put between rye bread, and does a swell job of acting in "The Thin Man" and things like that. George Brent turns out to be an actor of versatility and force and not just a straight-man for some film beauty.

Harpo Marx, they insist, wants to talk in his next film!

And Rudy Vallee—ah, can it be?—wants to do an old-time Cagney rôle when and if he goes before the cameras again.

Next thing you know, they'll be filming "Cinderella." And Wally Beery will positively insist on playing the fairy godmother. . . !

If You Would Be Popular

(*Continued from page 25*)

Remember never to take advantage of your femininity by being undependable, late for appointments. That is annoying rather than intriguing.

"Be a pal, a sincere friend, to men as well as women, and you'll never suffer from chronic datelessness."

CAROLE LOMBARD doesn't qualify her advice when she says,
"Concentrate on clothes."

But she feels it requires elaboration.

"That sounds superficial and frivolous. I'm not advising you to become a clothes horse. There's absolutely nothing duller than a woman who makes a fetish of clothes. A woman who is constantly clothes-conscious, who is absorbed in each new fad and fancy, is an only slightly animated dummy. Mentally, as well as in appearance.

"Once you are dressed, once you have added the correct accessories, forget what you have on. It is most important at all times that you be appropriately gowned, well groomed, an attractive pictorial effect. But it isn't at all necessary to follow every whim of fashion, to stint on other personal items so as to increase your clothes budget.

"Dowdiness isn't the effect of wearing last year's coat, or last season's styles. Dowdiness is neglect. Heels run over, crooked seams, the wrong lines, careless grooming. When I say concentrate on clothes, I mean just that. You don't need an expensive wardrobe, nor a single track mind, nor a special kind of face and form.

"Learn to dress not for the effect on your friends, but on you yourself. You don't have to dress for men. Or other women. I never knew a man yet who knew what I was wearing. He'll refer to it as 'oh, yes, that blue thing' or 'that something in white.' Just so you are pleasing to the eye and your clothes aren't extreme, men won't care what you wear. They do hate to have you appear conspicuous.

"The importance of clothes in relation to popularity is the effect your wearing apparel has on your personality. It has a very decided one. A bright colored dress when we're feeling low will perk us up, make us feel gay. A daring gown, a little naughty.

"If you have a limited amount to spend on clothes, dress conservatively. Be certain that the dress you are buying *feels* right. That it doesn't make you feel stiff or self-conscious, or unfamiliar with your own image.

"Even though the saleslady assures you that you look perfectly divine, that Garbo wore one just like it in her newest picture, and that it has been reduced in price so that she's practically giving it to you as a gift, if you don't feel right in it, it's the wrong dress! It's not for you, if the gown overshadows your personality, instead of enhancing it.

"You must first attract favorable attention before you can be popular. A candid inspection before a full length mirror, a little time to experiment, and *then,* go ahead with your shopping. Knowing you are dressed harmoniously will give you self-confidence and poise. You need this, not only socially, but in the business world. You can't over-estimate the distinction and assurance it will add.

"Clothes don't make the woman," Carole concludes. "But their psychological effect on the wearer is an important factor in permitting her to unfold her personality in any group. Knowing you are looking your best will assist you in suppressing any tendency to an inferiority complex you may have.

"Timidity and shyness are at the root of many a girl's failure to be popular."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT uses something she deems the most important ingredient of popularity. She is convinced of its potency.

"Cultivate charm," says this shrewd French woman.

"Charm is ageless," begins Claudette vivaciously. "Once cultivated, it will make you as popular at eighty, as you should be at eighteen. I'm not being facetious. I mean that literally. Charm outlasts beauty and every other kind of feminine appeal. Too many women neglect its cultivation entirely.

"A woman with charm need never dread approaching age or a few extra pounds, or bemoan irregular features. Charm has nothing to do with classical beauty. It has everything to do with personality. What is charm? It is consideration and thoughtfulness. Who doesn't appreciate these courtesies, as guest or hostess, as visitor or intimate friend?

"It is the little things that lead to the big things in our lives. Charm is a gracious deference to the feeble and helpless, to the very young and the very old. It is sympathy and understanding for the unfortunate and troubled. It is tolerance and compassion for the weak and wayward.

"It is appreciation. It is subtle, but sincere, flattery that adds to our well being, and inspires. It is gentleness and the very essence of femininity. It is good manners. It is more easily cultivated by those not self-centered and selfish and indifferent to the fate of friends and acquaintances whose path they cross.

"Charm is evident in the tilt of a head, the gesture of an arm, the flash of a smile, the cadence of a spoken word. As you think, as you act, so do you reflect. You have to be interested in others before you can be interesting to them. Invite people into your heart, and they will seek you out to share their lives. You must thaw before people will wish to invite you into their own world."

PERHAPS I don't have to explain why Joan Blondell couldn't avoid adding her ingredient for popularity. She is, possibly, the most thoroughly liked woman in Hollywood.

"Be entertaining," Joan beams.

And adds in the same breath, "Don't be dull! Don't be a bore! Dull people don't keep friends for long. You may never suspect what is blighting your life. Your boy friend (the one you were certain was yours, anyway) elopes with the girl next door. Your brother's best girl looks vague when you suggest a foursome. You become, in a short while, the forgotten woman.

"You can't understand why you're invited places only when someone fails to show up. Think hard. Are you committing the unpardonable social sin of being *dull?* Are you A. Bore? Are you Mrs. A. Bore, perhaps, who is losing her popularity with her husband?

"You know, women offend more often than men. They live in a narrow world of emotions. Their interests are centered in the petty cares of the day. They don't confine the discussions of Sadie's new boy friend, the complete story of

(*Please turn to page 48*)



Why Ex-Lax *is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!*

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

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"I'll tell you the truth about *my* Nail Polish. I do not claim for it any extraordinary qualities which others do not have, although my polish is *every bit as good* as the most expensive. Years of experience and scientific tests have convinced me that ALL nail polishes are much the same in their effect—except for color. But I offer you *more* polish for your money than you can get in any other advertised brand. You can buy my new CREME Polish at Department and Drug Stores—in a color that will harmonize perfectly with your complexion." Lady Lillian

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To get a FREE full-size bottle of my new oily Remover (25c value)—buy LADY LILLIAN Polish—25c size—at your Department or Drug Store, fold up the white box in an envelope and send with your address to Lady Lillian, Dept. T-3, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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—WITH FREE WHITE PENCIL



ALSO IN HANDY SIZES AT 10c STORES

If You Would Be Popular

(*Continued from page* 47)

how they saved for months for that new dress (an exact copy of a Paris model), to the sewing circle where such purely personal matters belong.

"They are trivial. No man is interested in feminine conversational knick-knacks. And our girl friends get tired of repetitious remarks.

"Men have a wide variety of interests and enthusiasms. Why not learn to share them? Their interest in the baseball score or President Roosevelt's radio talks isn't lessened by the spell of romance, or a domestic upheaval. They are not only spectators, they are commentators. They are as vitally concerned over a massacre in an obscure country, as if it had occurred on their own doorstep.

"Can't you see, therefore, that they will be bored with banal chatter? If you wanted to take a walk, you wouldn't choose a treadmill, would you? Then why let your mind trod one?

"You don't have to be bright and clever, to be entertaining. Men don't like women who talk too much. Heaven knows, there's no worse bore than the incessant chatterer. You can make people feel brilliant and clever and well informed by enwrapt silences.

"People love to talk, if they feel you understand and are sympathetic. Particularly men. How they love to discuss their hobbies, their work, their views on everything under the sun. But they won't expand unless they think you know what they're talking about. And there is no reason why you shouldn't.

"It's a big world we're living in. Your opinions on current events, the heavyweight champion, the horse you favor in the Derby, will find an attentive audience when there's a lull in a conversational group. Keep up with your friends and neighbors. Don't allow yourself to be dropped by the wayside.

"This is a competitive age. It isn't enough for a woman to be merely decorative. It never was, really. Men have always been fascinated by women who have many different facets to their personality. A sense of humor can be the saving grace of any woman. You can't be completely dull, if you can share laughter, if you appreciate the wit and amusing by-play of others.

"You don't have to be a practical jokester. But a spirit of fun, a jovial outlook, is delightful in a person, and lovable. Mental health, as a result of your efforts to be stimulating to others, will give you popularity."

YOU need not be skeptical when Ginger Rogers says,

"Dance."

Ginger, like Joan Crawford, danced to popularity and into the arms of romance.

"Many girls miss valuable contacts," Ginger is convinced, "by refusing invitations to dances and parties because they are poor dancers. They fare equally badly if they sit miserably in a corner all evening while gay couples dance by.

"Being a good dancer is a definite social advantage. On the dance floor, you have a chance to be noticed, to be singled out for admiration. You must have the carriage and ease that comes with mastery of your steps. You certainly won't get repeated invitations to dance, if your clumsiness on the dance floor embarrasses and discomfits your partner, as it is bound to do.

"Neither will you make a hit with friends of either sex if you spoil the spirit of social diversion by your awkwardness. A guest owes the duty to her hostess of keeping a party 'moving.' Of entering into the mood of the occasion. After all, our lives are composed largely of these little things.

"They make or mar, not only an evening, but a lifetime. The intimacy of the dance floor, the exhilaration the exercise of motion to music gives us, breaks down the reserve of newly formed friendships and hastens the period toward a closer, more enjoyable association. It heightens our personal attractiveness, too.

"On the dance floor a woman can put all her charm or personality into play. She is, in a sense, on exhibition. It's obvious, that the spell is rudely broken if you have to be dragged across a floor like dead weight, if you make even a very excellent dancer apologize constantly for your clumsiness. He will resent just as much having to remain at your side, as your escort, while music makes wings of his feet.

"Watch other dancers. Notice their animation and grace. Don't tell me you have tried, and can't learn to dance. We are all born with a sense of rhythm. You can find an inexpensive dancing teacher in your vicinity.

"Study and practice privately, so that you won't be subject to the embarrassment and humiliation of appearing clumsy while learning."

YOU have only to apply yourself to acquire the qualities these stars have outlined as essential to popularity. They have shown you the way. The wages of popularity is a form of riches that is within your grasp. But first—popularity must be earned.

Season's End Parties

(*Continued from page* 29)

a dozen other noted song-birds, including Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, and Namara. But only Nino sang.

Signor Martini declared he was awfully nervous when he got up to sing, and he glanced at Miss Swarthout and Miss MacDonald. But both applauded bravely.

Sig. Martini, by the way, divided his attentions between the lovely Anita Louise—who is to be his leading lady in his first picture—and Astrid Allwyn.

As for love's young dream, it wasn't very well represented. Anita Louise, to be sure, came with Robert Hoover, explaining that Tom Brown was away on location; whereat Hoover remarked that "it seemed all for the best, too!"

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall were there and Brian Aherne was quite attentive to Miriam Hopkins, while Francis Lederer seemed to find Claudette Colbert tremendously interesting. And the still-honeymooning couples, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayers, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, were present.

Star patrons of the arts among the guests included Edward G. Robinson, Anna Sten, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Boyer, Clive Brook, Bing Crosby, Ricardo Cortez, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich, Pauline Lord, Loretta Young, and Nancy Carroll.

THERE are games in all the patios of the best houses in Hollywood and Beverly, and at the Sedgwick homes—any of them—you are supposed to play ping-pong or some of the other games the minute you arrive.

So we found a lot of guests having a try at a game which Ed Sedgwick called "hand-football," out in the patio, at the party which Aileen Sedgwick Hudson (maybe you remember her as Babe Sedgwick, back in the old days of westerns) and husband Clarence Hudson were giving for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Breen. The Breens, you know, went to Europe after a hard year helping Will Hays tell the producers what was and was not wicked to put in pictures.

Wally Beery and Pat O'Brien seemed to be winning from Edward G. Robinson and Ted Healy in the "hand football" game, if what Ed Sedgwick described as winning was true,—"the side that hollers the loudest wins the game."

Josie Sedgwick, Ed's sister, who also used to be a star, and his mother, Mrs. Josephine Sedgwick, helped to entertain the guests.

Jeanette MacDonald Honors Bert Lytell

Reunions in Hollywood are always a bit thrilling. So it was delightful to see two old friends, Jeanette MacDonald and Bert Lytell, get together at the party which Jeanette gave for Bert and Mrs. Bert (Grace Menken) during his theatrical engagement here. Jeanette hasn't been here so long, and Bert Lytell was a star in Hollywood here for more years ago than his looks show; but they knew each other on Broadway.

Vivian and Genevieve Tobin were both there. Vivian was with her fiancé, and Genevieve came with them.

Pat O'Briens Entertain

Barbecues with all sorts of fancy fixings are popular this year in Hollywood, and everybody who has a barbecue oven in his back yard, or who can fix up a couple of oil cans and set them in the ground back of his house, is staging a barbecue these days.

Pat O'Brien has a very swanky oven, with little cupolas for making gravy and places for baking potatoes in ashes and all the rest of it, out at his place; and he warmed it up for Bert Lytell and Grace Menken Lytell.

It was old home week for Bert, meeting as he did at the O'Brien party such former cronies as Herbert Rawlinson, Hugh Herbert, Leo Carrillo, Bert Wheeler, Ralph Morgan, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, James Gleason and others.

Pat O'Brien himself insisted on doing a lot of the barbecuing, but Mary Brian said she must be some sort of relative with her name so closely resembling Pat's, and therefore she should help him, and her cheeks were all rosy from bending over the fire. Then Sally Eilers claimed she was jealous of Mary, and

put on an apron and went through the motions of helping cook.

Bert Wheeler came with a face like a southern sunset from he said, playing golf. And he declared he had had a birthday the day before and was just of an age really to enjoy golf.

Glenda Farrell was wearing a wristwatch which looked rather little-boyish. She confessed it had been given to her son Tommy. In fact, she said that her whole family had been supplied with watches by those given to Tommy; and that when she ran out of watchless relatives, Tommy would probably get one.

Estelle Taylor came with Lee Tracy—which affair is getting to be quite something or other.

Actors Dress Up

For one actor to dress up as another actor, supposed to be his favorite, is a ticklish business, so it didn't work out when the Countess di Frasso had the bright idea of having her actor-guests come to her costume party clad in costumes assumed by their favorite players either on or off the screen.

Only Elizabeth Allan, Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March and Joel McCrea had the courage to do it, Elizabeth arriving as Marlene Dietrich in her boy's suit, Ruth as Josephine Baker, the famous colored actress, Fredric as Charlie Chaplin and Joel as Mickey Mouse!

Of course, Marlene and Charlie should have returned the compliment and come dressed respectively as Elizabeth and Fredric in some important rôle or other; but they didn't. Marlene wore a Lida-and-the-Swan costume, swan and all, the bird being embroidered on her breast, and Charlie came as a Chinese Mandarin.

Other costumes included Dolores Del Rio's Spanish senorita dress, Norman Foster's tramp outfit, Ivan Lebedeff's Turkish prince gorgeousness, and Wera Engels' Russian peasant costume, Loretta Young's Mandarin princess garb, Paulette Goddard's Chinese peasant girl scenery, and Fay Wray's Spanish peasant dress.

Joan Bennett Catches 'Em

Gene Markey is hiding his head in confusion now whenever anybody mentions fishing.

He and wife, Joan Bennett, together with Barbara Bennett (Mrs. Morton Downey) and Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, went fishing out Catalina way on Gene's new boat.

Gene had been bragging about his fishing, and kidding his wife and sister-in-law about not being able to catch anything. He chided them for the bait they used, told them how to play a fish, how to hold their rods and all the rest of it. They listened, all respect and wide-eyed admiration.

But when the fishing began they held their rods as they darned pleased and stuck to their favorite bait. And they caught all the fish!

Elissa Landi's Tennis Court

Elissa Landi hated like everything to give up even a small part of her gardens to the aridity of a tennis court, but health demands finally prevailed, so she has a smart new court, and of course it had to be initiated.

Edward Everett Horton, who has been such a bachelor, is seen about a lot with the girls lately. He brought Jean Muir, with whom he has a lot in common, inasmuch as he is experienced in the production of plays and Jean's one ambition is to direct and produce them.

The glamorous Merle Oberon arrived all alone, but was pretty much monopolized by Philip Reed until Carl Laemmle, Jr., cut in. And of course Gertrude Michael came with Paul Cavanaugh.

Chester Morris was in the pink and beat James Cagney at tennis, while Maureen O'Sullivan and Hazel Hayes proved the best of the women players.

But it was Frances Drake who took the palm for wit. They were drinking some toasts at supper and somebody proposed, "Miss Drake forever!"

"Oh, not Miss Drake forever, I hope!" exclaimed Frances, putting the emphasis on the "Drake."

Blind Date

George Murphy, who is a great friend of Cesar Romero's, tried to do a little cupid-ing for him with Sally Blane after the affair was broken off. He invited Sally out with a "blind date," as a surprise, promising she would meet an "awfully nice boy." Sally has implicit faith in him, so she said all right. Then George did the same with Cesar and, being a man, he naturally concurred more quickly than had Sally.

Then, the night of the date, he brought the two together. Both gasped. They danced a bit—the date was at the Cocoanut Grove—and they talked amicably, but so far nothing has come of it, and Cesar has been squiring Betty Furness a lot, while Sally has been going about with Norman Foster.

Here and There

Lyle Talbot giving a birthday party for his grandmother, but forbidding her to tell her age. Roger Pryor inviting a bunch of stags down to Santa Monica to help him christen his new boat, said stags including Eddie Buzzell, Hugh O'Connell, Paul Kelly and Cesar Romero. And here's one man's boat that isn't named for a girl. It's called "The Dickie Bird." Mary Brian's theme song might now be, "From Crooner to Grand Opera Star," since Dick Powell seems to be a little out of it in favor of Nino Martini, who has been taking Mary to lunch every day. Jack Oakie's ma, Mrs. Evalyn Offield, telling us at a party that she was wearing her very first lipstick! Glenda Farrell, who doesn't like airships, being lured into one by her boy friend, Ed Bellande, the aviator. He asked her before a crowd of fliers, and her pride wouldn't let her refuse. Dick Powell, Virginia Bruce, Regis Toomey and Nelson Eddy gathering at Dick's house for an evening of singing hymn tunes! Eric Linden entertaining a few friends at his new Laguna Beach home, where he writes on his novel when he can find time. Man Mountain Dean, famous wrestler, being introduced to Frank Lloyd at a party, and wishing to rise to acknowledge the introduction, putting up both hands to Frank, asking him to help him to get up! Jackie Coogan, Patricia Ellis and Gertrude Durkin rolling up their sleeves and cleaning out Paula Stone's swimming pool.

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NEW MOVIE

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(above) Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

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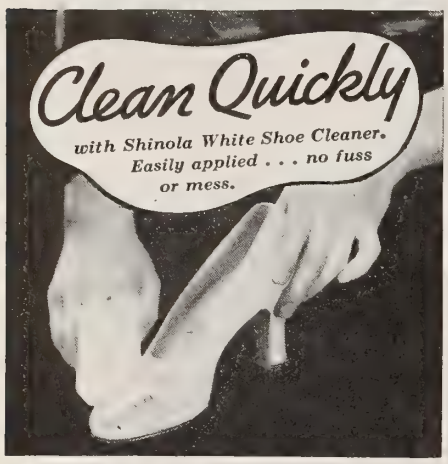
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Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 36*)

"YOU CAN BE KISSED," from "Broadway Gondoliers," is played by Victor Young and his orchestra; another melodic number, well executed by the Young band. The splendid sax section produces perfectly blended harmony and the violins take a prominent part. The rich tenor voice of Milton Watson, of operetta fame, is heard in the vocal refrain.

"Rose in Her Hair" crops up again on the other side, played by Vic Young's band. We believe this lovely waltz will strike your fancy, and as to which is the better recording, the Fiorito or the Young record, well—it's a toss-up; they're both very desirable. (Decca)

"LOVE ME FOREVER" from the Grace Moore picture, "Love Me Forever," is another captivating waltz played by Johnny Green and his orchestra. The number embodies a sweet flowing melody with a pleasing lyric, and, with Grace Moore featuring it, it should be a hit. Johnny Green's band does a splendid job on the recording. Marjory Logan sings the vocal in a splendid soprano voice. (Brunswick)

"YOU'RE ALL I NEED," from "Escapade," is played by the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra. This one is a lilting little fox trot in medium tempo. The Dorsey band treats it very interestingly with an interlude by three trombones which provide unusual harmony and tonal quality. As far as we know this is the only band that uses three trombones. Bob Eberle is heard in the vocal.

The opposite side offers "Foot Loose and Fancy Free," a composition by Carmen Lombardo and played by the Dorsey Band. The tune is very rhythmic and the orchestra rides through it in modern hot style. Jimmy Dorsey, one of the foremost sax players, is heard in both a sax and hot clarinet interlude. The band trio sings the vocal chorus. (Decca)

EARL CARROLL'S "Sketch Book" embodies several new songs, two of which look like big hits: "Gringola," a Mexican fox trot, and "Let's Swing It," as you can imagine from the title, a very swingy dance tune. These numbers have been recorded by the inimitable Ray Noble and should meet with favor among dance fans. (Victor)

JOE HAYMES and his orchestra have made a fine record of "Now I'm a Lady" from the film, "Goin' to Town." Joe and his boys are always sure of giving us something a little out of the ordinary. A low-down tune with a nice bit of singing by Skeeter Palmer. An old favorite is on the other side, and it's "Honeysuckle Rose." A bit faster than the preceding side and Joe Haymes and the orchestra really go to town. Just the thing for dancing. (Bluebird)

"I HATE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF" from the film, "Four Hours to Kill," is played by Fats Waller and his rhythm. Fats handles this without the usual Waller loudness and the result is quite pleasing. Not so much Harlem hotcha but more straight melody and a fairly soft vocal by Fats himself.

"You're the Cutest One" is the title of the song on the reverse side and it's another by Fats Waller and his rhythm. This is the same type tune and is played to the same tempo. Nice work, with the vocal refrain as usual sung by the Maestro. (Victor)

A SWELL vocal record by a swell vocal artist is "In the Middle of a Kiss," sung by Gertrude Niesen. The tune is from the picture, "College Scandal," and it's needless to say that Miss Neisen sings it the way that it should be sung. We think this is a record that everyone will like.

Another excellent bit by Gertrude Niesen is on the other side, this time from the film "Go into Your Dance," and it's the lately popular "She's a Latin from Manhattan." We know you'll like it. (Columbia)

A change in tempo as we listen to a waltz played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. "The Rose in Her Hair" is the title and it's from the film "Broadway Gondolier." We told you about Fiorito's rendering of it. The summer season seems to bring many three-quarter tempo numbers each year, and it would seem that though the waltz may fade with the Fall it's right back in full bloom with the Spring. A typical Duchin arrangement with plenty of Eddie's far-famed piano work.

A fox trot is on the other side, "Outside of You." Eddie, needless to say, gives us another top-notch performance. (Victor)

ANOTHER one for the waltz lovers as we listen to Richard Himber and his Ritz-Carlton orchestra play "Love Me Forever." Altogether different from Green's recording. Himber has one of the finest orchestras playing today, and we know after hearing this number you'll agree with us.

Another three-quarter tune on the other side, this time played in the English manner. Jack Jackson and his orchestra play "Faith," a tune, so we understand, that is making a big hit on the other side of the Pond. Personally, we like the melody and we like the orchestra. (Victor)

TED FIORITO and his orchestra go native as they play "Love Song of Tahiti," the theme song from the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty." It's a hard job to tell these South Sea songs apart, as far as the tunes go, but it's a cinch to let you know that Fiorito and the boys have made a fine record here. As an added attraction the vocal work is done by Muzzy Marcellino and the Débutantes.

The other side is also recorded by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra—"You're All I Need;" nothing much to the tune, but it's well handled by the orchestra and includes a good bit of vocal work by Muzzy Marcellino. (Brunswick)

BIGGEST HIT OF THE MONTH

I WISHED ON THE MOON. Sung by Bing Crosby (or)
Played by Victor Young. (Decca)
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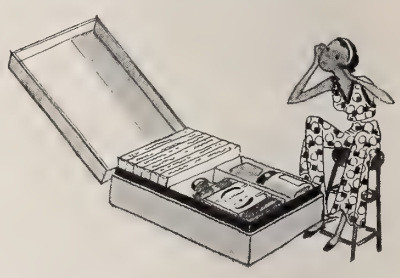
TOP HAT. Played by Ray Noble. (Victor)
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LOVE ME FOREVER. Played by Johnny Green. (Brunswick)

THE Make-up Box

HOLD THAT LINE! Sagging contours and a double chin are definite danger signals to women of any age. If you detect one or the other, or both, marring your pretty faces, how about a contour-molding bandage (chin strap to me) for banishing said sagginess and double chin? The newest one to come to my desk does a neat job of face-lifting at home. It's neither uncomfortable nor unattractive and you could answer the doorbell while wearing it without frightening the laundryman into spasms at the very sight of you. We noticed that it was quite reasonable in price, too.



ACNE ADVICE: Acne, that nightmare of adolescence, has caused many young girls to write to THE MAKE-UP BOX for advice. My answer to these poor distressed souls is, first of all, consult a doctor. The condition may be caused by improper diet, glandular disturbances, or a skin infection. Often internal treatment is necessary but external treatment is advisable, too. The little kit pictured below contains a medicated acne lotion, six herbal cleansing packs, a roll of cotton, and a jar of circulation cream. The directions for use are simple, and the results are heartening.



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Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Fred and His Future

(*Continued from page* 8)

picked them up at Beaver Dam High School, and he could make them respond to a very fine touch. He didn't make it generally known, but he could croon a tune, too, if necessary. All these talents were good enough to get him a job in an orchestra at the Warner Brothers studios. This was, for a time, steady employment, for Warners have always had to keep a number of singing box-office stars supplied with tune-and-toe shows.

Later he played in the pit at a Los Angeles theater. All the while he remained on the fringe of the theatrical game where much money is made, but saxophone players didn't turn actors in those days of the first talkies when New York thespians out of work crowded Hollywood boulevards. The MacMurrays were desperately in need of money; the doctors had just made the first of what proved to be a series of operations to restore Mrs. MacMurray's broken hip. The family wage-earner was driven to some grim-lipped thinking. Actor or no, he decided to enroll in the extra mob and try for a "bit." He appeared in two films called "Tiger Rose" and "Girls Gone Wild," but he was far, far away from the cameras in both of them. Fred resolved that he would remain a musician.

Then came the piece of good fortune that brightened the MacMurray days. A dance orchestra, which took the name "California Collegians," was organized cooperatively in Hollywood. MacMurray, with a half-dozen other young and ambitious jazz instrumentalists, banded together under that common title and began to play their way across the continent. The farther from California they got, the more formidable the title sounded, and they had no hard time of it as they melodiously worked their way East.

In New York the band chanced to be found good enough to be hired for "Three's a Crowd." Libby Holman had a torch song for that show that was destined to make her and the show famous. It was "Body and Soul." Mr. MacMurray was the gentleman to whom that song was to be sung nightly, it was decided. Mr. MacMurray had the appearance that would justify the fiery longing Miss Holman put into her effort. For Fred, answering in song was a big assignment. He immediately hunted out one of New York's best vocal teachers and changed his voice from that of a crooner to one fitting his tall ruggedness. When he wasn't on the stage engaged in colloquy with Miss Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb, the show's principals, he returned to his seat with the "Collegians" and took up his sax and trumpet.

"Three's a Crowd" ended a profitable existence in Chicago. Fred's taste of the footlights, once he got over his fright, hadn't convinced him that he was an actor and ought to be playing "Hamlet" somewhere. He knew a good thing when he saw it. His mother was still in the hospital after a fifth operation had at last promised success. He stayed with the "Collegians," who returned to New York and were kept busy in Manhattan night clubs until Max Gordon hired them again for "Roberta." In this second stage hit, Fred was given another chance to sing, and so pleased was everybody, before and behind the footlights, that he was made understudy to the juvenile. Before he could fill this assignment the Paramount scout had decided there was something for Fred to do back in Hollywood.

So Fred went home; his mother was able to leave the hospital in a wheelchair, and to this good news was added the very astonishing intelligence that Paramount thought Fred MacMurray would be a good leading man for Claudette Colbert's new picture. Critics and fans soon reported that there was much wisdom in that thought of Paramount's.

When Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Illinois, on August 30, 1909, there might have been reason to believe that he would ultimately be of the greasepaint world, rather than a thorough Middle Westerner who came into it quite accidentally. His father, at the time of the birth, was a featured violinist in a vaudeville act playing Kankakee. Mrs. MacMurray was the daughter of a Beaver Dam family, and it was decided that the heir should grow up in the fresh air of Wisconsin. Mrs. MacMurray took her son back home; Mr. MacMurray continued on the road. Their child therefore escaped being nurtured in a theatrical trunk.

When the lad was very young the MacMurrays were divorced. It is very probable that from that point on Fred was made to believe the theater was a world of restless and irresponsible vagabondage to be avoided. The violinist father, a former minister's son, continued his itinerant stage life until he rose to the dignity of concert artist, good enough to be widely recognized on stage and over radio before he died two years ago in San Francisco.

Mrs. MacMurray did not have an easy time of it fending for herself and son by being a bookkeeper in a store, and later, secretary to a circuit court judge, but youngsters, rich or poor, usually have no stressful childhoods in a town like Beaver Dam. As the name suggests, this community of ten thousand souls is surrounded by nature's best out-of-doors. No kid needs to look far for a place to exercise any imagination he may have about cowboys and Indians. The MacMurray flat was a crowded two-room home, but it was next door to the McKinstrys, the furniture man, and Bud never lacked a rambling house to grow up in and a Packard car to ride about in occasionally. Bud and Bill McKinstry grew up together.

To say that Bud MacMurray *grew* to manhood is understatement. To his own embarrassment, and to the further complication of his mother's economic problems, he shot up to manhood. At the age of ten he was so tall that he had to carry a birth certificate in order to get into the local movie house at half price. In high school the growing process stopped at six feet, three inches. This dimension made Bud instantly the outstanding student in school.

Driven to it by the demands of increasing stature, Bud was always ready to eat at the slightest provocation. Nearly every Irishman in Wisconsin must sooner or later come to love sauerkraut or go hungry at times. From the start Bud, whose mother was German, had no objection to sauerkraut, nor to anything else commonly known to be edible. In "The Gilded Lily" he was revealed as a newspaperman with an inordinate fondness for popcorn, which Miss Colbert, if she is to love him, as she does, must also like, for he mixes the popcorn with his love-making. In making those scenes Fred must have thought

(*Please turn to page* 52)



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Fred and His Future

(*Continued from page* 51)

of winter nights before the McKinstry fire when the two chums foundered themselves on that delicacy.

One looks in vain for evidence from boyhood that young MacMurray was destined to be a performer. One finds, instead, every sign that he was not to be anything of the sort. In school and on the playground he effaced himself by perpetual shyness and reticence in speech and action that was believed by many of his companions to be sheer laziness. At any rate, Bud MacMurray was no youthful mimic who delighted the older folks by his precocity. His friends remember only one piece of acting that he did with distinction, a piece of acting never repeated. The elder McKinstry was an undertaker. He had just abandoned the fancy, plumed, horse-drawn hearse for a motor vehicle. One day the neighborhood lads hitched the sombre rig to a friendly dobbin the McKinstrys owned and drove the hearse down the street in mock funeral procession. The startled townsfolk saw young MacMurray laid out supinely in the hearse, realistic enough a corpse to elicit piercing shrieks from the spectators. That was Bud's only acting. It was characteristic of him that he chose the role requiring no motion.

Bud's love of sleeping set him apart from his energetic schoolmates. On the mornings when the circus came to town, he had to tie a cord to his big toe and hang the string out of his bedroom window for Bill McKinstry to tug on at 5 A. M. Only thus could Bud be sure that he'd be down at the railroad station in time for the uncarting of the lions. There was every reason to believe then that Bud might be sleeping in later life when opportunity knocked at his door. He carved his initials wherever he could set a knife. If fresh concrete were poured in the neighborhood, it was sure to be decorated with "F. M." The inscriptions can be read along the block where the MacMurrays live.

IT was in high school that Fred's father's blood began to make itself known. In Wisconsin, high school bands were becoming to high schools what the football team is to Notre Dame. The larger and fancier they were, the better. Bud took up the saxophone, and from that day on he devoted himself to it until, as we have seen, it settled his destiny. To master the horn became with him a passion unmatched by his bandmates, who made their instruments less serious fun. No hour of the day in the MacMurray flat was sacred before the melodies of that horn. By dint of saving every penny he earned delivering newspapers, Bud was able to buy a new, more expensive sax. Buying better saxophones is an indulgence Fred MacMurray allows himself whenever he can. Some of that Paramount money will probably go into a new one.

Soon the tall, easy-going lad was to be associated with football as well as a saxophone. End runs were as simple for him as trilling off "Charley, My Boy," a fast dance tune that was speeding up dancing in 1924. In the Beaver Dam High archives of 1925, it is recorded that Bud made a 55-yard drop kick to win a game. Such is hero's stuff in high schools. Bud MacMurray had the geniality and the face that makes Frank Merriwells the country over. When he stepped up for his diploma that year he was handed the American Legion award, which meant that he had earned the right to be designated as the best all-around athlete and scholar in his class.

The following September Bud took his horn as an adjunct to high school football, basketball, and track prowess to Carroll College, a few hours from Beaver Dam, where Alfred Lunt, the celebrated Broadway actor, had been a bustling undergraduate some years before. It had been decided that the Beaver Dam freshman could make something of a leaning he had toward art. The horn was to earn tuition and keep. By November football was engrossing him all week, the horn was occupying him week-end nights in dance pavilions, and he had already established a bank account to record the surplus. He had not yet, he said in a letter to Bill McKinstry, bought any text-books, but he was thinking of doing so soon. He closed the letter with a fervent, boyish plea for word from his high school classmates. College was a desolate experience now that the football season was near its end. Carroll College had a stage on which Alfred Lunt had made himself a name, but Bud had no longing to exhibit his awkwardness thereon.

When the college year was nearly out Bud gave up art and the higher education at the beck of easy money. The MacMurrays had known many pinched days. Wisconsin's lakes fringe the playgrounds of Chicagoans. Bud devoted himself and his saxophone to their needs at a financial return that dazzled him. He could now afford a topless old car, in which he traveled home whenever he was free. There had been a time when, as a boy, he had sat in wonder near the orchestra stand when "name" bands came to play in the resort pavilions about the city. Now he was becoming qualified to play "Stardust" with the best of his musical heroes.

There is only one more lean year to record. That was in Chicago where Bud had gone to strike out for greater rewards in music. He worked in the sporting goods department of Marshall Field's during the day; at night he studied orchestras, big and small, until he learned every musical trick that might fit him, as it later did, for membership in crack bands. During one moment of economic stress he began to think of art again, but, as before, a band offer took him away from any kind of education that couldn't include the saxophone.

From that time on there were no other deviations from the one determination to dedicate his future to the demands of the American public for tunes to set their feet into motion and to beguile their hearts with dreamy syncopations of loves made and lost. Such a future has been a profitable one for many American lads. MacMurray had more qualifications for it than he realized. Out on the floor sweet music is sweet music if it comes from a skillful saxophone, but it is sweeter yet when its notes are sent out by a laughing Irishman who has always caught a maiden's eye.

There are, in Hollywood, two other Irishmen from Wisconsin who have become famous before the cameras—Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy. In Fred MacMurray's face there is a trace of Pat O'Brien's eyes and square, set jaw. Like Pat, Fred's first movie role was that of a charming but irresponsible newspaperman who took life and love as he found it on his way to the city room. O'Brien came to Hollywood after a severe apprenticeship in stock companies. Fred is learning the whole acting trade on movie sets. As he once sat quietly listening to famous dance bands and making notes for himself, he now listens intently to the advice of veterans like Claudette Colbert and Sir Guy Standing, from whom he took many lessons in his first pictures. He lives with his mother and grandmother in Hollywood. When he is asked to make a statement about his good fortune in being Miss Colbert's leading man in his first picture, he'll talk about early morning studio calls as trying his very soul.

During the making of "The Gilded Lily," a touring Beaver Dam citizen called on Bud MacMurray in Hollywood. Fred showed him the town. The citizen was pleased at the sights in the movie capital. "Mighty nice, mighty nice. By the way," the visitor finally inquired, "how are you getting on yourself? Got a job?"

"Yeah," Fred replied. "I'm doing a little work over at the Paramount studios."

On his return to Beaver Dam the citizen learned that "the little work" had consisted of being Claudette Colbert's leading man.

"Doing a little work!" the citizen snorted. "I should have remembered you always have to ask Bud for details."

TOO MANY GOOD THINGS TO MISS

Scores of stories and features . . . all the glamour of Hollywood . . . notable plans for the coming issues of New Movie. A year's subscription will bring them all to you: $1.00 per year in the United States; $1.60 in Canada (including duty); $2.00 Foreign (including postage). The coupon below is for your convenience.

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You Should Know Wendy

(*Continued from page 6*)

daughter. Then Wendy who had never even gone to school unchaperoned, ran away to England. Her frantic father tried to stop her, chartering an air plane and making a sensational dash after her but she had already boarded the steamer and so escaped.

"That was the turning point in my life," said Wendy. "During the six weeks it took to make the journey to London, I changed completely; I grew up. I learned to balance my emotions, to think straight and look ahead with clear eyes. I can never be grateful enough that I learned this lesson.

"No, I don't regret my stand. I had to take it or be forever swallowed up —in the life of the Orient. Later, my mother, whom I adore, and my sister joined me in England and our life in Hongkong became a thing of the past."

IT was one noon when she was lunching at the Savoy grill in London that Alexander Korda, famous British producer, chanced to see her. He watched her for half an hour, then came to her table, introduced himself and asked her to make a screen test.

Wendy admits she was nearly bowled over with amazement for never once, not even during her wildest imaginings, had she thought of a screen career but she promptly accepted the chance and before she could catch her breath she had taken the test, been signed by Korda, and given the leading feminine rôle in "Wedding Rehearsal," opposite Roland Young, who was taking a flier in British pictures.

There were other films, many of them, and finally came the part of *Jane Seymour,* with Charles Laughton and that group of beautiful actresses who portrayed the many wives in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

"Odd," said Wendy, "how that picture brought good luck to everyone connected with it for besides stirring a new interest for Mr. Laughton, it focused the American screen world's eyes upon Robert Donat, Merle Oberon, Elsa Lanchester and myself.

"I'm a fatalist, definitely so. At the moment we may not be able to distinguish the pattern of events but later we can see it is all arranged and fits in perfectly—'chance' doesn't enter into human affairs at all.

"I've been madly in love and engaged to be married. Yet something apart from myself, entirely beyond my volition changed the plans. Now, I can see how the many tiny threads were weaving the links that carried me to the screen.

"My first romance ended tragically. Mother had a villa in the south of France, on the cliffs above the Mediterranean. There was a merry house party and one day the handsome, gifted boy whom I loved, fell from the balcony. We never saw him again. He was caught in the tricky tides, the terrific suction of the waters at that point.

Wendy's second romance was in England. She fell in love with a fine young chap but both families disapproved. There were disagreements and troubles and so, somewhere in the midst of them, their affections cooled. They broke off the engagement of their own accord and it remains merely a pleasant memory.

Coming to New York on a visit, more doubts assailed her and she began to realize that after battling her father to maintain her independence she was about to become imprisoned in a life of idleness that would soon satiate her. Most of the young people surrounding her were terribly bored, striving desperately to capture new thrills. Wendy couldn't accept such a life. She began to feel an overwhelming desire to try her own wings, to do something *herself,* to share in the world's work and its achievements. So, one day she ran away again, boarding an air plane for Hollywood.

Usually when one descends upon the movie capital with no contact he camouflages his desires by saying he is here for the climate, a rest or to see the country. So, Hollywood was vastly intrigued by Wendy's frankness when she announced she had come to secure a film contract.

"And in ten days I had one, all signed and sealed," chirped Wendy, gleefully.

"It's all career for me now and boy, oh, boy, with what zest am I tackling it. I've never, never been as happy, as independent, as free—I'm fairly delirious with the sheer joy of it. Romance is out for a long time for I do not believe one can happily mix career with marriage.

"*Hollywood*—talking, living, breathing pictures, everyone bursting with ambitions,—how I love it!

"I have a little pink stucco house on Whitely Terrace, you know, the one Irene Dunne had so long. There's a big orange tree in my front garden and a gorgeous view of the mountains—and how I love it!

"I have Lou, a jolly colored woman from Louisana who mothers and cares for me. She insists on calling me 'Honey chile,' and she stands over me at the table and makes me drink milk, eat my spinach and won't let me have too many sweets,—and how I *love* it!"

Lingering over our tea I learned that while there are many nuns and priests in Wendy's family, she never had any leaning in that direction. That when she was a little girl at the Convent, a gypsy told her she would win world fame—she hopes the gypsy was right.

Wendy has never taken a drink of liquor yet she has always been surrounded by those who did. She collects perfumes and now has over a hundred and fifty bottles of rare scents. She personally uses a blend that comes direct to her from Paris.

Her mother came to Hollywood in June to remain with Wendy—they'll buy a little home and settle down for "keeps."

She has a seven year contract with the studio, where big plans are being made for her so after you see her in a romantic part in "It's a Small World," watch for her in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," for that will be her next.



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

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When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

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If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

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Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

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D.D.D. Prescription

Kisses

(*Continued from page 28*)

moment or not at all. I can't permit myself to think of the situation at all or I wouldn't be able to work for laughing. That's the only kind of reaction I've ever had."

Cary Grant said: "I can't answer the question. I can only say, 'How would you feel, making love to someone under a battery of lights with thirty people looking on?' "

But Jack La Rue, the screen menace, declares that the player who says he is unmoved by screen love is not being completely honest.

"To play a love scene properly, the actor must put feeling into a rôle," La Rue confessed. "In such a case he cannot help taking his emotions into his private life.

"I admit that I fall in love with my leading women. They are adorable creatures. On the set I love them. In private life I worship them. But I know when to stop.

"Realism is necessary in love scenes. One I had on the stage with Mae West, in 'Diamond Lil,' always drove the audience into hysterics, it was so real. So you know what I think of Mae West."

Claudette Colbert declared: "Love scenes do not affect me any differently than any other dramatic scenes in a picture. They are either good or bad. If they are not good my only thought is to perfect them until they are right. In doing this they must be worked up as carefully and thoroughly as any other part of the story.

"I am never personally conscious of the fact it is a love scene I am playing. By the time you have read a play or script, the love scenes become just a part of the whole, and your attention is concentrated upon them just as it would be on the other important scenes."

Bing Crosby shook his head and finally admitted: "All I can say is I never did like the idea of kissing in public."

Buster Crabbe, the Olympic athlete and "Tarzan" to you, admits he is stirred to the tips of his toes—by embarrassment. Stuart Erwin dreads the return of technicolor. He is afraid his ears will always photograph red.

"But I'm inwardly always detached and nonchalant," he said.

"You are not!" declared Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer).

Karloff, the Baron of Terror, declared: "Unfortunately, in my parts I do very little of it. As much as I've done has proved pleasant."

Margaret Sullavan declared: "Kissing in front of the camera is just a job—the quicker over, the better. Some find this hard to explain to anxious husbands, but mine understands. He's a director."

Here's an answer that some men won't like. But Dick Arlen ought to get a chuckle out of it after his own reply, for he and Sally Eilers played opposite each other not so long ago. Sally said: "It's all in the day's work—and sometimes, to speak frankly, it is the hardest part of the day's work."

Bela (Dracula) Lugosi has this to say: "One may kill a man, as provided by the script, and feel no emotional upset because one knows it is acting; but kissing is such an intimate process it never fails to bring a slight flush above the collar."

Donald Cook has a few ideas on the subject, too. He answered: "I've had two hundred leading women during my stage and screen experience. What an emotional wreck I would be if I permitted myself to fall for even a small percentage of them!

"I actually had a real distaste for five of these women, and love scenes with them almost made me give up acting. I do believe that the best and most sincere love scenes are between those who like each other."

Carole Lombard denied that screen love affected her. "Love scenes don't affect me emotionally. I have found out, through experience, that technical love scenes register more sincerely on the screen. It is only through experience that one learns anything about the emotions. One finds that in pictures if one plays a scene too realistically it does not suit the character portrayed.

"One of the first things an actor or actress learns is that he should consider emotional scenes—whether they be love or dramatic—wholly impersonally, and should play them as they would be lived by the character being portrayed. In other words, love scenes should be acted and not felt any more than any other scenes."

And no treatise on screen love would be complete without a word from a he-man of the open spaces, a Western star. So here is what Buck Jones said: "That's one part of movie making that always makes me feel a trifle silly. No rugged outdoor man wants to make love before millions of fans—and I doubt that the fans want their heroes and heroines of Western adventure pictures to make love. But a kiss or two is necessary, and I consider such scenes part of a day's work—and I don't mean that, at all, in a way uncomplimentary to my leading ladies!"

From the beautiful girls to Buck Jones, in other words, there are as many attitudes toward those screen kisses as there are actors and actresses in Hollywood. Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold—and to others they're just so much spinach.

But they're kisses—and kisses we must have!

Junior Hollywood

(*Continued from page 38*)

talk, talk, talk—all at once—ask her questions, let her recite to them—anything—she must get back in the swing—must completely forget all the diction and voice placement instructions the studio had spent eighteen months building up. She had twenty-four hours to learn her part—the rôle of "The Girl from Texas" in "Red Heads on Parade." Mary does hope that the friends in her home town will at least recognize her—but she's not even sure of that, what with a red wig and all.

BETTY FURNESS' favorite story was told around Hollywood right after she left RKO and gets funnier all the time. Betty had been under contract to that studio for twelve months and nothing of importance happened. For some reason when a part came up for a girl Betty's type, the producers always borrowed an actress from another studio—even though they could get Betty who was being paid by the studio anyway. Feeling the urge for a bit of histrionics she decided to do a play at the Hollywood Theater. Executives from M-G-M saw the play and immediately offered Betty a contract.

"But I'm signed to RKO."

"See if you can get out of it."

So Betty asked for her release the next day and got it. That was a Friday. On Saturday Metro signed her to a long term ticket, and on Monday one of Radio's chief producers decided he'd use Betty Furness in his picture. He called Fred Schussler at the RKO Casting Office.

"Freddie, I'm going to use Betty Furness,"—expecting a raise of huzzahs.

"But we haven't got her—we just released her."

"You mean she isn't under contract to us any more? Well, that's too bad—I've got to have her. She's the one girl for the part. Borrow her."

So they borrowed Betty from M-G-M after letting her sit around for a year. As a matter of fact she was so good in the picture that two other producers on the lot borrowed her in rapid succession. And so RKO has made a featured player out of Betty Furness for M-G-M.

Johnny Mercer is one of RKO's new finds. It will undoubtedly surprise his many fans to know he is now an actor. Mercer, who was with Paul Whiteman's band for several years and is famed for his song-hits such as "Pardon My Southern Accent," "Here Come the British" and dozens of others, was put under contract to the studio as a writer and lyricist. But for some reason they decided he really should act—so now young Johnny Mercer is a new screen find. With him in "Old Man Rhythm" the new Buddy Rogers picture, are two young ladies well worth watching. They are Joy Hodges and Evelyn Poe. Joy had been singing with Gus Arnheim's band and later with Jimmy Grier's orchestra here in town for about a year when a motion picture manager finally talked her into considering picture work. The studio feels she will be a new star and you will agree I am sure after seeing the picture. Evelyn Poe, the other newcomer, was discovered in New York by Al Siegal, who is responsible in a great measure for the success of Ethel Merman.

IN SIGNING off for this month I want to ask the readers of Junior Gossip just what type of things you would like to know about Hollywood's younger stars. I really wish you'd write this department in care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and tell me just what type of Junior Star news would be most interesting to you. Instead of answering in the next column or so I will wait until most of the letters arrive and from then on you'll find exactly what you ordered on these pages.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 27*)

the best cinema actresses of today. Her work in "Bordertown" was further proof of her unusual ability.

Didn't Carole Lombard steal the acting honors from the great Barrymore in "Twentieth Century"? She deserves the breaks and Hollywood should be reprimanded for neglecting the talents of this capable veteran actress and handing the prize plums to newcomers like Margaret Sullavan.

Why continue to over-rate the Barrymores? Isn't Fredric March equal, if not superior, to either, sans their staggering ego?

Isn't Marlene Dietrich a really great personality to have survived the colossal stupidity of Von Sternberg's direction? Millions of loyal fans are eagerly awaiting the announcement of her plans and hoping to see again the virtuosity of this remarkable actress who thrilled us in "Morocco" and "The Shanghai Express."

Isn't Robert Montgomery jeopardizing his career by acceping such asinine parts as those afforded in "Rip Tide" and "Forsaking All Others"? A lot of charm and real ability is being wasted in these impossible rôles.

And finally, let's petition Hollywood to take Anna Sten out of her voluminous petticoats and furbelows and let a curious picture public have a look at her in a modern picture and in modern dress. —Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.

Right in the Eye

I have read your letters in NEW MOVIE faithfully and I find that in my estimation too many letters have contained unjust criticism of actors, plays and particularly other people's opinions. Surely no two people agree entirely on an actor or even his portrayal of a scene.

If any criticism of movies be necessary I believe it should be directed toward the vast movie audience! I've noticed that many people who do not appreciate a delicate bit of acting spoil that for someone who could appreciate it!

I refer more specifically to the picture "Private Worlds." In this, Guinn Williams executed as fine a piece of work as it has been my privilege to see. Some of the audience were incapable of grasping these scenes and so spoil them by giggling and needless comment.

So I say, let the audiences be educated!—Mrs. R. E. Hall, 610 E. Main Street, Endicott, N. Y.

Many a picture has been spoiled for us by a silly nit-wit, sitting near us, who giggled at something he could not understand. Did you see what we said about Guinn on Page 24 of our July issue?

Scotsman

I want to congratulate Paramount on their great, gay, even marvelous film, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Undoubtedly the best I have ever seen, I was struck dumb by the superb acting and the wonderful production. Gary Cooper was outstanding in a cast the like of which has never been seen before, or is likely to be seen again.

I, as a Britisher, feel ashamed that our own studios could not have made or at least attempted to make such a first-class boost for the British Empire.

We Scots are not addicted to "raves" but excuse me this once.—J. E. Webster, 104 Kingacre Rd., Kings Park, Glasgow S. 4, Scotland.

But you Scots seem addicted to fair play and an honest word of praise where praise is due, Mr. Webster. Thank you.

G—Men

"G Men" is a picture worth seeing, both for young and old. Our hero is just what he should be, a law-abiding citizen and not a movie version of a Dillinger or "Baby Face" Nelson.—Mrs. Rose Mutulo, 445 West 9th St., Pittsburgh, California.

Black Fury

I want to speak—flatteringly—of Paul Muni, whom I consider the finest actor on the screen.

"Black Fury" was a terrible, almost frightening lesson to Americans and their adopted brothers—but it was TRUE TO LIFE.

We need such lessons in these baffling, bewildering times, and we should be grateful for actors who can portray such parts.—Mrs. T. McM. Rose, Rural free Del., Sebastopol, California.

Grand Old Girls

I've always harbored a deadly fear of old age—but now I'm no longer afraid because the movies have given me courage to bravely face old Father Time. Laurels to my inspirations—the "grand old girls" of the screen—Helen Lowell, May Robson, Helen Westley, Maude Eburne, Martha Blandick, Jane Darwell, Emma Dunn and Louise Beavers! Now they are really in their professional prime, plodding tirelessly—and achieving new crowns with every effort. Each woman an entirely different personality —yet each portrays the same sort of rôle with convincing individuality. Many an otherwise dull picture has "made" the honor roll on the strength of a kindly smile or eloquent speech from a motherly "trouper."

I think the Academy should have awarded emblems of honor to all the "grand old girls" for their consistency and distinguished service. 'Tis true that Life for them HAS begun at 40!—Mrs. Helen Franzeen, R. R. No. 2, Ursa, Ill.

Absent-Minded

One of the hardest things for me to remember is at what hour each show starts at even my favorite theater. Too often, I see the last of the picture first. And, unless one must wait in line, the proper information would avoid this.

We absent-minded movie fans would appreciate having the time each show starts announced, both on the marquee and in the newspaper advertisements. Some theaters may practice this, but many do not. It would enable us who want to come at the right time to do so. Then we wouldn't disturb others so often in the middle of the show.—Clarence Gilstrap, Route 1, Neosho, Mo.

Why the theaters don't announce this is one of our own pet peeves, Clarence. We happen to be absent-minded, too.

Weight

After seeing a few of Constance Bennett's recent pictures I noticed she lacked in one thing, what every popular star of this season has possessed.

I believe if Constance would put on some weight here and there, she would catch up with the rest of them. This change would give her a new type of story and a bigger box office hit.

Here's to a new Constance.—Mrs. I. Munsey, 416 Livonia Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We happen to know that Connie worries constantly about her weight, Mrs. Munsey. She is just one of those people who can't put on weight no matter what they do.

Appreciation

In spite of the criticism of Hollywood's inhabitants (or perhaps because

(*Please turn to page 56*)



Why doesn't it EVER ring?

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



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IF YOU GET BUSY



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.....

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 55*)

of it), it seems to me there are as many good pictures as any normal person could wish to see. Of course, I go only to those which have high rating, and good actors and actresses. But there is usually one of these admirable pictures at one or the other of the two theaters near me.

I am continually admiring the photography, the dancing, singing, and clever lines, to say nothing of the keen understanding and sympathy for the finer emotions and ideals which are evident in most of these pictures. It seems as if there must be some very fine, sensitive and intelligent persons in Hollywood, who deserve intelligent and sincere appreciation—and here is some for them.

It would be pleasant to see Paul Lukas in a good rôle. So many persons, myself included, think him charming and a fine actor.—Mrs. E. Valance, 136 W. 4th Street, New York City.

Intelligent and sensitive persons there are, in Hollywood, and the good pictures are the only ones—in general—which make money. It is simply that some of the producers still haven't learned.

For Kiddies

My little girl, Joy, ten years of age has a passion for Shirley Temple, and has seen all of her pictures, some several times.

After careful deliberation she says she enjoyed "The Little Colonel" more than any picture she has ever seen. "Because Shirley sang and danced and wore such beautiful clothes." It is a real treat to mothers as well as the children when we can send them to see a sweet, clean picture.—Mrs. Bernice T. Fleming, 2224 S. W. Fifth Street, Miami, Florida.

Daggers Out

After reading NEW MOVIE for July I have hit upon a wonderful plan for making unemployment a thing of the past. Of course, I will have to have a little help from the "You Tell Us" editor, but I'm sure that won't be hard to get when he sees what a wonderful idea I've got. All they have to do is to fill the department with letters criticising all the leading stars, and when the rush of letters come back from the fans every available man will be needed by the post office, and think of how rushed the stationery manufacturers will be. How's that? Move over, Brain Trusters, you've got a new member!—M. Seitter, 6454 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.

An Historian

Why are the same old subjects served up in films so often?

The Royal Courtesan is a colorful theme, but must she always be DuBarry? Jane **Sbore** offers just as much scope.

Bertrand DuGuesclin is a far more romantic and sympathetic figure than Napoleon, the over-publicized, and his career has pictorial possibilities almost equal to Joan of Arc's.

The French Revolution is seldom off the screen, while Watt Tyler's rebellion has never been on it; and, while several films have dealt with Lincoln, almost none have featured Washington!

"Camille," "Resurrection," and "Les Miserables" have each been filmed five times but "Hereward the Wake," "Adam Bede," "The Black Tulip," "Esmond," "Tom Jones," "Gil Blas," and "The Cloister and the Hearth" remain untouched, though they are perfect gold mines of box office material. Why?—Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 204 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs., England.

From Tasmania

Please spare me enough space to praise Irene Dunne.

Living here in Tasmania means that we don't get a chance to see the pictures until they have been run till they are worn out.

I saw Miss Dunne in "If I Were Free," and I must not only praise her, but also those who made the picture.

Miss Dunne's acting was superb, and her lovely voice made the picture.

I am sure that there are many others like myself who say, "We want more of Irene Dunne. We will never get tired of seeing her, she is so sweet and charming."

Then there is yet another demand. A few years ago I saw Mary Pickford in a silent picture entitled "Sparrows."

Isn't there a chance of having it remade into a talkie?—Noel Thomas, Franklin, Tasmania.

Rosalind Russell

You know, in writing up some of the lesser stars of filmdom, you have me wondering why you have not selected Rosalind Russell of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I have seen her in several bit parts and as a lead with Paul Lukas in "The Casino Murder Case" and I think, as I have heard many others express themselves likewise, that she has all the requirements for future stardom—beauty, natural poise, an individual voice and, above all, acting ability without posing and continual striving to "hog" the camera. Unless I am greatly mistaken we shall soon see Miss Russell under "star" billing. What do you think?

Will you run a story about her and some pictures so her fans can know more about her?

Incidentally I purchase your magazine the first day it is on the stands and only wish we could have weekly instead of monthly copies. I thought it an extremely nice gesture to give the chorus girls a write-up in your June issue. They certainly play no small part in our popular musical pictures.

Here's to your continued success.—Mrs. J. J. Maloney, 196 Central St., Springfield, Mass.

Contents noted, Mrs. Maloney. We'll give you a story on Rosalind next month or the month after. We promise.

Ouch!

In answer to Helen McCleary's letter in a recent issue in behalf of Bob Montgomery. Half-wit Montgomery? Or half-wit McCleary? If Iowa produces unappreciable people like her, then, please, Arkansas is OK for me, where we understand Bob's acting as delightfully charming and boyish—not nitwittish.

Too grand to be typed as a half-wit? You surely don't want a face-smacking Cagney made of him, or a heavy-lover Gable, or a smirkish Powell. Let him alone, can't you?

So he spoiled "Forsaking All Others," eh? For you, maybe, but not for the rest of us hundred million ardent admirers.—Gladys Finkey, 604 N. 34th St., Fort Smith, Ark.

When readers start battling, the wise editor hides under his desk. All we can say is that we'll print Helen's answer to this, if she wants to write in.

Fair

I believe it is wrong to bar foreign actors and actresses from appearing in American movies, as the pending Dickstein bill would have us feel. If they have the ability, they should be given the chance to entertain the American public.

Our movie studios are exponents when it comes to giving movie fare and they must have the proper stars, whether American or foreign born, if they are available. True art demands its sacrifices and personal, hostile feeling is secondary and should be overridden. After all, it is the American public that speaks through the box office, and they know what they want. Let them remain principally for reasons of art, and secondarily for diplomatic reasons. It is because America has been kind to foreigners that she has been able to get the best from them, whether acting, etc., and which is one of the reasons for her greatness today. Let us build no Wall of China around our country, whether entertainment or otherwise.

Foreign actors and actresses should be given the chance to show their ability to the American public.—Therese Rossen, 350 West 88th Street, New York City.

Eyebrows

And now Claudette Colbert has gone and done it. I mean, had her eyebrows shaved off, and fantastic lines drawn in their place. I was finally becoming resigned to Marlene Dietrich's and Jean Harlow's bizarre forehead decorations, thinking perhaps such were in keeping with the exotic type of rôles they play. But Claudette! She has always been so wholesomely pretty and normal-looking!

Who is this person who fixes up the stars' faces so grotesquely? And why doesn't someone do away with him before he has made caricatures of all our screen beauties? A mess certainly was made of Merle Oberon's face—and now Claudette!

Who will be the next victim? May Robson? Shirley Temple?—Lauretta Chapman, 621 S. Hope Street, Los Angeles, California.

From Minnesota

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the "New Movie Magazine." I love it.

Won't you have Elsie Janis write up Tullio Carminati? I am so fond of him—I'm sure his life must have been interesting.

Sometimes I think we older women are more benefited by the good movies than the younger ones, for we have so many cares and responsibilities to meet that a change of scene and personality is refreshing.

I always enjoy Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Howard and Tullio Carminati and Merle Oberon especially. Our entire family always sees George Arliss and Will Rogers in everything and feel as though they were our especial friends. We were all so thrilled when George Arliss was knighted.—Mrs. Charles Everts Buckbee, 117 Seventh Street, White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

Trailers

Along with your reader, Connie Cowell, who expressed disapproval of the trailer films, I have a decided "grudge" against their continuance, at least in their present form. My complaint goes even further than C.C.'s in criticizing them. . . .

In the first place, I believe the manager's very idea of attracting the audience by this inexpensive form of advertising (for prevues, I understand, are taken from the actual pictures) is defeated because it shows the highlights, the humorous situations of the actual picture; and, by the time the patrons actually see the entire picture for the

first time, they have the unenjoyable feeling one experiences when seeing a movie for the second time.

I noticed this particularly when I viewed the really funny "Ruggles of Red Gap" at my local theater. Somehow the funniest incidents of the picture did not get a normal amount of laughter from me—the gags seemed stale—and I decided definitely that the trailers of this picture which I had been "treated" to the week before were entirely responsible for my finding the picture not as funny as I otherwise would have.

Therein lies what I believe is the real objection to trailers in their present form and I personally believe it would be worth the additional expense involved to movie producers to prepare with each new movie, some sort of very short advertising picture, employing the cast, but not in any way showing actual scenes or costumes or wordings from the picture itself. And I think it could be done with an eye to better returns for the producer and exhibitor alike, as well as for the increased enjoyment of their audiences.—Mrs. Ruth Bracker Stone, 555 Edgecomb Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We only hope they take this good advice.

Dietrich

At last someone got the nerve! Bravo! It has looked as if no one found any fault with Marlene Dietrich, because there has never been anything but praise written about her, with the exception that she was a Trilby. But Chalmers Talsey spoke for us all when he said that too much film had been wasted showing close-ups of Marlene "wearing" a blank expression and her mouth open. That was putting it mildly, don't you think, Mr. Talsey?

In my opinion Miss Dietrich has made but two good pictures, "Morocco" and "Dishonored," and since then has been resting on her laurels and von Sternberg, neither of which were very strong. Mr. von Sternberg has evidently thought that the close-ups of Marlene with her eyes rolling and her lips parted as if she were gasping for breath supplied the acting for his pictures and the action, if I may be permitted this added thrust, while his gorgeous settings and magnificent mob scenes made up for whatever else the film might lack.

Paramount thought so too, for a while. Didn't the team rate reams of publicity? And why not keep a good thing while you have it? Even though it may endanger the career of a great actress, who has more authentic glamour in her little finger than a dozen American gals, who only wrap the cloak of glamour about them when they walk onto a set.

Her fans have known all along that Miss Dietrich was a talented artist, but, I am sure, hesitated to complain about the awful things her director had her do because they admired her so much. While a bit of howling might have dissolved this von Sternberg-Dietrich thing long ago. My pen seems to be dipped in vitriol but it has been a near crime to waste such talent as Miss Dietrich's on inferior pictures.

We are looking for great things from Marlene now. Let us hope that old papa Paramount will do right by our Nell. Give her a Van Dyke or a Capra to direct her and we surely will stand up and cheer.—Mrs. Harold Bowers, Box 57, Childress, Texas.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 31)

spite. He is very hurt by the incident.

There is another wild chase, with Joan sliding home just in time to hold up the nine-o'clock curfew, and, believing her at last, Ross takes her in his arms and leads her to the old park bench where they first met.

Snappy direction by Ray Enright.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE
●
PARAMOUNT

From what we can gather by reading this Charles Bogle story, this should be one of W. C. Fields' funniest.

After twenty-five years of faithful services to the company for which he works, Fields tells the boss that his mother-in-law has died, in order to get a day off to go to the wrestling matches.

Grady Sutton, his wife's lummox son by a former marriage, swipes his ticket. Driving to the stadium Fields gets ten tags, uses his last dime for admission, and gets a heavyweight right in his lap the minute he sits down at the ringside.

Knocked out cold Fields is carried outside and propped up against the curb where Grady sees him and runs home with the news that papa is dead drunk and lying in the gutter.

Furthermore, W. C.'s story of his mother-in-law's passing has gotten around and, when he finally gets home that night, the house is full of flowers, wreaths and plenty of R.I.P's!

Entering the living-room, Fields looks around in surprise.

"Somebody must be dead," he says.

"Your perfidious brain is dead!" his wife (Kathleen Howard) snorts.

Mary Brian puts a hand on his arm. "Dad . . ." she says gently, "did you tell Mr. Malloy and the newspapers that Mrs. Neselrode died from drinking poisoned alcohol and was to be buried in a drunkard's grave?"

Fields: "I swear I did not tell the newspaper that Mrs. Neselrode died of alcohol poisoning and was to be buried in a drunkard's grave."

Miss Howard: "Did you take your secretary to the wrestling matches this afternoon?"

Fields: "No, dear—I did not."

Mary: "Oh, but . . . you *did* see the wrestling matches this afternoon?"

Fields: "No, dear, I did not."

"Is that the truth?" Miss Howard demands ominously.

"Honey," W. C. raises his right hand, "I swear I was not drunk and lying in the gutter."

Miss Howard claps both hands over her ears. "Oh-h-h . . ." she wails, "don't say anything more! I know everything! Don't lie to me! My poor brain can't stand it!"

"I wasn't drunk," he insists stolidly.

"There!" Mary slips her arm through her dad's. "I *knew* it!"

"What are you talking about?" Grady interrupts. "I *saw* you at the wrestling matches and you were drunk and lying in the gutter and your secretary was with you and she was drunk too!"

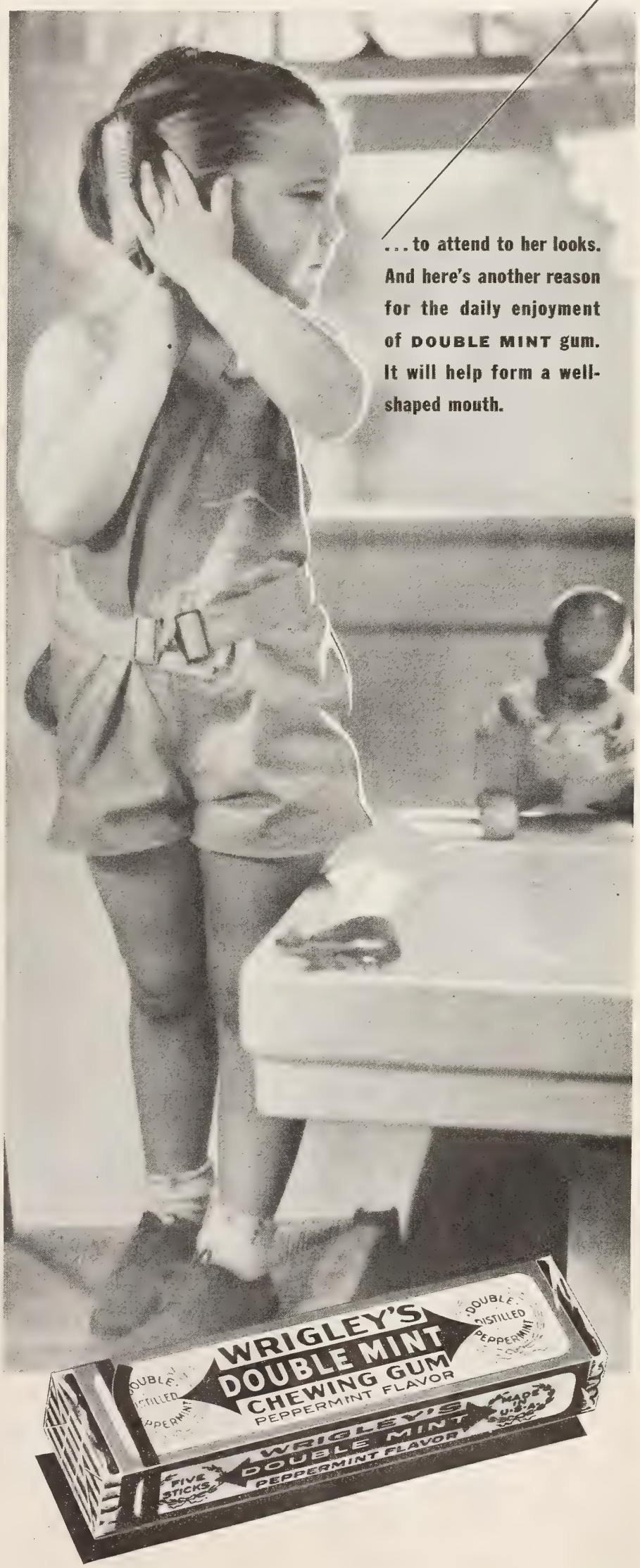
"Listen, young man . . ." Fields steps forward. "I've had more trouble in the last twenty-four hours than I can stand. Now, I did ask for the afternoon off, which I admit was wrong. And I did tell the boss that my mother-in-law died, and I apologize . . ."

". . . and you were drunk, and you were lying in the gutter, and you did take your secretary!" Grady horns in again.

"You keep quiet!" Mary flares up.

(*Please turn to page* 58)

. . . a woman can't begin too early





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DIRECTION OF L. MARSHALL THOMPSON

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 57*)

"Let my father tell his story in his own way!"

"Don't yell at me or I'll slap your mouth!" Grady comes back.

And right there Fields breaks loose and, taking off the Wild Bull of the Pampas, lays Grady low with a floral piece draped around his neck!

Clyde Bruckman, the official director, being A.O.A.O.F. (absent on account of flu), Fields and Sam Hardy stepped into the breach and handled the direction with a modicum of difficulty and lots of fun.

PETER IBBETSON
●
PARAMOUNT

If you haven't seen the play, then most of you must surely have read George Du Maurier's immortal classic in book form.

Gary Cooper as Peter plays the young English architect who tosses a ready-made fortune overboard in favor of a career.

Meeting Ann Harding when he is called to her home on a job, Gary discovers that they are childhood sweethearts who, in the old days, called each other "Mimsy" and "Gogo." And without saying a word about it, they fall deeply in love.

Misunderstanding their affection Ann's husband jealously confronts them with a gun, and to prevent a double murder, Gary unintentionally promotes a single one by hurling a lamp at Mister Halliday, causing his death.

Beaten unmercifully by prison guards, Gary is near death when, as in a dream, Ann comes to him. As she leans over him he tells her that he is dying.

"No, Peter," she whispers, "you're not going to die."

"I'm dying—and I'm glad. I can't live—here. . . ."

Ann leans closer. "Listen to me . . . *listen!* You're free — you're *free,* Peter—"

"—Free?" he stares at her. "You mean . . . the king has freed me?"

"No. *I* have!" she smiles at him and says slowly, "We — are — going — to escape!"

"You're mad!" he speaks desperately. "There are chains . . . and bars . . . and walls!"

"Take my hand!" she pulls him to his feet.

"The key! Where is it?"

"The key is in my brain—unlocking yours—"

As Gary reaches the end of the chain that holds him, the shackles fall soundlessly to the floor.

"Chains, are there?" Ann exults.

They go through the barred door exactly as though it weren't there.

"Bars, are there?" In the corridor she turns to him. "No, my love, and there are no walls!"

To assure him of always being able to get in touch with her, Ann gives him a distinctive ring and when, on the point of death, Gary rallies and calls for it, it mysteriously comes to him.

When quite old he suddenly fails to contact her. She vanishes, with the promise that they will meet in the hereafter.

A flash to her quarters reveals that she has really died. And almost simultaneously, Peter too dies in his cell at the prison.

It's a tricky subject, but with Henry Hathaway at the directorial helm we feel certain that the presentation will reach its mark with the right amount of sincerity.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
●
RKO

In the past our movie moguls have scowled on the idea of spirit return, but, with the advent of "The Scoundrel," wherein Noel Coward (and we've torn up all our old love letters since getting a peek at that guy!) comes back from a watery grave to find one soul who will mourn his passing, producers have been grabbing every story that even smacks of "hants."

Naturally this famous old Belasco play heads the list.

Lionel Barrymore, as Peter, argues with his friend, Edward Ellis, that spiritualism is bunk, pure and simple. Interested in psychic phenomena, Ellis tries to make a bargain with Peter that the one who dies first shall try and communicate with the other, but Peter scoffs at the idea.

Helen Mack, Peter's adopted daughter, is deeply in love with James Bush, but thinking it is for her own good, Peter insists upon her marriage to his nephew, Allen Vincent, who has previously "done in" the cook's daughter and left her illegitimate child, George Breakstone, in Peter's care (unknown to Peter, of course).

On his death-bed Peter exacts Helen's promise that she will marry the nasty nephew and, satisfied that he's done the right thing, Peter does a Little Eva into the Great Beyond.

But no sooner has he landed on the other side than he discovers what a scull-dugger Vincent is. Frantically he tries to make his presence known and undo the great wrong against his beloved Helen . . . no one will recognize his super-imposed presence. No one but his faithful old dog, Toby.

As usual poor Georgie Breakstone is destined to a short life and, as he is slowly succumbing to heart trouble, the kid receives Peter's short-wave message to the effect that Vincent is the child's father and will he please do something about it?

Shown up for what he is, Vincent nevertheless goes ahead with his scoundrelly plans to sell the old homestead. But after opening the family Bible to the spot where he indicated that all his property was to go to Helen and her husband, whoever he might be, Peter leads Georgie and old Toby to a choice spot on a silverlined cloud. And all's well that ends well.

Director George Nichols, Jr., regretted that Mister Barrymore would rather not have visitors on the set, so, trying to look as if we didn't care, we climbed into our car and scuttled back to Paramount.

THE LAST OUTPOST
●
PARAMOUNT

Director Charles Barton has practically promised that this F. Britten Austin story will be another "Bengal Lancer"; and we practically promise to slip arsenic in his morning coffee if he's fooling us!

Intelligence officer in the African jungles, Claude Rains rescues Cary Grant from a band of unintelligent Turks (African Turks) who are all set to kill him to pieces.

Back in the base hospital Cary falls in love with his nurse, Gertrude Michael, who sadly reports that she is married to a man she hasn't seen in three years. And when she gets home from work that night, who d'you suppose is waiting for her but her missing husband, Claude Rains, no less!

She's so dazed that Rains helps her into the living-room and seats her on the divan.

"Tell me you're better," he begs. "Then I can stop reproaching myself."

Gertrude sits upright with an effort. "I'm sorry," she says dully. "Where have you brought me?"

"Home. . . ."

"Home? I don't understand—"

"This is our house . . ." his eyes worship her, ". . . that I got for you before I'd let myself see you; the house where we're going to forget we've been apart!"

"But . . . but. . . ."

"I've got to leave, my darling! *Leave!* Six whole, ecstatic months of it!" He fixes his eyes on her. "Do you know what Hell is? *Do* you? . . . It isn't a place where you sit on red fire while devils torture you! It isn't being cold, or starving, or afraid; or dying from want of water. It isn't watching death creep up a mountain side. It isn't any of these things! . . . It's just being without *you.*"

So fearing for Cary's safety should Rains find out the state of affairs, Gertrude goes to the man she loves and tells him it's all over and he mustn't do anything about it. Walking home she is hit and killed by an automobile and when her dying words are for Cary, Rains swears vendetta and gets himself assigned to the Soudan (sort of biting off his nose to spite his face, or something).

Beating off a native attack Cary is seriously injured and, seeing his chance, Rains goes away from there, leaving Cary to die on the desert.

Out of the hereafter ("The Scoundrel" certainly started something!) his wife begs him to go back and rescue the doomed man. So, back he trots and the final scene shows the two men sharing water together as the regiment dashes to their rescue! Ta-aa-a-aaa-a . . . !

THE GIRL FRIEND
●
COLUMBIA

Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern aren't real sweethearts any more but they manage to give a swell imitation in this musical "funny," written by Gene Towne and Graham Baker, those two old maestros of the typewriter.

In rejecting a musical satire on Napoleon, producer Thurston Hall accidentally sticks the wrong manuscript into the return envelope. Enclosed there is an invitation from the author of the wrong manuscript inviting the producer to spend a week or two at the farm in order to discuss another play.

Pryor has written the satire and when he gets Hall's rejection containing the invitation, he and his two down-and-out buddies decide to impersonate the producer so as to have a place to eat and sleep until they can think up something else.

Of course, the author of the note (Jack Haley) has a beautiful sister who is a sight for Roger's sore eyes until she starts insisting that the pseudo-producer get down to facts and let them in on the

grand plans for producing her brother's play!

Sitting at the piano Ann discusses Pryor with her brother between the lines of the song she is singing.

"He doesn't look much like a producer, does he?" she says *sotto voce*.

"Producers don't look much like producers nowadays," Jack advises her.

"But he will put on your play?" anxiously.

"Well . . . it wouldn't be nice of him not to after eating our dinner!"

So pinned to the wall at last Roger gets out his own satire on Napoleon and, with the help of local talent, shakes out a production that is so good that, when Hall accidentally sees it—well, what do you think? And you're quite right, too! He breaks down, agrees to produce the thing, Roger lets Haley take the credit, and Ann lets Roger take her on a honeymoon!

Eddie Buzzell directs.

SHANGHAI
●
PARAMOUNT

Pardon us if Paramount seems to be doing all the work this month, but it really was their own idea, so help us!

And here are those two boys, Towne and Baker, again, who must ride bicycles with portable typewriters lashed to the handlebars, they get around *that* fast!

In this one Loretta Young is seen as an American working girl who has come to Shanghai to visit a very wealthy aunt.

Upon the death of his mother, a Manchurian princess, and his father, an ex-Russian nobleman, Charles Boyer stops hauling rickshas, denounces the lost cause of the exiled Russians and seeks a job through his late father's connections with a bank.

He is an immediate success, and when Fate sends him to Loretta's apartment on business, they immediately fall in love and she spurs him on to undreamed-of heights in the financial world.

Seeing the lay of the land, Boyer's friend, an ex-ambassador to Russia, warns him against an alliance with a white girl, telling that his (Boyer's) own mother had committed suicide because of her unhappiness with his white father.

So, giving it a good think, Boyer confesses his background and then runs away to his northern China outpost. Loving him in spite of everything, Loretta follows him, tells him nothing matters and convinces him that he should return to Shanghai.

But once there, determined to make the best of it and be happy, the old ex-ambassador sticks his nose into the machinery again and makes them see for their own good that such an alliance would be an unhappy one.

Seated in a ricksha, Boyer and Miss Young go through a scene under the direction of James Flood.

"The first thing you've got to do," says Loretta, "is forget what you used to be. There's no mud on your boots now. You're on the top of the world, not under it. Am I right?"

"Quite," Boyer agrees.

"Now, tell me how daring you've been!"

"I took your money . . . and Mr. Sherwood's."

"That's right. We practically flung it at you!"

"I margined every dollar of it. . . ."

"We gave you *carte blanche*, didn't we?"

"But—the stocks I margined may go down—"

"And—the stocks you margined *may* go up!"

"You have great faith in me," Boyer gives her one of those lovely looks (*you* know, girls?). "Why have you this faith, may I ask?"

"I'm a woman who believes in hunches," Loretta returns the look (*you* know, boys?). "I have a strong hunch about you!"

And leaving those two gazing into each other's eyes we hurried away, wishing we could lose about ten pounds and look as lovely as Loretta, even with trying hard, which she doesn't need to.

THE BLACK ROOM
●
COLUMBIA

If that doesn't do the trick, then give a look at Boris Karloff, who continues to frighten little children in this shiver story by Arthur Strawn!

Carved in stone over the massive castle doorway is the motto of the De Berghman family: "I End as I Began."

Founded by twin brothers, the superstitious family believes that it will end with the advent of another set of male twins, for the silly (or maybe we're wrong!) reason that, years and years before, the original De Berghman Cain and Abel did each other in!

So another pair arrives, via the Stork Special, and the entire countryside goes around with raised eyebrows and "tck-tcking" their heads off!

Years later Karloff, eldest of the twins, occupies the old castle as Count, while his younger brother (also Karloff) is away traveling and at school.

Hated by the peasants for his sinister appearance, mysterious doings in the castle and the unaccountable disappearance of persons last seen within the old pile of ruins, Karloff is the object of mortal, but unsuccessful, attacks and is saved only when the kid (by a few minutes) brother puts in an appearance.

Knowing that he's in the dog house, Karloff bumps off his young twin, throws him into a pit which (just between you and me!) is the secret of the Black Room, and pretends he's the nice one.

Discovering that he's plenty that way for Marian Marsh, Karloff's old flame Katherine DeMille storms the castle, corners her erstwhile sweetie-pie and says:

"You'll find you can't get rid of me so easily! You've got it all planned, haven't you?—She's to be your wife—your Countess!"

"Well—?" says Karloff, very nastily too.

"You're *not*, you hear. I'll put a stop to it!"

"Come, come, now . . ." Karloff slips his iron hand into a velvet glove. "Don't put yourself on a level with her. After all, she's General Hassell's niece, and you're just—"

"—something you don't want any more!"

"You understand me perfectly. It's almost as if you were inside my mind!"

"Inside your mind?" desperately. "I know something more than that. I've been inside the Black Room!"

And right here Karloff gets menacing. "What . . . do you know . . . about the Black Room?" he leers.

Well, you could sell Katherine down the river! "Nothing—NOTHING!" she declares. But it's too late.

"You've been spying on me!" Karloff advances on the terrified girl.

And did we run? And are we tired? Anyhow, we passed sixteen galloping rabbits on the way out! And Director Roy William Neill sitting there, as calm as you please.

(*Please turn to page* 60)

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●

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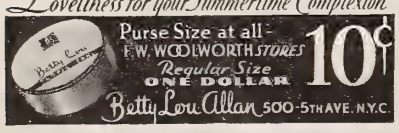
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On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL
●
PARAMOUNT

The versatile director, Al Hall, shakes the atmosphere of "How'm I Doin'?" from his shoulders and proves his capacity for producing bona fide pathos as well, in this Stephen Morehouse Avery story of a retired naval commander who lives in the era of the exciting days when he commanded the old *Concord*, during the Spanish War.

Tom Brown is probably the only midshipman at the Academy who will listen to the old man (Guy Standing), who tries to instill some of the famous traditions of the navy into the boy.

We stood by while they shot the scene where Tom and Standing meet for the first time. It is the interior of the midshipman's favorite hang-out, an ice cream parlor. The boys are arguing about this and that when Standing shuffles in. Jumping to his feet Tom salutes.

Standing is obviously pleased. "Carry on, gentlemen," he says kindly. Then, to Tom: "What's your name, young man?"

"Morton Haley, sir."

"Haley, eh? There is a Haley in the upper class—"

"My brother, Duncan, sir."

"Well . . . I'm glad to know you, Haley. Your brother and I have had some very pleasant visits together."

"Yes, Commander, he has told me about them." He glances side-wise at Dick Cromwell. "I'm glad you dropped in just now, sir. We were having a little argument I'm sure you can settle."

Standing clears his throat. "M-mm-m . . . well, if it's something I know about —I'm always glad to be of service—"

"It's about Manila Bay, sir."

And with that Standing is off in a cloud of vivid memories, to the ill-concealed annoyance of the others.

Awakening one morning during graduation week the old man sees his old ship in the harbor and is so elated that he has a rowboat take him out to it. Going to his old cabin he lies down for a nap and sleeps through until morning.

He awakes to find the old ship being bombarded from all sides and, not realizing that the old hull is being used for target practice, believes he is once again in a major naval engagement and goes about the business of commanding imaginary officers and men until the ship is scuttled.

Louise Beavers (of "Imitation of Life" fame) plays Standing's sympathetic housekeeper and cook.

JALNA
●
RKO

"From 9 to 99, they were a hardy group of bickering, nagging, warring egotists—fighting but adoring, loving but betraying, and forged inseparably together by bonds stronger than steel—the blood-tempered bonds of —JALNA."

So begins this Mazo de la Roche novel of life on an old and rambling estate in the farm lands of southern Ontario, Canada, that holds members of three generations of the Whiteoaks family.

Gran (Jessie Ralph) ninety-nine year old matriarch of the clan, and wife of the first owner, imagines that she still rules. Living with her are her two unmarried sons, both over seventy, and six grandchildren.

Ian Hunter is the oldest grandchild and the real head of Jalna; Peggy Wood, the only girl, and older than Ian, manages the house; Theodore Newton is the farmer of the family; David Manners is a poet, and not bad either; George Offerman, Jr., is an adolescent ugly duckling of the family and the butt for their humor; and the youngest, a spoiled youngster of nine, is Clifford Severn.

Meeting Kay Johnson in the city where he has gone to peddle his book of poems, Manners falls for the girl, marries her and brings her back to the old homestead, where the rest of the family proceed to go for her in a big way.

They aren't so tickled, however, when Newton comes home dragging a new bride, Molly Lamont, wild daughter of a reprobate neighbor. Miss Wood is particularly furious, because the reason for her wrecked romance is this very harum-scarum child, who, eighteen years before, had been found on Nigel Bruce's doorstep with a note to the effect that he (Peggy's fiance at the time) was the child's father.

Just about the time that Kay and Ian discover their love for one another, David, laid up with a broken leg, is making passes at Molly, who likes the idea no end.

Newton, discovering his wife's infidelity, chases the chiseling David right over a convenient cliff, thereby clearing the way for Ian and Kay, even as John Cromwell, Kay's very own husband, watches and directs the shenanigans!

BROADWAY JOE
●
WARNERS

Maybe Lois Leeson wrote "Burlesque," too, but if she didn't, we must say that her story so parallels the other that we could almost see Hal Skelly's ghost standing in the wings, watching wistfully while Joe E. Brown clowned through the rôle that made Hal famous.

Hoofer and comic in a small-time burlesque road show, Joe and his wife Ann Dvorak are happy but ambitious. Into their design for living romps Patricia Ellis, a madcap heiress, tired of it all and looking for anything in the way of a new thrill.

Joining up with the show, Pat does her stuff, such as it is, and all might still have been well if Bill Gargan, advance man for a Broadway musical show, hadn't conceived the smart idea of teaming the clown and the heiress, and for a salary that even we couldn't have turned down!

Standing in the wings, Ann sees her husband heading for what looks like a triple somersault over the hoity-toity Ellis gal and rather than be left holding Joe's baggy pants, she sadly returns to her old spot in the road show.

Joe really is off the deep end, too, and writes Ann a letter, telling her that he's sorry-but-there-it-is-and-what-are-you-gonna-do-about-it? Five minutes after he's dropped it in the mail box, what does he run into but "love in bloom" with Pat and Bill doing the cooing!

If you saw "Burlesque," then you know how it ends; and if you didn't, well—Director Busby Berkeley joins me (unbeknown to himself) in leering: "Wait and find out—Ya—aa-a-aaa-ah!"

OLD MAN RHYTHM
●
RKO

Improbable and impractical as this tale may be, still it's a new twist and should be good for a lot of those laughs that have been out of circulation since before the depression.

Because his son, Buddy Rogers, seems to be going hay-wire hand in hand with the wrong girl, George Barbier joins up with the freshman class of the college where son Buddy has got along as far as the sophomore half!

Furthermore, Poppa has a nice little girl (Barbara Kent) who agrees with him that Buddy could do much better for himself if he'd direct his romantic gestures in her direction and toss Grace Bradley, the erstwhile object of his affections, to the campus lions.

What time Barbier can take off from pushing peanuts with his nose, he applies to making life a quartet for Grace and Buddy by dragging the willing Barbara and crashing every one of the love boids' two-somes.

The scene is in Ye College Sweete Shoppe, and Poppa, with Barbara in tow, has just run interference on another rendezvous. Spotting Grace, who is about to leave the joint in a huff, Buddy runs over to stop her.

"Marian!" Grace stops. "I'm terribly sorry I was late, dear, but—"

"I know," Grace retorts. "You were helping your father with his home work!"

"Well, uh . . . as a matter of fact, that's exactly what I *was* doing!"

"All right," impatiently, "if you've got all the chores done, let's get out of here!"

But, before they can move, George and Barbara dash up.

"Hello, Marian," says Barbier. And then, to Buddy, "That reminds me . . . Marian phoned that she was tired of waiting for you!" He chuckles and turns to Barbara. "I'm getting as careless as the other college kids!"

Grace is getting pretty perturbed. "Come on, Johnny," she says. "Let's take that ride. . . ."

"A ride, eh?" George beams. "Swell —swell! Come on, Edith!"

Grace and Buddy exchange helpless glances as George continues, "Just the four of us, eh? One big, happy family."

"Of panthers!" Grace murmurs as they start for the door.

So, by hooke and crooke (darn that sweete shoppe!) Poppa discourages the gold-digging Grace, and the thing winds up as we knew it would, with Buddy and Barbara gazing soulfully at each other and Barbier gloating in the background.

Lewis Gensler, Sig Herzig and Don Hartman must have had a lot of fun throwing the story together, and we know for sure that Edward Ludwig had a grand time directing it.

MAD LOVE
●
M-G-M

If you've missed Peter Lorre up 'til now, let this be a lesson to you, because we'd missed him, too, and not until we walked on the set did we realize what comes of temporary hibernation.

Lorre plays a famous surgeon, brilliant to the point of being almost mentally unbalanced, and it is in his office that Colin Clive sits, waiting for his mutilated hands to be unbandaged.

Perhaps we should tell you that prior to this Clive, who had been a world-famous pianist, has lost his hands in a train wreck and, while still unconscious, Lorre has performed the amazing feat of grafting the hands of a guillotined murderer, a knife-thrower, onto Clive's wrists.

Sitting before the doctor's table, Clive gazes anxiously at his bandaged hands. Perspiration stands out on his brow. His lips are a thin line. His actress wife, Frances Drake, and an attending nurse stand by, while Lorre's housekeeper peers curiously over Clive's shoulder. The air is electric, pregnant with the intensity of the scene. Deftly, Lorre snips the gauze bandages that encase—what phenomenon? And, with our own eyes we saw a pair of hands, seamed at the wrists with red, angry marks where the stitches were supposed to have been!

Staring uncertainly, Clive wiggles his fingers.

"They feel . . . dead . . ." he whispers.

"They will for a while," Lorre assures him. "The muscles are atrophied from lack of use."

"They—they don't *look* like. . . my hands!" Clive says.

Lorre nods. "Don't forget, they were badly mangled." To the nurse: "Alcohol!"

Moving around the table, Miss Drake speaks to Lorre: "No one in the world but you could have performed this miracle, Doctor. I . . . I'm more grateful than I can say. . . ."

So turned out into the world with the hands of a murdering knife-thrower, Clive is horrified to find himself threatening an old friend of his with a knife! Which is exactly as Lorre had planned it, because he is so crazy about Frances Drake that the sooner Clive is executed for murder, the better!

So as not to take the kick out of the horrific shambles we won't divulge any more of the action. Suffice it to say Karl Freund is making the most, directorially speaking, of the horror angles. And, on a hot day like this, that and a glass of lemonade should keep most of you cooler than cool!

LUCKY IN LOVE
●
UNIVERSAL

The dual rôles have it this month, what with Karloff stooging for himself and Lionel Barrymore exhibiting a transparent chassis, and now Dorothy Page doubles in brass as a go-between for a famous opera singer (also Dorothy Page) who doesn't want to be bothered!

Wanting to meet the "right" people, Ricardo Cortez, who has come out of the gas-house district to be owner of apartment houses, swanky clubs, etc., arranges to meet up with Miss Page, w.k. soprano.

A friend persuades Dorothy's double to keep the date, but after the first night our high-C tosser-arounder is so intrigued that she takes over the job herself.

Seeing how the other half lives, Ric and Dorothy stop at a sandwich stand and order one apiece, with pickle, onion and lettuce, both.

Sitting at the counter Ric begins to wonder. "What's all this mystery about you?" he wants to know.

"That's my secret—" she says.

"Tell me, won't you?"

"Coffee?" the attendant interrupts.

"Yes, please," says Dorothy.

"Make it two."

She picks up her sandwich and begins to eat.

"Where do you come from?" Cortez insists.

"Hungary."

"Oh—you're a Hungarian?"

"No. French."

"I thought so . . ." Ric is befuddled. "Go on. . . ."

"Well" . . . (we know she's making it up!) "my mother was a Bavarian Duchess. She was a great artist until she fell in love with my father—"

"Frenchman?"

"No—Italian. He was a lion tamer . . . a great figure of a man . . . very strong. But the world was jealous of their romance—newspapers hounded them, dragging out skeletons. . . ."

"Wait a minute," Ric interrupts, "I don't get this. Bavarian mother—Italian father, and . . . you're French—"

"And—and then, I was born—" Dorothy continues.

"That's tough!"

And so it goes, with Ric never knowing whether he's beauing the McCoy or just her stooge until the very end of the picture!

The cast contains a lot of interesting talent with Henry Mollison, Hugh O'Connell, Henry Armetta, Regis Toomey and Luis Alberni to keep the laughs going.

Robert Harris wrote the story, which Stuart Walker directs with the usual Walker aplomb.

MANHATTAN MADNESS
●
M-G-M

The directorial trouble they've been having on this one has just about driven the entire M-G-M staff smack into the psychopathic ward!

On Monday Richard Boleslavski was plucking his way carefully through a maze of sets, scenes and the rest of it; on Tuesday, Harry Beaumont flopped down in the canvas chair (on account of 'Boley' being called to another picture), and was just getting nicely warmed up when . . . Bang! Bang! . . . a picture to which he had been assigned, weeks ago, took off and there was nothing to do but pick up his hat and go away from there!

Right now George Seitz (fresh from another production) is sitting on the ragged edge of imagination, doing his level best and not knowing what tomorrow may bring!

The story, by David Silverstein and Leonard Fields, is all about a beautiful lady who escapes from jail, where she is on ice for a murder you just know she couldn't have committed; a handsome young attorney picks her up and hides her in his apartment until he can successfully prove what we know all the time; and a big, bad gangster who's trying to pin the job on our innocent heroine.

As usual the only witness who can save her is unceremoniously bumped off before he can tell all, which makes it that much harder for our stalwart hero. But with plenty of breathless moments and exciting suspense, the lad comes through, exposes the baddies and gallops into the night with our Nell clasped to his manly breast.

Maureen O'Sullivan is the gal; Joel McCrea plays the mass of manly muscle, while Louis Calhern does right well as the suave but nasty man.

THOSE GLEASONS

MONTHS and months ago Russell Gleason took off for New York to spend a short vacation that went off so well that he decided to stay a while.

Finally, when Papa Jimmy and Mama Lucille had resigned themselves to a childless state, Russell wired that he was on his way home. And the folks were so surprised that all they could say via wire was: "WELL!"

When Russell arrived here Jimmy looked him over thoroughly and said? "Well, Brat . . . all I can say is you've got the swellest case of night club tan I ever laid an eye on!"



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Can Actors Be Themselves?

(Continued from page 32)

bloodshed that can honorably be evaded and planes are more or less synonymous with warfare. So Jimmy can take a big bow for being a plenty swell actor when you recall how convincing he is with goggles strapped on his Irish pan.

Incidentally, the screen's most unafraid guy, the same James Cagney, has one other fear, and this is of "Hollywood pals." He's been misused by plenty of people he was barely acquainted with, and his widely known generosity has attracted "pals" in droves. And that's a sensible fear for any picture luminary to possess.

NORMA SHEARER'S position of leadership on the screen has given her fame, fortune and fear. If ever a star felt a debt to the public that keeps her name in lights, that star is Norma. On the screen she's more often sophisticated than sweet, is more frequently sinning than simple—but no free soul is she! Because of her ability and the thousands of fans to whom La Shearer can do no wrong, she's been definitely placed on the spot.

Intelligent, she realizes that her simplest action could be misconstrued if the opportunity arose. Her position as the social queen in the local scheme of things, as well as her being the criterion of cinema standards, necessitates her being most circumspect. On one occasion that I know she deliberately disobeyed her doctor's orders to attend a party given for a newcomer from the stage. If she hadn't come at all it would have been called a "snub"; if she hadn't stayed to the bitter end all Hollywood would have talked over its breakfast coffee of the fact that she'd "snubbed" this newcomer. Uneasy lies the head on which rests a crown, you know.

Then, too, Norma is hypersensitive about the fact that her mate, Irving Thalberg, is a major executive on her lot. She won her stardom on her own and has kept it only by Norma Shearer's ability, but the little green-eyed monsters that dwell in Hollywood, like any other town, still whisper, "Who couldn't be a star if they were in her shoes?"

Akin to Norma Shearer in her fear of the accusation of succeeding because of her husband is Ruby Keeler, whose greatest pride and fear is in being Al Jolson's wife. Until recently she would not even discuss their marriage, afraid of adding fresh fuel for envious tongues. But she courageously put fear aside and played the lead opposite Al in "Go Into Your Dance," so her fear must be slowly receding.

Ruby says this of her fear, "Marriage is a two person proposition and it's unfair to either one to use it to his professional advantage. I haven't and I wouldn't. I've never played with Al before because I thought it would add to the gossip that he'd sponsored my career. The truth is that he was none too anxious to have me work in pictures!" And Hollywood will admit now that Ruby Keeler has made her success on her own, both as a wife and a screen star.

Clark Gable, who was teamed with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," can't live up to the title of that picture by a long ways! Clark has a reticent, decent man's aversion to anyone prying into his domestic life. The one time that he is known to have lost his easy-going disposition was when a feminine interviewer coaxed that she "should have the exclusive story when he got his divorce!"

Another little devil that torments this rugged gent is that the guys in the old home town may think that he's "gone soft or actorish." Hopedale, Ohio, may be just a spot on the map to you, but to Clark it's his early stamping ground, and he doesn't want the kids who used to think that he was a "reg'lar fellow" to feel differently about him now that he's America's rage.

Kent Taylor, who has been teamed with Evelyn Venable so much that some people think they're married, has one of Hollywood's most unusual complexes—a fear of awnings! It's the truth! Before Kent donned greasepaint he was an awning salesman and one day, while on a demonstration call, a heavy awning that had been temporarily rigged up fell on Kent's buddy, killing him instantly. That's why you'll see young Taylor sticking so close to the curb when he walks down the boulevard.

Mae West has as many taboos as she has curves. She doesn't like black cats, the numbers thirteen or twenty-three, and wouldn't walk under a ladder on a bet. But her greatest fear was unconsciously revealed one day by her when she told a mutual friend, "The thing that worries me most, young fella, is the reformers likin' me. When they do I'll know I'm slippin'!"

Mary Pickford's one fear that amounts to a complex is poverty. She had more than her share of it in the days when she was plain Gladys Smith. Until quite recently she was reported to have saved every pair of shoes that she had owned since she became a star; not so much as a hobby but as positive evidence that the wolf was no longer at her door. And even Hollywood sees a touch of pathos in the secret fear that has haunted Mary. Hollywood hasn't forgotten the day that she first saw her name in lights and said in an awed whisper, "Now I can buy silk stockings."

Gene Raymond and David Manners have their little nightmares quite like any prosperous business man. They're afraid of putting on more poundage. They diet, exercise and ride strenuously to keep their weight near par while Janet Gaynor and Ginger Rogers are just as diligently drinking malted milks in their efforts to gain weight. Wotta life!

Lew Ayres' sensitive personality that is his greatest screen asset is also his private life bugaboo. A star for five long years, Lew still cannot stand to have anyone watch him emote! He's not pulling a Garbo, either, for with just one horselaugh from a bystander Lew would flee to his banjo and never darken the screen again if he had his way about it!

Only a couple of years ago when he was making "Impatient Maiden" Lew became so upset at extras watching him work that he insisted that a black screen be placed between him and the mob-workers. Lew probably possesses Hollywood's most highly developed inferiority complex and yet it is that very diffidence that haunts him that has made Lew a star!

The blondes seem to have a stranglehold on *not* being free souls, as witness Alice Faye's little-known terror. Alice was badly scarred in an automobile accident while she was an entertainer with Rudy Vallee's orchestra. To this day she becomes nauseated in a car that is driven more rapidly than a snail's gait. I know, too! For one night Alice and I drove out into San Fernando valley and she practically leaped right out of the vehicle whenever the speedometer registered more than thirty.

Jean Harlow has been a free soul on the screen more often than not, but in real life she has one great fear. No personal jinxes worry her, but just mention publicity! So much newsprint has threatened her career at one time and another that it has made the platinum blonde Hollywood's most cautious young actress. What use is it to have adulation and dollars if you daren't be your own self? She's a girl that naturally attracts attention and provokes comment and Jean *must* be certain that it's favorable comment. She acquired her fear undeservedly—but that doesn't lessen it.

Spencer Tracy, fine actor that he is, has one of the screen's strangest fears—that of "being an actor"! He dreads insincerity more than any man I know, and to his mind "becoming an actor" in the usual sense means to rely on technique rather than understanding, to walk through a part rather than be it.

He once said to me, "Believe me, kid, the only difference between a good actor and a ham is that a good actor knows when he's acting!" His career is laid on sincerity in portrayals as there is no overabundance of sex appeal or manly beauty in the Tracy makeup. And if Spencer ever hears any rumors that he's becoming a matinee idol he'll feel certain that he's done for!

So all that glitters is not gold, nor are screen stars the free souls you've been led to believe! They've their fears, their jinxes, their own little horrors and hair-raising complexes. Free souls in Hollywood? There are plenty of them when they're playing parts on the silver screen. Off screen they have the same scaredy-cat bugaboos that we all share. By the way, what's *yours?*

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

WE HAVE a lot of comedians out in Hollywood, but, David Chasen, fresh from the New York stage, gets all the prizes we've been saving for the Marx brothers. Because why? Because Davie had accomplished the impossible and succeeded in being so doggone funny that even the props, grips and electricians on the set are laughing their heads off.

And when you can make that *hard-boiled gang even crack a reluctant smile —well, Davie, you* must *be good.*

DICK ARLEN'S youngster is a trouper already at the ripe old age of three!

When Dick and the Missus took him back to St. Paul in honor of Dick's parents' golden wedding anniversary, Junior posed nicely for the newspaper photographers.

When he'd had enough posing, however, he merely waved his hand and announced: "Dat's all. Ricky froo now!" And "froo" he was, too!

Which makes two of us.

FREDRIC MARCH is probably the happiest man in the world, right this minute!

For the first time since "Good Dame," Freddie is playing a role that permits a daily shave and neck clip, and after months of ducking around behind long beards and beetling eyebrows, he chuckles: "Some fun, eh, kid?"

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 40)

to the grocery store and asked for a "broaf of lead, a mottle of bilk, and a bound of putter."

Furthermore, George has discovered that there's nothing like a baby in the family to improve one's golf game!

How come? Well, every morning at four o'clock, baby Sandra starts to tune up for her six o'clock bottle. So with four hours ahead of him and nothing to do, George grabs his clubs and drives over to the golf course for a work-out.

"It's marvelous," says George. "My game has improved a hundred per cent! And if I ever win a cup, I'll hand it right over to Sandra!"

ALL right . . . all right! No sooner do we get Betty Furness all paired off with Cary Grant than the fickle lady transfers her affections to Cæsar Romero!

And six more gray hairs in our new toupee!

WHAT'S in a name, anyhow?

Eric Linden says he once knew a girl named "Melody" who couldn't sing a note; and a girl named "Hope" who was the worst pessimist in town.

Still hoping for the best, however, Eric bought a collie dog named "Zaca," which is an Indian word meaning peace, and, collies being more or less that way anyway, Eric hoped for the best.

But "Zaca" has a police dog complex, growls at strangers and will tackle any dog twice his size at the drop of the hat!

As soon as Eric can find the Indian word for "War," he intends to rechristen the animal!

And speaking of pets—little Janie Withers has her troubles, too.

All fluffed up in yellow organdy Janie was holding her head very erect so as not to muss her handsome yellow hair ribbon. To all appearances Janie was marking time until her handsome prince should come riding by.

Suddenly there was a terrific furore in the front yard and forgetting everything else, she went flying out to find her pet cat, Bubbles, all tangled up with a Boston bull dog and evidently getting the worst of it!

Sailing into the thick of it, Janie was clawed, kicked and bitten until her dress was mud-spattered and tattered. And the lovely hair ribbon . . . well, the general effect was that her braid might have been held together with a string of yellow noodles!

And wouldn't you know that just at a time like that her very favorite boy friend, Walter King, would dash into the yard on his shining charger and with tickets for a movie in his right gauntlet?

So the handsome King had to wait while our heroine was marched away to the bathroom for the second time in an hour!

IF YOU'VE wondered who did the wolf-howling in "The Werewolf of London," let us be the first to inform you that Henry Hull, star of the picture, did it himself!

Recalling Hull's classical imitation of bloodhounds in a play called "The Nigger," several years ago, director Stuart Walker suggested that he take a crack at a couple of wolf howls.

The first try was not bad, but suddenly Walker said: "I know what's the matter—you're standing up!"

So donning his wolf make-up Hull got down on all fours, had the prop man turn on the "moon ray" used in the picture, and really getting into the spirit of the thing, he turned loose a howl that would cause even Tarzan to break out with as fine a set of ducky bumps as you ever laid eyes on!

Consequently the sound that is causing audiences to shiver their timbers, is Hull's own version of the way a right snappy werewolf would sound on his night out.

The Winners

(Continued from page 26)

with no competition. ("The Catspaw" got only 66 votes, and "Twentieth Century" only 33.)

BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE. And this is won by "La Cucaracha," the experimental color picture put out as a test film for "Becky Sharp," with the new color process.

BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE. This goes to Paramount's excellent newsreel.

BEST DIRECTION. New Movie readers regard Frank Capra as Hollywood's best director for the second year running.

BEST STORY. And here, again, the prize goes to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," whose brow must be getting pretty heavy, now, with all these laurels.

And now a word about the lucky young man—for it is a young man—who is going to get a free trip and a chance to present the gold medals for the twelve awards to the stars, directors and companies concerned.

All our readers, together, decided that the twelve awards above were the ones that ought to be made for the year's crop of films. The highest score which any reader could possibly have made, on his individual coupon blank, would have been to get all twelve right; that is, to have the average choice of all the hundreds of other readers agree with his own coupon in every respect.

Out of the thousands of readers who filled in the coupons and mailed them to us, giving their opinions, one man was fortunate enough to win the coveted prize. The winner is:

Anies Daye, Jr., 1268 W. 4th St., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Runners up were:

Roberta Bender, 2411 Western Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

Claudine Culp, 1009 N. Merrifield Ave., Mishawaka, Indiana.

Leona Leo, 4027 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

While you are reading this Mr. Daye will be making the Academy Awards to the various winners.

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TOWER Star FASHIONS

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See them pictured on page 22. *See them in reality the next time you go Fall shopping*



The new Fall Tower Star Fashions, designed for famous stars and for you, can now be bought at your local shops listed below.

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Dothan—Blumberg & Sons
Huntsville—Fowler Bros.
Montgomery—The Fashion Shop
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA
Bisbee—The Smart Shop
Phoenix—Korrick's Dry Goods Co.

ARKANSAS
Fort Smith—The Boston Dry Goods Co.
Little Rock—Pfeifer Bros.
Texarkana—Capin's, Inc.

CALIFORNIA
Berkeley—J. F. Hink & Son
Oakland—Capwell, Sullivan & Furth
Sacramento—Weinstock, Lubin Co.
San Jose—Prussia & Co.
Ventura—Jack Rose

COLORADO
Colorado Springs—Hat & Dress Studio
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.

CONNECTICUT
New Britain—Leonard and Herman
Torrington—Dankin's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington—S. Kann Sons Co.

FLORIDA
Ocala—Frank's Inc.
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co.
St. Petersburg—Miller's
Tallahassee—Steyerman's Style Shop
Tampa—Ernest Maas, Inc.
Thomasville—Steyerman's Style Shop

GEORGIA
Athens—Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta—Regenstein's Peachtree Street Store
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners' Shoppe
Cordele—Everstyle Shop
Macon—Union Dry Goods Co.
Sandersville—The Vogue
Savannah—B. H. Levy Bros. & Co., Inc.

IDAHO
Boise—C. C. Anderson Co.
Pocatello—Fargo, Wilson, Wells

ILLINOIS
Champaign—G. C. Willis Co.
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.
Danville—Parisian
Herrin—M. P. Zwick & Sons
Joliet—Anderson's, Inc.
Peoria—P. A. Bergner & Co.
Rockford—Owen's, Inc.
Streator—Opdycke's

INDIANA
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Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Indianapolis—Traugott Brothers
Peru—Senger D. G. Co.
Shelbyville—Mary Lou Shop
South Bend—The Ellsworth Store

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Marshalltown—Herman's
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Coffeyville—Hooper's Petticoat Plaza
Hutchinson—Wiley D. G. Co.
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Topeka—Pelletier Stores
Wichita—Allen W. Hinkel D. G. Co.

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Lexington—B. B. Smith & Co.
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.

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Marksville—J. M. Barhan
New Iberia—The Hub
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MAINE
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Lewiston—Ward's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.

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Poplar Bluff—Chas. Miller
Sedalia—C. W. Flower D. G. Co.
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St. Louis—Sonnenfeld's
Warrensburg—Foster's

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Billings—Hart-Albin Co.
Great Falls—Sullivan's
Helena—Fligelman's

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Paterson—Meyer Bros.
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Elizabeth City—Hurdle's
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Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
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Salisbury—Purcell's
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Jamestown—Robertson, Inc.
Minot—Sgutt's Store for Women

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Athens—The D. Zenner Co.
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Mansfield—R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—The Uhler Phillips Co.
Massillon—Van Horn's
Painesville—Gail G. Grant, Inc.
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Springfield—Springfield Fashion Co.
Steubenville—Cooper-Kline Co.
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Wilmington—Litt Bros.

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Enid—Herzberg's
McAlester—Krone Bros.
Ponca City—Frolich Style Shop
Sapulda—Katz Dept. Store
Shawnee—The Mammoth Dept. Store
Tulsa—Brown-Dunkin
Wewoka—Myles

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Medford—Adrienne's

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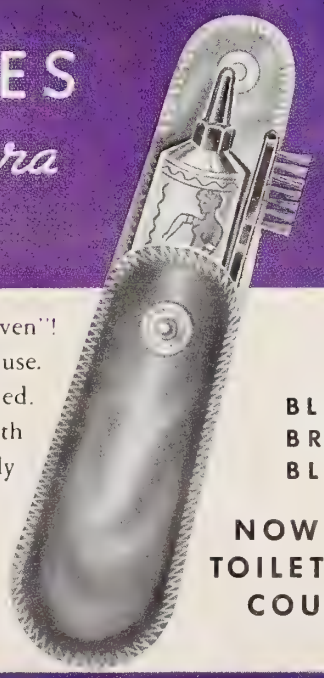
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